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CHRISTOPHER ON COLONSAY.

PART SECOND.

THE sharp quadruplications of Colonsay's incomparable hoofs tooling along the crown of the road, clattered from the cliffs among the echoes of the pattareroe, while the Shuffler, studious of the turf, pitched out in high style, noiseless as a deer on the heather—and thus neck and neck at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, we wheeled round Lowood Bay, leaving behind us the Regatta like a dream. Yet fragments of the vision seemed to float on along with us, lustrous at intervals through openings among the trees, and with our pride of horsemanship was blended a sense of beauty in the fleeting groves. Fields with pasturing and ruminating cattle seemed swimming away southward, and idle horses neighed to us over hedges, and in an instant were gone. We saw Sammy by our side as if we saw him not; for our eyes—with our whole heart, soul, and mind concentrated in the dilated orbs—were now fixed between those long ears, laid back like those of a hare before greyhounds up a hill, and we became a Trot. Oh! that the universe could have beheld us! Such was the vainglorious wish of one then imagining himself more than immortal—when, without one preparatory motion indicative of his purpose, off at right angles flew Colonsay, in ultra-gallop up the form,

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dable avenue to Dove's Nest, shaving a jaunting-car—full of parasolled people—on their way down to the low country—and then quiet on the flat before that domicile as an expired whirlwind. There he stood smelling the turf, but not grazing—licking the moist herbage with his foot-long tongue! Our presence of mind and decision of character had even in those days become proverbial, and we ordered a wondering lad, who came to the barn-door with his strawy hair on end, instantly to bring a pail of meal and water. We sympathized with our noble steed—for we knew by experience how intolerable is extreme thirst. Up to his eyes in the pail, what power of suction he displayed! The mealy surface of the delicious draught descended in rapid ebb; and then upsetting the tub—for it was a tub—playfully with his snorting nose—he put about quick as the Liverpoolian herself on the liquid element—and down that almost perpendicular approach—or rather reproach to the vanished House—he re-flew—as if the devil had been chasing him—which perhaps he was—and we heard and felt by the crashing that we were now driving our way through a wood. *Fucius descendus Arcenis* we only breathed. For missing that sharpest of all turns, he had forsaken the avenue and de-

mented, was taking a short cut to the high-road. But though a short cut, it was a severe one; for we knew the ground well, having traversed it often in the season of woodcocks, and to effect a footing on the turnpike, it was necessary to leap over an old lime-kiln, from the level thereof, somewhere about twenty feet high! Colonsay knew nothing of the danger, till he was within a few yards of the brink, and had his heart failed him, we should have been mummies. But with a suppressed shriek *he took it*—while a Quaker with his wife and family from Kendal, in a one-horse gig, beheld overhead in the air a Flying Dragon. Oh! the stun! The soles of our feet felt driven up into the crown of our head, while we saw nothing but repeated flashes of lightning—and then what mortal sickness! Staggering and shivering like a new-dropt foal was poor Colonsay now—hardly able to sustain our weight—and our belief is that both of us must have swooned. On recovering some of our senses, sorely perplexed were we to make out the meaning of that enormous brim—that measureless breadth of beaver that seemed to canopy us like a dingy sky. Slowly it grew into the hat—head—and face of the most benevolent of brethren—for Isaac Braithwaite was fanning us with his George Fox, and his two lovely daughters, calm in their compassion—demure even in their despair—were standing beside him—while Agatha, sweetest sister of charity, was upholding in her lily hand a horn-cup of cordial, which, soon as it touched our lips, diffused through our being a restoration that reached the very core of our heart. “Friend Christopher, thou art pale! how feeblest thou?” said a sweet low voice. “Not paler than thy hand, thou ministering angel.” No smile met our reply—and verily it was a vain one—for her ear was unacquainted with compliments, and familiar at all times with the language and the tones of truth. No questions were asked whence we came, though to them it must have been a mystery, nor why in such fashion; but on our faintly murmuring that we were engaged in a trotting match, the family looked at one another, and we understood the pi-

teous expression of their eyes. “I fear thou art feverish, Christopher, and thou hadst better take thy place in our vehicle,” said Isaac; but our recovery had been almost as rapid as our decline and fall—we were conscious of the return of the roses to our cheeks—Colonsay was again firm on his feet—and we promised to join our friends at some refreshment in the inn at Grassmere. Our hat had been left on some tree in the wood, and the cloudless sun, now advanced in heaven, smote our aching temples. The family pitied our plight, and Isaac, the good Samaritan, without saying a word, put his beaver on our head; and at that moment, Colonsay, fresh as a two-year-old, shot forwards, casting up a not unamused eye on his master, metamorphosed into a Broadbrim, and presenting the appearance of an at once venerable and dashing Quaker.

No symptom of Shuffler—but gathering the shore, lo, the Barge! We were now racing the *NIL TIMEO*—“with all her crew complete.” How beautifully regular to time the level flashes of the magnificent Ten-oared! Billy—star of steersmen—lying in the stern-sheets—and at every long pull, strong pull, and pull altogether, bending forwards, and retracting his body—to give “Old Nell” an impulse; but the Green Girl of Windermere heeded it not, and beautifully bore along with her all her shadowy pomp, burnishing the bays, and kindling up with her far-felt beauty all the broad bosom of the lake. There sat the Stewartsons, and the Robinsons, and the Dixons, and the Longs, a strong and skilful brotherhood, that would have pulled victoriously against any admiral’s gig in the service—had the race been even three leagues out and in, with a stormy sea. But now all was calm as bright—and soon subsided the troubled beauty in her wake—leaving no visible pathway on the diamond deep. From her stern towered a living Thistle—for Westmoreland in those days was part of Scotland—and “*NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT*” was the sentiment peacefully breathed from every prickly flower resplendent on a Plant, that in its stateliness deserved to be called a Tree.

But what crowd of cattle is this? A drove of kyloes! If you try to

count them, it must be not by scores, but hundreds. Their lowing announces their country—and even from such lips how pleasant to our ears the Scottish accent! They are all Highlanders—every mother's son of them—and are *rowting* Gaelic. Black the ground of the living mass, spotted and interlaced with brown—and what a forest of horns! We thought for a moment of a thousand red-deer once seen by us suddenly at sunrise rousing themselves among the shadows of Ben-y-gloe! A majority of the kyloes were standing—but a more than respectable—a formidable minority were lying on the road—and from their imperturbable countenances it was manifest that the farthest idea in this world from their minds was that of rising up—many chewing the cud. Like Wellington in the centre of a solid square at Waterloo—though that coming event had not then cast its shadow before—sat Sammy Sitwell on Shuffler. It was impossible that he could have wedged himself into the position he now occupied—and we saw that he had been gradually surrounded—till he now shone conspicuous as the Generalissimo of the Drove.

"Got pless your honour—Got pless your Grace," ejaculated three stalwart Celts, brown on the face as gipsies, but with bold blue eyes, suddenly illumined with the poetry and the patriotism of the heather hills; and who were they but Angus of Glen-Etìve and his twins! Last time we shook hands with them, 'twas on the bridge—a single tree—a pine—across that chasm, up whose cataract the salmon, like a bent bow, essays to leap in vain, though fresh from Connal's roaring eddies, and strong with the spirit of the sea. "A ponny loch, your honour—a ponny loch—but what's it tae the Yellie, your honour—and what's thae hillocks tae the Black Mount, your honour? But you'll no refuse *tastin' a drap o' the unchristened cretur—sma' still—oh, but you's a prime worm!*" And unbuckling a secret belt round his waist, he handed it up to us, nor were we slow to apply the mouth of the serpent to that of the dragon.

"And all did say, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,

And close your eyes with holy dread;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drank the milk of Paradise." •

Meanwhile the plot began to thicken, for our friends in the gig came up, and likewise two post-shays with lakers from Bowness. Multitudes of people, of all ages and sexes, were, of course, fast congregating; and on the other side of Waterhead turnpike gate, there were various arrivals of equipages—foreign and domestic—all at a standstill. Some dispute having arisen, the tollman had shut the gate, so almost every imaginable kind of impediment was placed in the way of the match. After an exchange of mulls and spleuchans, we communicated to our countrymen the situation of affairs, and gave them a slight sketch of the character of Colonsay, including his birth and parentage—on which they offered to back us against "the Merry-Andrew in the middle" a score of kyloes to a calf. Angus whispering into our ear to follow him, and Donald and Hamish taking their stations like henchmen, one at each side of Colonsay, they all three began belabouring with their rungs the hurdies of the kyloes, till they opened out a lane for us to advance, as at an ovation. Sam's situation became more dangerous and desperate than ever from the pressure of the beastial—and a couple of the most diminutive having got below Shuffler's belly, hoisted her up, so that she must have appeared to the spectators in the galleries to be attempting to scramble her way over the heads of the population in the pit. But the gate, you will remember, was shut, and the old soldier was inexorable. A nondescript vehicle, drawn by four asses, had resisted tollage, and Wooden-leg swore they might remain there till sunset. Seeing ail argument was lost upon a man with a single idea, we gave a hint to Ned Hurd, who made a pair of clean heels to and from Mr Jackson's of Waterhead, bringing with him a blind sieve of oats. Cautioning Ned to keep at a safe distance, we directed the attention of Colonsay to the feed, and then, backing him to the rough edge of kyloes, we nodded him with our knee, and slacking rein, charged the Pike. He cleared it as clean as if he had been in shafts!

The discharge of a whole park of artillery would have been a pig's-whisper to the human roar that then rent the sky.

We are at all times loath to indulge in self-laudation; yet we feel that we shall be pardoned for saying that there are few men who, had they been in our situation, would not have trotted onwards without wasting a thought on Sam. But we were of a nobler nature. Inextricably entangled among the kyloes he had not now a chance. It was clear to the most prejudiced observer that we had the race in our own hand. But with a magnanimity deserving this record, we turned about on the saddle and made a speech. Its main purport was a proposal to allow him ten minutes for extrication from his present entanglement—and we concluded with an offer, that thenceforth the parties were to make their way at their own pleasure to Grassmere—without regard to any general or particular road—so that we kept to the trot. Nay, we proposed that on all occasions when either or both of us might chance to be going in a direction unequivocally devious from the turnpike-road, either or both might gallop. Sam said it was all fair—and so it was—for though the Shuffler was the faster gallopper of the two—having been a plate mare—Colonsay knew the country better—and we had never known him in his wildest vagaries get himself into a *cul-de-sac*.

All this while we had utterly forgotten what was on our head. Nor should we have remembered it now, had not a bright lady flung a kiss to us from her palm out of a carriage window, when with a bow, uncovering "our grey discrowned head," we beheld in our right hand the extraordinary concern to which at the moment we were unable to give a name, and had but a dim apprehension of its nature and office. The truth, however, soon dawned upon us, and we delivered it to Angus, who did not venture to form any conjecture respecting its material, or functions, with a request that he would transmit it to the legitimate owner in the gig—which he did with the assistance of the Twins, and to the astonishment of the whole drove. We then bound round our

temples a pink silk handkerchief, half day and half night cap, with the fringe nattily coming to a point between our shoulders—and looked—so said Ned Hurd—prepared for mischief. Though much drops out between the cup and the lip, it was not so now with Colonsay. The meal and water at Dove's Nest, in quenching his thirst had excited his hunger—and Ned, taking the bit out of his mouth, presented him the sieve full of seed-oats, beautiful as eggs in an ant-hill. Not to seem singular, we too lunched; for we never leave home without a newspaper of ham sandwiches, and the "mountain-dew" had "wauken'd that sleeping dowie," our dormant appetite.

Seldom have we enjoyed ten minutes of more delightful repose. "The innocent brightness of the new-born Day" was growing into splendid Forenoonhood—with a richer array both of lights and shadows. The eye did not miss the dewdrops, so bright had they left the green earth on their evanishing to heaven. "Our heart rejoiced in Nature's joy"—and as for Windermere, she would not have changed places with the sky. Nor had she any need to do so; for she and the sky now seemed one—and the two, blended together, forgot their own identity in a common world of clouds. Not clouds of vapour, but clouds of light! Alike celestial the purity of the radiant whiteness and of the lucid azure, attempered to perfect harmony as by an angel's breath!

And did Imagination so prevail over the senses, that we saw nothing else there among air and water, trees and clouds, but the imagery of her own creations? Now and then a visionary minute was indeed wholly a dream. But gleamings came between of fair realities before our outward eyes, for Windermere now bore on her bosom a hundred sail. It seemed as if a Flight of Swans had dropped upon the lake, and after their aerial voyage were wantoning in the still purer element, that wooed their now folded and their now expanded wings. Nor when they were seen to be what they were—not swans, but barks—were they in that disenchantment less beautiful; for they still seemed instinct with spirit—to obey no will but their own—

to enjoy each other's joy—meeting and parting to give salutes and farewells—in their loveliness to be capable of love—to admire their own motions, as by a sense of the grace accompanying them all—to feel the charm of the shifting scene they kept in perpetual animation, and to be inspired by the poetry of the many-figured evolutions performed as by magic at the bidding of a breeze or a breath!

See! the wide lake is like two lakes separated by a line of light! Beyond the line is the blue region of the zephyrs, whitened by little breakers—and as the Fleet, with all canvass set, is beating up to windward, the air is streamered with flags. Between the line and the shore 'tis a perfect mirror—and becalmed there the sail-boat seems at anchor, and to envy skiff and canoe as they steal by and around her with twinkling oars. Yonder all the animation of a waking world! There the repose of slumber! Here the rest of sleep! And now currents of air come creeping over the clear calm—and breathless spots appear upon the blue breeze till the prevailing character of each is impaired—the line of separation broken—and the two lakes—as fancy had chosen to see them—are recreating themselves into one—till all disorder subsides, and settles down into perfect harmony—and the gazer's heart feels that of all the waters beneath the sun, assuredly, on such a day as this, the loveliest is Windermere!

The ten minutes—but two—had now expired, and a sudden thought struck us in connexion with the every-day world, which might turn to good account, viz. to purchase a score of kyloes, to be summer'd on Applethwaite common—a common then, apparently without stint or measure, open to the whole world. Wealways are our own stake-holder—so we forked out the blunt in the shape of five twenty-pound Bank of England notes (the rest in gold remained in our fob), and putting them into Angus's hairy paw, told him to leave in the red-gated field near Orresthead kyloe-flesh of that value, as we had implicit confidence in his integrity and judgment. Angus whispered in our ear that we should be no losers by the bargain, for that

he would so arrange matters that the gentleman in the blue-silk jacket did not lose his situation till well on in the afternoon. There Sammy sat like "Impatience on a monument, scowling at grief." Time having been called, we pulled Colonsay's nose from the sieve, and hitting him on the rump a thwack with the Crutch, away we went, amidst loud cheers, on a new career of discovery and adventure.

Near the turnpike gate at Waterhead, the tourist cannot have failed to observe that from the high-road a low road diverges along the lake-side, and is soon lost to sight between two comfortable houses with their appurtenances and a multitude of stone walls. For a hundred yards or thereabouts the two roads are separated by some unenclosed ground, of an irregular shape, on which there was then, and may be now, a saw-pit, and generally a quantity of planks set up to season or to be ready for shipment. Along this piece of common Colonsay now took his way, not having made up his mind which of the two roads he was to take—the upper road, leading direct to Ambleside,—or the lower road, leading, though not so direct, to Langdale. Now Ambleside lies between Waterhead and Grassmere—whereas Langdale-head is at least ten miles, as the bird flies, in an opposite direction entirely; so you can easily conceive our anxiety respecting his ultimate decision. For the first fifty yards our politician adhered to the *juste millieu*, and we became apprehensive, that if he proceeded on that course without turning either to the right or the *extreme gauche*, that he would carry us slap-bang into the saw-pit; while, again, were he to apostatize to either one side or another, we saw not how we could escape running foul of a pile of planks. Into the pit, which, though not bottomless, was deep, he seemed resolved to go—why, we could not conjecture—as it was not reasonable to suppose, that, immediately after lunching on oats, he could have any very urgent desire to dine on saw-dust. The pit was unoccupied; for those top-sawyers, Mr Woodburn and his son, had gone to Grassmere fair—and so had the Hartleys. It had a sloping approach

or entrance; and to our discomfiture, and we need hardly say to the astonishment of the people, Colonsay trotting in with us, horse and rider disappeared, as it were, into the bowels of the earth! There he stood as in a stall, snuffing in vain for rack or manger. On looking up, we saw many faces looking down, and we confess that we felt shame, which has been beautifully called "the sorrow of pride." We were in a sort of grave, and almost wished to be buried. It was too narrow to admit of his turning, and no power of persuasion could induce him to back out. We heard voices above suggesting the possibility of hoisting us up by ropes, but we were convinced that Colonsay would not suffer ropes to be passed for that purpose round his barrel. He would have spurned at such an indignity with all his hoofs. Besides, where was the tackle or machinery sufficiently strong to reinstate him on the surface? In this emergency, Billy left the Barge, and came to our assistance with his sage counsel. He remembered hearing Jonathan Inman say, two years before, that he had seen Colonsay, who used to wander by moonlight all over the country, at the grey of dawn going into that self-same pit, and that his curiosity having been awakened, he, Jonathan, had looked down upon him, Colonsay, and observed him devouring a bundle of rye-grass and clover, which it is supposed some tinker had cut, and deposited therein as a place of concealment, to be ready for use on next day's encampment. The remembrance of that feat had been awakened in his mind by the associating principle of contiguity of place, and thus did Billy philosophically explain the phenomenon. Oats had lost their allurements, for our Cob, like Louis the Fourteenth and his Father Confessor, could not stomach *toujours perdrix*; so a scythe was procured, and a sheaf did the business. To the delight of the multitude, he and we reappeared stern foremost, and as we saw Sammy still safe among the kyloes, we allowed our friend, who, though a great wit, had a long memory, to take his fresh forage at his leisure. There was a tremendous row at the turnpike-gate—for the foreigners in the as-

drawn nondescript had got out and shewn fight. The clamour had frightened the kyloes, who no longer preserved close order, and from the broken square, now canopied with a cloud of dust, issued the Shuffler—Sam making strong play, and to avoid the crowd of carriages, down the low road. There was manifestly a strong struggle in Colonsay's mind between the love of clover and the love of glory, but the latter high active principle prevailed over the low appetite—and off he clattered in his grandest style after the mare—this being perhaps, considered merely in a sporting light, the most interesting era of the match. The public anxiety was wound up to the intensest pitch—no odds could be got from the adherents of either party—and two to one were eagerly offered, that we reached Grassmere—five miles—before one o'clock. It was now nine by the shadow on that unerring sundial, Loughrigg-Fell.

We do not know that we are personally acquainted with a more trying bit of road, for such a Cob as Colonsay, than that which, in days of yore, ran between Waterhead and Rothay bridge. We allude not to what are called the sharp turns, though the angles formed there by stone-walls were acute indeed, especially in the coping, sometimes consisting of slate that might have served for the shaver of a guillotine; nor to the heaps of stones that used to accumulate mysteriously for inscrutable purposes by the sides of ditches, deep enough to be dangerous, without such supererogatory cairns, though it does seem a hard case to have your skull fractured before you are drowned; nor yet to the gable-ends of man-houses, hog-houses, and barns, that suddenly faced the unsuspecting traveller, with a blank yet bold look, without door or window, that said, or seemed to say, "Thus far, and no farther, mayst thou go;"—but we are meditating now on the vast variety of field gates, most of them well-secured, we acknowledge, but still many left open by stirk or laker, and giving glimpses of pasturage, at sight of which the most stoical steed, however apathetic to ordinary temptations, could not but be seized with an access of passion, hurrying him away into

headlong indulgence, to the oblivion of all other mortal concerns—and especially are we meditating on one gate, appropriately called the *Wishing-Gate*, in a wall encircling a plain, in the centre of which that wonderful people, the Romans, had built a camp. Often had it been our lot to accompany aged antiquaries into that interesting plain, to assist their eyes to trace those invisible military remains; and on such occasions Colonsay employed himself in eating away the grass that now smiled on peaceful mounds, which once, 'tis said, were warlike ramparts. As he had never one single time during his residence in Westmoreland, gone by that gate without first going through or over it, how could we hope that he would now so far deviate from his established practice, as to continue his career, without paying a visit to his favourite intrenchments, haunted, though he knew it not, by the ghost of Julius Cæsar?

How best to guard against that danger our mind was occupied in scheming, during the close contest on the difficult bit of road now sketched; and we could think of none better than "the good old plan" of sticking close to the Shuffler's offside at the approaching crisis, certain that if Colonsay did bolt—and here it was with him a general rule, admitting of no exceptions—he would carry the mare along with him into the Roman Camp. There was the *Wishing-Gate*, not twenty yards a-head of us—shut and padlocked—and apparently repaired—or rather, as it seemed, speck-and-span new—though luckily there was nothing new about it but the paint. Up to this time we had had no opportunity—except among the kyloes—to enter into conversation with Sam; but now, to throw him off his guard, we became talkative—saying, as we laid ourselves alongside of him, "Pray, Sitwell, what is your opinion of things in general?" But ere he could answer that simple query, crash—smash went the *Wishing-Gate* before a sidelong charge of cavalry, and in full career,

"Shouldering our crutch, we shew'd how fields were won."

Old Hutton of Birmingham —

though in his dotage he forgot to mention it in his *Memoirs*—was sitting on a portable stool erected on an eminence—reconstructing the circumvallation. Providentially we saw him when within about three yards—and so did Colonsay, who took him so easily that we felt no change in the gallop, nor did the antiquary stir from his tripod. In such cases apologies are foolish, so in good time we removed any unpleasant impression our conduct might have made on the good old man's mind, by painting to him, in words brighter than oils, a picture of the Camp on the very day it was brought to a perfect finish—and a sketch of the review of the troops that took place that afternoon in the vale of Ambleside. "Here, my dear sir," said we—"here stood the *Prætorian guard*—there"—but at that moment we espied Sam on the Shuffler, making for the ruins of the *Wishing-Gate*, and appealed with hand and heel to Colonsay, if he had the heart to leave his master in the lurch? Luckily the heads of a number of umpires and referees, were seen not far in the rear, bobbing above the enclosure-walls; and the love of society, as strong in man as in horse, instigated him to join the cavalcade, which pulled up on our approach—and the match was resumed, if possible with redoubled vigour. We could not but feel grateful to Colonsay, and resolved not to baulk him of any other enjoyment, however ill-timed it might at first sight appear, which he might be promising himself at some subsequent season of the struggle. Allowances were to be made on both sides—we had our weaknesses and peculiarities too—one good turn deserves another—and as he pitched out, we patted him on the neck as tenderly as a mother pats her child.

We had not proceeded above a hundred yards, fast gathering the Shuffler, till we heard before us, behind us, and around us, loud cries of mysterious warning and alarm—and saw men in shirts waving their arms, with expressive but unintelligible gesticulations not a little appalling—yet mysterious terror is unquestionably one chief source of the sublime. "A blast! a blast!" and the truth flashed upon us with

the explosion. Fragments of rock darkened the air, and came clattering in all directions, curiously pointed, of smoking flint. How the coping stones whizzed from the walls! To shivers flew part of a slate-fence within five yards of us, smitten by a forty-two pounder, that buried itself in the dirt. Under a heavy fire let no man bob his head, duck down, or run away. We had learnt that lesson from much reading on war—and Colonsay had been taught it by instinct—so we carried on, and were soon out of range. But neither Sam nor the Shuffler could stand such a cannonade, and were off at the anonymous pace—across Rothay-bridge, and away to Clappergate—a circuitous way to Grassmere, by which the most sanguine spirit could hardly hope for ultimate success. And what if, in his imperfect acquaintance with the country, he should get into Little Langdale, and so over Hard-knot and Wrynose into Eskdale, and then by Barnmoor Tarn into Wastdale-head.

There are many much more beautiful bridges in Westmoreland than Rothay-bridge—we could mention a hundred—but than the Vale of Ambleside, on which it stands, a much more beautiful vale—nay, one half as beautiful—is not in the known world. Wonderful how, without crowding, it can hold so many groves! Yet numerous as they are, they do not injure the effect of the noble single trees planted by the hand of nature, who has a fine eye for the picturesque, just where they should be, in the meadows kept by irrigation and inundation in perennial verdure that would shame the emerald. The only fault, easily forgiven, that we could ever find with the Rothay herself, is, that she is too pellucid—for she often eludes the sight, not when hidden, as she sometimes is, in osiers, and willows, and alders, but when, in open sunshine, singing her way to the Lake. Colonsay paused on the bridge, that we might admire our beloved panorama; and we requested one detachment to follow our antagonist, and the main body of umpires and referees to proceed to Ambleside—for we wished for a while to be alone, and feed on the prospect. Colonsay, left to himself, opened

the gate adjoining the ledge, and walked sedately along the pasture, as if the coolness were refreshing to his feet, after having so long and fast beaten the dusty road. That feeling was in itself both meat and drink; and as the flies were rather troublesome, he made for a nook overshadowed by a birk-tree, itself a bower—a weeping birch, as it is called—but it sheds no tears but tears of dew or rain-drop—and not in sadness but in joy—the joyful sense of its own beauty—lets fall its rich tresses, dishevelled you would say, were it not that they all hang orderly in the calm, and orderly wave in the wind—calm and wind alike delighting in their delicate grace and pensile elegance. The river was within a few yards of our stance—flowing, but scarcely seen to flow—so gently did the stoneless banks dip down to enclose the water in a circular pool, to which there appeared neither inlet nor outlet—a perfect picture of peace. It was enough to know that we were in the Vale of Ambleside; but our eyes saw nothing but the Naiad's Palace. It grew too beautiful to be gazed on, and we looked up through the light foliage, that shewed the fleckered sky. There on a cleft bough was a missel-thrush sitting on her nest, with her eyes fixed on ours—and we knew, from their fond and fearless expression, that her breast was on her callow young. “May no callant, cat, or owl, harry the happy and hopeful household!” And she seemed to smile in our face as if she knew the meaning of our words, and that we could keep a secret. But at that moment we heard a doleful lamenting among the silvan rocks behind us—of two poor shillags that had been robbed of their all. What passions are in the woods!

Colonsay has fallen fast asleep. No doubt he is dreaming—for 'tis a false dictum that sound sleep is dreamless—and not till the senses are all shut up is the spirit wide-awake. He is now on his native isle. Friends he left dapple-grey come up to him milk-white. But why pursue such melancholy fancies? He recognises the green hills on which his unclosed youth pastured—the moss-hags he used to overleap in his play—he snuffs with joy the unforgotten

scent of the kelp on the shore that he was wont sportively to scatter as he raced with his compeers on the yellow sands—he dips his nose in the sea, and rejoicing to find it salt, feels as if foaled again. His mouth has never felt the bit, nor his back the saddle—and away he flies with flowing mane and tail, free as the osprey dashing into the deep. And now he sees the majestic figure of the Laird himself—and at his side Pingal, the deer-hound. His neighings startle the Nereids in their coral caves, and Neptune, rearing his hoary head above the green-rolling billows, exults in the beauty of the breed of Colonsay—a high-descended strain—and half-designs to lure the rampant lion into the ebbing tide, that, yoked to Amphitrite's car, he may draw the Ocean-Queen in van of that Annual Procession to the Isles of the Blest, where the setting sun smiles on the souls of the now peaceful Heroes!

Such might have been Colonsay's dream—if it were not, it was ours; yet why should we have wandered so far from the Naiads' Palace! Who gave it that name? Ourselves, in some visionary mood. But now those fancies forsook us—beautiful as they were—for, gazing into the mirror, we beheld such an Image! What but the image of ourselves and Colonsay standing upside down—in the air! For the water had disappeared,—yet undisturbed as our reality beneath the living tree that had ceased to whisper. Though not unknown to us the science of optics, we were not prepared to see ourselves partaking of the general inversion of inanimate nature! A slight surprise always accompanies for a moment such reflections; yet how perfectly reconciled do we become to the position of such shadowy worlds! There can be little doubt that in a few days we should love and admire the real world, just the same as we do now, were all the human race to walk along the earth on their heads, with their feet up to heaven!

While thus delighting ourselves with contemplation of our downward double, we became aware that it was a pool we were looking into, by a trout like a fish balancing himself half-way between soil and surface, with his head up the cur-

rent, and ever and anon waver ing up till his back-fin was in air—manifestly on the feed. He saw neither us nor our shadow—intent on midges. “Thy days are numbered,” we inly said—and now we felt why ancient philosophers called Prudence the Queen of Virtues. Not one man in a million, in equipping himself for such a match, as was now on our part in quiet course of performance, would have included in his personal paraphernalia line and angle, and all manner of artificial flies. The beautiful birch-tree was rather in our way—yet that not much—and we were fearful of alarming the missel. But that fear was needless, for, knowing our inoffensive character, she and her mate—we heard now by the fluttering and chirping—had been flying to and fro, feeding their gaping young, all the time of our dream. So we joined our Walton, and annexed our gossamer, and throwing low, with no motion but of our wrist, dropt a single blue midge on the now visible eddy, and let it circle away down within easy reach of the simple and unsuspecting giant. What profundity of ignorance is implied in the doctrine, that the monarch of the flood lives on large flies! They cannot be too minute for the royal maw, provided he but knows that they are insects. A minnow again, in his impertinence and presumption, will open his mouth, of which, large as it is proportionally to his other members, he has miserably mistaken the dimensions—to swallow a dragon-fly as big as a bird. But soft! he has it. A jerk so slight that we must not call it a jerk—and we have hooked him inextricably by the tongue in among the teeth. No fear of our gut. Whew! there he goes—and the merry music of the reel reminds us of the goat-sucker's song, as with mouth wide open, he sits at evening on a paling, sucking in the moths.

Had you your choice, would you rather angle from a too wakeful Cob, or from a Cob—like Colonsay—comatose? Perhaps this question may remind you of another almost as nice—which we have heard mooted—“Whether would you have your eyes torn out by pincers, or punched in by rule?” Our answer, after mature deliberation, was, “That we

should like to have one eye torn out by pincers, and the other punched in by rule." We have angled—not without loss of temper—from very restless animals; yet 'tis perhaps more trying to hook a first-class trout from a quadruped plunged in profoundest sleep. A third case is, that of your sleep-walker—but we shall not now discuss it, as its introduction would render the question too complicate. As long as the hooker kept in the present pool, 'twas well that Colonsay heard no "voice cry to all the house—Sleep no more—Colons doth murder sleep." We found our advantage in his unupbraiding conscience. But as soon as his majesty set off to seek refuge in his distant dominions, we wished that Somnus had lashed Colonsay with a whip of scorpions. The fugitive king had it then all his own way, like a bull in a china-shop. Conservatives as we have ever been, we felt that the power of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished; but where lay the board of control? Had he reposed due confidence in the loyalty of the silent people of the provinces, and trusted to the strongholds remote from the capital, he might been at this day on the throne. But his heart misgave him—and he came back of his own accord to his own and the Naiads' Palace. Even then he might have saved his life by taking the sulks. But he was, though of a fearful, of a fiery nature; he knew not when to make resistance and when to yield; and the consequence was, that in twenty minutes from the time his tongue first felt the barb, he turned up his yellow side, and floated shorewards "fat, and scant of breath." Even then a wallop might have been his salvation; but he had not spirit to make one;—and Bobby Partridge—who had been in vain trying the worm—fortunately making his appearance just at that moment with his well-known dodging-step along the banks—he dipped in his landing-net, and brought the Brobdingnag into another element, all shining with stars and crosses and orders, like some great naval commander. His weight is uncertain—for he never was in any scales but his own; but when pressed well down into our creel, his snout and

tail were visible—and we had to fasten the lid, not with peg, but twine. Yet was he not a grey trout, as our few descriptive touches have already shewn—but a true son of Winauder—of the line of the mottled monarchs who have therein disputed sovereignty with the long jawed race of Jacks for many thousand years.

Just then Colonsay must have been experiencing in his sleep one of those not unsublime sensations that sometimes suddenly assail the slumberer, falling over the edge of a precipice, or off a weathercock on a spire. For springing several feet into the air, faster than any thought of ours he gave the side-spang, and had almost realized his dream. Another hand-breadth, and he had toppled into the Naiads' Palace. Hurra! Sammy Sitwell—standing on the stirrups—and working like Tommy Lye—comes flashing round the edge of the wood, on his return from High Skelwith; Colonsay, having shaken off his somnolency, joins issue; and once more the Match! the Match!

We met on the bridge—and nothing could be fairer than the junction-start. But, alas! on beginning to make play, we made a discovery which, under any circumstances and on any horse, would have been unfortunate, in our present predicament likely to prove fatal. Colonsay had a knack—a sleight of tongue—by which he could slip, *ad libitum*, almost any bit out of his mouth; and as we had forgotten to tighten the buckles, there hung the snaffle outside his jaws; and with a bridle so adjusted, what could Castor himself have done? No more than Julius Cæsar, who used, in his hot youth, to go, like the old one, without saddle, with his face to the horse's tail, and his hands tied behind his back. However, we said nothing, and hasted to the crowd which we knew must be collected in Ambleside—whither we were now going like a couple of comets. How we rattled along Rottenrow! Benson's smithy right opposite—and a crowd of carts! Sam grew white on the jowl as a sheet. "Hold hard! pull up—or we shall be smashed"—we cried in no feigned alarm; he did so with a skill we could not but admire—and Colonsay, taking all

things into consideration, judged it advisable to follow the example of the Shuffler—and thus no lives were sacrificed—nor was the old woman dangerously hurt, though her stall lost a leg, and there was a stramash among the gingerbread kings.

The poor Shuffler mare, though pretty fresh, was now discovered to be, nevertheless, in rather doleful dumps. Of her four shoes she had lost two, somewhere or other, up among the mountains, and the remaining pair were held by a very precarious tenure. Mr Benson had a hind-leg on his hip in a jiffey—and then a fore-leg; the pincers did their duty; and now all-fours were as free from iron as the day she first saw the light. But here again our magnanimity shone out in all its native lustre. We scorned to take advantage of a series of losses that might have befallen ourselves, and resolved to stay by Sitwell, who, as far as we had had an opportunity to observe, had hitherto conducted himself during the match with considerable candour, and never broken into a gallop on the direct line of operation. We had no right to object to each other's by-play. We declare on our honour and conscience—and after the lapse of twenty years, more or less, our country will not be incredulous—that neither by voice nor look did we give Mr Benson any hint how to reshoe the Shuffler. True, we had long been good friends—wags calling him Vulcan and us Apollo—but with his style of shoeing we never interfered, though on this occasion the issue proved it to be worthy, not of our admiration only, but of our gratitude.

And who should make their appearance at the smithy-door, during the refit, but our dear friend, Green, the artist of the clouds, in company with Hills, the celebrated cattleist, and Havel, then at the head of the water-colourists—all three great geniuses—and as pleasant men, each in his own way, as ever leaned elbow on the social board. They had been out all morning with their portfolios—but now was the time for them to make themselves immortal—for what a subject for a grand historical Composition! No need for any sounding name—call it simply, the Smithy-Door. We beseeched the

main group, of which we were indeed ourselves the centre, and all the subordinate and accessory breakings-off but belongings-to it, to remain just as they were at that moment—for the picture stood there already composed by the Spirit of the Scene. All the three fortunate youths had to do was to transfer it to paper. Nay—look at it almost from what point you willed, still 'twas a picture! In perfect power operated there the principle of the pyramid! Green eyed the scene askance, and planted his tripod near the door of Mr Brownrigg, the shoemaker, so that to the right he might get in his favourite pines—among the loftiest in England—and to the left, as many of those old overhanging roofs and galleried gables as the power of perspective might steal from the ancient Ambleside, yet leave her rich as ever in all most beautiful to artist's or poet's eyes. He had to take Us in front, but we could well bear foreshortening; and it has been generally thought that our face is finest in full view without shadow, and so would have felt even Rembrandt. Some children had gathered in a group—oh! how graceful still art thou, pure supple nature!—and encouraged by the benign physiognomy of Colonsay, one of them was holding up to him a bunch of wild-flowers, which he kept mumbling with his long lip, just to shew his sense of the fair creature's kindness—and how all their rosy faces smiled as he scented the moss-rose-buds, the earliest of the perfect year! Hills, again, studied the scene from the Cock—a pleasant Inn—itself a jewel. Taken from that point too, we were still the central figure—but we exhibited a back-front—nor had we any reason to be ashamed of our shoulders, nor Colonsay of his rear—harmonious in their apt proportions. Shuffler and Sam, in their airy slinness, contrasted well with our strength columnar; and imagination peopled the void between the visible extremes of horse with many an intermediate kind of that most useful and ornamental of all animals. A few human figures, and a couple of curs, were hastily sketched in—and 'twas wonderful what an effect was produced by the skilful introduction of a cuddy, pacing leisurely

by with his panniers, nor, in the midst of all the animation, so much as once lifting his eyes from the ground. But where sat Havel? Removed some way down in front, just opposite pretty Miss Preston's millinery-shop, whence the scene assumed the shape of a circle, and fancy had room to play with feeling, and imagination to expatiate among all possibilities of the picturesque, without losing sight of the main incidents and characters that gave an historical interest to the whole. Never was Havel more happy! There they hang—all the three sketches—and though cheerful the scene in itself, and mirth and merriment on every countenance, it grows indistinct before our old eyes—not that they are always dim, but hope is not now so ready with her sunshine as memory with her tears.

But the scene was sketched, and the Shuffler shoed—and the street, far as the eye could reach, cleared for the start. That was not very far—for the houses, as if desirous to see the fun, had stolen insensibly forwards, and the willow before poor Green's door overhung the road more than usual, as it closed the vista. What carts might lie beyond we knew and cared not, only we hoped they might not be loaded with timber. Yet hope, we felt, was strangely like fear—but “off—off” was the cry—and the crowd could not contain their admiration at the style in which we rose in our stirrups! “North for ever!” “Sammy for a shilling!” “Done, done, done!” But the shew of hands was in our favour ten to one; and had the times been at all political in those parts—which, thank heaven, they were not—we should have been carried for the county.

Three wood-waggons loaded sky-high from Rydal Forest with oak! Coming down hill so as to occupy the whole area of the market-place—and we meeting them at a trot fast as any gallop! Far advanced beyond them all was King Log threatening the firmament. Colonsay “stooped his anointed head as low as death,” to avoid destruction—and with a single *coup d'ail*, seeing the impossibility of breaking even the weakest part of the line, with miraculous command over motion, con-

verted the forward into the backward, and as if his tail had been his head, set off smitly-wards, oversetting much of the crowd; nor was it possible for us to restrain his impetuosity—for the harder we pulled, the greater acceleration he acquired—till he broke into such a gallop as will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to behold it till their dying day!

And were Sam and the Shuffler smashed to death by the live timber—for alive it was, or it never could have swung itself about in that way—or crushed beneath the wooden wheels of waggons, each worse than the car of Juggernaut? Not they. The mare had hunted with Meynel, and was a treasure at timber. The northernmost waggon near the Old Cross drooped its tail to within five feet of the ground, and Sam, who was as skilful as fearless, shoved her at it, at the critical moment just ere it rose again, cleared it like winking, and disappeared!

In no long time Colonsay perceived that he was not going in his usual way, and returned to the charge. Now the waggons had been drawn up, so as to leave a lane for our transit, and we again made play. Our dangers, it was not unreasonable to hope, might be mostly over; but we could not conceal from ourselves that we had many difficulties still to encounter—and one we saw even now was at hand. For some years we had made it a practice, more honoured in the observance than the breach, never to pass the Salutation Inn, without shaking hands, and taking a horn of ale with the worthy landlord, our friend Wilcock; and there he stood on the steps! With great presence of mind he ordered a band of haymakers to form a line, two deep, on the brow of the hill, the front rank kneeling, with rakes, like muskets with fixed bayonets, to receive and repel the expected charge. But Mrs Rennyson's heart gave way—and Colonsay, availing himself of a weak point, broke through, and made good his customary position below the sign. Nan was ready with the ale—three horns—one for Mr North, one for her master, and one, larger than the largest size, for Colonsay, who took his malt as kindly as the best Chris-

tian that ever turned up a little finger. Business being despatched, he gave his head a shake, as much as to say, "Good-by," and set off neighing in pursuit of the Shuffler.

We had now found out the pace that best suited such a contest—a steady long swinging trot—six feet or thereabouts at a stride—and we were only afraid we should too soon overtake Sam. That fear, however, we had reason to dismiss the moment it arose; for lo! on the crown of the hill—where the road turns off perpendicularly to Kirkstone—a jaunting-car, two gigs, a shandrydan, horsemen and horsewomen—all gaily bedecked with white ribands and stars on their breasts—a marriage-party—Tom Earle of Easdale and Rose Allardyce of Gold-rill-green—accompanied with their cortège—about to be made one by Parson Crakelt in Ambleside Church!

Will the world believe us when we say that we had utterly forgotten our engagement formed a week before—to officiate as Groom's Man? But *Fortuna favet fortibus*—and there we were providentially at the very nick of time. To be sure, our dress was not just quite the thing—being better adapted for one match than the other; but Mr Earle would not hear of our proposal to exchange it, temporarily, for the apparel of one of his friends, who had to fill a subordinate situation—so just as we were, except that we dowsed the pink cap, we accompanied the joyous assemblage to the Church.

A nobler-looking pair never stood before the altar. Tom had thrown all the best men in the ring—and was certainly the most elegant wrestler ever seen in the North of England. Yet like all perfectly proportioned men, he shewed no signs of extraordinary strength, nay, seemed almost slender, though on Mount Ida he could have contended with Paris. A milder countenance or a sunnier you could not see on a summer's day; and intellect of no common kind was enthroned on that lofty forehead, radiant through clouds of curls dark as the raven's wing. And if Tom Earle "gave the world assurance of a MAN," so did Rose Allardyce of a woman. None of your tiny thread-paper, artificial fairy-crea-

tures, whom you may dance on your thumb, and care not though they were to evanish over your shoulder like shadows among the lady-fern; but a substantial flesh-and-blood, bright and breathing, beautiful human being—fit for the wear and tear of life—and come what may of weal and woe—grateful to enjoy and content to suffer—one of the

"Sound healthy children of the God of heaven"—

who, in the dark hour, with a single smile, can bring the rainbow over a cloud of tears.

It was with such thoughts and feelings as these pleasantly passing through our heart, not without a shade of awe, that we saw an old grey-headed man—not her father—for she was an orphan—give away the bride. Nothing can be better than the marriage ceremony—nor indeed every other part of the ritual of the Church of England—a service which you may seek to improve, after you have brightened up a bit and reduced to order the stars. And now that it was over, Rose seemed even a sweeter flower. Her blushes had left her cheeks somewhat paler than their wont—but the colour returned at the bridegroom's kiss—and that kiss was a signal for us not to be idle—so we put Tom gently aside, and, "precin' her bonny mou'" we went smacking our way round the circle—an example which was no sooner set than followed by the rest of the congregation, while the winged cherubs on the walls laughed as if they had been so many Cupids, and a Saint, who looked for usual rather grim, grew gay as a Hymen.

The improvements, as they are called, of modern science, have, even in mountainous countries, reduced, alas! most of the roads, once so precipitous, to nearly a dead level! It was not so in Westmoreland in the age of the Match. Bear witness from the stony world of the past, Thou Descent out of Ambleside! And where now can you find a truly sharp turn? All smoothed meanly off, without "mark or likelihood," against which it is next to impossible to capsize! True, that people get killed yet—but "then 'tis the rate that does it;" and bridges are, so

built now, that not one coach in a million leaps the ledge—in the times we write of, an almost daily occurrence. But 'tis in vain to complain. Down that Descent out of Ambleside, now drove like blazes the nuptial cavalcade. None of the party were great whips—but they all knew well how to manage the reins. They flung them loose on their coursers' backs—simply taking care not to let them get entangled with tails. The young couple led the way in the car, then a novelty—the gigs were in the centre—and the shandrydan rattled in the rear. A squadron of cavalry cleared the road before the carriages, and, with our usual prudence, we followed the wheels. Not that we saw them, for seldom have we been enveloped in a denser cloud of dust. But we heard them, and so should we had we been all but stone-deaf. Think not that we consulted our own safety in not joining the vanguard. For though we were a single man, Colonsay now carried double—the bride's-maid was behind us, with her soft arm round our waist—and for her sake we blessed our stars that we had that day mounted a crupper. We knew it was mid-day, but in the heart of the whirlwind 'twas nearly night. We could have believed, oh! fond dream of an enamoured fancy! that we were a young Arab, carrying away on the desert-born his sole child from a chieftain's tent!

The noise died away like thunder behind a hill—the atmosphere became clearer, and we were aware of entering a wood. Colonsay affected all van scenery, "and, path or no path, what cared he?" was bearing his now precious burden into the forest-gloom. Sweet Hannah became alarmed, but "we calmed her fears, and she was calm," for no evil thought was in our heart—"no maiden lays her scathe to us," and say, ye Dryads who dwell in the blessed woods of Westmoreland, and have seen us a thousand times roaming not unaccompanied through all their glades, if you know not well that in our eyes—worshippers as we were of all beauty—the holiest thing under heaven was confiding Innocence!

Colonsay stood still as a lamb in the centre of a circle of greensward,

that had many years ago been the site of a charcoal burning; and it almost always happens that out of the works of industry busying itself in the woods, arises a new character of beauty, retaining, without any loss to the charm of nature, an almost imperceptible touch—a faint vestige of art. So was it here. A Poet—(but are we a poet?)—could not have created so still a spot out of the soft leaves of sleep. The foliage looked as if it had never known but the vernal breath of Dream-land. Yet what were they but simple hazels—the commonest wood that grows—and nothing, we have heard it said, can be very beautiful that is not somewhat rare—a saying that the infant morning can refute, by shaking from the foxglove millions of lovelier pearls than ever were brought up by diver from Indian seas. But though the coppice was of hazel, high overhead, and far around, an oak—too old to let us think of its age—diffused almost a twilight. Yet not so solemn as to hush the glad linnets' lays—and wide they warbled, while each brooding bird listened but to its own mate, and heard but the hymn meant for its own nest: And now all are mute—as if hushed by a profounder hymeneal song; for from some uncertain far-off place the cushat coos—and silence is listening along with us to the passionate music so full all the while of affection—Ah! heard'st thou ever, Hannah! a sound so sweet with love, and so strong with faith—is there not a spell in the word conjugal—and thinkest thou not—my child—that more delightful than to be brides-maid—though this is the happiest holiday in thy life—would it be—in a few months or so—to be thyself the Bride?

But we must make no revelation of the tender colloquy that there ensued—let it suffice to say, that we promised to be present at the marriage which we found was to be in September. "See, sir—the bonny Con!" And there sat a pert squirrel on a mossy bough, who had overheard every word we said, and was now mocking us with antic grimaces, while his brush curled gracefully over his head, and his bright burnished fur shewed that he was the beau of the woods. Colonsay,

who had merely retired from the dust, knowing it must be now laid, resought the road—and bark! the sound of a trumpet!

A couple of Cantabs trotting along in a Tandem! That soph handles the reins like a man destined to be senior wrangler—and in him who blows the bugle we hear a gold medallist. Fine fellows are they both as ever worked team or problem. From the wood we take our station close before the leader, and lo! now a Random! Colonsay has quite a classical character—and unencumbered with traces, he looks like one of those noble prancers on antique gem or *basso rilievo*. The wheeler has nothing to do in the shafts but to keep moving—the *ci-devant* leader is now proud to be a follower—and the whip enjoys his sinecure. Much gentlemanly nonsense are the scholars talking to Hannah, and we fear, from the titter that slightly thrills her frame, that they may be slyly quizzing the elderly gentleman; but youth will be youth—and we know that, in the midst of all that winking of eyes and screwing of mouths, they have a respect amounting to veneration for Christopher North.

Ivy Cottage seems on its way to Ambleside, as we give it the go-by—Rydal Water glimmers away towards Windermere—and we are at the Nab. Lo! below the shadow of the sycamores the marriage party—who had just then discovered that we were missing, and loud congratulations hail our advent. The Random is reduced to a Tandem—for Colonsay gives the side-spang, and the Newtonians keep the noisy tenor of their way towards Grassmere—while Nab-scaur proves he can blow the bugle too, and plays the Honey-Moon on the same key—but what breath from human lips so wildly sweet as the echoes!

Hannah slips off like a sun-loosened snow-wreath, and is in the arms of a girl, lovelier even than herself, who had been keeping house during the wedding, and arranging the parlour for a *déjeuner* at once rich and simple, while she had tastefully garlanded the lintel and porch with flowers. Through the jessamine-lattice window we looked in on the preparations, but had strength of mind not to dismount; and as soon

as the bridegroom learnt that we were engaged in a match, he released us from our remaining duties as his man, considering that we had sufficiently shown our zeal in his service by the part we performed in church. We then drank “Joy” in a glass of delicious elder-flower wine, fairer and more fragrant than Frontinac—and pausing for a moment to take in the whole beautiful happiness of the scene into our heart—lake, trees, hills, houses, humanities, heavens, and all—“swift as an arrow from a Tartar’s bow,” we shot away towards White Moss.

Where, thought we, may be Sam? Symptoms saw we none of the Shuffler—for feet of all kinds had for hours been disturbing the dust—nor among all that trampling could a Red-man’s eye have noted the print of her hoof. But as we had not met him, we could not doubt that he was only ahead—and the chief difficulties to be encountered, it was cheering to learn, awaited us both equally on our return. We scorn to ask questions—nor could they indeed have been of any avail; for though we had overtaken many persons, we had met none—the stream of life all flowing in one direction—towards Grassmere fair. It was known there that we were coming, for Rumour trots faster even than Colonsay—nay, used to out-gallop Childers and Eclipse.

And now we were on White-Moss, and keeping a firm seat, in case of a blast in the slate-quarries, when a sight met our eyes at that rate altogether unintelligible, incomprehensible, and unaccountable, but alarming in the most mysterious degree to man and horse—even beyond a ghost. It seemed something hairy, and of a size so enormous, that its stature, like Satan’s, reached the sky. Could it be Satan? No—the Prince of the Air flies by night—this monster was moving on the earth in the face of day. Colonsay saw it the instant we did, and was rooted. Desperation fixed our eyes on the shape—“if shape it might be called, which shape had none”—and, thank heaven! it gradually dwindled into a huge bear—standing upright on legs thicker than our body—handling a pole across his breast like a pine—~~and, oh! spirit of Vestris—~~

cing! Yes! dancing to a tambourine and a hurdy-gurdy—waltzing a solo—pirouetting—and soon as he saw us—describing the figure of a foursome and fearsome Scotch-reel, jig-time—and then, as if setting to his partner, perpetrating the Highland fling! Never did Napoleon utter a more original truth than when he said, that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous—Colonsay must have felt that as keenly as we did—laughter convulsed our diaphragms—and so strange were the peals, that we thought the old mountains would have fallen into hysterics.

Fancy "holds each strange tale devoutly true," told of *fascinations*. "A serpent's eye shines dull and shy," saith Coleridge, in "that singularly beautiful and original poem" *Christabelle*—and like a true poet he describes its effect on that hapless ladye. Aristotle saw into the life of things when he declared poetry to be more philosophical than history—but he has nowhere said that fiction is more true than fact. Here, however, we have to record a fact more extraordinary than any fiction—and leave you to draw the moral. All imitation is from sympathy—and in illustration of that apophthegm we could write a book. But here was a fact more illustrative of its truth than many volumes of the profoundest metaphysical disquisition. Colonsay, who had been not only riveted, but, as we said, rooted to the spot by sight of the bear, began to regard him with a horrid sympathy—his inner being began to bruin—his neigh became a growl—and rising on his hind-legs, with his fore-legs mimicking paws, true to time and measure, as his grotesque prototype before him, he began walking the *minuet de la cour*, and soon as tambourine and hurdy-gurdy changed to a livelier tune, slid away into a saraband!

You cannot be so unreasonable as to expect that we should be able to describe our feelings in such a predicament—composed as the mixture was of so many ingredients hitherto supposed to be unamalgamatable—of which a few were the internal senses of fear, fun, folly, horror, awe, melancholy, mirth, self-pity, shame, pride, wonder, novelty,

absurdity, and sublimity—but so meagre a list of simple emotions can give you no idea of the one composite. The spectators seemed numerous—and you may faintly conceive what a dash of bitterness was thrown into our cup already full to the brim with sufferings, by the appearance, on the edge of the crowd, of the immortal author of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and him since so celebrated as the English Opium-Eater. Their looks shewed that they were under the delusion that this was a voluntary as well as gratuitous exhibition—whereas they were bound as poets, philosophers, and Christians, to have known that we were under the power of the Bear—*Ursa Major* being now manifestly the constellation that had ruled at our birth—and who can control his fate?

But was ever sight more beautiful than what now rose before us high up in the firmament! A graceful girl in a foreign garb, trowsered, and turban'd, and stilted, walked dancingly in the air, showering smiles, and warbling melody, the loveliest Savoyard that ever crossed seas far-away from her own hut on the vine-clad hill. And as she smiled and sang, she came circling towards us, with that aerial motion of which every new gliding figure was like finer and wilder poetry, till, like a creature angelical, she hung in the sunshine above our head, and dropped round the neck of her thrall a chaplet of flowers, wreathed by fingers familiar with all the magic of the southern clime! The Bear ceased his gambols—and Colonsay again grew horse. We gave the bright witch gold, and were just about to bow to our illustrious friends—when a manikin, in a red jacket, jumped up behind us, and away went Colonsay like a whirlwind. It was a monkey—and Jacko, not anticipating the effect of his trick, clung to our back with his arms round our neck—and his bleary-eyed face adhesive to our cheek—oh! how unlike that face which half-an hour ago we bent back ours to meet—and from its balmy mouth received a kiss in the dim wood!

What is this? what is this? We are swimming in a lake Grassmere Lake—we know it by its Island. Curse the incubus—we shall be throttled. Could we but get our

knife unclasped, we would cut off the little miscreant's paws. Courage, Colonsay—courage—swim steady, we beseech you—have pity on your poor master. Such-like continued to be our ejaculations along the edge of the line of water-lilies, which, even in his affright, Colonsay instinctively kept clear of—and we rejoiced to perceive that he was making for the Island. Boats put out from all the bays—and the first that neared us was Robert Newton's, who had been fishing perch, and slipped anchor the moment he heard the plunge. But we warned him to keep off, lest Colonsay should sink him—and now began a race of a novel kind—Colonsay against a pair of oars—for a gallon of ale and a leash of mutton pies—who should first touch the beach. The craft was rather heading us, when crash went the wooden pin on which the Grassmereans then used to fix their oars, and Bobby fell back off the shaft with his heels in the air, while a light breeze having sprung up, he drifted considerably to leeward. We could now count the corner-stones of the Barn; Colonsay snorted as he smelt the pasture; and getting footing now on a shoal of fine gravel, more like a hippopotamus than a mere land-horse, he galloped through a brood of ducklings, and established himself on terra-firma beyond the water-line, and in among the daffodillies,* that crowded round to kiss the victor's feet. Just then he gave himself such a shake—like a Newfoundland—that Jacko, who had heedlessly relaxed his hold, was dislodged to a great distance—and by and by sitting down disconsolately on a stone, looked

Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast."

But we had no compassion for the pent, and let him sit shivering unheeded there in his wet regimentals, while we intensely enjoyed that vital refreshment consequent on the plunge-bath. Colonsay had leaped into the Lake, as we were afterwards credibly informed, from a pretty high rock; and we were assured by the same authority, that he had never witnessed any sight more imposing than our Dive. Grassmere Lake is

full of springs, so in spots not only cool, but cold even in the dog-days; and we, who had entered its sweet waters, a child of dust, left them an etherealized creature of the element. 'Twas now past meridian quarter less one, and since six of the morning what had we not gone through? Seven hours in the saddle—with nothing to eat but breakfast and lunch, a few horns of ale, a suck of Glenlivet, and a tumbler of elder-flower wine. The strongest constitution cannot be wholly proof against such privations—and we had felt—we confess—a certain sinking of the heart—near the region of the stomach—which had somewhat affected our spirits. But not more sovereign remedy is "Spermaceti for an inward bruise," than that spring-fed lake for lassitude and weariness even to the verge of death. We could have imagined ourselves a Minor on the eve of his majority, glorying in the thought of the Gaudemus nature was preparing for the morrow, when the sun was to see him of age. Scores of crazy years, with all their infirmities, had been drowned, or shaken off; Crutch himself felt efflorescence, and as we held him up, we fancied he began to bud. Yes! we believe it now—so exults the Eagle—when, moulting centuries that fall away from him like feathers, he renews his youth.

We stood on the green navel of the lake. So clear the air, and so keen our eyes, that without losing any thing of their grandeur, the encircling mountains shewed all their beautiful individualities—distinctly was visible the tall lady-fern, as if within hand-reach—we saw, or thought we saw, the very glossiness on the silver stems of the scattered birch-trees—there was no mistaking one of all the many varieties of foliage—apparent along the brighter verdure were the innumerable sheep-paths—it might be imagination, but we believed our eye rested in its wanderings on the Fairy rings. The Beautiful closed in upon us, and our heart leapt up to meet it, our arms opened to fold it in our embrace. We were in love with Nature, and she with us, and in our intercommunion we became one living-soul.

You may call this extravagant—and it may be so; but extravagant you can never call the sweet delight that breathed on us from all the still island itself—with its serene scenery—but a barn and outhouse, and a few fire—no more—and as for living creatures—on the low lying pasture, undulating into uplands, some score of silly sheep. Of how few and simple materials may consist a pastoral picture, that shall deeply stir the heart.

Never, in all our born days, heard we such a neighing and whinnying of horses, mares, and foals! In Tail End—an estate on the shores of the Mainland—resides a speculative breeder—and yonder field sloping down to the lake is full of all manner of manes and tails, not unobserved of Colonsay, who has been startled by the outbreak of the music of his mother-tongue, and lends his lungs to the concert. But that cannot content him, and we must make up our minds for another swim. However, this time he takes matters more quietly, and walks slowly into the water, belly deep, sipping some of it, and cooling his nose with now and then a dip, till the bottom slides away from his hoofs, and he assumes the otter.

The flotilla, in the form of a crescent “sharpening its mooned horns,” attends us to the landing-place—and having thus at two innings fairly crossed the lake, we are once more on the continent. But here new dangers surround us in the shape of all sorts of quadrupeds—and a vicious horse, well-known by the name of the Bald-faced Stag, runs at us with his teeth. Rising in the stirrups, like King Robert Bruce on the approach of Sir Henry de Bohun, we deliver on his skull such a whack of the Crutch, that he staggers and sinks on his knees—while Colonsay, turning tail, flings out savagely, and puts him *hors de combat*. Seeing their leader fall, the whole squadron of cavalry take to ignominious flight, and we soon find ourselves on the plateau in front of the house. And who should we find there but two who had “been absent long, and distant far”—SAMMY AND THE SHUFFLER!!

What a change had time, toil, and trouble wrought on the once gal-

lant pair! Sam, had it been night-time, might have passed for his own ghost. So reduced, he was a mere feather-weight. “Poor putty-face!” we involuntarily ejaculated—“sallow-er than thine own doeskins!” Seeing us, he smiled as if he were weeping—but not a word did he speak, and we began to suspect that he had received a *coup de soleil*. The hospitable and humane resident—our much esteemed friend Mr Young-husband—whom we had not at first observed—we now saw standing at a small distance, surveying Sam and the Shuffler with a countenance in which there was no hope. After mutual congratulations had been exchanged between us, he informed us that he had presented Sitwell with various refreshments, but that the infatuated man would neither eat nor drink, and persisted in being speechless—that he had offered to send for medical and clerical assistance, (we thought he whispered the word undertaker,) but that the offer had been met by that mournful but decided negative, a mute shake of the head. Deaf, therefore, Sam was not—but he was dumb—regularly done-up—completely finished—nor in less piteous plight was the Shuffler. She still, indeed, had a leg to stand on, but of all the four not one that could have obeyed her will, had she attempted to walk. She had hobbled to that extreme point, beyond which exhausted nature could not go an inch. She was alive, and that was all that could be safely asserted either of her or Sam. That shoeing had finally done its business—the iron cramps had proved too much for her corns and bunions—though fired on all fours, no sinews could stand for so many hours the unrelieved pressure—moreover, she had foundered—and except in the tail, which shook violently, the patient now appeared in general paralysis. Sitwell was not cruel—but he had committed a sad error in going round by the Close, and taking the left bank of the Lake. Besides, he had been carried away, as he afterwards told us, by a trail-hunt.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and we prudently and generously offered to let him off for fifty. No human foresight could predict what might happen to our-

selves on the way home. Sam revived at the proposal, and in presence of a good witness nodded assent. But nods are often deceptive and illusory altogether, so we insisted on the blunt.

"Slowly his fobs the fumbling hand
obey,
And give the struggling shiners to the
day."

But shall we miss the festivities of Grassmere Fair? Forbid it, heaven. Mr Younghushand, with Herculean arms, lifts Mr Sitwell off the saddle, and places him behind Mr North, promising himself to follow. The sun is shedding intolerable day, and we unfurl our umbrella. Sam, whose strength is fast returning,

carries the parasol—we flourish the Crutch. Colonsay, after a few funks, gets under weigh, and in three minutes is in the heart of the Fair. What a crowd round the Victor! Nobody looks at the Bear. But there is the Witch of Savoy in the air, waving her turban, heedless of her leman angrily lamenting for Jacko. On all sides we see "the old familiar faces." Conspicuous above all, that honoured statesman, John Green—who assists us to dismount—and, leaning on his arm, we walk into the mouth of the Red Lion. Then, facing about, we bow to the Fair, who ratifies our victory "with nine times nine;" and at that moment we wished to die, "lest aught less great should stamp us mortal."

MEMOIRS OF M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

IN a former Number* we presented to our readers some very interesting fragments and extracts of these Memoirs. We now intend to impart such other passages as have since transpired. These have been sent direct from Monsieur Chateaubriand himself to two Parisian periodical works, and there can be therefore no doubt of their entire authenticity. M. de Chateaubriand, it appears, was so well satisfied with the notice of the *Revue de Paris*, from which we borrowed our former communication, that he has, in token of his satisfaction, sent to it, and to another work of the same description, the passages which we have now to lay before our readers. We are happy to have this testimony of the faithfulness, if not in word in spirit, of our former article to the sense of the illustrious author. What we have now to furnish comes directly from himself. We have already said that these Memoirs are not written consecutively, according to a chronological order of events. Sometimes late events will be found in the early pages, and again scenes of boyhood and of youth will be inserted at the period of grey-haired experience. Every part seems to have been written according as the actual impression of the moment dictated. By

this means every incident and reflection comes bright and burning from the brain, with the stamp of the instant's impulse upon it; and the whole is connected together, not by a plodding series of order, but by those vivid links of recollection and anticipation which blend and harmonize distant facts together much more happily, and give to a work of biography more real unity of effect, than the artificial help of chronology (which often abruptly interrupts, instead of aiding the natural association of parts) can ever do. The passage we subjoin may probably be an illustration of this remark. Though written whilst the author is engaged in the scenes of the first Revolution, his mind is hurried from their contemplation to thoughts with which they are intimately allied—thoughts which perceive the events of the actual moment in their seeds which were then sown and scattered so profusely in blood, and which project the mind into speculations on the future, when the consequences of that dire revolution will be finally and fully developed and consummated. The passage is a pregnant one—a fine weaved up skein of conjectures and poetic reasonings, bearing such a weight of truth, that a little time, we fear, only is necessary

to turn its anticipations (in part at least) into prophecies. It is as follows:—

“Europe is hastening to a democracy. France is nothing else than a republic clogged by a director. Nations have grown out of their paghood. Arrived at their majority, they pretend to have no longer need of tutors. From the time of David to our own times, kings have been called—nations appear now to be called in their turn. The brief and unimportant exceptions of the Grecian, Carthaginian, and Roman republics, do not alter the general political fact of antiquity, that the state of society was monarchical all over the globe. But now society is quitting monarchy, at least monarchy such as it has been understood till now.”

“The symptoms of social transformation abound. It is in vain that efforts are made to reorganize a party for the absolute government of a single man—the elementary principles of this government no longer exist—men are changed as much as principles. Although facts seem to be sometimes in collision, they concur nevertheless in the same result; as in a machine, wheels which turn in opposite directions produce a common action.”

“But sovereigns, submitting themselves gradually to the necessary popular liberties—detaching themselves without violence and without shock from their pedestals, may yet transmit to their sons, for a period more or less extended, their hereditary sceptres, reduced to proportions measured by the law. France would have done better for her happiness and independence had she preserved a child who could not have turned the days of July into a shameful deception; but no one comprehended the event. Kings are bent obstinately on guarding that which they cannot retain. Instead of descending gently on an inclined plane, they expose themselves to fall into a gulf—instead of dying gloriously, full of honours and days, monarchy runs the risk of being flayed alive—a tragic mausoleum at Venice contains only the skin of an illustrious general.”

“Even countries the least prepared for liberal institutions, such as Spain and Portugal, are urged for-

ward by constitutional movements. In these countries, ideas have outgrown the men whom they influence. France and England, like two enormous battering-rams, strike with redoubled strokes on the crumbling ramparts of the ancient society. The boldest doctrines on property, equality, and liberty, are proclaimed from morning to evening in the face of monarchs trembling behind a triple hedge of suspected soldiers. The deluge of democracy is gaining on them. They mount from floor to floor, from the ground floor to the top of their palaces, whence they will throw themselves struggling into the waves which will overwhelm them.”

“The discovery of printing has changed all social conditions—the press, a machine which can no longer be broken, will continue to destroy the old world till it has formed a new one. Its voice is calculated for the general forum of all people. The press is nothing else than the word, the first of all powers—the word created the universe. Unhappily the word in man participates of the human infirmity—it will mix evil with good, till our fallen nature has recovered its original purity.”

“Thus the transformation brought about by the age of the world will have place. All is calculated in this plan. Nothing is possible now except the natural death of society, from whence will spring the regeneration. It is impiety to struggle against the angel of God, to believe that we can arrest Providence, perceived from this height, the French revolution is only a point of the general revolution—all impatience should cease—all the axioms of ancient politics become inapplicable.

“Louis Philippe has ripened the democratic fruit half a century. The Bourgeois soil in which Philippism has been planted, being less worked than the military and popular soil, furnishes still some juices to the vegetation of the government of the 7th August; but it will be soon exhausted.

“There are some religious men who are revolted at the bare idea of the actual state of things having any duration. ‘There are,’ say they, ‘inevitable reactions, moral re-

actions, instructive, magisterial, avenging. If the monarch who first gave us liberty paid for the despotism of Louis XIV. and the corruption of Louis XV., can it be believed that the debt contracted by *Egalité* at the scaffold of the innocent King is not to be acquitted? *Egalité*, by losing his life, expiated nothing. The tear shed at the last moment redeems no one—the tears of fear, which moisten merely the bosom, fall not upon the conscience. *What! shall the race of Orleans reign by right of the vices and crimes of their ancestors? Where, then, is Providence? Never could a more frightful temptation come to mislead virtue, to accuse eternal justice, or insult the existence of God, than such a supposition!*

“I have heard these reasonings made, but must we thence conclude that the sceptre of the 9th August is to be broken immediately? No. Raising our view to universal order, the reign of Louis Philippe is but an apparent anomaly, but an unreal infraction of the laws of morals and equity: they are violated, these laws, in a limited and relative sense, but they are observed in a sense unlimited and general. From an enormity consented to by God, I shall deduce a consequence still weightier—I shall deduce the *Christian* proof of the abolition of royalty in France. It will be this abolition itself, and not an individual chastisement, which will be the expiation of the death of Louis XVI. None shall be admitted, after this just one, to cincture his brow solidly with the diadem—from the forehead of Napoleon it fell in spite of his victories, and from that of Charles X. in spite of his piety! *To finish the disgrace of the crown in the eyes of the people, it has been permitted to the son of the regicide to sleep for a moment in mock kingship in the bloody bed of the martyr.*

“Another reason, taken from the category of human considerations, may also prolong, for a short time more, the duration of the sophism government struck out of the shock of paving stones.

“For forty years every government in France has perished by its own fault: Louis XVI. could twenty times have saved his crown and his life; the republic succumbed only

by the excess of its crimes. Bonaparte could have established his dynasty, but he threw himself down from the pinnacle of his glory; but for the ordinances of July, the legitimate throne would be still standing. But the actual government will not apparently commit the error which destroys—its power will never be suicidal—all its skill is exclusively employed in its conservation—it is too intelligent to die of folly, and it has not that in it which can render it guilty of the mistakes of genius, or the weaknesses of virtue.

“But, after all, it must perish. What are, then, four, six, ten, or twenty years in the life of a people? The ancient society perished with the Christian policy from whence it sprung. At Rome, the reign of a man was substituted for that of the law by Caesar; from the republic was the passage to the empire. Revolution, at present, takes a contrary direction; the law dethrones the man: from royalty the transition is to a republic. The era of the people is returned—it remains to be seen how it will be filled.

“But first Europe must be levelled in one same system. A representative government cannot be supposed in France, with absolute monarchies around it. To arrive at this point, it is but too probable that foreign wars must be undergone, and that, in the interior, a double anarchy, moral and physical, must be traversed.

“If property alone were in question, would it not be touched? would it remain distributed as it is? A society, or individuals, have two millions of revenue, whilst others are reduced to fill bags with heaps of putrefaction, and to collect the worms from them—which worms, sold to fishermen, are the only means of existence to their families, themselves aborigines of the dunghill: can such a society remain stationary on such foundations, in the midst of the progress of ideas?

“But if property is touched, immense disorder will result, which will not be accomplished without the effusion of blood; the law of sacrifice and of blood is everywhere: God delivered up his Son to the nails of the cross, to renew the order of the universe. Before a new right shall

spring from this chaos, the stars will often have risen and set. Eighteen hundred years since the promulgation of Christianity have not sufficed for the abolition of slavery; there is still but a small part of the evangelic mission accomplished.

"These calculations go not quick enough for the impatience of Frenchmen. Never, in the revolutions they have made, have they admitted the element of time; this is why they will always be disappointed by results contrary to their hopes. Whilst they are disordering, time is ordering; it puts order into their disorder—rejects the green fruit—detaches the ripe—and sifts and examines men, manners, and ideas.

"What will the new society be? I am ignorant. Its laws are to me unknown. I cannot conceive it, any more than the ancients could conceive the society without slaves produced by Christianity. How will fortunes become levelled? how will labour be balanced by recompense? how will the woman arrive at her complete emancipation? I know not. Till now, society has proceeded by *aggregation* and by *families*; what aspect will it offer, when it shall be merely *individual*, as it tends to become, and as we see it already forming itself in the United States? Probably the *human race* will be aggrandized, but it is to be feared that *man* will diminish—that the eminent faculties of genius will be lost—that the imagination, poetry, the arts, will die in the narrow cavities of a bee-hive society, in which every individual will be no more than a bee—a wheel in a machine—an atom of organized matter. If the Christian religion should become extinct, man would arrive, by liberty, at that social petrification which China has arrived at by slavery.

"Modern society has taken ten centuries to arrive at its consistency. At present, it is in a state of decomposition. The generations of the middle age were vigorous, because they were in a state of progressive ascendancy; we are feeble, because we are in progressive descent. This descending world will not resume its vigour till it has attained the lowest grade, whence it will commence to reascend towards a new life. I see, indeed, a popu-

lation in agitation, which proclaims its power, exclaiming,—'I will—I am; the future belongs to me—I have discovered the universe. Before me nothing was known—the world was waiting for me—I am incomparable—my ancestors were children and idiots.'

"But have facts answered to these magnificent words? How many hopes in talents and characters have failed! If you except about thirty men of real merit, what a throng have we—libertine, abortive—without convictions, without faith, political or religious, and scrambling for money and place like mendicants for a gratuitous distribution: a flock which acknowledges no shepherd—which runs from the mountain to the plain, from the plain to the mountain, disdaining the experience of their aged pastors—hardened to the wind and to the sun! We, the pastors, are only generations of passage—intermediate generations—obscure—devoted to oblivion—forming the chain reaching only to those hands which will pluck the future.

* * * * *

"Respecting misfortune, and respecting myself—respecting the cause which I have served, and which I shall continue to serve at the sacrifice of the repose due to my age, I fear to pronounce, living, a word which may wound the unfortunate, or even destroy their chimeras. But when I shall be no more, my sacrifices will give to my tomb the privilege of speaking the truth; my duties will be changed—the interest of my country will prevail over the engagements of honour from which I shall be freed. To the Bourbons belongs my life—to my country belongs my death. A prophet, in quitting the world, I trace my predictions on my declining hours—light withering leaves, which the breath of eternity will soon have blown away.

"If it be true that the lofty races of kings, refusing enlightenment, approach the term of their power, were it not better, and more in their historic interest, that they should, by an end worthy of their grandeur, retire into the sacred night of the past with bygone ages? To prolong life beyond its brilliant illustration is worth nothing. The world wearies

of you and of your noise. It owes you a grudge for being there to hear it. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, have all disappeared according to the rules of glory. To die gloriously, one must die young. Let it not be said to the children of the spring,—‘What; is there still that name of past renown, that person, that race, at whom the world clapped its hands, and for whom one would have paid for a smile, for a look, for a hair, the sacrifice of a life!’ How sad it is to see Louis XIV. in his old age, a stranger to the rising generation, and having none about him to speak to of his own age, but the aged Duke de Villeroi! It was the last victory of the great Condé in his second childhood, to have met Bossuet on the borders of his grave; the orator reanimated the mute waters of Chantilly—the superannuation of the old man he impregnated with his adolescence—he re-embrowned the locks on the front of the conqueror of Rocroi, by bidding an immortal adieu to his grey hairs. Men who love glory, be careful for your tomb—lay yourselves gracefully down in it—try there to make a good figure, for you will remain there!”

The above passage opens certainly a fearful vision of the present state and future prospects of France. We cannot, we confess, include the entire of Europe so unreservedly in its prophetic anticipations. The *tendency*, however, of the democratic principle goes fully to the length of their complete realization; but universal triumph is what we yet heart and hope enough to believe in. With respect to France, it is true, we see nothing but her foreign relations which would prevent its triumphing completely tomorrow. In fact, it does at this moment, *in theory*, triumph; and there is no antagonist national theory, which deserves the name, which could even in semblance be opposed to it. The legitimists, according to M. Chateaubriand's own confession, are in spirit defunct. They talk, we see, of opposing the angel of God, and would sit in supineness, and see the work of disorganization completed. The Philippians are simply the ministry, and their *employés*; and all the rest, excepting the inert mass, which is

ready to take any shape, so that it may repose in its inertness, are republicans. In truth, a very first glance over the political landscape in France, will show that monarchy is there out of its place. Monarchy is in itself the feeblest of things. It requires support strong and natural, not artificial and temporary, all around it. An aristocracy, a clergy, great landed interests, great commercial bodies, these are its visible outward bulwarks, and through these are its roots spread, and its sympathies diffused throughout a population. But in France none of these things, better than in mockery, exist. The monarchy is isolated. It exists only individually, not nationally. It is, therefore, the butt for every shaft, the object of all scorn, and all malice, a gorgeous useless thing, set up only to be hated for its eminence, and its inevitable want of sympathy with the people, decked in purple and regal attire, and placed upon a height, only to whet envious passions, and to glut them by its ultimate downfall and destruction. To this consummation, which the sagacity of M. de Chateaubriand has foreseen, are things rapidly tending in France. What is there, save physical force—which will be found ineffectual, for the spirit of Evil as well as of Good, bloweth where it listeth, and is not to be controlled or limited by material violence—what is there, we repeat, which can avert this catastrophe? Nothing. Religion and morals, those great *conservatives*, those great safety-valves of a state, went to wreck with every thing else at the first revolution, (perhaps before,) and went into more complete wreck than any thing else, as they have never been in any degree re-established. While these remain, disorganization, however violent, can never be of any long continuance, for they naturally seek, and will find, stability in the organs by which they are to be exercised. The spirit of disorganization, which is nothing but their absence, can never, whilst they survive, be propagated from system to system, from revolution to revolution, from dynasty to dynasty, from change to change, carrying the principle of decomposition through its every transition. But this has been,

and will apparently continue to be, the case in France, till a moral revolution, which is the *real* want, and not a political one, takes place. To create such a revolution, out of which alone stability for any form of government can grow, is *humanly* impossible. The want, however, is felt—and this is the only saving sign we have perceived in the nation—by all classes and all parties. A moral citizen education, it is supposed by the Republicans, would work the wonder; but even the Pagans had religious principles, which inspired their civic virtues—the object and model for emulation—and which, therefore, cannot be imitated, though they may be shammed and burlesqued. Others insist upon reviving a respect for Christianity, but Catholicism, its only form in France, has been degraded so thoroughly, so pierced through and through, and so utterly disabled, that it can never again raise its head in that country. And what are morals without religion (supposing them possible)? Merely the excogitation of human wisdom for human convenience, and therefore always subject to be questioned and disputed. How loose does such a notion—for it is nothing more—leave man of all obligations, and how utterly does it annihilate all moral convictions; for how can there be convictions, when the very foundations on which they should rest are merely *opinions*? According to this doctrine, there is nothing within the veil: his erect form was given to man in vain, for he is forbidden to look up to heaven! Truly with these sentiments, and they are nearly universal in France, it is only natural to look forward to a new era of *experiments* on human nature in that country. We believe not, however, with Monsieur de Chateaubriand, (if his supposition be any thing more than bitter irony,) that these experiments will ever attain to any practical consistency. We believe the disorganizing principle to be inconsistent with *any* stable society, even the bee-hive society, the materializing animalizing society, which he has anticipated. We would anticipate rather that Providence will leave those wicked men, to whom our remarks point, in their wickedness, and

make them the scourges of its judgments on the earth, till, by a renewed, not a new, moral revolution, order and *progress* be again restored, and a new era dawn upon the world.

We have dwelt, perhaps somewhat too much at length, on the moral condition of France, because we regard *the state of the human heart* in any country to be a much more unerring criterion of its future destinies, than any external political events whatever.

The lines from the above extract, which we have printed in italics, terrible and blasting as they are to the Orleans dynasty, have not been taken any public notice of by the government. What! does it *fear* to prosecute Mons. de Chateaubriand? Yes, truly. Discretion is with it the better part of valour, and Mons. de Chateaubriand is allowed an unlimited impunity, whilst poor journalists and printers are hunted and persecuted to ruin and beggary, in violation of the *charte*, and by all the arts of despotism. But Mons. de Chateaubriand's name is not good to conjure with. It might raise a spirit which might tear the conjurer to pieces.

We now hasten to our concluding extract. Having presented, from Mons. de Chateaubriand, a distracting picture of human politics and miseries, we have now the pleasure of contrasting it with one from nature, which may calm and elevate the troubled thoughts his prophetic vision has raised up.

It was twenty-two years ago, as we have just said, that I sketched, in London, the *Natchez* and *Atala*. I am precisely now, in my Memoirs, at the epoch of my voyage to America. This conjunction happens admirably. Let us suppress these twenty-two years, as they are in fact suppressed in my life, and let us depart for the forests of the new world. The recital of my embassy will come in its place. Should I remain here a few months, I shall have leisure to arrive at the cataract of Niagara, the army of the Princes in Germany, and from the army of the Princes to my retreat in England. The ambassador of the King of France can relate the history of the French emigrant, in the place itself

to which he was exiled. But I must first speak of seas and of ships; and am I not well placed in London to speak of those things?

"You have seen that I embarked at St Malo. We left the Channel, and the immense billows coming from the west, announced our entrance on the Atlantic.

"It is difficult for those who have never been at sea to form an idea of the sentiments experienced when from the deck of the vessel one sees on all sides nothing but the serious and menacing face of the abyss. There is in the perilous life of a sailor an independence which springs from his absence from the land. The passions of men are left upon the shore. Between the world quitted and the world sought for, there is neither love nor country but on the element which bears us. No more duties to fulfil, no more visits to make, no more journals, no more politics. Even the language of a sailor is not the ordinary language. It is a language such as the ocean and the heavens, the calm and the tempest speak. One inhabits a universe on the waters, among creatures whose clothing, whose tastes, whose manners and aspects, resemble not the people of the earth; they have the roughness of the sea-wolf, and the lightness of the bird. Their fronts are marked by none of the cares of society. The wrinkles which traverse them resemble the foldings of a diminutive sail, and they are less chiselled by age than by the wind and by the waves. The skin of these creatures, impregnated by salt, is red and rigid, like the surface of the rock beaten by the billows.

"Sailors have a passion for their vessel. They weep with regret on quitting it, and with tenderness on returning to it. They cannot remain with their families. After having sworn a hundred times to expose themselves no more to the sea, they find it impossible to live away from it, like a young lover who cannot tear himself from the arms of a faithless and stormy mistress. In the docks of London and Plymouth it is not rare to find sailors born on board ship; from their infancy to their old age they have never been on shore, and have never seen the land but from the deck of their float-

ing cradle: spectators of the world they have never entered. Within this life, narrowed to so small a space under the clouds and over the abyss, every thing is animated for the mariner: an anchor, a sail, a mast, a cannon, are the creatures of his affections, and have each their history—'That sail was shivered on the coast of Labrador; the master sailmaker mended it with the piece you see—That anchor saved the vessel, when all the other anchors were lost in the midst of the coral rocks of the Sandwich Isles—That mast was broken by a hurricane off the Cape of Good Hope; it was but one single piece, but it is much stronger now that it is composed of two pieces—The cannon which you see is the only one which was not dismounted at the battle of the Chesapeake.' Then the most interesting news a-board—'The log has just been thrown—the vessel is going ten knots an hour—the sky is clear at noon—an observation has been taken—they are at such a latitude—so many leagues have been made in the right direction—the needle declines, it is at such a degree—the sand of the sand-glass passes badly, it threatens rain—flying-fish have been seen towards the south, the weather will become calm;—the water has changed its colour—pieces of wood have been seen floating by—sea-gulls and wild-ducks have been seen—a little bird has perched upon the yards—it is necessary to stand out to sea, for they are nearing the land, and it is dangerous to approach it during the night. Among the poultry is a favourite sacred cock which has survived all the others; it is famous for having crowed during a battle, as if in a farm-yard in the midst of its hens. Under the decks lives a cat of tortoise-coloured skin, bushy tail, long stiff mustaches, firm on its feet, and caring not for the rolling of the vessel: it has twice made the voyage round the world, and saved itself from a wreck on a cask. The cabin boys give to the cock biscuits soaked in wine; and the cat has the privilege of sleeping, when it likes, in the hammock of the first lieutenant.'

"The aged sailor resembles the aged labourer. Their harvests are different, it is true; the sailor has led a wandering life, the labourer has

never quitted his field, but they both consult the stars, and predict the future in ploughing their furrows; to the one the lark, the redbreast, and nightingale—to the other, the albatross, the curlew, and the kingfisher, are prophets. They retire in the evening, the one into his cabin, the other into his cottage: frail tenelements, but where the hurricane which shakes them, does not agitate their tranquil consciences.

'In the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they descry;
The guiltless heart, its boon bestowing,
Sooths them with its lullaby.
Lullaby, &c. &c.'

"The sailor knows not where death will surprise him, or on what coast he will leave his life. Perhaps he will mingle his last sigh with the wind, attached to a raft to continue his voyage; perhaps he will sleep interred on a desert island, which one may never light upon again, as he slept alone in his hammock in the middle of the ocean. The vessel is itself a spectacle. Sensible to the slightest movement of the helm, an hippogriff or winged coursier, it obeys the hand of the pilot, as a horse the hand of its rider. The elegance of the masts and cordages, the agility of the sailors who cluster about the yards, the different aspects in which the ship presents itself, whether it advances leaning upon the water by a contrary wind, or flies straight forward before a favourable breeze, make this scientific machine one of the wonders of the genius of man. Sometimes the waves break against its sides, and dash up their spray; sometimes the tranquil water divides without resistance before its prow. The flag, the lights, the sails, complete the beauty of this palace of Neptune. The main-sails, unfurled in all their breadth, belly out like vast cylinders; the top-sails, reefed in the midst, resemble the breasts of a mermaid. Animated by impetuous wind, the vessel with its keel, as with the share of the plough, furrows with a mighty noise the fields of the ocean.

"On these vast paths of the deep, along which are seen neither trees, nor villages, nor cities, nor towers, nor spires, nor tombs—on this causeway without columns, without mile-

stones, which has no boundaries but the waves, no relays but the winds, no lights but the stars—the most delightful of adventures, when one is not in quest of lands and seas unknown, is the meeting of two vessels. The mutual discovery takes place along the horizon by the help of a telescope; then they make sail towards each other. The crews and the passengers hurry upon the deck. The two ships approach, hoist their flags, brail half up their sails, and lay themselves alongside of each other. All is silence; the two captains, from the poop, hail each other with speaking-trumpets—'The name of the vessel—from what port—the name of the captain—where he comes from—where he is bound for—how many days his passage has lasted, and what are his observations on the longitude and latitude.' These are the questions—'Good voyage.' The sails are unbrailled, and belly to the wind. The sailors and passengers of the two vessels follow each other with their eyes, without saying a word; these going to seek the sun of Asia, those the sun of Europe, which will equally see them die. Time carries away and separates travellers upon the earth more promptly still than the wind separates those upon the ocean. They also make signs of adieu from afar—good voyage—the common port is Eternity.

"The boatswain of the vessel I was embarked in was an ancient supercargo, named Pierre Villeneuve. His name alone pleased me, for it recalled the good Villeneuve. He had served in India under Suffrein, and in America under the Count D'Estaing; he had been engaged in a multitude of affairs. Leaning on the fore part of the vessel, near the bowsprit, like a veteran seated on the bank of his little garden in the fosse of the Invalides, Pierre, whilst chewing a quid of tobacco, which swelled his cheek like a rheum, described to me the effect of detonations of artillery on the decks during a combat, the ravage the bullets made in rebounding against the gun frames, the cannone, and the timbers. I made him talk of the Indians, the negroes, the colonists; I asked him how the people were dressed—how the trees were shaped—of what co-

lour was the earth and sky—what was the taste of the fruits—if the mannas were better than peaches—the palm-tree finer than the oak. He explained to me all this by comparisons taken from things which I knew. The palm-tree was a great cabbage—the dress of an Indian was like the dress of my grandmother—all the people of the East, and especially the Chinese, were cowards and robbers. Villeneuve was from Brittany, and we did not fail to finish by singing the praises of the incomparable beauty of our own country.

“The bell interrupted our conversation. It regulated the hours of dressing, of mustering the crew, and of meals. In the morning, at a given signal, the crew ranged upon the deck to take off their blue shirts to change them for others hanging in the shrouds. The shirts taken off are immediately washed in tubs, in which the mariners all wash their brown faces and tarry hands. At the midday and evening meal, the sailors, sitting in a circle around their wooden bowls, plunge one after the other, regularly and fairly, their pewter spoons into their soup, undulating to the rolling of the vessel. Those who are not hungry sell to their comrades their portion of biscuit and meat for tobacco or a glass of brandy. The passengers eat in the captain’s cuddy. During the fine weather, a sail was often spread over the aft of the vessel, and we dined in view of the blue sea, whitened here and there by the foam of the breaking waves. Enveloped in my cloak, I slept during the night on the deck. My looks turned towards the stars above my head. The swelling sail sent to me the freshness of the breeze, which rocked me under the heavenly dome; dozing, and impelled by the wind, the sky changed with my dream.

“The passengers on board a vessel offer a society different from the crew; they belong to another element; their destinies are on the earth. Some are seeking fortune, others repose; some returning to their country, others quitting it; and others are voyaging to study the manners of foreign nations, and to instruct themselves

in the sciences and the arts. There is leisure enough in this moving *hôtellerie*, which voyages with its voyagers, to learn many adventures, to form acquaintances, to conceive antipathies, and to contract friendships; and when those young women, of English and Indian blood, joining the beauty of Clarissa with the delicacy of Sacontala, appear and disappear, then are formed those chains which the perfumed winds of Ceylon, soft and light as they are, bend and unloose.”

* * * *

ST PETER’S ISLAND, NEWFOUNDLAND.

—“The Governor lodged in a fort at the extremity of the city. I dined two or three times with this officer, who was extremely polite and obliging. He cultivated, under a bastion, some of the vegetables of Europe. After dinner, he shewed me what he called his garden. A delicate soft odour exhaled from a little plot of beans and flowers. It was not wafted to us by a breeze from our country, or by a zephyr of love, but by a wild wind of Newfoundland, without relations with the exiled plant, without sympathies of reminiscence or delight. In this perfume, which had changed its climate, its culture, and its world, were the melancholies and regrets of absence and of youth.

“We then went conversing to under the mast on which the flag floated, which was planted on the height of the fort, whilst, like the women of Virgil, we looked upon the sea, which separated us from our natal land—*plantes*. The Governor was agitated. He belonged to the vanquished opinion; he was weary of this rock,—a retreat suitable to a dreamer like me, but a rude abode for a man occupied with affairs, and not having in himself that passion which absorbs altogether, and makes the rest of the world disappear. Mine host enquired about the Revolution, and I enquired about the north-west passage. He was at the advanced guard of the desert, but he knew nothing of the Esquimaux, and received nothing from Canada but partridges.

“I was alone one morning, to behold the rising of the sun in the direction of France. I sat down on a project-

ing rock, my feet hanging over the waves, which were unfurling themselves below on the steep shore. A young female appeared on the higher declivities; her legs were bare, though it was cold, and she walked amidst the dew. Her black hair was disposed in knots under an Indian handkerchief, which was arranged round her head; above the handkerchief she wore a hat of straw, or rather of the reeds of the country, in the shape of a cradle. A bouquet of heath lilac peeped from her bosom, which contrasted with her white chemisette. From time to time she stooped to pluck some leaves of an aromatic plant, which is called in the island *natural tea*. With one hand she put these leaves into a paper, which she held in the other hand. She perceived me, and without the least timidity, came and sat by my side, put her basket near her, placed herself like me, her legs hanging over the sea, and looked up at the sun.

"We remained a few minutes without speaking, and without daring to turn our faces towards each other. At last I became more courageous, and addressed her—'What have you been gathering?' She raised her large black eyes, timid and proud, towards me, and replied, 'I have been gathering tea.' She presented to me her basket. 'Are you carrying this tea to your father or to your mother?' 'My father is fishing with Guillaumy.' 'How do you pass the winter in the island?' 'We make nets; on a Sunday we go to mass and to vespers; we sing the Canticles, then we play upon the snow,

and we see the young men hunt the white bear.' 'Will your father soon return?' 'Oh no, the captain will take the vessel to Genoa with Guillaumy.' 'But will Guillaumy return?' 'Oh yes, next season, at the return of the fishermen. He will bring me in his venture, a silk corset, a muslin petticoat, and a black necklace.' 'And then you will be dressed for the wind, the mountain, and the sea. Shall I send you a corset, a petticoat, and a necklace, from America?' 'Oh no.'

"She got up, took her basket, and hurried by a steep path along a grove of fir-trees. She sung with a shrill voice the canticle of the missions.

Tout brulant d'une ardeur immortelle,
C'est vers Dieu qui tendent mes desirs.

"As she went swiftly along, seagulls, and beautiful marine birds, called egrets, from their tufts of feathers on their heads, flew up before her. She seemed to belong to their flock. Having reached the sea, she sprung into a boat, unfurled the sail, and sat at the helm. One might have taken her for the goddess Fortune. She was soon out of sight.

Vider picciola nave; e in poppa quella
Che guidar gli doveva fatal donzella.

"Oh no! Oh yes, Guillaumy. The image of the young sailor on the yardarm in the midst of the winds, changed to her the frightful rock of St Peter into a land of delights:

"L'isole di Fortun, ora vedete."

O D.

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

CHAPTER V.

"The tempest gathered o'er her."

Lord Ullin's Daughter.

I WAS dreaming of the party I had so recently left, and again I was confabulating with the mild placid women, and the fair child was also there. Oh, who can appreciate the delights of female society like the poor sailor, who has been condemned, month after month, to the gruff society of great *he* men, and whose horizon has during all that time been the distant meeting of sea and sky. "Hillo, Brail, my boy—Brail."

"What is that—who the deuce hails so uproariously?" quoth I, more than half asleep, "why, what is the matter?"

"Oh not a great deal," rejoined Donovan, from his berth at the opposite side of the small cabin; "only you snore so confoundedly loud that I could get no sleep for your trumpetings, Benjie; and as you spoiled my rest very sufficiently last night, I thought I would take the liberty of paying you off in the morning. But, Benjie, heard you ever any thing like that?"

"Like what?" said I.

"Why, like the noise of the rain on deck just now."

I listened, and perceived a low rushing noise, that gradually increased, until the sound appeared to be produced by a cataract of peas pouring down on the deck above.

"There's a shower for you, Master Brail—when heard you such another?"

"Seldom, I confess—seldom—but why have you roused me out in this way, Donovan?—if it should rain pike staves and old women—I cannot help it."—*Snore.*

Presently I was awakened by my troublesome chum again, whose voice could scarcely be heard through the rushing of another heavy shower on the hollow deck overhead. But this time he was addressing some one on deck, and from where I lay I could see up the companion ladder.

"I say, Mr Peak," (the little midshipman,) "Mr Peak, how does the weather look?"

It was some time before Joey heard him, from the noise of the rain; at length he knelt down and inclined his ear on the head of the small ladder, swathed in a large boat-cloak, with the water running off the snout of his cap in a small spout.

"Any one speaking below in the cabin there?" quoth Joey.

"Yes," said I; "what does the weather look like?"

"Very black, sir, all round, but no wind as yet—it rains a little now and then, sir."

"Rains a *little* now and then—Oh Lord!" ejaculated Donovan; "where is the Commodore?"

"About a mile on the starboard bow."

"And the ship?"

"Close to, astern of us, sir."

"The swell seems heavy," continued I.

"Very, sir—it has been increasing during the whole of the watch; the ship you boarded yesterday evening is rolling awfully heavy."

Here some one from aft called to little Peak, but I could not make out what the voice said—"How do you think so?" answered the midshipman. The man said something in reply, but still I could not distinguish the words.

"I fear," said Joey now, "the merchantman has sprung something aloft, sir—there is a great bustle on board of her—there, there, her fore-topgallant-mast is gone."

Anxious to see what had befallen the ark of my interesting friends, I rose and dressed as fast as I could, and was in the act of going on deck when another tremendous thunder plump came down with even greater fury than before. I waited until it was over, and by this time the day began to break. When I got on deck the sky was very lowering, and the sea as black as pitch; and although the increasing light proved that the sun was not far below the horizon, yet there was not the smallest clear streak in the east to be seen. The whole vault of heaven was ink-black,

and I was startled by the clearness with which the undulations of the rapidly increasing swell, and the hulls and rigging of the two ships, could be seen. The frigate had her three topsails, foresail, and jib set, and rolled so heavily that she appeared to be dipping her yardarms alternately in the water. She had struck her royal masts, and I could see through the glass the people busy in getting the studding-sails out of the tops, so for her I had no fear; but the merchantman astern had either been caught by the suddenness with which the sea had risen, or the scantiness of her crew had prevented her taking the precautions rendered necessary by the threatening appearance of the weather, in proper time, for her main and mizen royal masts were still up, her topgallant sails still set, and altogether from the evident confusion on board, now increased from the accident already alluded to, it was clear to me, that if any sudden squall were to overtake her before she had time to shorten sail, she would be caught all of a heap.

As the morning lightened, the *Gazelle*, the instant that flags could be seen, telegraphed to send a boat on board the damaged vessel, and the word was accordingly passed, for I was not sorry of another opportunity of paying a visit to my amiable friends of last evening.

"I say, Dennis, I think I will go on board myself, instead of sending any of the boys."

"As you please, Brail," quoth the lieutenant, who was by this time up and shaving on deck, in a very picturesque costume certainly—"As you—oh, confound you, you have made me cut myself—bless me, what a gash! Give me some felt off the top of my hat, steward."—He might as well have gleaned after an Irish tinker.—"But were I you," continued he, "I would trust some one else—confound this bleeding. Look at the weather, man—look at the weather, and the air."

The air indeed was hot and sultry beyond all my former experience at the same hour of the four-and-twenty, and I began to have great doubts as to the propriety of sending a boat at all. I was about telegraphing to

this effect, when to the southward of us, a heavy shower appeared to be falling perpendicularly from the surcharged clouds, in a grey column—"I am mistaken, there will be no wind, for you see how even-down the rain falls yonder," said I to Donovan again—"Well, well, man, go—if you *will* go—bless me how I have cut my chin!" as putting his head down the companion he roared out, "Steward, why don't you bring the felt?"

"I can't scrape a *pile* off it," answered the Scotchman, appearing half way up the ladder, with the castor in one hand, and a knife in the other. "Bring the felt, you spalpeen, and no jaw."

Lennox, poor fellow, brought the hat, an old silk one, worn white at the edges, with the pasteboard framework appearing in numberless places—a most shocking bad hat certainly. He held it up to the lieutenant. The Irishman looked at it—"Hat—that's not mine, steward, that's Mr Brail's.—Mercy on me, Benjamin, a'n't you ashamed to wear a thing like this?"—it was the vagabond's own all the while—"but don't mind, don't mind—so good-by, Brail—good-by," as I stepped into the boat, that was surging about on the fast-rising sea alongside.

"Stop, you may as well leave me the *key* of the locker, for your visit will be longer in that same ship, or I greatly mistake, than you bargain for." He here coolly resumed his shaving, and I shoved off. We had not pulled above half a dozen strokes, when poor Lennox ran to the side we were on—"Beg pardon, sir, but a squall is coming, sir—there, sir, in the south-east, where we saw the rain just now."

I had not time to look round, when Donovan having put up his razor again sung out—"By the powers, Ben, my lad, but the Scotchman is right; it requires no second sight to prophesy a squall anon.—There, there it is coming; about ship and come back, man, or it is as clear as mud that we shall be *minns* your own beautiful self and the boat's crew, and what's worse, our only boat that will swim."

I never despise a hint where I know it is well meant, and in an instant I was on board again, and we

had just got the boat run up, when the Commodore telegraphed, "Keep all fast with the boat."

Once more it cleared, and there was no rain in the quarter where we had recently seen it falling with such violence, but the threatening clouds had lowered right over the spot, and began to boil and whirl in sooty convolutions, like the blackest and thickest of the smoke, as it leaves the funnel of a steam-boat immediately after the fire is mended.

Under this gloomy canopy, as far in the southeast as we could see, the black waves began now to be crested with white foam, and a low undefinable hoarse murmur, more like the hollow subterranean sound that precedes the shock of an earthquake, than the roar of the ocean, gradually stole down on us with increasing distinctness.

"Is that thunder?" passed among the men.

"Thunder!" quoth old Do-
"I wish it were, my lads."

"It is Davy putting on the co-
for the parsons, and nothing else," said Drainings.

"What is that?"

The frigate had fired a gun to attract our attention, for the darkness had settled down so thick around us, that we could not have seen flags. She had furled every thing but the close-reefed main-topsail, and reefed foresail. "A nod is as good as a wink," said I, as I called all hands to shorten sail; and when we had every thing snug, I looked out in the direction from whence we expected the wind to come. The white crests had increased, and again in the distance the grey skreen descended from the clouds perpendicularly, like a watery avalanche, and hid everything beyond it from our view.

Presently this column at the lower extremity bent, and drove away to the northward and westward, as if a shallow vein of wind had skimmed furiously along the surface of the sea, while all above was as yet dead calm. But the upper part of the shower gradually assumed the same slanting direction, indicating that the agitation of the air was extending upwards, when suddenly the rain once more fell right down from the heavens, and concealed the agitated billows beyond like a black curtain,

indicating that it had again fallen calm.

"Come, I don't think it will end in wind of any consequence to speak of, after all," said I.

"Don't you be too sure, my lovely little man," quoth the imperturbable Dennis. "Pray have the kindness to furl every inch of canvass, or—fetch me a prayerbook—look there."

I followed the direction in which he pointed, the column of rain was still falling straight down, and as well defined as if it had been a waterspout in reality, when all at once the lower part of it was once more bent to an angle of thirty degrees with the horizon, but continuing very dense and opaque. In a few moments the whole pillar of water took the same oblique direction, until it slanted straight as a sunbeam shooting forth from heaven. It continued as thick and impenetrable to the sight as ever for the space of half a minute, when, as if scattered by a tornado, it suddenly vanished in smoke, and the weather cleared; and right to windward, a white line crept down towards us, like dust flying along the road in a stormy day, after a long drought. The roar of the approaching squall increased, as did the swell, which now rolled on in mountainous undulations; and although it was calm as death where we lay tumbling about, the little vessel groaned and lurched like an evil spirit on his bed of liquid fire, while the tops of the seas began to break and growl as if the very waves had become conscious of the approaching tormenta.

It was now eight o'clock in the morning, but in place of getting lighter, the clouds had settled down so darkly that the frigate had to make the night signals with lanterns, to heave-to with our head to the southward, until we saw what might turn up. Sharp was the word—we prepared to do so—but before a single rope could be let go, the squall struck us, and for a minute, notwithstanding all our precautions, the Midge was fairly laid down on her beam ends, and I thought she would have turned keel up regularly; however, the moment we were enabled to lay her to with her head to the southward and westward, she breasted it like a sea-gull,

and, confident in her weatherly qualities, I had time amidst the row to cast a glance at the Commodore, and the merchantman. The former was lying to under storm-staysails, rolling and plunging most delightfully, now rising on a heavy sea and making a bow to us, and then descending entirely out of sight—but the poor ship! All seemed confusion on board of her. Whether it was that they had been deceived by the long time the wind hung in the distance, and had persuaded themselves that there would be no squall worth dreading after all, or the accident of losing the fore-topgallant mast had confused them, I cannot tell, but they had not been able to get in their canvass in time, so that every thing had to be let go by the run when the squall came down, and the consequence was, that the fore and maintopsails had been fairly blown out of the bolt ropes, and were now streaming straight out in ribbons, while the foresail, which had stood, laid her over on her beam ends. The crew were, while I looked, endeavouring to set the jib, in order to get her away before the wind, but a sea at the very moment struck her, washing the boats off the booms, and every thing else that would part company, and for a moment I thought she would never have risen again. But there was another lull, and after, having got some way on the vessel, she was enabled to heave-to also. It soon began to breeze up again, but steadily; and I thought, that the puff being over, we should have no more bother, although the heavens continued as black and threatening as ever. The Commodore appeared to be of the same opinion, and now made the signal to bear up, a manœuvre that was promptly followed both by the Midge and the ship, and old Donovan and I went below to breakfast.

"That chap was nearly caught, Benjie," said the lieutenant.

"Very. Shall I help you to coffee?"

"If you please."

"A slice of beef?"

"Thank you."

"Very nearly caught indeed. I hope nothing has happened to her beyond what we saw—beyond the

loss of her boats and foretopgallant mast—she laboured so dreadfully before they could get her before the wind—what a state the poor women on board must have been in!"

"Terrible," said Donovan. "Bad enough for the men, but how I do pity poor women in such a predicament! You must have lost your heart, Brail, aboard there, you are grown so awfully sentimental since you returned. Come, now, describe the beauties of the fair creatures—give me as good a notion of them as you can—that's a good boy."

"Why, Donovan, they were both, I mean—the ladies, as *unlike* Miss Cathleen, the affianced wife of a certain lieutenant of the navy, the son of widow Donovan, who lives at 1060, Sackville Street, as you can well imagine."—Dennis laughed.

"Why, you have me there, Benjie, sure enough, so"—

Here Dennis interrupted him, as he had just entered the small cabin, and said, "The ship has made a signal of distress, sir."

"The devil she has." We both jumped up the ladder as quick as we could. The frigate was steering large, about a mile on our lee-bow. All was right and snug with her, but the ship, that lay about half a mile abeam of us to windward, had her ensign flying at the mizen-peak, with the union down, and the signal for a boat flying at the head of the fore-topmast.

To send her assistance before the sea went down was utterly impossible; no boat could have lived for a minute; so all that I could do was to haul by the wind, and close under her lee quarter. It was still blowing so fresh, that when the master hailed I could not hear him; but as she lay over, we could see that both pumps were manned, and the gush of clear water from the scuppers was a sad indication of what had befallen. I could distinguish the two young missionaries, in their trowsers and shirts, labouring most vigorously amongst the crew; while the patriarchal old man was holding on by the mizen-rigging, close to the master of the vessel, evidently keeping his footing on the deck of the tumbling vessel with great difficulty. Seeing me on deck, he took off his hat, which was

instantly blown overboard, and his long grey hairs streamed straight out in the wind. This to me was a moving incident, simple as it may appear to others, and it seemed to affect Donovan also.

"What a very fine-looking old man he is indeed!" said Dennis.

The lady passengers were both below, at least I could see nothing of them. When we closed, the captain hauled down the ensign, and as the flow of water from the pumps seemed to decrease, I began to hope that they were gaining on the leak. I now steered as close to as I could without danger, and hailed that the moment it was possible I would send assistance to them. The captain heard me, and made his acknowledgment with his trumpet.

We kept as near her as was safe the whole forenoon, and although we saw that the crew were every now and then taking a spell at the pumps, yet they seemed quite able to keep the leak under, and every thing once more appeared to be going on orderly on board.

"Come," said I, to old Shavings the carpenter, who was looking out at her alongside of me, "if the weather would only moderate a bit, a small touch of your quality, Master Shavings, and a forenoon's spell of your crew, would set him all to rights again—eh?"

The warrant officer turned his quid, and thereby poisoned a dolphin or two, I make no doubt, by the jet of tobacco juice that he squirted overboard. He then took a long squint before he spoke.

"I ben't sartin of that, sir. The water flowing there from the scuppers is cruel clear, sir. I fear she has started something serious; I don't think she would make so much by mere straining." I began to fear he was right. "And I sees some signs of a bustle on board again, sir; there, if the bloody fool of a cook has not set fire to the boarding of the small galley—the caboose they calls it in marchantmen."

However, this accident seemed very trivial, for the man immediately to all appearance extinguished it again; but the alarming part of it was, that it seemed to have taken place while he was taking his spell at the pumps, a sure indication that

the crew were more exhausted than I had allowed for.

The master now came suddenly on deck, and we noticed a man come up the fore-hatchway, and run aft to him, shewing by the energy of his action that the matter he was communicating was alarming, whatever its nature might be. The pumps were instantly manned again, and after a long spell, I noticed the carpenter sound the well, and immediately he shook his head. At this several of the men threw off their shirts, as if preparing for a tough bout, and set to, working harder than ever, the water once more gushing out over the ship's side in strong clear jets.

The young missionaries, who had for a minute disappeared, were again on deck, and they and the master himself now took their turns like so many of the crew; but still there was no rushing nor alarm apparently amongst them. By and by, I noticed the master go aft, and take up on his knee one of the black boards used to shut up the front of the hencoops in bad weather, on which he appeared to write something, in order to communicate with us, as, from the increase of the gale and the sea, there was no use in attempting to be heard through the trumpet. Evidently with an intention of not alarming the crew, he now slipt this over the side. On it was written in chalk,

"THE LEAK IS GAINING ON US."

The gale now came thundering down with such violence, that I found it necessary to clew up every thing but the close-reefed foresail, and the tremendous seas that roared astern of us made it doubtful how long we should be able to scud. The distress of the ship was evidently increasing; and I noticed that the poor helpless women were on deck clinging to the old man, whose age rendered it out of the question his attempting to be of any use at the pump.

I shall never forget the group. He was holding on by the mizen-backstay, in a half kneeling position; the youngest woman was beside him in her night-dress, with her long hair hanging lank down and drenched with rain over her deadly pale features, while her fair and taper

naked arms were clasped convulsively round his neck, as she hid her face in his bosom. The elder lady was sitting covered with a boat-cloak on the small seat, that ran along the larboard side of the companion, with one of her arms over the top of it to keep her in her seat, which she seemed to accomplish with great difficulty, as the labouring ship sweltered about on the boiling sea. A sheep, apparently a pet lamb, stood, or rather staggered about, on the deck beside her, every now and then turning up its innocent face and bleating, and trying to poke its head under her cloak.

A sea at this moment broke over the starboard quarter of the ship, and drenched all of them, washing aside the skirt of the cloak that covered the oldest of the females, and disclosing, alas, alas! my poor dear little boy, crying in his mother's arms, and stretching and struggling with his little limbs, as if he had slept through it all, until the very moment when the unruly surge washed him in his nest.

"Mind your helm," sung out Mr Marline, sharp and suddenly.

I turned to look aft from whence the voice came. Heavens, what a sight! A huge green wave was curling its monstrous crest, like revolving wheels of foam, close aboard of us astern, and pursuing us, hissing and roaring, like a sea monster rushing on its prey.

I had only time to sing out, "All hands, secure yourselves," when it rolled in over the taffarel, and swept the deck fore and aft, washing boats, hen-coops, spare spars, and every thing that was not part and portion of the solid deck and upperworks, overboard, and submerging us several feet under water.

I thought the little Midge's buzzing and stinging were for ever over, and that she never would have risen again; but the buoyant little craft gallantly struggled from under the sea, and rose gaily to the surface like a wild-duck shaking her feathers after a long dive; and having hove to, we soon made capital weather of it—her strong bows dancing over the advancing surges, as if in contempt, until they hissed away under foot, like serpents foiled in their attack. It was a fearful sight to look

down from the summit of a gigantic sea, on the frigate and shattered merchantman, as they were tossed to and fro beneath us like objects seen from a hillside, and then to feel yourself *sinking*, and see them *rising* as you in your turn sank into the trough, until they appeared to hang above you in act to slide down and swamp you, and again to lose sight of them altogether, as a wave rose howling between us.

Had the felucca been a deep-waisted vessel, she must have inevitably been swamped; but having no ledge or rail whatsoever, and the hatches having been got on and well secured early in the forenoon, we took little or no water below. We lost one hand overboard, more lamented for the time, I believe, than if he had been the best man in the ship. It was poor Dicky Phantom, the monkey, who, when the word was passed for the men to hold on and make themselves fast, seeing them lay hold of ropes, in imitation caught one too; but, alas for Dicky! it was the slack end, so that the sea washed him overboard like smoke, and being unable to stand the drag through the water, the poor brute had to let go, and perished miserably.

As his little black gibbering face, with the eyes starting from his head, and his mouth open and grinning, while he was coughing and spluttering out the sea water, looked its last at us from the curling ridge of a wave, a general "Ah! there goes poor Dicky Phantom," burst from all hands.

The ship had also hove to; but in the few minutes that had passed since I had last seen her, her condition was clearly much altered for the worse.

The crew had knocked off from the pumps, and several, I could see, were employed casting loose the hen-coops, spare spars, and every thing that would float, while the greater part appeared absolutely insane, and rushed about the deck stretching out their hands towards us with imploring faces, as if we could have helped them, while others, alas, alas! were drunk—brutally, bestially drunk, and grinned and gibbered, and threatened us with their fists.

It was indeed a humiliating and a heart-breaking sight to see fellow-

beings endowed with sense and reason like ourselves, debasing themselves in their last moments below the level of the beasts that perish, and recklessly rushing into the presence of the Almighty in a state of swinish intoxication.

"What is that?" cried Mr Marline. "Heavens, if they have not set fire to the rum in the spirit-room!"

As he spoke, a wavering flash of blue flame gleamed for a moment up the after hatchway, the hatches of which, in the increasing confusion, had been knocked off. Presently this was followed by a thick column of white smoke, speaking as plain as tongue could have told that the fire had caught. The column became suddenly streaked with fire, which instantly drove the miserable group of women and men forward into the waist. In a minute the flames burst out of the main hatchway also, and scorched away the two young missionaries and the captain from the pumps, to which, although deserted by the crew, they had, with noble intrepidity and calm resolution, clung until this very moment.

The eldest lady was now lying motionless on the wet deck, apparently dead or in a faint, with her bare arms clasped round her child, who, poor little fellow, was tossing his tiny hands, and apparently crying piteously, while the younger woman was clinging convulsively round her husband's neck, as, along with his companion and the old captain, he had now sat down on the deck—the whole grouped round the patriarchal old Moravian, who was kneeling in the middle, and with outstretched hands apparently imploring Heaven for mercy, while over all, the sea, now lashed into redoubled fury by the increasing gale, broke in showers of spray.

The whole after part of the ship was by this time on fire; and falling off before the wind under her foresail, she ran down in the direction of the frigate that was lying to about a mile to leeward. As she bore up and passed us, the old captain, drenched, half-naked, and bare-headed, with a face pale as death, was endeavouring to seize the ensign union down in the main rigging, but it was torn from his feeble

hands by the strength of the wind, and as if it had been the last faint gleam of hope finally deserting them, flew down to leeward like a flash of red flame. He then again hung the board on which he had formerly telegraphed over the gangway. The following fearful legend was now written on it in chalk:

ON FIRE, AND SINKING!

If I had followed her, after having once been pooped, and nearly swamped already, it would have been downright madness, especially as I could render no earthly assistance. I had therefore nothing for it but to keep the Midge lying to.

The firmament now became black as night. A thick squall, with heavy rain, that had been some time brewing to windward, burst down on us with the most terrific fierceness. For a minute we could neither see nor hear any thing but the roaring of the tormented waters, and the howling, or rather thundering of the wind. The shred of sail that we had set flew out of the bolt-rope into ribbons, with a sound like a cannon-shot, and I thought the little vessel would have turned keel up. At length it passed us, and cleared where we were, only to shew us the poor disabled ship overtaken by it. And now it was evident that she was water-logged, from the heavy sickly way in which she rolled and pitched, while the fire lit up the whole dark sky overhead with a red murky glare, as if it had been midnight.

The squall crept up to her, thickened round her, and gradually concealed both her and the frigate, hiding them entirely from our view within its watery veil; but the conflagration still lit up, and shone through the grey mist-like shroud, (alas, in very truth a shroud to one of them!) and gave horrible indication as to her whereabouts.

It suddenly disappeared, the tornado of wind and rain drifted down to leeward. A blinding flash of lightning took place, and anon a peal of thunder shook the empyrean, as if it had been the trumpet of the Archangel. The clouds rose—the weather cleared away—Great God, what do I see! The frigate is there

—BUT THE SHIP IS GONE!

* * * * *

For several minutes, the thunder-storm continued with the same violence. At one time I thought the lightning had struck our mast-head. But it was the breaking up of the weather, for with startling suddenness a bright slanting beam from the evening sun pierced through the dark masses of cloud in the west, and floated on the tempestuous surface of the troubled waters where the ship had gone down, like a ray of hope breaking through clouds and shadows on the tumultuous agitations of a departing spirit. Was it the eye of Providence glancing on the watery grave of the innocent and virtuous, and evincing through our senses, that the quenching of their gentle light amidst the howling waste of waters, although unseen of men, was not unmarked of the Eternal, "who maketh the clouds his chariot, and who walketh on the wings of the wind?" And was the doom of the wicked in the rolling thunder? The thought stirred me like a trumpet-note.

The sunbeam travelled on, as if drifting before the wind, until it glanced on the dark hull, and lofty spars, and storm staysails of the noble frigate; and the weather moderating at the same time, I ran off the wind to close the Commodore, and sailed over the spot where the ship had foundered, as near as we could judge. Several hencoops and spars were floating about; but the whole crew were gone to "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"Keep her away a bit," sung out Lennox from forward—"keep her away a bit, Mr Brail, there is something struggling in the water close to. More yet—more yet," as the noble fellow fastened a rope round his waist; "that will do—now, mess-mates, hold on, and mind you haul me in if I miss, and seem pretty well done." In a twinkling the poor fellow was overboard, and striking out gallantly amongst the choking spray. "I see the object," I exclaimed, "that is flashing and struggling in the water; whatever it may be, he has it; down with the helm, and bring her to the wind—down with it, hard-a-lee. He has it—he has it! No, missed it, by heaven! No, no, he has fast hold; gently, haul him in,

men—gently, that's it; now, handsomely, in with him. Hurra! well done, Lennox! You are on board again, my lad."

"Why, what *have* they hauled in with him?" said Donovan, who was standing aft beside me, while Lennox was got on board at the bows. I was myself confoundedly puzzled. "A sheep, and a bundle of clouts, ha, ha, ha!" shouted Joe Peak. I jumped forward. A bundle of clouts—alas, alas! it was the breathless body of the beautiful child I had seen on board the ship.

It was lashed to the neck of the pet lamb with a silk handkerchief, and now lay at my feet a little blue and ghastly corpse. I snatched it up in my arms, more from the impulse of the moment, than any expectation of the ethereal spark being still present in the little cold clammy body; and, to the great surprise of the crew, I called Lennox, and desiring him to get some hot salt in a cloth, and two bottles of hot water, and to bring some warm cloths into the cabin immediately, I descended, stripped the child, and drying his little limbs with a piece of blanket, I clapt him into my own berth. Lennox and Donovan followed; and, against all appearances, we set to, and chafed and manipulated the frigid limbs of the darling boy, and applied hot bottles to his feet, and the hot salt to his little chest and stomach; but it was all in vain. It was a moving sight to see great rough bushy-whiskered hard-a-weather seamen, in despite of all etiquette, struggling like children at a *ruee show* to get a peep at what was going on below, through the small open skylight, that ventilated the little well cabin.

"Ah, my poor little fellow, you are gone; your unhappy mother might have spared her dying heart the pang of parting with you, when she made you fast to the lamb—you would then at least have died in her arms, and beside her heart, my sweet child!" As I said this, my brother officer, and Lennox, the latter all dripping with sea water, and still pale and breathless with his recent exertions, were both standing looking down on the body of the child, having done all they could, but all in vain.

The tears were rolling down the

Scotch lad's cheek, and Dennis, honest fellow, once or twice blew his nose very suspiciously, contriving during the trumpetings to steal a small swab at his eyes, lest the old lady in Sackville Street, Dublin, had in him, might become too apparent.

"He is gone," said Lennox, after a long pause, as he stepped to the berth, with the intention of covering the dead body with the sheet. He no sooner stooped down than he suddenly started back, and held up his hand to attract our attention. I looked—one eyelid quivered—it opened a little, then shut again, and again the aguish appearance passed over it; the chest heaved, and the little sufferer drew a long sigh. "He lives, he lives!" said Lennox, in a low voice, and speaking as if he was himself choking. The word was passed through the skylight to the warm-hearted expectants clustered round it on their knees on the deck above. My eye, what a row! They instantly jumped to their feet, and began to caper about overhead as if a legion of dancing devils had suddenly possessed them.

"He's alive," shouted one poor fellow, "and we can now spare Dicky Phantom."

"Forward with you, men," sung out Mr Wadding, "forward with you; how dare you lumber the quarterdeck in that way, with your lubberly carcasses?"

We now increased our exertions, and had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing them crowned with success; and having poured some tepid wine and water down the child's throat—he was as yet too weak to drink it himself, or to speak—we had the happiness to see him open wide his fine dark blue eyes, and take a steady, and apparently a conscious look at us; and presently his respiration, though as yet slow and sigh-like, became regular; the animal heat of his body over his heart began to be perceptible—the blue clayey colour of his skin and face, the sharpness of his features, and the blackness of his shrunk lips, began to fade and give way before the accelerating circulation—and after coughing up a large quantity of salt water, he turned his little face to the

ship's side, and fell into a sound sleep.

By this time it was near sunset, and the gale was rapidly abating, the sea was still very high. We hove to and closed with the Commodore, and kept him in view the whole night.

Donovan and I were sitting in the cabin regaling ourselves with a glass of grog, about nine o'clock in the evening—"I say, Benjie, how that poor little fellow snores—do you hear him?"

"I do, and it is music to mine ear, my darling. What a scene it must have been when the ship foundered! I am glad we did not see it, Donovan."

"And so am I—why, we have rather had a stirring time of it lately, a number of odd circumstances have happened; but what do you make of the Commodore's taking on so, as you and Sprawl said he did, when he heard that young De Walden was missing—had he any hand in the young chap, think you?"

"Oh, no," said I laughing, "nothing; besides he used to keep him tighter set up than any other mid in the ship. However, that would neither make nor mend as to the probability of your surmise, Donovan; but I verily believe he was no connexion of the Commodore's."

"Well, well," said Dennis, "give me t'other glass of swizzle, Lennox—thank ye. I say, Lennox, my lad—gallant conduct enough that of yours—after having been so ill too—I wonder you had strength." The man bowed.—"Now since I have had time to consider, what *are* you going to do with the child there, Benjie?"

"Send him on board *Gazelle*, I presume, when the weather moderates—but, good-night, I am off to my cot—who has the watch, Lennox?"

"Mr Peak, sir."

"Tell him to keep close to the Commodore, and call me the instant any thing worth reporting occurs."

"Yes, sir."

"How is the weather?"

"Clearing away fast, sir," answered the marine—"and the sea is greatly gone down."

"Very well, let them trim by the Commodore, do you hear—keep way with him, but no more; Sir Oli-

ver likes no one to run past him—
tell Mr Peak so.”

“I will, sir.”

“Now, good-night, Dennis, dear!”

When I awoke next morning, the first thing I did was to reconnoitre how my little and most unexpected visitor held out. There lay the fair child, steeped in a balmy slumber, with his downy cheeks as peachlike and blooming as ever; even his hair, with the crystallized salt sparkling amongst it, once more curled thick and clustering round his magnificent forehead. As I stooped over him he awoke, and stretched out his arms in the evident expectation of clasping some one that he had been accustomed to lie beside; alas! they touched the cold hard ship's side. He grew startled; and called on his mother and then on his father, and on his grandfather, and his dear aunt Emily! waiting between each exclamation for the wonted caress or answer. His eye caught mine—he looked surprised, and peered anxiously all about the cabin, until at last, as if he had really comprehended the full extent of his desolation, he began to cry bitterly, and to sob as if his little heart would have burst. Lennox and I did all we could to pacify him, but who could come instead to him of those whose hearts were now cold forever? I could not stand it, and went on deck, leaving him in the hands of the steward.

The weather was now clear, and the sea had gone down; the frigate was about a mile and a half on our lee-bow, carrying all sail, so that we had to crack on to keep up with her. During that forenoon and the following day we had no communication together, but about 11 A. M. on the third day after the ship had foundered, we got so well placed on her quarter as to be able to communicate without trumps.

The Commodore hailed first—
“Sad accident that t'other day, Mr Brail.”

“Very, sir.”

“All hands lost, I presume.”

Before I could answer, he continued, evidently in great amazement “What child is that, Mr Brail?” I looked round, and was a good deal surprised to see the figure the little stranger now cut. When picked up

he had nothing on but his little frock and shift, which had been torn in the getting of him in, so Lennox and the sail-maker had rigged him in a tiny check-shirt, with white lappels, a pair of little duck trowsers, with large horn buttons, very wide at the feet, and very tight at the waist—cut, in a word, in the very extreme of nautical dandyism; little white canvass shoes, and a small tarpauling hat completed his set out. They had even hung by a piece of spun yarn a small horn-handled knife round his neck, so that he was a complete topman in miniature.

Childlike, for he could not have been three years old at the most, he had already taken to the men, and was playing with the pet-lamb, that was making believe to buck him with its head; and indeed every now and then it would knock over the little fellow, but without hurting him, and roll about with him on the deck.

“What child is that? And I see you have some live-stock—where got you the sheep?”

“The child was picked up, lashed to the lamb, Sir Oliver, when the ship went down.”

“Come on board, and dine with me at three, Mr Brail—you can tell me all about it then.”

We sheered off again; and it was laughable to notice the crowd of heads out of the frigate's ports the instant the little fellow was noticed on our decks. Immediately after this a group of men were sitting in the bows of the felucca with the child amongst them. Lennox came up to me and touched his forehead—“The little fellow told me his name was William Howard, sir; probably you would like to set it down as a clew to find out his friends when we get to England.”

“A very proper precaution, Lennox, and well thought of, but are you sure that was the name the child answered to.”

“Quite, sir; if you will step here, sir, you will be satisfied of it.” I followed him a pace or two nearer the group playing with the child.

“Dogvane,” said Lennox—the man answered, “Wilcox,” another seaman pricked up his ears, both a good deal surprised at the steward's address, with me at his back—but all this

time the boy was tumbling about amongst the men, taking no notice either of Lennox or me.

"William Howard," said Lennox. "What you want?" promptly said the child, as he knocked off from his play, and looked steadfastly at the marine. "A good and satisfactory proof," said I; "I will make a note of it, Lennox."

Donovan and I sometime after this were walking backwards and forwards on the small quarterdeck, talking of I don't remember what, when we perceived a stir amongst the men forward, and an attempt evidently making amongst them to shove old Dogvane aft with some communication to me. He appeared reluctant to be thrust forward as spokesman, and waxed very emphatic in his gestures to the group who were all talking at the same time, and laughing with each other as they closed round the old quartermaster.

"Come, there is more rain than wind in that squall," said I, to Donovan, looking towards the group. "What request, think you, is to be made now, Dennis?"

"Can't conjecture for the life of me," said he.

Dogvane now took a fresh quid, by way of gaining courage, I suppose, to enter on his embassy, and advancing a step from the rest, he cast his eyes on the deck, and began to thump one hand on another, and to mutter with his lips as if he had been rehearsing a speech. Presently, giving his trowsers a hitch, and his quid a cruel *chirt*, he looked towards us, in act to advance, as it were, but his heart again failed him, and with another pull at his waistband, and a tremendous chew of his quid, which made the tobacco juice squirt from both corners of his mouth, he hove about again, apparently in despair and discomfiture, and joined the others, who instantly set up a loud laugh.

Lennox, I saw, had now slid round to the men, and with a most quizzical cast of his eye, was using his powers of persuasion with old Dogvane, to get him to weigh anchor once more, and to set forth on his mission again, but the quartermaster shook his head, and seemed to refuse point-blank. At length, after a great deal of bother, the steward ap-

peared to have screwed his courage to the sticking place, for he now advanced to within a couple of yards of where we stood, the group behind creeping up after him. He kept rubbing the back of his hand across his muzzle, and coughing and clearing his voice, and every now and then he took a squint over his shoulder, to see that, in case his memory should fail him, he was in immediate communication with his reserve. After another stiff chew of his quid, and a devil of a hitch of the waistband of his trowsers, and a smoothing down of his forelock, he tore his hat off his head, as if it had been a *divot*, as Lennox might have said, and broke ground to the following purport—

"You see, your honour, and Mr Donovan, there—gentlemen both"—A considerable pause, during which he seemed awfully puzzled.

"I am gravelled already, Lennox, you see," quoth he, over his shoulder.

"No, no," said Lennox, "try again, man, try again."

"May it please you, sir—it has blowed half a gale of wind some two days agone, as mayhap your honour knows"—

I could not help smiling for the soul of me. "Why, Dogvane, I have reason good to know that, but what *would* you be after? Come to the point, man."

"And so I would, captain, if I only knowed how to get there—I fear the point he speaks of lies in the wind's eye, and that I sha'n't fetch it," (aside to Lennox)—"but as I says before, your honour, we had a sniffer some two days agone, and the parrot, Wapping Poll, your honour—why, she was blown overboard, your honour, and as a parrot is not of the gull specie, your honour, I fears as how poor Poll may have been drowned."

I could scarcely keep my gravity.

"Why, assume that the bird is drowned, then, Dogvane, and get on."

"No, sir, with all submission, I have no sartainty of that. A bird that can speak, must think; and it's no impossibility, in my mind, in Poll being at this moment cruising as mate of the watch on the back of a wild-duck—but then a duck does dive now and then, to be sure."—

I now suspected he had strengthened his nerves a little with a glass of grog.—“However, Poll might take a flight the time the other was below, you know, sir, if she only knowed *where* he might rise again.” Still a gull would be her chance as for that—no diving in a gull, your honour.”

“But, my good man”—I was not over well pleased with what I thought I had discovered, especially with the freedom of the jest, if jest it was meant for.—“will you, I again ask you, come to the point, Dogvane—what *would* you be at? I can’t stand all day palavering here, unless you know your own mind,” and I turned away. My rebuke seemed to rouse Dogvane, who, making a sudden effort, sung out quick and sharp—

“Then the parrot’s overboard and drowned, sir. And the monkey is drowned too, sir, and the old cat is dead below with the damp and cold, and we shall all be starved for want of a pet, sir.—D—n your eyes, Jack Lennox, will that serve your turn, now?”

“Oh, I see, I see,” said I.

“There,” said Dogvane, giving a skip, and turning a joyful countenance over his shoulder to the group behind him.—“There, his honour sees—did not I tell you so?—why, I thank your honour—we all thanks you kindly, sir; and such care as we shall take of him—oh, my eye! But all I says is, thank your honour again in the name of the whole bunch of us.” He made his salaam, and he and his tail turned to bundle forward.

“I guess I know *now* what you would be at, Dogvane,” said I, my tone approaching to a shrill shout in order to arrest his retreat. On this the old quartermaster hove about, his face evincing great chagrin and vexation at the idea, that after all his lucid explanation, I was still unenlightened. “I presume,” I continued, “that having lost all your pets”——

“Ah yes, sir—that’s it.”

“That having lost all your pets, you want to ask me for the sheep that we have picked up.”

“No, no, no,”—ran amongst the men; and old Dogvane slid out with a jet of tobacco juice.—“D—n the sheep entirely—but, Jack Lennox,

there, take my oar now, will ye—I can make nothing of it, I can’t pull a-head at all—it has been all back water with me;” and so saying he made his obeisance, and slunk away amongst the people, slewing his head from side to side, and smiting his thigh, as if he were saying—“Poo, poo, you see the captain *won’t* understand, do as you will—indeed, he does not want to understand, you see.”

The marine, on the retreat of the quartermaster, now came forward as a reserve, and in good set terms, leaving his northern accent out of the account, preferred a request on behalf of his shipmates, not for the sheep, but in the destruction of all the other pet creatures during the gale, he made out a strong case, which could only be met by my giving up the *child*, which he promised should succeed the defunct monkey, Dicky Phantom; and “although we all know his name to be Will Howard,” said he, in conclusion, “we request your permission, sir, to christen him afresh, and to give him the same name, as a tribute of respect to the poor brute, who has hitherto afforded us so much amusement.”

I was a good deal tickled at all this.

“But, men, you all heard Sir Oliver desire the child to be sent on board the frigate.”

Here several voices grumbled.—“Why, they have two monkeys on board, and a kangaroo, and a hog in armour, and—oh, surely, they won’t grab *him* too.”

“Why, sir, we must leave it to you,” said Lennox; “if the Commodore is in earnest in taking Dicky Phantom from us, surely he will spare us one of the monkeys. But I am sure no one will take such care of him as I should here, sir.”

“Very well,” said I, “I will see what can be done; in the meantime, get the child ready to go in the boat when I go on board to dinner. But where are his clothes?—you can’t send him in that rig?”

The marine laughed. “Why, sir, his own clothes are all torn in pieces, and he has no others made; indeed, our sail-maker says he could no more make a petticoat than a lady’s gown.”

There was no help for it; and at

half past two, Donovan and I found ourselves in the stern-sheets of the small boat, with Dicky Phantom sitting between us, dressed out like a Lilliputian boarder. As we pulled on board, I had time to look more minutely at the equipment of the boy. As already mentioned, he was dressed in trowsers, check shirt, and little tarpawling hat, with the word *Midge* painted in large letters on a scroll on the front of it; but they had now added a little cutlass, ground down from a piece of iron hoop, and bound round his waist by a black belt, and as a tiptop finish to his equipment, they had fastened an oakum-queue to his curly wig, that hung down over the waistband of his little breeches. My natural bashfulness was sorely tested, when we got alongside, and found the ship swarming in all directions with busy grinning faces, wherever they could get a squint at us, and our little passenger; and when I stepped on deck, I had not the courage to take the child up, but left him in the boat.

"How are you, Mr Brail—glad to see you, Mr Donovan, I hope, are better," said Sir Oliver. We made our acknowledgments. "Where is your little passenger, Mr Brail; have you brought him on board?"

"Why, yes, Sir Oliver, he is in the boat alongside, but the people have so monkeyfied him, that he is scarcely presentable on the quarter-deck."

"Never mind, hand him up—hand him up—let us see him." And poor little Dicky Phantom was straightway transferred from the stern-sheets of the boat to the frigate's deck, amidst a buzz of laughter from officers and men.

The poor child was frightened, and ran crying to me, when Sir Oliver, with his innate right feeling and kindness of heart, asked me to bring him down into the cabin, which I did, where the little fellow soon became quite at home, and began to amuse himself with some books of plates, and little Chinese figures, that Sir Oliver took out of a locker for his entertainment.

I related the particulars of my interview with his parents and kinsfolk on board the ship, which moved the kind old man exceedingly; but

dinner was now announced, and Dicky was handed over to Lennox, who had come on board in the novel capacity of dry-nurse. I could see the whole crew clustered on the gun-deck, in expectation of his coming out of the cabin; and the moment he made his appearance,—
"Lennox, pass him forward."—"I say, Jack, Jack Lennox, lend him to me, man."—"Oh! d—n my eyes, man, do lend us a spell of the piccanniny."—"No, no—hand him to me first—here to me, man—I bespoke him, Jack, before Bill, there," resounded on all hands; and the two monkeys and hog in armour were as dust in the balance compared with Dicky Phantom. We sat down to dinner. Mr Donovan, and old Sprawl, along with one of the mates, were present, and every thing went on very much as usual.

"We must endeavour," said Sir Oliver, "to find out that poor little fellow's family and relations when we get to England, but what are we to do with him until we get there?"

I cheerfully offered to keep him on board the *Midge*.

"You are very good, Mr Brail, but in so small a hooker it would be inconvenient, so I shall make shift the best way I can here."

I laughed and said, "that next to a round-robin had been signed by the *Midges*, petitioning you would let them have the boy for the cruise, sir, in consequence of their having lost the ship's monkey and parrot." I noticed the Commodore's servant prick up his ears at this, and that same evening, before we got away from *Gazelle*, a deputation waited on Sprawl to offer both monkeys and the kangaroo, and the hog in armour, to the *Midges*, in fee simple, in exchange for Dicky Phantom. The Commodore had recovered his looks and spirits greatly since I last saw him, and gave us some of his old stories that I had heard before certainly. They were chiefly relating to the countries on the borders of the Mediterranean, and the following tickled me a good deal at the time:—

Sir Oliver had been one of old Sir J. D—'s lieutenants on that station, and it was his watch on deck on a certain forenoon—"a fine fresh breezy day, clear and sunshiny, and the

old T—— was cracking along on the starboard tack, with the Island of Malta broad on the lee bow, about ten miles distant, or thereabouts. She was going about nine knots, as near as could be, and the admiral was walking backwards and forwards with me on the weather-side of the quarterdeck. It happened that the captain's servant was an inveterate stutterer, although a steady good man, and we had not continued our perambulations above a quarter of an hour, when this functionary rushed up the ladder in great haste, and apparently in a great quandary, and thus addressed, or rather attempted to address the admiral:—

"Sir—sir—sir—Jo—Jo—Jo."

"What does he mean?" said the admiral, startled by the energy of the man's gestures.

"Your pi—pi—pig. Your wi—wi—wig, over—over—over."

"Here the poor fellow got into convulsions, and walloped his arms about like the sails of a wind-mill, making signs that some *body* or *thing* was overboard. The captain came on deck and saw what was going on,—'Sing, you lubber, sing, and straightway he of the impediment gave tongue in a clear and melodious pipe, as follows:—

"The admiral's pig is overboard, is overboard, is overboard,
His pig and his wig are overboard,
I leave-to, or they'll both be drown'd."

"Man the fore-clew garnets,' sung out old Blowhard—'back the maintopsail, Captain R——, back the main-topsail—lower away the jolly-boat. Quick, Captain R——, quick.'

"Here the old flag-officer's own servant came up to him, as he was straining his neck where he stood on the aftermost carronade, to see, over the hammock-cloths, what was becoming of the pig and the unfortunate scratch.

"There, there they are—both are astern,' he sung out. 'There's my poor wig bobbing at me.' (The origin of bob-wig?) 'It will choke some dolphin, or I am a Dutchman, before evening. And the pig, oh, my poor pig!'

"Please you, Sir J——,' chimed in the functionary, 'it is a false alarm. That stuttering blockhead has made a mistake; it is the mas-

ter's wig, Sir J——, and the porker belongs to the ward-room.'

"Fill the maintopsail again,' rapped out the knight. 'Poor pig—poor pig—can't be helped—can't be helped—pity the master should lose his scratch though, but he can't be helped, Captain R——, can't be helped. So fill away the maintopsail again, Captain R——.'

"Alas and alackaday, *both the pig and the wig were drowned!*"

Mr Donovan being now well enough to resume his duty, remained that evening in the frigate, but I returned, towards nightfall, with my tiny topman, to the Midge, and great was the buzz of joy among the Midges, at getting back Dicky Phantom.

We were sitting at breakfast on deck under the awning, next morning, Donovan having returned for his traps, the frigate's boat was towing astern, when the carpenter having already got a little chair so contrived that when lashed to the leg of the table, he could not fall out of it, Dicky Phantom was part and portion of our society.

The frigate was about a mile to the northward of us, looming like a seventy-four, and glimmering through the hot blue haze that hung over the horizon, and circumscribed our view on all sides, for it was stark-calm. The sun shone down with true tropical intensity; the heaving swell was like a sea of molten silver, and every now and then a dolphin would leap close to us, while as from the side of a watery hill a shower of flying-fish would spring out and shoot across a liquid valley, until they dropped like a discharge of grape into the next billow.

Nothing nourishes one's grog-drinking propensities so much, or spoils one's beauty, as the reflection of the sun from the glass-like surface of the calm sea within the tropics. His direct rays are in some measure warded off by your hat-brim; but were you even to turn up your ugly phiz at him, and stare him in the face, they would have comparatively no effect, to the fierceness of their heat second-hand in this way. Oh, the sickening effect of the afternoon's glare, thus reflected and flashed up into your face, under the snout of your chapeau, which here

proves no defence, like a battery taken in reverse, until your eyes are blinded, and your cheeks rouged and roasted, and your *neb* peeled, like an ill-scraped radish, leaving the under-skin so tender, that breaking the wheel is comfort to blowing your nose. Cold cream—cold cream. Oh, for a pot of it, ye gods!

I have before said, we were not, where we sat, much above four feet out of the water, and several flying fish had come on board that morning, and just as I was helping Dicky to a little water, to wash down the soaked biscuit that, through Lennox's kindness, he had been feeding on, dash—a flying fish flew right against Dennis Donovan's cheek, and dropped wallowing and floundering into his plate.

"Blazes, what is that?"

"Oh, what a beautiful leetle fis!" said the child.

But Dennis, honest man, did not recover his equanimity during the whole meal. Immediately after breakfast, he prepared to go on board of the *Gazelle*, and to part company regularly, when one of the men who was looking out astern, sung out in a low tone, as if afraid the fish should hear, "A shark, sir, close under the stern." We gently hauled the frigate's boat alongside to be out of the way, and, on looking over the tafferel, there was the monster, sure enough, about three feet below the surface of the clear green water, eyeing us with the greatest composure.

As if in no ways daunted, but as determined to have a nearer and better view of us, he gradually floated up, until his dorsal fin was a foot out of the water, and his head but just covered by it. We instantly got a hook baited, and let down. The fish was about twelve feet long; and, as I leant over the low stern of the vessel, when she sank on the fall of the swell, I could have touched the monster's head with a handspike. There was something very exciting in being on terms of such intimacy with a creature who would have thought it capital sport to have nipped you in two.

He eyed the bait and the hook, and then drew back about a yard from it, and ogled me again, as much as to say, "Not to be had so clumsily, Mas-

ter Brail; but if you would oblige me with one of your legs, now, or even an arm, I would vastly prefer it to the piece of rancid salt pork you offer me, on that rusty piece of crooked iron there."

Here again he reconnoitred the bait, and then looked up, with a languishing eye, at little Dicky Phantom, that Lennox was now holding on the tafferel. "Ah," again said sharkee to himself, I make no question, "ah, *that's* the thing I want. What a morsel *that* would be!" and he made one or two rushes hither and thither, as one has seen a dog do, before settling down steadily on end, to look up at the morsel an urchin is tantalizing him with.

At length, seeing I was so unaccommodating, so inexorable as not even to oblige him with a limb, and that Dicky Phantom was altogether forbidden fruit, he made an angry rush and vanished below the counter.

"Poo, confound him, he can't be hungry," quoth Mr Weevil the purser, who had hold of the line, as he pulled it in, hand over hand, until the bait was close under foot, when, just as it was rising out of the water, the shark, finding that it must be either salt junk or no fare, made a sudden grab at the bait, gorged it, and dashed off with it, and, alack-a-daisy, with the purser also; for, dreaming no harm, he had taken a turn round his left arm, as he hauled in the line, which, by the sudden jerk, *ran*; and if Lennox and old Drainings had not caught him by the heels, he would have been overboard. And there was the hideous fish, wallowing, and floundering, and surging about, within a fathom of the purser, who was hanging over the stern, like a side of beef laid in, at sailing, for sea stock, his head dipping into the water every now and then, as the vessel rose and fell, while he struggled, and spluttered, and twisted, in a vain attempt to get his arm loose; while the shark backed and backed like a restive horse, and dragged and jerked about until I thought the purser's fin would absolutely have been torn from his shoulder.

All this while, the crew were like to explode with laughter, while poor Weevil roared, "Haul me in, for Heaven's sake, or he will swallow me—haul!"—Here his head would

sink into the water, and his sentence end in a great coughing and spluttering, until, just as he was on the point of being suffocated, out his nob would be dragged again by the pitching of the vessel, so as to enable him to renew his shouts for succour. At length the shark being a good deal exhausted, was brought close under the stern, when I sent two bullets, from my double-barrelled Manton, through his head, right between his eyes.

"Ah," quoth old Drainings the cook, "that has settled him, or the devil is in it; so lend a hand, Lennox," (the marine had hold of one of the purser's legs, and the *artiste*! the other,) "so lend a hand, Lennox, and, during the lull, let us bouse in Mr Weevil. Ho, yo, yo, yo, oh!"

The wounded shark had borne the loss of his brains with great composure, but the instant he felt the renewed pull at the pork in his maw, as if he had been only stunned, he started off at a tangent as strong as ever, and, before you could say Jack Robinson, the purser's star-board leg was whipped out of Jack Lennox's clutches; but the one to port being in old Drainings' iron claws, was held fast by the cook, for he was a great ally of Weevil's.

"Don't, for Heaven's sake, let me go, Mr Drainings," roared Weevil, "don't,"—splutter, splutter—oh—cough, cough. The little vessel at this moment scudded heavily, giving a strange sort of swinging lurch or wallop, and, as if shaking her sides with laughter, again dipped his head a foot under water.

As the poor purser rose with a jerk to the surface, the shark, having had momentary scope to sink, kept his own so resolutely, that *clip*, as a climax to the fun, the old cook was torn from his hold, and away he went, still clinging to the purser's leg, and if his own had not been seized by Lennox and myself, he would have been overboard also. I was now like to die with laughter. I could scarcely keep my hold; as for speaking, it was out of the question, for the shark, and purser, and cook, like a string of Brobdingnag sausages, were floundering in the calm water, close under our counter, all linked together, not quite "ladies' chain," by the way, although, from the half-suffocated exclamations of

two of the links, it might not inaptly have been called, "*Chaine des Dames*." Oh, fie! Benjie Brail. However, the matter was now getting serious.

"Mr Peake, that boathook there, —quick, bring the boathook." Little Joe was no admirer of Weevil's, and, as he made believe to hool him by the waistband of the breeches, as he struggled in the water, he contrived to dig the sharp point of the instrument into his stern-frame more than once; and at length, when he did catch him, it was by nothing that would hold, but by one of the pockets of his coat, which instantly gave, and out flew into the water, his snuffbox, pocket-handkerchief, and a nondescript pouch of seal-skin, rolled up.

"Lord save us, dinna drown the spleuchan," exclaimed Lennox, as it dropped into the sea.

"Hook him again," shouted I.

"Oh Lord, captain, haul me in, haul me in, or I must let go Mr Weevil's leg," sung out cookey.

"Don't, for Heaven's sake, do that thing, my dear Mr Drainings," roared the purser. Here Joey caught him again with the boathook, by the cape of his coat; and, with the assistance of two men, he had got him a foot or two out of the water, when, *screeed*,—the cloth, which was of no kindred to that which composed Bailie Jarvie's skirts,—gave way, and down he plumped again *souse*, and the splashing and struggling, and cursing and coughing, and blowing of fish and men, were renewed with two-fold extravagance, until by a fortunate dig the iron hook was finally passed through the head-band of his nether garment, and the canvass fortunately holding, we hauled him in, with Drainings still sticking to him like grim Death, or a big sucker-fish; then, by slipping down a bowling knot over the shark's head, and under his gills, we hoisted him in on deck, which he soon had all to himself entirely; I really expected he would have stove it in with the lashing of his tail. We hammered him on the head until we had crushed it to mummy, but, like many other strange fish, he appeared to get on as well without brains, as with. In fine, he would have taken the ship from us out and out, had old Shavings not watched his opportunity, and nicked him on

the tail with his hatchet, thereby severing his spine, when a complete paralysis instantly took place, and he lay still; but even an hour after he was disembowelled, he floated about the deck like an eel, without speaking of sharks, I might say you here with a story, which, however *tee-like*, did actually occur, as the records of the Jamaica Admiralty Court fully prove. But let Dennis Donovan tell it in his own words.

"We were cruising off Cape Tiburoon, to take our chance of any of the French outward-bound that might have preferred to make the passage to Port-au-Prince by the southward of St Domingo. It might have been five in the afternoon,—I was a little middy then, and had dined with the captain that day; a fine breezy forenoon we had had of it,—but the devil a thing was there in sight, not even a small white speck of a sail slipping along shore, apparently sailing in the white surf, and standing off full and boldly, as the painters say, from the dark background of bushes on the beach."

"But why take the pains to describe *so well* what *was not there*, Dennis?"

"Never you mind, but let me get along; you can pocket the description, Benjie, and keep it for your own use."

"I had just swallowed what I had sense enough to know was considered as my last glass of wine, and had come on deck, when looking out to leeward where the setting sun was casting a blinding wake on the blue waters that blazed up in our faces, roasting our skin into the colour of scarlet, I thought I saw a dark object on the very verge of the horizon. From the afternoon having come on thick, this had not been noticed before; but just as I had made the discovery, the look-out man at the masthead hailed, 'a strange sail, abeam of us to leeward.'"

"'Thank you for nothing,' responded the crusty lieutenant; 'you blind beetle you, is it now you see it? Why, we can see under her topsails from the deck here.'"

"'May be, sir,' answered the man, 'but the weather has been thick

as butterfliik down to leeward until this moment.'

"'All hands make sail,' instantly followed, and in five minutes we ran off the wind, with every rag set that we could spread. A stern chase is proverbially a long chase, and although our friend a-head set nothing as we neared him that he had not abroad before, the next morning broke, and we were still three miles astern of him, Jamaica being in sight to leeward. As the sun rose, the breeze freshened, and before noon we had to hand the royals, and stand by the studding-sail haul-yards. The fiery sea-breeze that struck us, presently quelled the courage of the chase, for he had to take in his kites also, with the loss of his foretopmast-studding-sail, and as we carried the breeze along with us, we were presently alongside, and I was sent on board in the boat."

"I touched my hat to the master, 'What brig, if you please?'"

"'The Stormy Peterel, of, and from St John's, New Brunswick.'"

"'Whither bound?'"

"'To Kingston, Jamaica, with a cargo of flour and *notings*, and consigned to Macaa, Walker, and Co.'"

"All very pat, thought I—no hesitation here. 'I will look at your papers, if you please,' and I unceremoniously stepped down the companion ladder, and entered the cabin. The master of the brig followed me, and entering with a good deal of swagger in his bearing, slammed himself down on the locker with his hat on. I was a little nettled at this, and again took a steady look at my gentleman; but to make evident the cause why my suspicions were excited, be it known, that at the time I write of, the good old navigation laws were in full operation, and no American, or other foreign vessel, was allowed to trade with our colonies; every thing imported having to be carried in British bottoms, so that numberless tricks were frequently, when the colonial markets were favourable, put in practice by neutrals to cloak the real character of their vessels,—amongst others, that of simulating English papers was very frequent. To return, I looked at our friend

again. He was tall, sallow, and Yankee-looking in hull, spars, and rig, and his accent smelt of peach brandy—strong of the Chesapeake. He was dressed in faded nankeen trousers, rusty black coat and waist-coat, very threadbare, the coat sleeves scarcely reaching below the elbows, and wore a broad-brimmed white hat, with a rumpled and spray-washed black or rather brown crape twisted round it. He wore no neck-cloth, his shirt collar, which was cut very high, being open in front, disclosing his long scraggy red neck, with a lump in his throat as if he had swallowed a grape shot, that had stuck half way down. He wore a large ill-washed frill, that was also open, shewing his suppurant chest, covered with a fell of shaggy red hair, as thick as a fox cover. His face was burned red by exposure to the sun, the skin peeling off in small pieces like the film of an egg, here and there. His features were very strongly marked and coarse, one side of his mouth drooping more than the other, and from this he kept awabing the stream of tobacco juice with the back of his hand. He had little fierce grey eyes, the white being much bloodshot, and his nose was long and sharp, as near as might be of the shape and colour of a crab's claw, with a blue peeled point. His forehead was very broad immediately above his eyes, which were shaded by enormous shaggy sandy white eyebrows, like pig's bristles, but it tapered away into a cone at the crown of his head, like the hat in vogue amongst the Roundheads in old Noll's time. He had, in fine, nothing of the sailor whatever in his appearance. He was more like a half-pay Methodist parson. His red whiskers grew in two tufts low down on his jowls and all under his chin, and he kept spitting most abominably, and twitching the right cheek, and quivering the right eyelid, while he looked at you, in a nervous, and to me exceedingly disagreeable manner.

"There be my papers, sir," said this enticing person, tossing down a parcel of by no means dirty manuscripts. The register especially, as well as the manifest, seemed surprisingly clean, and the former, instead of

being carefully enclosed in a tin box, as customary in merchant vessels, was wrapped up in brown paper. I opened the manifest, and glanced at a pile of copies of bills of lading, ship blanks. The cargo, his description, and the

of lading seemed to correspond with the manifest. I then lifted the register, and by it perceived that the vessel purported to be two years old, yet the document, in place of being torn and chafed at the foldings, and dirty, greasy, and defaced, was quite sound; and when I opened it, after unfolding the brown paper in which it was wrapped, and threw it on the table, it absolutely and truly opened of itself, and lay flat on the table, as if unused to the rumple and creases, to the no small surprise of Jonathan himself I could perceive, thus seeming to say, 'Take a look at me, Master Donovan, I am worth the perusal, perhaps.'—'Ha, ha,' thought I, 'my fine fellow, the creases in that register are very fresh, I guess—it has not been quite two years folded, or I never saw the Liffey;' but I said never a word aloud, to the apparent great comfort of the skipper, who, I could see, sat on thorns, while I was overhauling the papers—for, thinks I, if he sees into me, he will haul his wind, and not come to an entry at Kingston at all, and on the high seas I cannot touch him; but then, again, as the devil would have it, were we even to decoy him into port, another man-of-war may nab him before us. My game, said I to myself, is to lull his suspicious as well as I can; and having done so, I returned to the frigate, and we ran down to Port-Royal together.

"I found that they had caught a shark during my absence, and found a tin case, loaded with a dozen musket balls, with a ship's manifest and register in it, in his maw. This had been placed in the captain's cabin, and I took an immediate opportunity, unheard of any one, of communicating my suspicions that the brig was an American sailing under simulated papers, and recommended that the frigate should stick close and seize him whenever he reported at the fort at Port Royal. He agreed to all my suggestions, and after de-

termining that I was to board and seize the vessel before others could have an opportunity of doing so, he ordered in dinner, and laughing, threw the bright white-iron case to me that had been cut out of the shark.

"I opened it, and, to my surprise, found that, according to the best of my recollection, the manuscript copy of the manifest answered word for word, nail for nail, with the one I had seen, and the measurement of the Yankee brig Alconda was identically the same, out and out, with that of the 'Stormy Peterel' of St John's, New Brunswick."

"I immediately communicated the coincidence to the captain, and he desired me to keep my own council, which both of us did. The vessel was seized, and libelled in the Vice-Admiralty Court, to the great apparent surprise of Captain Shad of the Stormy Peterel, I guess. The day of trial arrived; we were all in court, and so were the crew and captain of the detained vessel. Our counsel learned in the law made his speech, and produced his witnesses. He of the adverse faction replied and produced his, and cross-questioned ours, and pretty considerable perjuries were flying about; and although the suspicion was strong against the Stormy Peterel, still she was on the point of flying away and weathering us all, when the lawyer retained by the merchantman said sneeringly across the table to our advocate, 'Sorry must go for damages against your client; I hope you have your recognisances and bail-bond ready.'

"'You are very obliging, brother Grab,' said our friend calmly—then to the bench, 'may it please your honour, I am now in a position to save the bench farther trouble, by proving, on the most undeniable evidence, that the vessel in court, pur-

porting to be "the Stormy Peterel of St John's, New Brunswick"—here Jonathan's jaw fell—"is neither more nor less"—the Yankee's eyes seemed like to start from their sockets—than the American brig Alconda, off and from New York."

"'Who the hell has 'peached?' screamed the Yankee, looking round fiercely among his own men, and utterly shoved off his balance.

"'Silence,' sang out the crier.

"'The hand of heaven is in this iniquitous matter, please your honour.' Here he produced the tin box, and took out the Alconda's manifest and register, and confronting them with the simulated documents belonging to the Stormy Peterel, the trick was instantly proved, and the vessel condemned—Jonathan, as he swung out of court, exclaiming, amidst showers of tobacco juice, 'Pretty considerably damned and condemned, and all by a bloody sharkfish. If this ben't, by G—, the most active and unnatural piece of cruelty, may I be physicked all my natural days with hot oil and fish-hooks!'"

"So far, so true; but Dennis, honest man, superadded a few flourishes of his own, one of which was, that the spine of the shark was extracted, and preserved in the captain's cabin, hung up to the roof; and that one of the quartermasters, "a most religious character," could notice certain vibrations and twistings of the vertebra, whenever any vessel with simulated papers was in the vicinity, even when she could not be seen from the masthead.

"Why it must have been a divining rod—a second rod of Moses," said I, laughing.

"And you have said it with your own beautiful mug, Benjie Brail," quoth Dennis Donovan.

"GAMMON," quoth I Benjie

THE CONDE DE ILDEFONZO.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

PART II.

SPAIN was in a state of effervescence. Every man was a partisan, and thought himself a politician. Every woman was a *philosophe*, and thought herself a patriot. The land was glowing with all kinds of enthusiasms—every lip was the source of spontaneous eloquence, and every breast the throne of regenerated virtue. How should I, in the midst of this universal blaze, alone remain chill? Was the cap of prudence to sit upon my head, in the midst of the millions who had flung away the last fragment of the old covering, and denuded the native brains? As I stood in rear of the curtain, whose rising was to develop the new light and life of the land of monks and monarchy, I employed myself in conjecturing what was to be seen in the development of the wonders at the other side—whether a puppet show, or a Legislative assembly—whether a band of conspirators, cloaked and daggered to the teeth, or a gay *bal paré*—whether the roasting of a cardinal, or the pit of a theatre. Still a consciousness of unnecessary hazard, a slight rebuke of mind, for the folly or the guilt of venturing into scenes so little congenial with the temperature of my mind—a recollection of the gardens of the Conde, the frightful catastrophe which I had witnessed there, and through all, and more than all, the beauty of Catalina, so touching yet so animated, so tender yet so bewitching, came with a succession of lights and shades across my mental vision, that singularly disturbed me. I was on the point of yielding to the impression, and leaving my gallant captain to make his way, and make my apologies to the fair lady of the mansion, when, as if he had watched my countenance, he suddenly touched a cord, and the curtain flew up. All was astonishment.

I had come through the dark and half-ruined streets of the most ruinous quarter of Madrid—I had

plunged into a suit of obscure passages, and traversed half-a-dozen dilapidated halls, where every wind of heaven was at liberty to wander at will, and now, after winding up a long spiral of stairs, that seemed the steps to some mouldering tower of romance, or no unlikely avenue to the cells of some feudal prison, the touch of a finger, and the turn of a spring, had opened to me a palace of enchantment. We stood in what seemed the private box of a small *salle d'opéra*. The *salle* was exquisitely decorated; yet with such simplicity, that I might have imagined it built at the moment by a fairy architect. To this hour I cannot define the source of its singular beauty—rich without heaviness, and luxurious without profusion: all the common ornaments of gilding and rose-wreaths were excluded. No gaudy colour, no glaring attempt at the superb, oppressed the eye—all was elegance; and if we might attach the idea to such things, all was feeling. But the figure in the centre was worthy of the shrine. A crowd of persons, habited in the costumes of a fancy ball, sat in niches, or on rows of seats round this delicious saloon. They had been dancing in some other of the apartments; but on the signal of the harp touched by the enchantress, who now let her light hands flutter over the strings, every sound of the dance had been hushed, and all the dancers had crowded to hear the señora's *seguidilla*. She was apparently young, with the brilliant complexion, which is so much more rare than the brilliant eye, in the land of the South. She was evidently a very fine performer on the noble instrument with which she accompanied her song; but all consideration of mere instrumental skill was lost in the effect of her thrilling and delicious voice. I had heard all the masters and mistresses of the art during the years of my Continental sojourn, but, for the first

time, I now heard a minstrel, who made me forget all that belonged to mechanism in the minstrelsy. After the first few minutes, I was perfectly unconscious whether her instrument was wood or wire, silver-stringed, or "all of air compact," or whether she touched an instrument at all—so sweet, delicate, and refined was the expression of her song. The words of that song were not unsuited to the fantastic and unchained sweetness of the melody. It was some mingling of story with passion—the night soliloquy of some Donna Inez of unhappy love, thinking of the distance between the castle, or the convent, in which she was immured, and her cavalier, some shewy knight of Alcantara, the handsomest of the handsome, and boldest of the bold, who was roving sea and land, toiling through forest, and climbing mountain, in search of an imaginary love, while the true one, the gazer on his image in every star, and the hearer of his voice in every gale, was sinking into her early grave, the victim of undivulged passion at home. The words were in that recitative, which is so harmonious in Spanish lips, prose in aspect, poetry to the thought, and by the simple contrivance of making the same vowels constantly recur, forming an endless chain of wandering, but rich and passionate, thought, which falls on the ear like the murmurs of a distant stream,* or a breeze among roses and vines, or the strange sweet sounds of midnight, or any other of those things which best belong to the reveries of nature and love in the country of sunshine, vineyard, orange groves, and the loveliest moonshine that dips hill and dale in silver from the Arctic to the Equator.

It was something in this unfettered and figurative style—"When the image of Alonzo smiles upon me, I am no longer unhappy, the world is no longer a desert. All things smile. I hear delicious music in the air. Life is at best a dream; but at those hours it is a dream of joy. . . . It is night; all the sounds of earth have died. The worlds above alone shine. The heart alone lives now. The wretched forget their cares, the soldier sleeps on the field, the sailor slumbers on the billow, the prisoner forgets his chain. But love awakes;

one star, solitary, splendid, is stooping above my head. Is it the retreat of beings who have escaped from the agonies of earth? Are spirits reposing there which have wept away life, and now rest where passion fevers the heart no more? Does Alonzo gaze upon it at this hour of silent beauty? In what forest of the western wilderness is he now reclining beneath the palm? Or on what surge of the mighty Pacific is his bark tossing, while he thinks of Spain?"

She paused for a moment, with the skill of an incomparable actress; first, hung her head, as if overpowered with emotion, then suddenly throwing back the clustering ringlets from a forehead worthy of a Greek statue, her fine eye lighting with sudden inspiration, and her whole form gracefully undulating as if she floated on a sea of delight, the siren launched forth into rapture and harmony. "The rosy dawn, the fragrant breath, the living glow of passion, pass before my mind. Those are the hours when the world disappears. Alonzo has reached his native shore. He rejoices again to hear his native tongue around him. He looks on every hill, and rivulet, and tree of his country, like the pilgrim returned from the holy shrine, to rejoice that his pilgrimage is done, and he shall rest for ever. But he has dearer thoughts, he thinks upon the heart that flies to meet him." Her eye now remained fixed, as if she saw the approaching vision of her lover. Flinging her hand across the harp, which poured out a sudden gush of rich harmonies, and filled the air, and every sense of every listener, with exquisite preparation for the still more powerful influence to come, she sang a few faint notes of delicious and trembling expression, preluding the finale. "He has come. Words were not made for thoughts and times like those. After all his dangers, after all my anguish, after the thousand terrors of a heart bound to him by every hope and feeling of existence, he is here. Now let life do its worst. I am happy beyond the power of misfortune. But he is silent; his cheek is pale, his hand is chill. He gazes on me with an eye of fainting lustre. He presses my hand with a look of despair. He is

dying. He has brought death with him from the south. The fiery sun has burned up his veins; the poisoned air has wasted away his life. He draws the mantle from his bosom; the Indian arrow rankles there still. He has hastened home, only to tell me that he loved to the last, and to die at my side. Come, mighty darkness, thou ocean where all things perish, enfold us both. Come, solemn night, where no voices are heard. Come, unlovely shroud. No: come thou glorious star, in whose bowers the spirits of the unhappy taste of the fount of joy, of youth and love for ever; stoop above us, and summon us together from the world." At the words she bent herself forward, as if taking a last embrace of the dead, touched a few funeral notes, which were heard in silence, broken only by the sobs of the women; then, when the effect of this fine transition had been fully produced, she seemed suddenly to acquire a new inspiration, gazed upward, and almost overpowered her audience by a tumult of triumphant chords, while, with her splendid eye straining above, she followed the flight of the risen spirit with a voice that rolled like incense, richly and solemnly waving its way towards heaven.

The enchantment lasted, though the harmony ceased; and I had turned dreamer too. The singer was certainly one of the handsomest creatures that grace and nature could have formed even in the country of captivation. By what means she, who appeared fitted to flourish in the courts of princes, or to give law to the princes themselves, could have found her designation in the *collisses* of what, at best, looked to be a private theatre, was one of those problems which, whenever they come athwart one, are wonderfully apt to excite a strong curiosity. I was guarded from any very hazardous excess of that curiosity by other feelings; still, where beauty, exquisite accomplishment, powerful sensibility, and matchless taste, conspired to the attraction, I may not be blamed more than other philosophers, for being on the point of enquiring of my friend, the gallant capitan, how all these things could be.

His quickness saved me from all

the embarrassment of enquiry. "Now that you have heard La Crescembini," said he, fixing his full and searching eyes upon me, "how old do you think her?" The question of her chronology had never occurred among my reveries. However, he did not wait for my answer. "At some other time you shall hear her history," interrupted he. "She is handsome, and clever too. He," and he laid a peculiar stress on the word—"We find her of prodigious use; for she is the most sublime of politicians, a first-rate friend to liberty; and if you heard one of her patriotic airs, the first thing even your gravity would ask for, would probably be leave to wear our cockade, and carry a musket in the ranks of the regenerators."

"That would require no miracle," was my reply. "I am more than half inclined already to be as mad as the maddest of you. But the distinction between us is, that when Englishmen begin those matters, they are not satisfied unless they go through with them."

"So you think," said Altuna, with a flush on his cheek, "the Spaniard is like his own guitar, good for nothing when left to himself—soulless and soundless; but when some hand strikes across his sensibilities a clever combination of parts, that will play any tune, whether the minstrel be king, priest, or peasant—aye, monk or mime, all due to the Spaniard; aye, and when the tune is over, the best thing to be done is to hang up the instrument."

My deprecation of this rapid reasoning was unheard; for he suddenly took me by the hand, forced me by surprise through the door, and, closing it as suddenly, shut out the whole glittering vision, with La Crescembini in its centre, completely from my view. "What is next to be seen?" said I.

"What no man in his senses can object to see," was the answer; "your supper—But hush—I think we are near the Saloon of the Committee, and they are gentlemen who value the freedom of debate so highly, that if they thought a stranger were listening, nothing but the Virgin herself could save you from having your throat cut."

"Well, then," said I, "as I desire

neither to listen nor to pay for listening, had we not better leave the spot altogether?"

"All in good time," replied Altuna; "but they are gallant fellows, though a little too fond of the poniard on those occasions; and coming in under my wing, I can promise that you will be safe enough. In the meanwhile, as some little preparation is necessary, wait here for a few moments, until I announce you."

I had no inclination to be either announced or received; but what was to be done with a fellow as volatile as a feather? Before I could utter a syllable, he had darted down a corridor, which I saw glimmering far before me by the light of one of those scanty lamps which Spain fashions for the benefit of her bravoes. I was now alone, and the change from the shewy saloon to the dim vista, which stretched away endlessly into the labyrinths of this singular abode, was almost as theatrical as the first display of the señora herself. But I was not long left to my meditations. I had gone forward but a few paces, exploring the corridor, when a partition in the wall quickly opened, and three men rather rolled than stepped out of it. "Demonio!" exclaimed one of them. "Here he is—I told you the truth." "A spy of the police!" exclaimed the second. "Down with him," was the cry of the third. On which the whole three, flinging their cloaks on the floor, and drawing their poniards, advanced on me in order of battle. My situation was now embarrassing enough. I uttered a few words of remonstrance, but they had made up their minds on the subject, and never was English gentleman in a more delicate situation with respect to his personal safety. Let it be no imputation on my heroism that I would have made a rapid retreat, if that had been in my power, but a glance round convinced me that the attempt was hopeless. The door by which Altuna had brought me into this detestable corridor was as flat and fixed as if it had been a part of the wall. The way by which he had vanished had the look of an avenue to a dungeon, and, besides, had my three executioners in its front. I was totally unarmed, and then regretted with perfect sincerity that I had bro-

ken a vow registered on my tablets, at my first setting foot on Spanish ground, of trusting to a pair of English percussion locks, in preference to the oath of any grandee from Andalusia to the Asturias.

I had now recovered my presence of mind, and, with all of the language that I could muster, continued to deprecate this summary method of extinguishing political eavesdropping. I told them that I was an Englishman. The name had for once lost its charm. They curled up their mustaches to their foreheads, and brandished their abominable stilettoes, which I saw sparkling in the meagre lamp, like little basilisks. I told them that I neither knew nor cared more than the dust I trode on, about Spanish politics; that I had come there only to hear a song, and eat a supper; and that as I had done the one, they might satisfy themselves by seeing me do the other the moment they pleased. This sally, which touched the national honour, was injudicious; but what man can have his wits about him for ever? and I was in a situation which might have perplexed a privy counsellor of the empire.

They flung themselves into attitudes of double defiance, and adopting a new tactique, perfectly national, attempted to outflank me on both sides, while the third manœuvred on my rear. There was now no time to be lost. I sprang to the opposite side of the corridor, and in the act levelled a blow of my naked hand at the assailant, which, coming in a fortunate place, full in his capacious throat, flung him headlong and heavily on the ground. This was a surprise on my antagonists, which gave me time to shift my position, and taking post in a kind of niche in the wall, I now relied on the desperate chance of continuing the struggle until Altuna should return. The two combatants whom I had left standing, now advanced again, stiletto in hand, and if oaths and gestures could give sign of their determination, fully resolved on extinguishing my career. I now called for Altuna, but the capitán was not to be brought back by any invocation of mine. The bravoes, for I saw that this was their profession, now attempted to parley.

"Señor Inglice," said one of them, a tall ruffian, with a huge scar over the eyebrow, deepening the natural felonious intent of his visage, "you see resistance is useless. So you had better save trouble, and come to an understanding. That diamond brooch would suit my wife vastly. I should like to borrow it for an hour or two."

"I'll lay my new calèche to your old one, Tomaso," said the other ruffian, with a grin, "that the señor has had that brooch from a princess, and would rather give me his gold repeater. Prove my words, señor," said he, "and you shall be the happier man for it, within the next five minutes."

I actually burst into a laugh at the oddity of the villain's effrontery; in which the heroes of the poniard joined. But the laughter on their parts was in the way of their trade; for they both made a spring at the moment, had the brooch and watch in their fingers, and had them transferred to their own pockets with the dexterity of proficient in the art of highway robbery.

"Your purse," was then the cry of both. I had no power of resistance, and handed them the purse.

"Diego," said one of them, "now we must earn our pay. The heretic must die."

Roused by this plain declaration, I sprang upon them. The purse fell, its contents flew about the floor. This was unlucky, for the third, stimulated by the sound, now rising, the whole three forced themselves in upon me. I now struggled for life; one of the ruffians had already driven his weapon through my hand, and another stooping down clung round my knees. Bleeding, and thus hampered, I felt my strength giving way. I fought furiously, but a strange giddiness began to make the corridor swim round me. At that moment, and in the consciousness that the next might be my last, I wrested the blade from the hand of the bravo who had wounded me, and drove it straight down his open mouth, with a force which left it fixed there. He staggered away, and fell on the ground with a howl. The force of the blow threw me back at the same time; and to my surprise

I felt the wall shake. I was again weaponless, my head whirled round, and my last sensations were those of returning a desperate blow, and falling backwards through the partition.

I probably remained for some time in a state of insensibility, for my senses returned but slowly. First came the glimmer of a feeble light; then confused sounds; then the figure of the Señor Don Altuna at full length, standing by my side, flourishing his sabre, and exulting in having taken summary vengeance of all my enemies on this side of the Line. I wished that he had come somewhat earlier; but as the affair was over, it was not worth the expenditure of much sorrow, and I suffered him to act the surgeon for me, which he did with infinite assiduity.

I now discovered the means by which I had got out of the corridor; the niche in which I had taken up my final position, was luckily the entrance to the chamber in which I found myself. All in this singular mansion, or nest of mansions, was constructed on the principle of privacy. It had as many trapdoors as a stage, or a haunt of banditti; the principal part of the huge dwelling itself had been built for an undisturbed receptacle for those victims of the Inquisition, which it was the high pleasure of the saintly governors of the Spanish conscience to keep under bolt and bar for the term of their lives; and every wall was honeycombed. All was a system of cells, very curious, very comfortless, very silent, and containing any thing but bees and the produce of their labours. The adventure had come to its natural conclusion, and it would have been prudent to turn on our steps, leave La Crescenbini to her own captivations, and like a pair of dilapidated spendthrifts, quietly make the best of our way to our hotel. But against this I had a strange reluctance. Among the first sounds that reminded me of my being still in the land of the living, a whisper had seemed to come, which, low as it was, also reminded me of the fairest creature that trode the earth. The voice was scarcely audible, yet it sank into my panting heart. Even at that moment of exhaustion, I tried to exclaim "Cata-

lina." But the word would not come. With my wavering eyes, I thought I could discern a figure, wrapped to the eyes in a long scarf, but when I closed them in faintness, the next view which they gave me was of the gallant cavalier flourishing his sword, chafed with the glow of what I took for granted was recent combat, and resembling any thing on earth rather than the object of my dream.

The proposal to return to our hotel was negated by me at once, and the negation was gaily received by my lively friend. "Well," said he, "you have grown an enthusiast at last; true Englishman, steady to your point, loss of blood with your nation only rouses them to perseverance; defeat is the parent of energy, and the heavier your fall upon the earth, the higher is your rebound. But are you sufficiently recovered for another scene, a little more animated, though perhaps a little less refined, than the mistreisy of La Crescembini?" He kicked open one of the hundred doors that perforated the house in all directions, and shewed me into a little apartment elegantly fired up, and with a small supper-table laid out; taking a flask of Champagne from the buffet, he poured out a couple of glasses, and we drank to the charms of the lady of the palace. The wine put all my remaining weakness and wisdom to the rout together, and I bade him lead on. Another glass fortified us both for all kinds of adventure; we reached the end of a passage prepared, like all the rest, by dimness, to give effect to the flash of radiance that was to meet us the moment after. A bell was rung, and we were in the grand *salon*. The effect was, what it was intended to be, completely dramatic. The room was large, crowded, and magnificently furnished. But its assemblage were the amusing part of the scene. It exhibited some of the handsomest women whom I had seen in Spain, and some of the most shewy-looking men. There was a vast display of dress and decoration on all sides, but it was evident that the law of the night was to follow every fantasy, without the most trivial respect for etiquette; some dined, some lounged on the velvet sofas which lay scattered in all quarters of the

salon. Some conversed in groups, and some discussed with evident skill the virtues of the incomparable wines, with which an army of menials in silk and silver penetrated every corner of this beautiful hall. Accustomed as I had been of late years to the glittering portions of foreign life, I was absolutely dazzled. But when I had recovered sufficient composure to distinguish things, I saw, obviously enough, that this assemblage had other purposes than to while away an evening. All, both male and female, wore a small crimson heart, wrought on some part of their dress. I could perceive a species of masonic sign passing between the parties, as they recognised each other on entrance, for the room continued to fill for hours; and even the familiarity that belongs to foreign conversation was palpably tinged with diplomatic mystery. Yet the individual groups would have formed matchless models for a sculptor of the generation of *Far nientes*. Before me waltzed a pair, whom I could almost believe to have exchanged dresses before they began their gyrations. The lady was broad, bold, and loud—loud in her laugh, and louder in her tongue. The gentleman was slight, delicate, and girlish; with a smile that seemed to be soliciting the sensibilities of the human race, and a voice fit for nothing more violent than a serenade. On an ottoman under an enormous chandelier which showered light on her diamond tiara, and jewelled hands and arms, sat, or rather lay, a gigantic woman, with a brow clouded with indignation at some narrative, which a *Moresco*-visaged man was pouring into her ear. A beautiful girl, in a dress worthy of a sylph, a vesture as bright, and almost as aerial, as the rainbow, sat, suspending a small theorbo in her hands, while she paused from a cavatina to listen to the communication. At a table of malachite, on which stood a huge candelabrum, embossed with Greek masks and vine branches, a pair were engaged in a game of chess, which evidently allowed the performance of a dialogue of a more interesting order. The cavalier was stately, and of middle age, decorated with various stars, and of the highest air of fashionable life; the lady was sumptuously dressed, fiercely rouged, and

with a pair of eyes, whose blackness and brilliancy contrasting with the crimson of her cheeks, gave her the physiognomy which we involuntarily picture for a dealer in magic; a summoner of spells and spirits; a poetic bond-slave of darkness. The room was crowded with groups scarcely less peculiar, and all pursuing their various objects under cover of a perpetual strife of tongues, music, and dancing.

Altuna had flown away from me, in his usual style of levity, the moment we had entered the room. I saw him navigating his way far among the tables, ottomans, harps and harpistes, until he was lost sight of amid a cloud of heron and ostrich plumes, which waved with a double confusion of pleasure as this gayest of the gay plunged among them. At length he returned towards the spot where I stood, occupied chiefly, I must acknowledge, with contemplating the graces of the young theorbo player, who had now heard what she probably deemed enough of the conversation beside her, and was amusing herself, and delighting a group whose numbers continually increased, with her exquisite voice and finger. In this exercise, all the attractions of a fine hand and arm are naturally developed, and the young performer might have administered in these points to the imagination of a Raphael. The captain caught my eye, and burst into laughter.

"So," said he, "I see La Leonina has captured you. No wonder. There is not a prettier fandango dancer in Madrid."

"What! a fandango dancer?" I exclaimed with unfeigned surprise. "That delicate creature a fandango dancer! That being, whose fine blue eyes are scarcely more celestial than her form; that being who seems all sensibility, timidity, and elegance!"

"It is true, nevertheless," was the answer. "But she is as wily as a serpent, and, unless you are determined to leave your life or your last piastre in Spain, you will consult your comforts exceedingly by leaving La Leonina to toy with her theorbo for those caballeros and damas, and come with me to the table where I hear them already exploding their batteries of champagne."

The waltzing pair, whom I had already observed, now came whirling towards us, and fairly swept me out of the discussion. "Ah!" whispered Altuna, "you must contrive to get yourself introduced there. The don, dance as he may, is one of our first-rate patriots. The dama is a philosopher, of course superior to the prejudices of the sex, sufficiently to think that politics are a female vocation; and superior to superstition, sufficiently to think that priests would be worth getting rid of, if it were only for the sake of getting rid of matrimony."

"She is then in the chain?" I asked.

"Yes, and to her infinite indignation," was the answer. "She has been married those ten years to a Duke; this is her first grievance. For instead of years, she had calculated only upon hours. Her next disappointment was an Italian title; though she has a length and depth of honours that would exhaust the lungs of a court chamberlain. Her present calamity is that of being excluded by her sex from taking her seat in the Cortes, and settling the national affairs on the model of her boudoir. In that case, Don Sylva would be first secretary to the cabinet."

The lady and the don had now gone far enough out of hearing for my enquiring into his memoir.

"Nothing easier," was the reply. "He is my colonel, and was a footman! Nature gave him a shewy exterior, as you may see, and, on the whole, he would have made a pretty housemaid. But his genius was warlike; he longed for an epaulet. He was too handsome to be refused. He became a standard-bearer in the Guards. His career then was open. He had nothing to do for glory, red ribands, and promotion, but to practise the guitar, waltz, as he does, with great skill and equal diligence, import his rouge from the first French dealers in the article, and declare himself the humblest of slaves to the haughtiest of señoras, the Duquesa de Vigolera, with whom you see him sweeping away through yonder mob at this moment."

"But the chess players?" said I.

"Aye," replied my cicerone,

"you may thank me for letting you so much into native character. The chevalier, who wears so lofty an air, is a barber." He saw my look of incredulity. "Was, I should say. He is now on the point of sustaining the diplomatic honours of the country at the Court of France. I ought to have told you, however, that he shaved nothing less than princes of the blood. His razor never crossed plebeian chins. For twenty years he performed this important office, and, to his credit be it spoken, performed it well. At the end of the twenty years, fortune smiled still more fondly. He was promoted to the office of tonsor to his most Catholic Majesty. In Spain, the man nearest the royal mouth is nearest the royal heart—he has the command of the only road of communication. From the King's mustaches the transition was easy into the King's secrets. Joaquim the barber was transformed into Don Joaquim the privy counsellor. The velvet of preferment was now laid under his feet. He trode it with the discretion of a royal barber, until the time for other qualities came. Revolution flourished the red cap over the brown; statesmen were required to give Spain the knowledge, that, with all her cigars and sunshine, she was the most unhappy nation under the moon. The don was conceived to have imbibed statesmanship from his office, and, as he was the most ready of renegades, the rabble pronounced him the most sublime of patriots. So runs the world away."

"But the lady," said I—"of course not his wife. But that haughty air, since queens do not shave, must have been drawn from other sources than her cultivating the mustaches of her Majesty. She is evidently one of your court ornaments."

"Yes," said Altuna. "She is well enough acquainted with courts. I have seen her queening it herself on half the stages of Spain; and, from the Queen of Sheba at a Valencian fair, to Statira and Semiramis in the royal opera, she has carried the crown and sceptre those forty years."

"She seems to have thriven, like her friend Don Joaquim, by her court life," said I.

"Oh, vastly!" was the answer. "She began the world in a baggage

waggon at the tail of the Alcantara cavalry regiment. Her mother sold her to the purveyor of the corps for a flask of Xeres wine. The purveyor disposed of his bargain to a travelling gipsy, who, in the summer, by the help of a double length of beard, a ragged gown, and a plausible tongue, acted the pilgrim to the shrine of St Jaques of Toledo, St Peter's at Rome, or any spot that best pleased the public ear at the time. In the winter he laid aside his saintly costume—raised contributions on the saintly no more—took his share in the humours of this odd world—lived on the sinners, and delighted Spain with a monkey, a dancing dog, and a tabor. Under such auspices the young daughter of the cavalry acquired all varieties of knowledge, and, possessing remarkable beauty—now, it must be owned, a little in the wane—remarkable sagacity, which she never failed to turn to the best advantage, and a thorough acquaintance with the heights and depths of human society, which will make her memoirs the most amusing and the most dreaded things in the world, sits down a Millionaire."

"But what brings her here?" was the natural question.

"She is a *diplomate* of the first magnitude," was the reply. "Half the places about court have been sold by her for the last twenty years. Even the don himself had to thank her good opinion for his honours. She is as avaricious as Mammon, and must be paid; but she transacts her affairs with remarkable promptitude, and I impute to her exquisite punctuality the loss of a diamond watch and the cleverest valet I ever had. I saw him to-day, just a week after he had brushed my uniform, gazetted as a cornet in the royal hussars. I missed my repeater at the same moment, and I have not the slightest doubt that the one made its way into the pocket of La Teresina yonder, at the same time with my rascal's assuming the hussar. Wretched system!" he murmured, with a voice of struggling indignation. "Wretched nation—wretched King! Can you wonder, Señor Inglese,"—and he turned his eyes on me, almost blazing with bitter wrath as he spoke,—"can any man with a spark of human feeling about him, wonder, that

the seeds of wrath should be sown thick and broad in a land like this?—that where all the national avenues to honour are shut upon the man of honour, and open only to the man of intrigue—that where a mistress or a monk is the fount of all distinction, brave men should disdain, and honest men should despair?"

He poured out a bumper of Burgundy—I followed his example, and we drank to the regeneration of Spain.

The night was now waning. My wound began to remind me of the hazard of excess, and I proposed to return home. Altuna proposed another bumper at parting. It was accepted. I found its taste strangely fiery; but no man deliberates to much purpose with the glass at his lips; it was swallowed, and we left this curious, and certainly most picturesque collection of Spanish living curiosities. Even after I had left the huge *salon*, the vividness and variety of its displays, the rich dresses, the strange contrasts of countenance and manner, and the occasional beauty, thrown into strong effect by the jewels, the rouge, and the powerful blaze of the candelabra, resembled one of the pictures of Paul Veronese, if we could conceive the figures suddenly animated. While under the double effect of the weakness occasioned by my loss of blood, and the influence of my patriotic bumper, I was following my guide through the eternal windings of those passages which perforated the building in all quarters, and which seemed to be in tenfold darkness, on our emerging from the rich illumination of the assembly, I suddenly felt the floor shake under me. Altuna was a few yards before me, quietly lighting his cigar at one of those detestable little lamps, which in Spain seem made to tell you of the existence of light only by its expiring. To my surprise, I saw him reel, plunge headlong, and go down, as he had received a bullet through his brains. I sprang forward to support him, thinking that he had received a stab of a stiletto. But I had scarcely set my foot upon the spot where he had disappeared, when the whole flooring shelled under me, and I was slid down at least a dozen feet.

Luckily, the fall was more gradual than I had expected at the first heave, and I came upon my feet. The floor above closed with a slight shock, and I was left in utter darkness. What the purpose of all this might be, I was entirely at a loss to comprehend. But, that it augured no good to me, whatever it might to the banditti, of whom I began to think I had sufficient reason to believe the whole mansion a regular haunt, I was fully convinced. I am not much in the habit of indulging in strange conjectures; but while I was probing my way through this subterranean, to very little effect, so far as progress was concerned, the thought occasionally came rather painfully into my mind, that the capitan had more to do with those matters than became his professed passion for my merits, or the cloth he wore in the royal guard. His evident eagerness to bring me into contact with the extraordinary assemblage of the night; his eccentric language; his singular turn for exploring dark passages, and his equally singular escape from the fall into this pit, where I expected to find his bones broken, all perplexed exceedingly whatever powers of council I had remaining. For some time, I continued alternately feeling every corner of this profound and puzzling location, yet without discovering any thing beyond the fact, that a grating, half way up the side, closed what had once been a kind of aperture for the admission of such light and air as could pierce a dozen feet under ground. Now, however, assurance had been made double sure; the aperture was closed up with stone solid as the native rock, and I was to have the combined fates of famine and suffocation. I make no pretence to more philosophy than other men; but I must acknowledge, that I felt prodigiously disposed to be angry, first, with my own infinite credulity in believing a syllable which had been said during the night by the Señor Altuna, next, with the graceful scoundrelism which had entrapped me into this detestable place, and lastly, with the whole system of manners, principles, and politics in the Peninsula of light and liberalism.

Time wore away, and the comfortless thought began to dawn upon

me, that I was destined to close my career in this horrible hole. Nothing could be more ungenial to all my perceptions. My dreams of heroism had closed half-a-dozen years before, when, after the last rocket was sent up in honour of the peace, and Napoleon was fairly under weigh for the rocks of St Helena, I returned my sabre into the sheath, hung my shako up in my paternal halls, and took leave of the Dragoons, to sit down upon my paternal acres, and be a Cincinnatus for life. Of Parliament I had seen enough, to know that there is no spot of earth where a legislator may sooner get a headache, and to less purpose.

Diplomatic dinners, fancy balls, and *fêtes champêtres*, all had taken their turn, and all been pronounced vanity, if not vexation of spirit. But at this moment, they revived upon me with a remarkable pungency of recollection. I would have sat out the dullest debate ever engendered by the corn laws, or the claims of that new fourth estate of England which pauperism and public orators have nearly erected into the first, to have found my foot on the pavements of Madrid, or to have been sounding my perilous passage homeward through the narrowest defile of its rugged and gloomy lanes. At length even those thoughts passed away. All that was slight and trivial in my contemplations was changed into the successive shades of strong irritation, alarm, fierce anger, and absolute despair. For a long time I had balanced between the probabilities, that Altuna had been tempted by the wine, the time, and his own passion for frolic, to play a rough jest on me; or that, by some unaccountable mistake, a place obviously intended for a criminal, had been turned into the prison of an English gentleman, unconnected with either the party of the populace, or the party of the monks. I had not omitted, in the meantime, the common expedients to avoid dying unknown. I had shouted with the full strength of my lungs; I had beaten the walls of my dungeon with the fragment of the little bench which constituted its sole furniture. I had howled and harangued, and struggled, and torn, while hope remained; and not till hope and strength died together, had

I intermitted my labours. At length, after the third or fourth routine of this exercise, which seemed as unproductive as the first, I flung myself on the ground, and tried to imagine with what complacency I could resign myself to the prospect of dying like a poisoned rat in a burrow. This lasted for a few minutes; but my magnanimity then gave way, and I felt practically, how much easier it is to talk of martyrdom than to undergo its preliminaries. Perhaps I might have had the hardihood to mount the scaffold, the proper occasion being shewn; but my experience fully told me, that solitary confinement was not made for my calibre, and I determined, that if I were ever to get to the sight of the open sky again, the age of persecution should not find me among its candidates.

At this moment a slight gleam of radiance, fine as a hair, passed along the side of the cell. With the quickness of an eye now sharpened to the discovery of every object round me, I saw a fissure in the wall, which seemed a door that had been lately built up. I instantly sprung on my feet, and clung to the spot. Fancy is an eager thing; but no man knows its zeal until he has tried it, in the hope of an escape from being buried alive. This door, I was perfectly convinced, must lead to the open air. Nothing but a few loose stones, therefore, made the difference between my leaving my mortal remains within the jaws of a Spanish dungeon, and my carrying them back to the calm halls and broad demesnes of my forefathers. I worked with furious energy: for the first half hour I seemed to work at a wall of adamant. But what will not labour do, when the labourer is thoroughly in earnest? I began to make progress. Never had I experienced a more rapturous sensation, than when the first fragment of stone dropped out of this intolerable wall at my feet. I uttered a frantic exclamation of joy. I felt like one rescued from a sinking ship, or hearing a verdict of acquittal in a case of life and death, or in any one of the agonizing delights formed of the mere intensity of emotion. The wall now began to give way in larger masses. At length, with an

effort which exhausted my whole remaining strength, I rushed against it, and drove it in. I had overbalanced myself in the effort, and followed the wall. It carried me through the breach triumphantly to the other side. But never were hopes so suddenly extinguished. The space into which I was thrown was to the full as dark as the former one. It was even worse, for it evidently lay deeper in the earth by a number of steps, down which I had rolled, and by the sickly smell of air, which no ventilation of the gales above had ever shaken. Yet this was not all that was to appal me in this horrible place. As I crept round the dungeon—for I was now scarcely able to stand—I stumbled against something which sprung together with a loud rattling of chains and springs. I recoiled for the moment; but on my approaching it more cautiously, I was convinced, from its resemblance to the machinery of torture, which had been brought from the cells of the "Grand Inquisition," that this instrument was of the same class, and that I was in one of the caverns of the Brotherhood. My blood ran cold. Was I now in the very spot where this most hideous tyranny exerted its most hideous cruelty? In this den, hidden from the light of heaven, and where no cry could reach the human ear, had unhappy beings breathed out existence in the wildest torments of human nature! The thought, conspiring with the strange excitement of the earlier part of the night, the anxieties which had followed, and the fierce fever of terror and indignation which was now firing every artery of my frame, probably shook the soberness of my understanding for the time; and as I fixed my eyes, even in the utter darkness, on the machine, I began to think that the whole process of agony was before me. What can set limits to the force and keenness, the bitter, realizing power of the imagination, when once set in movement? Let those who have ever felt the nightmare, deny, if they can, the singular faculty of wretchedness, the power of accumulating woe on woe, the fearful and intense misery which the mind can embody for itself out of airy shapes, and the perturbations of an unsound

slumber. I was now under an influence scarcely less abstracted from the common things of life, and scarcely less surcharged with the impulses of desertion, terror, and despair. A glance that reverted to the world, only served to increase the depth and power of my present sensations. An hour before, I had been free as air, enjoying life, with every appurtenance and prospect of long enjoyment, in the midst of brilliancy and beauty, dancing and feasting, amusing myself with looking over one of the curious pictures of animated life, and listening with the ear of a critic to characters, whose bearers I was scrutinizing with the eye of a connoisseur. Where was the picture now? A door, a few steps to the right or left, and either treachery or accident had separated me forever from the whole scene of human life. But this morning I was opulent, free, fortunate, an object of envy to the multitude, who gazed at my horses, my domestics, and the other common appendages to a man of condition. Now the meanest beggar that crept through the streets above my head would not exchange with me. The contrast worked so strongly on my mind, that more than once I conceived that I was actually in a dream, and put forth my hands to examine myself that I was awake. But there the conviction came with unanswerable clearness. I felt the straps, the wheels, the chains, the horrid screws that twisted not iron but flesh; the springs that tore asunder, not brute matter, but living muscle; the devilish engine, every turn of which was answered by human groans; the whole hideous combination of implements to torture the mind. The vision grew upon me. In darkness as intense as if light had never been created, I seemed to see the victim stretched on that bed of torment. The features gradually dawned upon me. I saw the sunken eye fixed on heaven—the writhing brow covered with drops, such as are wrung from the heart and brain by intolerable suffering—the lips pale as death, and writhing, yet trying to send forth a prayer for a speedy escape into the grave. The countenance was lofty and intellectual; the cheek was hollow as with long study, but the eye shot the fires of

genius. I saw the lips move, thin and dry with pain, but they were filled with the words of eloquence and feeling. He was a parent: he implored the protection of Heaven for his wife and children. I saw the tears burst out in a sudden stream as he uttered the words. He was a patriot: he prayed that the time might come, when true wisdom would teach true humanity, and the reign of force would give way to the reign of justice. As he spoke, I saw a single flush of generous and bold indignation redden his whole countenance. He had one prayer more. He was a Christian. In accents deep and solemn, but which were fast sinking into the whispers of death, I heard him supplicate the common father of all to visit his country with a sacred knowledge which was not to be retarded by the rack and the scaffold, take the veil from the blinded eyes of power, and give the light of faith and holiness, pure, free, and universal, to all the sons of men. As he pronounced the words, I heard a sudden sound of many feet; a crowd of muffled figures seemed to grow out of the darkness, and rush round the engine. I saw the victim clasped down to it with double chains; I heard the infernal springs and wheels creaking to give him another round of torture. I saw him, to the last, resigned; his large eye still fixed above, his lips moving with unutterable prayer, his withered hands clasped together; his whole frame, his countenance, his thought, all in one high aspiration for heaven. The executioners now applied themselves to their task; I saw the huge windlass of the rack whirl round; I heard a crush, a groan that might have pierced to the centre of the earth. I found myself seized at the same moment by those invisible agents of misery. The reverie was gone; here at least all was reality. I was flung forward on the bed of iron, and felt as if life was passing away from me. Still I made one violent effort for liberty. I grasped the mantle of an assailant, who already had his grasp round my throat. The mantle was torn from his shoulders in the struggle. A small lamp, hung from his breast, shewed me a form strangely covered with shining emblems and

mystic figures. The sight would have startled me at another period, for, as he turned away, the whole frame of the man seemed to glow into a strange unnatural light, and the mystic figures to quiver with melancholy lustre. But this was no time even for fear. The intensity of terror had, by one of the anomalies of the human mind, given me a morbid courage. I should have plunged into a herd of lions at that hour; I should have rushed into a midnight sea; I should have battled with an army. The agony of the thought of dying alone, and in famine, in frenzy exclaiming against fate and fortune, where none could hear, perishing by inches, leaving my name to the thousand strange, contemptuous, and insulting explanations which the world, that, in its soul, loves a sneer, would be sure to invent for my unaccountable disappearance; the extinction of my being in the moment when life was scarcely more than opening on me; above all, one, one great engrossing thought, the hope which had been so rapidly born, and so rapidly extinguished, yet which still a cloudy combination of ideas had, from time to time, even on this night, so painfully and so powerfully revived—the memory of Catalina, the tone which still vibrated in my ears, an undefined impression that she might have been saved from the ruin of her household, and that my sun, which had been so long obscured, would set in clearness and serenity, gave life an interest in my eyes of pungency indescribable.

I struggled, but numbers prevailed. A cloak was thrown over my face, a scarf was strongly bound round my arms; and in this state I was raised from the ground, to which I had fallen during the contest, and carried with difficulty to some distance. My first conception had been that I was to be torn by the rack in the chamber, and I tried to raise my remonstrance against this atrocity. But the cloak was only the more tightly pressed upon my face, and I was half suffocated into a sense of the uselessness of appealing to either the fears or the feelings of my murderers. Yet I was obviously leaving this dreaded chamber. Sometimes dragged, sometimes carried, some-

times rolled down a long succession of steps, I was still going forward, though why, or whither, was the problem. The covering of my face left my fancy to do her will, and I had my choice of every startling mode of quitting the world that ever signalized the history of dungeons. At length I felt my bearers suddenly stop. A door creaked on its hinges; I was carried forward a few steps, and then seated. The cloak was now taken from my eyes. The sight that met them was sufficiently solemn.

In the centre of the room was a low scaffold—on it a guillotine. Two men, habited in long dark cloaks, stood at the foot of the scaffold with drawn sabres. An executioner was in the act of pulling up the axe of the instrument of death; and while I sat, still bound, and in no slight anxiety to know whether the whole preparation were not for myself, I was not deficient in the full inclination to plead my privileges as a Briton; but with my hands bound, and the heavy mantle still tight round my mouth, all appeal to feelings on the present occasion was hopeless. I sat a mute spectator, though by no means a tranquil one. In a few minutes a movement was heard beyond a huge curtain, which hung from the roof over a portion of this sepulchral chamber. The only light was from a torch, which burned, fixed in the scaffold, at the foot of the headsman. All was grim and ghastly,—all the parties wore masks,—and even this disguise added to the gravity of the scene, as if the act about to be perpetrated was one which rendered the actors naturally objects of horror or vengeance to their fellow-men. But the curtain was suddenly flung aside for a small space. A short shrill blast of a trumpet, and a clash of arms, followed; and, advancing from a narrow and dim passage, came a line of figures covered, like the attendants of the guillotine, in black cloaks, masked, and bearing pikes and sabres. As they reached the foot of the scaffold they divided, and I saw, with increasing astonishment, a human form suddenly lifted upon the scaffold, as suddenly seized by the attendants, and flung under the axe of the guillotine. However this might have decided my doubts

as to my being the intended subject of the revolutionary steel, I actually felt myself so much shocked at seeing this rapid termination to the existence of a human being brought thus to my eyes, that, for the instant, I forgot that at least a substitute had been provided for me. I actually cried out with involuntary emotion, and with a force which penetrated the folds of the mantle, and made the performers in this frightful tragedy pause in their occupation. A figure, which I had not before perceived, now seemed to rise from the ground, and stalking to the front of the scaffold, while the wretched victim of this cruelty still lay waiting the blow which was to separate him from the world, he pronounced the words,—“Let all whom the love of their country inspires, learn to reverence the majesty of truth. On this scaffold lies a traitor; he overheard the secret councils of patriotism, and revealed them to the Despot. Therefore, the vengeance of the free condemned him; the power of the mighty grasped him. Thus shall the betrayer of the mysteries of freedom perish from the earth; and thus shall the lover of tyranny feel that justice repays the chains of the Despot by the axe of the law.” At these words, pronounced in a solemn and sonorous voice, the trumpet sounded, the sabres clashed again, and the blade of the guillotine fell; a single slight groan was heard, and the head sprang off on the floor of the scaffold.

Struck with horror and surprise at this consummation, I plunged my face in the mantle, that I might shut out, if possible, the sight and its memory together. When I raised my eyes once more, the engine of death, the corpse, and the executioner, had disappeared. But the armed figures remained; and in front of them stood the Orator, ready to commence a harangue on the virtues of republicanism. That it could be worth the while of this regenerator of nations to waste his eloquence on the conversion of a simple individual like myself, would never have entered into my thoughts, had not the address at length applied all its allusions directly to my circumstances, as the native of a land of peculiar freedom, the natural protector

of human rights in every corner of the globe, and the natural hater of tyranny of all shapes and colours. Something of this was romance, and something was absurdity; but I never listened to public oratory with less inclination to think fretfully of the Cicero who was employing his skill to convert me. I felt the entire difference between persuasion and punishment, and infinitely preferred the sonorous tone of the harangue to the sharp short click of the steel. At the close, the Orator stamped strongly on the ground, and before me, as if by magic, rose a small altar, surmounted with an open volume. He lighted a torch at a tripod burning with a strong perfume, and holding it above my head, as if to let in light through the crevices of my brain, summoned me to enrol my name among the heroes of regeneration. As he spoke, the surrounding group waved their sabres in the air, and then pointed them at my breast,—a significant gesture, which very distinctly told me the alternative of refusing to be persuaded. The mantle was now withdrawn from my lips,—my hands were free. I glanced for a moment over the declaration, which was merely a general pledge to live and die for liberty. This seemed to me sufficiently innocent and commonplace, and I was about to put my signature to the volume, when I heard the report of a pistol which seemed to come from the ceiling, directly above my head. The omen was not a fortunate one. I paused—it appeared to be as little admired by my attendant patriots, for it produced an instant hesitation among them. While my hand was yet resting on the volume, I heard the voice of Altuna without; the curtain was thrown open, and he rushed in, followed by some files of soldiers. A brief skirmish began with the sabre-bearers, which soon ended in the flight of some, and the capture of the rest. In the tumult, the volume had fallen to the ground. Altuna darted to where it lay, cast a rapid look over the signatures, and then first appeared to have discovered me. He might well, indeed, have doubted my identity, torn and worn as I was by the night's work; but he made up for any tardiness of re-

cognition, by the boundless ardour of his reminiscences, when they had returned. He embraced me with more than Spanish assiduity—made a hundred enquiries as to my wounds, escapes, and wrongs of all kinds—imprecated vengeance in every shape on the contrivers of the artifice, by which his most excellent friend had been brought into such a state of peril, and could not sufficiently express his rejoicing that my name was not to be found in the volume, which he now informed me was nothing less than a list of conspirators against the royal life, under the pretence of zeal for the constitution. "The King is exasperated against those traitors," said Altuna, adding, with almost a shudder, that, if by any accident, the name of his excellent friend had been found among them, let the artifice which brought it there be what it might, royal vengeance might have fallen too quick to be anticipated. The captain was not much in the habit of appealing to the saints, but on this occasion his piety came upon him in a flood, and he shewed himself master of a bead-roll of sanctity which unfolded a new chapter in the accomplishments of my gallant protector. I was prodigiously edified, and grateful in proportion; his rapture at my recovery, for a minute more might have made me figure on the block, or stand the fire of a platoon of the royal guard on the Plaza, without much enquiry as to my national privileges, cancelled a whole host of eccentricities, and we were firmer friends than ever.

The affair of the night was naturally enough explained, in the trials of the conspirators, which took place in a few days—an extraordinary despatch of Spanish justice. They had held their meetings in the vaults adjoining the building where La Crescembini gave her weekly *reunions* of all that was fair and fantastic in Madrid—a palace of the graces where all the leaders of the new régime met weekly, for the purpose of carrying on the business of the nation in the old national way, under the garb of festivity. There patriot met patriot in a waltz, and laws emanated from a quadrille; there expeditions were planned under cover of a game of *loto*, and embassies were dispo-

sed of to the silvery tones of a harp, blending with the still more silvery tones of some siren of the opera, or some exquisite compound of beauty and the *beaux arts*, from the *coteries* of sea-washed Cadiz, of all cities the most festive. But sterner deeds were done below. In all revolutions there is an under current of a darker hue, which struggles against the upper. The shewy patriot is only the *stratum* of the surface—the dust, the clay, the pebble; the solid metal of Republicanism lies at a greater depth, yet ready to display itself on the first opportunity of real mischief. Orators figure and flourish on the outside. But it is in the depths of the mine that the explosion awaits its hour; then woe to the orators, and to the fools who trusted them; the fire-damp once touched by the spark, away go the haranguers into the elements, the conspirators against life are masters of the conspirators against principles, the dagger silences the quibble, the scaffold becomes the national logician, the reign of metaphor passes away, the reign of reason and treason has arrived. Strong sense and sound blows carry all before them; and the ruffian, trampling the hypocrite, is master of the land. On the present occasion the rebel had rather urged himself too rapidly into notice; and as all was constitution, toleration, conciliation, and the other softnesses of public overthrow for the time, it was thought proper by the friends of freedom to stop this too hot whirl of the wheel, until the fitting season had come. Spain hailed the discovery, and the trial, with the eagerness of all the mobs of earth for novelty, whether of Government, puppet-shews, or hanging. But the public curiosity was to be disappointed in the latter instance. In Spain, no man is hanged until his crime is forgotten. The custom is immemorial, and as such customs are not to be broken through for temporary convenience, the Spanish dungeons are filled with culprits who have commenced trades since their incarceration, have married, become the fathers of families, and carried on every course of life but their old one, with every prospect of seeing their great-grandchildren. But the prisons grow too full, or the

rabble want a holiday exhibition, or a new minister of justice wants an opportunity to shew his vigour for the first time and the last; or the priests denounce a failure in the Virgin's milk, or the annual tears of St Ursula, for the iniquity of the land, and the order arrives for a general clearance of the dungeons. Then patriarchs with hoary heads and shaking limbs, are astonished to find themselves called on to be strangled for assassinations or poisonings of fifty years before. Families of prison-birds are suddenly left without their venerable guide in the arts of living on the public. Wives are torn from the sides of the ancient pilferers with whom they had lived in the clank of the chain for the term of an honest man's natural life; and the gibbet is surrounded with octogenarian thievery, not at all distinguishable from the pilgrims to our Lady of Montserrat, or the summits of the Alpujarras; and rivaling in majesty of beard and honesty of principle, the most eminent of the Franciscans and Dominicans, who escort them to the confines of purgatory.

My last adventure had surfeited me of Spain. What had I to do with the fates of men, who cared more for the arrival of a packet of Havana cigars, than for the wealth, learning, or liberty, of half mankind? I felt a strong distaste for the grave frivolity and empty pretension of foreign life. I longed to return to the only country where enjoyment may be reconciled with manly pursuits, and where the human race does not drop, generation after generation, into the tomb, as useless as leaves from the tree. Yet whenever I conceived the determination as complete, I felt a lingering reluctance to quit the soil which held, living or dead, a being who had fastened a most resistless fetter on my mind. To drag the chain, and find it clinging to me until the last hour of my being, seemed to be so decisively my fate, that I was the less solicitous where I dragged it. My days had been suddenly and strangely clouded. No man, by habit and by nature, more disdained romance. No man was less inclined to exhibit himself as a mendicant on the world's sympathies, by the displays of a broken spirit. But there is no use in

attempting to account for feelings which must be experienced before they can be understood; and which, once experienced, are known to be among the most absorbing and overwhelming of the human mind.

Thus unsettled, making daily resolutions to fly from the sounds and sights of the capital, and suffering them to lapse away, I was sinking into a feverish disgust of the world, when Altuna, of whom I had not seen much since our late adventure, entered the room. He looked haggard and weary, he flung himself into a chair, and called for wine. "I am sick," said he, "of Spain—sick of every thing that Madrid holds—sick of the sun and sky. Señor, if you are going to leave this detestable place, I am at your service, for any thing, even to the Antipodes."

Singular as his speech was, his appearance amply seconded all that he said of his exhaustion. The gay cavalier was completely lost in the hollow-eyed and sallow-cheeked son of dissipation before me. I offered him the use of my purse. "I owe you money enough already," said he. "My business is now to leave Spain as quickly as I can; but whether as a volunteer to the Americas, or a convict to the slave coast, or as a mendicant round the world, is in the clouds yet. I come to ask the opinion of the Señor Inglese."

"The Señor Inglese, then, has but one opinion," was my answer. "We are both the worse for staying too long in this stifling city; we shall both be the better for leaving it."

His pallid cheek was lighted up with a gleam of satisfaction. "I leave it to you, Altuna, who know the *carte du pays* better than any of the idlers round us, to fix in what direction we shall take our departure."

"Then, as far from Spain as we can," was the prompt answer. "I have now no ties here. This morning I resigned my commission in the Guards. They are to be new-modelled. I am weary of revolutions. They never can be more than a pantomime in Spain. Clowns and harlequins are their natural actors—gentlemen and soldiers are too serious performers for these caricatures of statesmanship. I leave them to buffoons."

I proposed Italy. The project was instantly adopted. Twelve

hours more saw us pass through the Puerto del Sol. Carthage was the port which I fixed on for our embarkation. It was a *détour*; but I had recollections, which made the wildest valley of Murcia dearer to me than the perfumed plains of Granada, or the picturesque hills of Catalonia. Through Murcia we accordingly drove, as fast as six mules could sweep us along. I stipulated but for one delay in our route; that we should leave the high-road when it approached the site of what had once been the seat of the unhappy Ildefonso family. Altuna's countenance awoke from its dejection, as I spoke. He complied with habitual courtesy, and professed that, anxious as he was to leave Spain, and distressing as the scene must be to the feelings of all who had known how much merit and loveliness were buried there, he was ready to give way to any wish of mine on the subject.

When we approached the valley in which the palazzo had stood, all the remembrances of the hours and scenes that passed there, rose on my mind's eye with a vividness which almost unmanned me. As I saw the grove of elms which led to the gates of the stately mansion—the sun tinging the few remaining battlements—even the hill which sheltered it from the northern blast, and which had now exchanged its countless beds of flowers for a neglected and weedy covering, brown as the surface of the desert, I half regretted the love of painful emotion, the weakness which had brought me into such wilful suffering once more. But my companion's fortitude fully made up for any deficiency in mine. He resumed his energy in every sense of the word; led me through the ruins with the activity of an established guide; pointed out in the dilapidated chambers the fragments which identified them as the favoured apartments of their once noble and lovely tenants. The music-rooms, the galleries of pictures and statues; the banquet hall, with its magnificent marbles still wearing the smoke stains of that dreadful night; the mutilated statue of the founder of the family, which had stood like the guardian genius of the palace at the great stair of entrance;

the boudoirs, still displaying the elegance of the taste that once delighted in their decoration—all had the remark of the buoyant chevalier, and all impressed me with an additional and indescribable pain. But there was one spot which was like a shrine to my anxious spirit—the spot where I had left Catalina in that night of terror, when, distracted by the fear of losing her, and unknowing how to protect her but by repelling the banditti who were at that moment firing on the palace, I rushed into the centre of the conflagration. All appeared as I had left it six months before. There lay the fragments of the sofa on which the head of the wounded Count had been reposed so fruitlessly. There remained, still discoverable, even the traces of that sanguine stream, which seemed to have flown conjunctly from his heart and that of the mistress of my own. I turned, abhorrent, from the sight, with a depression of mind which approached nearer to the feeling of death than any that I had ever known. In that eagerness of belief which will not be denied or discomfited, I asked Altuna whether any tidings had been heard of the head of the family, or of any of its members? He started to his feet at the question, and, with a livid smile, asked me abruptly whether he could be expected to solve a question which neither my money nor my zeal had been able to develop? I admitted the improbability, and the discourse turned away upon the furies of faction, the madness of the populace in all countries when the revolutionary firebrand is thrown among them, and the tenfold guilt of those in the higher ranks by whom that torch is thrown. My remark was slight and general; but it still evidently touched a string which accorded ill with his feelings. On raising my eyes, to account for the cause of his silence, I found him in violent agitation; the drops of perspiration rolling down his visage, his colour hectic, his lip quivering, and the glance with which his eye met mine, a sullen and fierce compound of contempt and dejection. I saw that he was not to be further spoken to, and allowing for the natural irritations which every man cherishes within his own bosom, and

which none are entitled to rouse, I walked away through the grounds. They were still beautiful. The depth of the valley had secured their rich vegetation from the heat which turns all the open country into the ashes of a furnace. In one of the most sheltered spots, under an arch of clematis and myrtle, still remained a fallen statue; the pedestal remained half-covered with the overgrown shrubs of the arbour. I withdrew a veil of verdure from the forehead of the overthrown image, and saw in the drapery, with the bow and quiver of a wood-nymph, a form that I would have compassed the world to see again. The sculptor had evidently taken Catalina for his model. The countenance was Catalina's; the same vividness of expression, the same beauty of feature, made captivating by the same exquisite sweetness of smile, and archness of meaning, were all before me. But where was the lovely creature, who, in the day of her living loveliness, had taught the hand and eye of art to perpetuate such grace and enchantment in his marble? A thousand thoughts, bitter and sweet, flowed into my mind with this recollection. The strange delight of giving full vent to sorrow, is known to all who have ever known what sorrow is. My eyes closed on all external things. The world seemed shut out, and with my forehead resting on my hand, I gave way to the wanderings into past dreams and future scenes, into thoughts of what might have been and what must be, that with the fevered spirit are almost substitutes for joy.

A slight rustling of the shrubs suddenly aroused me. Could I believe my eyes? The statue was on its pedestal. The wood-nymph, which I had seen flung on the ground, and heaped with the tendrils of the wild vine and weeds, was standing pure, bright, and perfect before me, as if it had but that moment parted from the artist's hand. I felt singularly perplexed by the completeness of what I yet could not doubt to be an illusion of my overwrought senses. At another time I should naturally have walked towards the figure, and ascertained the cause of this extraordinary change. But this must have been the act of

a less feverish period. I was familiar with all the later theories of those visions and hallucinations, which so often result from strong mental excitement, and which undoubtedly make up so large a share of direct insanity. If there were a terror of terrors to me, it was that of losing such degree of understanding as had been allotted to my share. I therefore determined to conquer this illusion by the force of reason, to give my senses time to recover from the fever which had wrought this phenomenon into living force, and to convince myself of the recovery of the healthful state of my mind, by seeing the vision gradually disappear. I gazed, but the figure, instead of vanishing, seemed to make a gesture of actual life. The hand seemed to rise towards the lips, the lips themselves to wreath with a smile. The new force of the illusion only startled me the more. I felt myself powerless to move a limb; enfeebled by wounds and weariness, exhausted by emotion, my eyes grew dim, and I sat, with their gaze fixed on the form, but fixed almost sightless. At length,

a hasty step sounded at my side. I felt a hand grasping me. It was Altuna's. "I have been looking for you," said he, "in every part of this unhappy place; the night is falling fast. It will be impossible to find shelter here, and we have only to trust to our chances of the high-road. Up, we have no time to lose." I raised my heavy eyes. My victory over the illusion was complete. The pedestal was empty of all but its vine tendrils and weeds, the statue was lying on its side on the ground. I gazed on it again with the feelings of a Pygmalion. I would have removed it with me, but the sun was sinking behind the grove. Night had almost hidden its beauty; to carry it with us, as Altuna justly observed, would have been impossible at the moment, even if we were entitled thus to plunder the property of whoever was now the inheritor of the Ildefonso line. I submitted to reasons which were thus unanswerable, and after one long and sorrowful look at the relics of the palazzo, suffered myself to be placed in the calèche, and driven away.

THE ENGLISH BOY.

BY MRS HEMANS.

- "Go, call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born."
AKENSIDE.

Look from the ancient mountains down,
My noble English Boy!
Thy country's fields around thee gleam
In sunlight and in joy.

Agas have roll'd since foeman's march
Pass'd o'er that old firm sod;
For well the laud hath fealty held
To Freedom and to God!

Gaze proudly on, my English Boy!
And let thy kindling mind
Drink in the spirit of high thought
From every chainless wind!

There, in the shadow of old Time,
The halls beneath thee lie,
Which pour'd forth to the fields of yore,
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
They stand, 'midst oak and yew !
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords hang
Whose faith knew no alloy,
And shields of knighthood, pure from stain—
Gaze on, my English Boy !

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams by the antique elm,
Or where the minster lifts the cross
High thro' the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free hearts' blood,
That England's prayer might rise,
From those grey fanes of thoughtful years,
Unfetter'd, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
My gallant English Boy !
Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
The billows' pride and joy !

Those waves in many a fight have closed
Above her faithful dead ;
That red-cross flag victoriously
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to keep
By hostile tread unstain'd ;
These knightly halls inviolate,
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear, their memory's light
Along our shore is set,
And many an answering beacon-fire
Shall there be kindled yet !

Lift up thy heart, my English Boy !
And pray, like *them* to stand,
Should God so summon *thee*, to guard
The altars of the land.

THE CÆSARS.

CHAPTER V.

THE Roman Empire, and the Roman Emperors, it might naturally be supposed by one who had not as yet traversed that tremendous chapter in the history of man, would be likely to present a separate and almost equal interest. The Empire, in the first place, as the most magnificent monument of human power which our planet has beheld, must for that single reason, even though its records were otherwise of little interest, fix upon itself the very keenest gaze from all succeeding ages to the end of time. To trace the fortunes and revolutions of that unrivalled monarchy over which the Roman eagle brooded, to follow the dilapidations of that ærial arch, which silently and steadily through seven centuries ascended under the colossal architecture of the children of Romulus, to watch the unweaving of the golden arras, and step by step to see paralysis stealing over the once perfect cohesion of the republican creations,—cannot but ensure a severe, though melancholy delight. On its own separate account, the decline of this throne-shattering power must and will engage the foremost place amongst all historical reviews. The “dislimning” and un moulding of some mighty pageantry in the heavens has its own appropriate grandeurs, no less than the gathering of its cloudy pomps. The going-down of the sun is contemplated with no less awe than his rising. Nor is any thing portentous in its growth, which is not also portentous in the steps and “moments” of its decay. Hence, in the second place, we might presume a commensurate interest in the characters and fortunes of the successive Emperors. If the Empire challenged our first survey, the next would seem due to the Cæsars who guided its course; to the great ones who retarded, and to the bad ones who precipitated, its ruin.

Such might be the natural expectation of an inexperienced reader. But it is *not* so. The Cæsars, throughout their long line, are not interesting, neither personally in themselves, nor derivatively from the tragic

events to which their history is attached. Their whole interest lies in their situation—in the unapproachable altitude of their thrones. But, considered with a reference to their human qualities, scarcely one in the whole series can be viewed with a human interest apart from the circumstances of his position. “Pass like shadows, so depart!”

The reason for this defect of all personal variety of interest in these enormous potentates, must be sought in the constitution of their power and the very necessities of their office. Even the greatest among them, those who by way of distinction were called *the Great*, as Constantine and Theodosius, were not great, for they were not magnanimous; nor could they be so under *their* tenure of power, which made it a duty to be suspicious, and, by fastening upon all varieties of original temper one dire necessity of bloodshed, extinguished under this monotonous cloud of cruel jealousy and everlasting panic every characteristic feature of genial human nature, that would else have emerged through so long a train of priuces. There is a remarkable story told of Agrippina, that, upon some occasion when a wizard announced to her, as truths which he had read in the heavens, the two fatal necessities impending over her son,—one that he should ascend to empire, the other that he should murder herself, she replied in these stern and memorable words—*Occidat, dum imperet*. Upon which a Continental writer comments thus: “Never before or since have three such words issued from the lips of woman; and in truth, one knows not which most to abominate or to admire—the aspiring princess, or the loving mother. Meantime, in these few words lies naked to the day, in its whole hideous deformity, the very essence of Romanism and the Imperial power, and one might here consider the mother of Nero as the impersonation of that monstrous condition.”

This is true: *Occidat dum imperet*, was the watchword and very cognizance of the Roman Emperor. But

almost equally it was his watchword—*Occidatur dum imperet*. Doing or suffering, the Cæsars were almost equally involved in bloodshed; very few that were not murderers, and nearly all were themselves murdered.

The Empire, then, must be regarded as the primary object of our interest; and it is in this way only that any secondary interest arises for the Emperors. Now, with respect to the Empire, the first question which presents itself is,—Whence, that is, from what causes and from what era,

we are to date its Decline? Gibbon, as we all know, dates it from the reign of Commodus; but certainly upon no sufficient, or even plausible grounds. Our own opinion we shall state boldly: the Empire itself, from the very era of its establishment, was one long decline of the Roman power. A vast monarchy had been created and consolidated by the all-conquering instincts of a Republic—cradled and nursed in wars, and essentially warlike by means of all its institutions* and by the habits of the people. This monarchy had

* Amongst these institutions, none appear to us so remarkable, or fitted to accomplish so prodigious a circle of purposes belonging to the highest state policy, as the Roman method of colonization. Colonies were, in effect, the great engine of Roman conquest; and the following are among a few of the great ends to which they were applied. First of all, how came it that the early armies of Rome served, and served cheerfully, without pay? Simply because all who were victorious knew that they would receive their arrears in the fullest and amplest form upon their final discharge, viz. in the shape of a colonial estate—large enough to rear a family in comfort, and seated in the midst of similar allotments, distributed to their old comrades in arms. These lands were already, perhaps, in high cultivation, being often taken from conquered tribes; but, if not, the new occupants could rely for aid of every sort, for social intercourse, and for all the offices of good neighbourhood upon the surrounding proprietors—who were sure to be persons in the same circumstances as themselves, and draughted from the same legion. For be it remembered, that in the primitive ages of Rome, concerning which it is that we are now speaking, entire legions—privates and officers—were transferred in one body to the new colony. “*Antiquitus*,” says the learned Gossius, “*deducebantur integræ legiones, quibus parta victoria*.” Neither was there much waiting for this honorary gift. In later ages, it is true, when such resources were less plentiful, and when regular pay was given to the soldiery, it was the veteran only who obtained this splendid provision; but in the earlier times, a single fortunate campaign not seldom dismissed the young recruit to a life of ease and honour. “*Multis legionibus*,” says Hyginus, “*contigit bellum feliciter transigere, et ad laboriosam agriculturæ requiem primo tyrocinii gradu pervenire*. Nam cum signis et aquilâ et primis ordinibus et tribunis deducebantur.” Tacitus also notices this organization of the early colonies, and adds the reason of it, and its happy effect, when contrasting it with the vicious arrangements of the colonizing system in his own days. “*Olim*,” says he, “*universæ legiones deducebantur cum tribunis et centurionibus, et sui cujusque ordinis militibus, ut consensu et charitate rempublicam efficerent*.” Secondly, not only were the troops in this way paid at a time when the public purse was unequal to the expenditure of war—but this pay, being contingent on the successful issue of the war, added the strength of self-interest to that of patriotism in stimulating the soldier to extraordinary efforts. Thirdly, not only did the soldier in this way reap his pay, but also he reaped a reward (and that besides a trophy and perpetual monument of his public services) so munificent as to constitute a permanent provision for a family; and accordingly he was now encouraged, nay enjoined, to marry. For here was an hereditary landed estate equal to the liberal maintenance of a family. And thus did a simple people, obeying its instinct of conquest, not only discover, in its earliest days, the subtle principle of Machiavel—*Let war support war*; but (which is far more than Machiavel’s view) they made each present war support many future wars—by making it support a new off-set from the population, bound to the mother city by indissoluble ties of privilege and civic duties; and in many other ways they made every war, by and through the colonizing system to which it gave occasion, serviceable to future aggrandizement. War, managed in this way, and with these results, became to Rome what commerce or rural industry is to other countries, viz. the only hopeful and general way for making a fortune. Fourthly, by means of colonies it was that Rome delivered herself from her surplus population. Prosperous and well-governed, the Roman citizens of each generation outnumbered those of the gene-

been of too slow a growth—too the regular stages of nature herself gradual, and too much according to in its development, to have any

ration preceding. But the colonies provided outlets for these continual accessions of people, and absorbed them faster than they could arise.* And thus the great original sin of modern states, that heel of Achilles in which they are all vulnerable, and which (generally speaking) becomes more oppressive to the public prosperity as that prosperity happens to be greater (for in poor states, and under despotic governments, this evil does not exist), that flagrant infirmity of our own country, for which no statesman has devised any commensurate remedy, was to ancient Rome a perpetual fountain and well-head of public strength and enlarged resources. With us of modern times, when population greatly outruns the demand for labour, whether it be under the stimulus of upright government, and just laws, justly administered, in combination with the manufacturing system (as in England), or (as in Ireland) under the stimulus of idle habits, cheap subsistence, and a low standard of comfort—we think it much if we can keep down insurrection by the bayonet and the sabre. *Lucro ponamus* is our cry, if we can effect even thus much; whereas Rome, in her simplest and pastoral days, converted this menacing danger and standing opprobrium of modern statesmanship to her own immense benefit. Not satisfied merely to have neutralized it, she drew from it the vital resources of her martial aggrandizement. For, *Fifthly*, these colonies were in two ways made the corner-stones of her martial policy: 1st, They were looked to as nurseries of their armies; during one generation the original colonists, already trained to military habits, were themselves disposable for this purpose on any great emergency; these men transmitted heroic traditions to their posterity; and, at all events, a more robust population was always at hand in agricultural colonies than could be had in the metropolis. Cato the elder, and all the early writers, notice the quality of such levies as being far superior to those drawn from a population of sedentary habits. 2dly, The Italian colonies, one and all, performed the functions which in our day are assigned to garrisoned towns and frontier fortresses. In the earliest times they discharged a still more critical service, by sometimes entirely displacing a hostile population, and more often by dividing it and breaking its unity. In cases of desperate resistance to the Roman arms, marked by frequent infraction of treaties, it was usual to remove the offending population to a safer situation, separated from Rome by the Tiber; sometimes entirely to disperse and scatter it. But, where these extremities were not called for by expediency or the Roman maxims of justice, it was judged sufficient to *interpolate*, as it were, the hostile people by colonizations from Rome, which were completely organized for mutual aid, having officers of all ranks dispersed amongst them, and for overawing the growth of insurrectionary movements amongst their neighbours. Acting on this system, the Roman colonies in some measure resembled the *English Pale*, as existing at one era in Ireland. This mode of service, it is true, became obsolete in process of time, concurrently with the dangers which it was shaped to meet; for the whole of Italy proper, together with that part of Italy called Cisalpine Gaul, was at length reduced to unity and obedience by the almighty Republic. But in forwarding that great end, and indispensable condition towards all foreign warfare, no one military engine in the whole armoury of Rome availed so much as her Italian colonies. The other use of these colonies, as frontier garrisons, or, at any rate, as interposing between a foreign enemy and the gates of Rome, they continued to perform long after their earlier uses had passed away; and Cicero himself notices their value in this view. “*Colonias*,” says he [*Orat. in Rullum*], “*sic idoneis in locis contra suspicionem periculi collocarunt, ut esse non oppida Italiæ sed propugnacula imperii viderentur.*” *Finally*, the colonies were the best means of promoting tillage, and the culture of vineyards. And though this service, as regarded the Italian colonies, was greatly defeated in succeeding times by the ruinous largesses of corn [*frumentationes*], and other vices of the Roman policy after the vast revolution effected by universal luxury, it is not the less true that, left to themselves and their natural tendency, the Roman colonies would have yielded this last benefit as certainly as any other. Large volumes exist,

* And in this way we must explain the fact—that, in the many successive enumerations of the people continually noticed by Livy and others, we do not find that sort of multiplication which we might have looked for in a state so ably governed. The truth is, that the continual surpluses had been carried off by the colonial drain, before they could become noticeable or troublesome.

† That is indeed involved in the technical term of *Deductio*; for unless the ceremonies, religious and political, of inauguration and organization, were duly complied with, the colony was not entitled to be considered as *deducta*—that is, solemnly and ceremonially transplanted from the metropolis.

chance of being other than well cemented: the cohesion of its parts was intense; seven centuries of growth demand one or two at least for palpable decay; and it is only for harlequin empires like that of Napoleon, run up with the rapidity of pantomime, to fall asunder under the instant reaction of a few false moves in politics, or a single unfortunate campaign. Hence it was, and from the prudence of Augustus acting through a very long reign, sustained at no very distant interval by the personal inspection and revisions of Hadrian, that for some time the Roman power seemed to be stationary. What else could be expected? The mere strength of the impetus derived from the republican institutions, could not but propagate itself, and cause even a motion in advance, for some time after those institutions had themselves given way. And besides the military institutions survived all others; and the army continued very much the same in its discipline and composition, long after Rome and all its civic institutions had bent before an utter revolution. It was very possible even that Emperors should have arisen with martial propensities, and talents capable of masking, for many years, by specious but transitory conquests, the causes that were silently sapping the foundations of Roman supremacy; and thus by accidents of personal character and taste, an empire might even have expanded itself in appearance, which, by all its permanent and real tendencies, was even then shrinking within narrower limits, and traveling downwards to dissolution. In reality, one such Emperor there was. Trajan, whether by martial inclinations, or (as is supposed by some) by dissatisfaction with his own position at Rome, when brought into more immediate connexion with the Senate, was driven into needless war; and he achieved conquests in the direction of Dacia as well as Parthia. But that these conquests were not substantial,—that they were connected

by no true cement of cohesion with the existing Empire, is evident from the rapidity with which they were abandoned. In the next reign, the Empire had already recoiled within its former limits; and in two reigns further on, under Marcus Antoninus, though a prince of elevated character and warlike in his policy, we find such concessions of territory made to the Marcomanni and others, as indicate too plainly the shrinking energies of a waning Empire. In reality, if we consider the polar opposition, in point of interest and situation, between the great officers of the Republic and the Augustus or Cæsar of the Empire, we cannot fail to see the immense effect which that difference must have had upon the permanent spirit of conquest. Cæsar was either adopted or elected to a situation of infinite luxury and enjoyment. He had no interests to secure by fighting in person: and he had a powerful interest in preventing others from fighting; since in that way only he could raise up competitors to himself, and dangerous seducers of the army. A Consul, on the other hand, or great lieutenant of the Senate, had nothing to enjoy or to hope for, when his term of office should have expired, unless according to his success in creating military fame and influence for himself. Those Cæsars who fought whilst the empire was or seemed to be stationary, as Trajan, did so from personal taste. Those who fought in after centuries, when the decay became apparent, and dangers drew nearer, as Aurelian, did so from the necessities of fear; and under neither impulse were they likely to make durable conquests. The spirit of conquest having therefore departed at the very time when conquest would have become more difficult even to the republican energies, both from remoteness of ground and from the martial character of the chief nations which stood beyond the frontier,—it was a matter of necessity that with the republican institutions should expire the whole

illustrated by the learning of Rigaltius, Salmasius, and Goessius, upon the mere technical arrangements of the Roman Colonies. And whole libraries might be written on these same colonies considered as engines of exquisite state policy.

principle of territorial aggrandizement; and that, if the Empire seemed to be stationary for some time after its establishment by Julius, and its final settlement by Augustus, this was through no strength of its own, or inherent in its own constitution, but through the continued action of that strength which it had inherited from the Republic. In a philosophical sense, therefore, it may be affirmed, that the Empire of the Cæsars was *always* in decline; ceasing to go forward, it could not do other than retrograde; and even the first *appearances* of decline can, with no propriety, be referred to the reign of Commodus. His vices exposed him to public contempt and assassination; but neither one nor the other had any effect upon the strength of the empire. Here, therefore, is one just subject of complaint against Gibbon, that he has dated the declension of the Roman power from a commencement arbitrarily assumed; another, and a heavier, is, that he has failed to notice the steps and separate indications of decline as they arose,—the moments (to speak in the language of dynamics) through which the decline travelled onwards to its consummation. It is also a grievous offence as regards the true purposes of history,—and one which, in a complete exposition of the Imperial history, we should have a right to insist on,—that Gibbon brings forward only such facts as allow of a scenical treatment, and seems everywhere, by the glancing style of his allusions, to presuppose an acquaintance with that very history which he undertakes to deliver. Our immediate purpose, however, is simply to characterise the office of emperor, and to notice such events and changes as operated for evil, and for a final effect of decay, upon the Cæsars or their Empire. As the best means of realizing it, we shall rapidly review the history of both, promising that we confine ourselves to the true Cæsars, and the true Empire, of the West.

The first overt act of weakness, —the first expression of conscious declension, as regarded the foreign enemies of Rome, occurred in the reign of Hadrian; for it is a very

different thing to forbear making conquests, and to renounce them when made. It is possible, however, that the cession then made of Mesopotamia and Armenia, however sure to be interpreted into the language of fear by the enemy, did not imply any such principle in this Emperor. He was of a civil and paternal spirit, and anxious for the substantial welfare of the Empire rather than its ostentatious glory. The internal administration of affairs had very much gone into neglect since the times of Augustus; and Hadrian was perhaps right in supposing that he could effect more public good by an extensive progress through the Empire, and by a personal correction of abuses, than by any military enterprise. It is, besides, asserted, that he received an indemnity in money for the provinces beyond the Euphrates. But still it remains true, that in his reign the God Terminus made his first retrograde motion; and this Emperor became naturally an object of public obloquy at Rome, and his name fell under the superstitious ban of a fatal tradition connected with the foundation of the Capitol. The two Antonines, Titus and Marcus, who came next in succession, were truly good and patriotic princes; perhaps the only princes in the whole series who combined the virtues of private and of public life. In their reigns the frontier line was maintained in its integrity, and at the expense of some severe fighting under Marcus, who was a strenuous general at the same time that he was a severe student. It is, however, true, as we observed above, that, by allowing a settlement within the Roman frontier to a barbarous people, Marcus Aurelius raised the first ominous precedent in favour of those Gothic, Vandal, and Frankish hives, who were as yet hidden behind a cloud of years. Homes had been obtained by Trans-Danubian barbarians upon the sacred territory of Rome and Cæsar: that fact remained upon tradition; whilst the terms upon which they had been obtained, how much or how little connected with fear, necessarily became liable to doubt and to oblivion. Here we pause to remark, that the first twelve Cæsars, together with

Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines, making seventeen Emperors, compose the first of four nearly equal groups, who occupied the throne in succession until the extinction of the Western Empire. And at this point be it observed,—that is, at the termination of the first group,—we take leave of all genuine virtue. In no one of the succeeding princes, if we except Alexander Severus, do we meet with any goodness of heart, or even amiableness of manners. The best of the future Emperors, in a public sense, were harsh and repulsive in private character.

The second group, as we have classed them, terminating with Philip the Arab, commences with Commodus. This unworthy prince, although the son of the excellent Marcus Antoninus, turned out a monster of debauchery. At the moment of his father's death, he was present in person at the headquarters of the army on the Danube, and of necessity partook in many of their hardships. This it was which furnished his evil counsellors with their sole argument for urging his departure to the capital. A council having been convened, the faction of court sycophants pressed upon his attention the inclemency of the climate, contrasting it with the genial skies and sunny fields of Italy; and the season, which happened to be winter, gave strength to their representations. What! would the Emperor be content for ever to hew out the frozen water with an axe before he could assuage his thirst? And, again, the total want of fruit-trees—did that recommend their present station as a fit one for the Imperial court? Commodus, ashamed to found his objections to the station upon grounds so unsoldierly as these, affected to be moved by political reasons: some great senatorial house might take advantage of his distance from home,—might seize the palace, fortify it, and raise levies in Italy capable of sustaining its pretensions to the throne. These arguments were combated by Pompeianus, who, besides his personal weight as an officer, had married the eldest sister of the young Emperor. Shame prevailed for the present

with Commodus, and he dismissed the council with an assurance that he would think farther of it. The sequel was easy to foresee. Orders were soon issued for the departure of the court to Rome; and the task of managing the barbarians of Dacia was delegated to lieutenants. The system upon which these officers executed their commission was a mixed one of terror and persuasion. Some they defeated in battle; and these were the majority; for Herodian says, *πλῆεις τῶν βαρβαρῶν ὁπλοῖς ἔχμεσαντο*: others they bribed into peace by large sums of money. And no doubt this last article in the policy of Commodus was that which led Gibbon to assign to this reign the first rudiments of the Roman declension. But it should be remembered, that, virtually, this policy was but the further prosecution of that which had already been adopted by Marcus Aurelius. Concessions and temperaments of any sort or degree shewed that the Pannonian frontier was in too formidable a condition to be treated with uncompromising rigour. *Τὸ ἀμείνων ἀνέμινος*, purchasing an immunity from all further anxiety, Commodus (as the historian expresses it) *πάντα ἰδὼν τὰ αἰτούμενα*—conceded all demands whatever. His journey to Rome was one continued festival: and the whole population of Rome turned out to welcome him. At this period he was undoubtedly the darling of the people: his personal beauty was splendid; and he was connected by blood with some of the greatest nobility. Over this flattering scene of hope and triumph clouds soon gathered: with the mob, indeed, there is reason to think that he continued a favourite to the last; but the respectable part of the citizens were speedily disgusted with his self-degradation, and came to hate him even more than ever or by any class he had been loved. The Roman pride never shews itself more conspicuously throughout all history, than in the alienation of heart which inevitably followed any great and continued outrages upon his own majesty, committed by their Emperor. Cruelties the most atrocious, acts of vengeance the most bloody, fratricide, parricide, all were viewed with more toleration than oblivion of his own in-

violable sanctity. Hence we imagine the wrath with which Rome would behold Commodus, under the eyes of four hundred thousand spectators, making himself a party to the contests of gladiators. In his earlier exhibitions as an archer, it is possible that his matchless dexterity, and his unerring eye, would avail to mitigate the censures: but when the Roman Emperor actually descended to the arena in the garb and equipments of a servile prize-fighter, and personally engaged in combat with such antagonists, having previously submitted to their training and discipline—the public indignation rose to a height, which spoke aloud the language of encouragement to conspiracy and treason. These were not wanting: three memorable plots against his life were defeated; one of them (that of Maternus, the robber) accompanied with romantic circumstances,* which we have narrated in an earlier paper of this series. Another was set on foot by his eldest sister, Lucilla; nor did her close relationship protect her from capital punishment. In that instance, the immediate agent of her purposes, Quintianus, a young man, of signal resolution and daring, who had attempted to stab the Emperor at the entrance of the amphitheatre, though baffled in his purpose, uttered a word which rang continually in the ears of Commodus, and poisoned his peace of mind for ever. His vengeance, perhaps, was thus more effectually accomplished than if he had at once dismissed his victim from life. “The Senate,” he had said, “sends thee this through me:” and henceforward the Senate was the object of unslumbering suspicions to the Emperor. Yet the public suspicions settled upon a different quarter; and a very memorable scene must have pointed his own in the same direction, supposing that he had previously been blind to his danger. On a day of great solemnity, when Rome had assembled her myriads in the amphitheatre, just

at the very moment when the nobles, the magistrates, the priests, all, in short, that was venerable or consecrated in the state, with the Emperor in their centre, had taken their seats, and were waiting for the opening of the shows—a stranger, in the robe of a philosopher, bearing a staff in his hand (which also was the professional ensign† of a philosopher), stepped forward, and, by the waving of his hand, challenged the attention of Commodus. Deep silence ensued: upon which, in a few words, ominous to the ear as the handwriting on the wall to the eye of Belshazzar, the stranger unfolded to Commodus the instant peril which menaced both his life and his throne, from his great servant Perennius. What personal purpose of benefit to himself this stranger might have connected with his public warning, or by whom he might have been suborned, was never discovered; for he was instantly arrested by the agents of the great officer whom he had denounced, dragged away to punishment, and put to a cruel death. Commodus dissembled his panic for the present; but soon after, having received undeniable proofs (as is alleged) of the treason imputed to Perennius, in the shape of a coin which had been struck by his son, he caused the father to be assassinated—and, on the same day, by means of forged letters, before this news could reach the son, who commanded the Illyrian armies, he lured him also to destruction, under the belief that he was obeying the summons of his father to a private interview on the Italian frontier. So perished those enemies, if enemies they really were. But to these tragedies succeeded others far more comprehensive in their mischief, and in more continuous succession than is recorded upon any other page of universal history. Rome was ravaged by a pestilence—by a famine—by riots amounting to a civil war—by a dreadful massacre of the unarmed mob—by shocks of earthquake—and, finally,

* On this occasion we may notice that the final execution of the vengeance projected by Maternus, was reserved for a public festival, exactly corresponding to the modern *carnival*; and from an expression used by Herodian, it is plain that *masquerading* had been an ancient practice in Rome.

† See Casaubon's notes upon Theophrastus.

by a fire which consumed the national bank,* and the most sumptuous buildings of the city. To these horrors, with a rapidity characteristic of the Roman depravity, and possible only under the most extensive demoralization of the public mind, succeeded festivals of gorgeous pomp, and amphitheatrical exhibitions, upon a scale of grandeur absolutely unparalleled by all former attempts. Then were beheld, and familiarized to the eyes of the Roman mob—to children—and to women, animals as yet known to us, says Herodian, only in pictures. Whatever strange or rare animal could be drawn from the depths of India, from Siam and Pegu, or from the unvisited nooks of Ethiopia, were now brought together as subjects for the archery of the universal lord.† Invitations (and the invitations of kings are commands) had been scattered on this occasion profusely; not, as heretofore, to individuals or to families—but, as was in proportion to the occasion where an Emperor was the chief performer, to nations. People were summoned by circles of longitude and latitude to come and see [*ἵσταμένιναι ἃ μὴ προτέρων μὴτι ἰωρακίαν μὴτι ἠκηκούσαν*—things that eye had not seen nor ear heard of] the specious miracles of nature brought together from Arctic and from Tropic deserts, putting forth their strength, their speed, or their beauty, and glorifying by their deaths the matchless hand of the Roman king. There was beheld the lion from Bilidulgerid, and the leopard from Hindostan—the rein-deer from Polar latitudes—the antelope from the Zaara—and the leigh, or gigantic stag, from Britain. Thither came the buffalo and the bison, the white bull of Northumberland and Galloway, the unicorn from the regions of Nepaul

or Thibet, the rhinoceros and the river-horse from Senegal, with the elephant of Ceylon or Siam. The ostrich and the cameleopard, the wild ass and the zebra, the chamois and the ibex of Angora,—all brought their tributes of beauty or deformity to these vast Aceldamas of Rome: their savage voices ascended in tumultuous uproar to the chambers of the Capitol: a million of spectators sat round them: standing in the centre was a single statuesque figure—the Imperial sagittary, beautiful as an Antinous, and majestic as a Jupiter, whose hand was so steady and whose eye so true, that he was never known to miss, and who, in this accomplishment at least, was so absolute in his excellence, that, as we are assured by a writer not disposed to flatter him, the very foremost of the Parthian archers and of the Mauritanian lancers [*ταρβανων οὐ τοῦ κινῆ ἀκριβύτες, καὶ μαυριτανῶν οὐ ἀκροντιζῶν ἀκρίστες*] were not able to contend with him. Juvenal, in a well-known passage upon the disproportionate endings of illustrious careers, drawing one of his examples from Marius, says, that he ought, for his own glory, and to make his end correspondent to his life, to have died at the moment when he descended from his triumphal chariot at the portals of the Capitol. And of Commodus, in like manner, it may be affirmed, that, had he died in the exercise of his peculiar art, with a hecatomb of victims rendering homage to his miraculous skill, by the regularity of the files which they presented, as they lay stretched out dying or dead upon the arena,—he would have left a splendid and a characteristic impression of himself upon that nation of spectators who had witnessed his performance. He was the noblest artist in his own pro-

* Viz. the Temple of Peace; at that time the most magnificent edifice in Rome. Temples, it is well known, were the places used in ancient times as banks of deposit. For this function they were admirably fitted by their inviolable sanctity.

† What a prodigious opportunity for the Zoologist!—And considering that these shows prevailed for 500 years, during all which period the Amphitheatre gave bounties, as it were, to the hunter and the fowler of every climate, and that, by means of a stimulus so constantly applied, scarcely any animal, the shyest—rarest—fercest, escaped the demands of the arena,—no one fact so much illustrates the inertia of the public mind in those days, and the indifference to all scientific pursuits, as that no annotator should have arisen to Pliny the elder—no rival to the immortal tutor of Alexander.

fession that the world has seen—in archery he was the Robin Hood of Rome: he was in the very meridian of his youth; and he was the most beautiful man of his own times [*ταῖς καὶ ἑαυτοῦ ἀνδραποῦν καλλίαι ὑπερσπινταί*]. He would therefore have looked the part admirably of the dying gladiator; and he would have died in his natural vocation. But it was ordered otherwise: his death was destined to private malice, and to an ignoble hand. And much obscurity still rests upon the motives of the assassins, though its circumstances are reported with unusual minuteness of detail. One thing is evident, that the public and patriotic motives assigned by the perpetrators as the remote causes of their conspiracy, cannot have been the true ones. The grave historian may sum up his character of Commodus by saying that, however richly endowed with natural gifts, he abused them all to bad purposes; that he derogated from his noble ancestors, and disavowed the obligations of his illustrious name; and, as the climax of his offences, that he dishonoured the purple—*πορφύρας ἐπισηδύμασιν*—by the baseness of his pursuits. All that is true, and more than that. But these considerations were not of a nature to affect his parasitical attendants very nearly or keenly. Yet the story runs—that Marcia, his privileged mistress, deeply affected by the anticipation of some further outrages upon his high dignity which he was then meditating, had carried the importunity of her deprecations too far; that the irritated Emperor had consequently inscribed her name, in company with others, (whom he had reason to tax with the same offence, or whom he suspected of similar sentiments,) in his little black book, or pocket souvenir of death; that this book, being left under the cushion of a sofa, had been conveyed into the hands of Marcia by a little pet boy, called Philo-Commodus, who was caressed equally by the

Emperor and by Marcia; that she had immediately called to her aid, and to the participation of her plot, those who participated in her danger; and that the proximity of their own intended fate had prescribed to them an immediate attempt; the circumstances of which were these. At mid-day the Emperor was accustomed to bathe, and at the same time to take refreshments. On this occasion, Marcia, agreeably to her custom, presented him with a goblet of wine, medicated with poison. Of this wine, having just returned from the fatigues of the chase, Commodus drank freely, and almost immediately fell into heavy slumbers; from which, however, he was soon aroused by deadly sickness. That was a case which the conspirators had not taken into their calculations; and they now began to fear that the violent vomiting which succeeded might throw off the poison. There was no time to be lost; and the barbarous Marcia, who had so often slept in the arms of the young Emperor, was the person to propose that he should now be strangled. A young gladiator, named Narcissus, was therefore introduced into the room: what passed is not known circumstantially; but, as the Emperor was young and athletic, though off his guard at the moment, and under the disadvantage of sickness, and as he had himself been regularly trained in the gladiatorial discipline, there can be little doubt that the vile assassin would meet with a desperate resistance. And thus, after all, there is good reason to think that the Emperor resigned his life in the character of a dying gladiator.*

So perished the eldest and sole surviving son of the great Marcus Antoninus; and the crown passed into the momentary possession of two old men, who reigned in succession each for a few weeks. The first of these was Pertinax, an upright man, a good officer, and an unseasonable reformer; unseasonable for

* It is worthy of notice, that, under any suspension of the Imperial power or office, the Senate was the body to whom the Roman mind even yet continued to turn. In this case, both to colour their crime with a shew of public motives, and to interest this great body in their own favour by associating them in their own dangers, the conspirators pretended to have found a long roll of senatorial names included in the same page of condemnation with their own. A manifest fabrication!

those times, but more so for himself. Lætus, the ringleader in the assassination of Commodus, had been at that time the Prætorian prefect—an office which a German writer considers as best represented to modern ideas by the Turkish post of Grand Vizier. Needing a protector at this moment, he naturally fixed his eyes upon Pertinax—as then holding the powerful command of city prefect (or governor of Rome). Him therefore he recommended to the soldiery—that is, to the Prætorian cohorts. The soldiery had no particular objection to the old general, if he and they could agree upon terms; his age being doubtless appreciated as a first-rate recommendation, in a case where it ensured a speedy renewal of the lucrative bargain.

The only demur arose with Pertinax himself: he had been leader of the troops in Britain, then superintendent of the police in Rome, thirldy proconsul in Africa, and finally consul and governor of Rome. In these great official stations he stood near enough to the throne to observe the dangers with which it was surrounded; and it is asserted that he declined the offered dignity. But it is added, that, finding the choice allowed him lay between immediate death* and acceptance, he closed with the proposals of the Prætorian cohorts, at the rate of about ninety-six pounds per man; which largess he paid by bringing to sale the rich furniture of the last Emperor. The danger which usually threatened a Roman Cæsar in such cases was—lest he should not be able to fulfil his contract. But in the case of Pertinax the danger began from the moment when he *had* fulfilled it. Conceiving himself to be now released from his dependency, he commenced his reforms, civil as well as military, with a zeal which alarmed all those who had an interest in maintaining the old abuses. To two great factions he thus made himself especially obnoxious—to the Prætorian cohorts, and to the courtiers under the last reign. The connecting link between these two parties was Lætus,

who belonged personally to the last, and still retained his influence with the first. Possibly his fears were alarmed; but, at all events, his cupidity was not satisfied. He conceived himself to have been ill rewarded; and immediately resorting to the same weapons which he had used against Commodus, he stimulated the Prætorian guards to murder their Emperor. Three hundred of them pressed into the palace: Pertinax attempted to harangue them, and to vindicate himself; but not being able to obtain a hearing, he folded his robe about his head, called upon Jove the Avenger, and was immediately despatched.

The throne was again empty after a reign of about eighty days; and now came the memorable scandal of putting up the Empire to auction. There were two bidders, Sulpicianus and Didius Julianus. The first, however, at that time governor of Rome, lay under a weight of suspicion, being the father-in-law of Pertinax, and likely enough to exact vengeance for his murder. He was besides outbid by Julianus. Sulpician offered about one hundred and sixty pounds a-man to the guards; his rival offered two hundred, and assured them besides of immediate payment; “for,” said he, “I have the money at home, without needing to raise it from the possessions of the crown.” Upon this the Empire was knocked down to the highest bidder. So shocking, however, was this arrangement to the Roman pride, that the guards durst not leave their new creation without military protection. The resentment of an unarmed mob, however, soon ceased to be of foremost importance; this resentment extended rapidly to all the frontiers of the Empire, where the armies felt that the Prætorian cohorts had no exclusive title to give away the throne, and their leaders felt, that in a contest of this nature, their own claims were incomparably superior to those of the present occupant. Three great candidates therefore started forward—Septimius Severus, who commanded the

* Historians have failed to remark the contradiction between this statement and the allegation that Lætus selected Pertinax for the throne on a consideration of his ability to protect the assassins of Commodus.

armies in Illyria, Pescennius Niger in Syria, and Albinus in Britain. Severus, as the nearest to Rome, marched and possessed himself of that city. Vengeance followed upon all parties concerned in the late murder. Julianus, unable to complete his bargain, had already been put to death, as a deprecatory offering to the approaching army. Severus himself inflicted death upon Lætus, and dismissed the Prætorian cohorts. Thence marching against his Syrian rival, Niger, who had formerly been his friend, and who was not wanting in military skill, he overthrew him in three great battles. Niger fled to Antioch, the seat of his late government, and was there decapitated. Meantime Albinus, the British commander-in-chief, had already been won over by the title of Cæsar, or adopted heir to the new Augustus. But the hollowness of this bribe soon became apparent, and the two competitors met to decide their pretensions at Lyons. In the great battle which followed, Severus fell from his horse, and was at first supposed to be dead. But recovering, he defeated his rival, who immediately committed suicide. Severus displayed his ferocious temper sufficiently by sending the head of Albinus to Rome. Other expressions of his natural character soon followed: he suspected strongly that Albinus had been favoured by the Senate; forty of that body, with their wives and children, were immediately sacrificed to his wrath; but he never forgave the rest, nor endured to live upon terms of amity amongst them. Quitting Rome in disgust, he employed himself first in making war upon the Parthians, who had naturally, from situation, befriended his Syrian rival. Their capital cities he overthrew; and afterwards, by way of employing his armies, made war in Britain. At the city of York he died: and to his two sons, Geta and Caracalla, he bequeathed, as his dying advice, a maxim of policy, which sufficiently indicates the situation of the Empire at that period: it was this—"To enrich the soldiery at any price, and to regard the rest of their subjects as so many ciphers." But, as a critical historian remarks, this was a shortsighted and self-destructing policy; since in no way is

the subsistence of the soldier made more insecure, than by diminishing the general security of rights and property to those who are not soldiers, from whom, after all, the funds must be sought, by which the soldier himself is to be paid and nourished. The two sons of Severus, whose bitter enmity is so memorably put on record by their actions, travelled simultaneously to Rome; but so mistrustful of each other, that at every stage the two princes took up their quarters at different houses. Geta has obtained the sympathy of historians, because he happened to be the victim; but there is reason to think, that each of the brothers was conspiring against the other. The weak credulity, rather than the conscious innocence, of Geta, led to the catastrophe; he presented himself at a meeting with his brother in the presence of their common mother, and was murdered by Caracalla in his mother's arms. He was, however, avenged; the horrors of that tragedy, and remorse for the twenty thousand murders which had followed, never forsook the guilty Caracalla. Quitting Rome, but pursued into every region by the bloody image of his brother, the Emperor henceforward led a wandering life at the head of his legions; but never was there a better illustration of the poet's maxim, that

Remorse is as the mind in which it grows:
If that be gentle, &c.

For the remorse of Caracalla put on no shape of repentance. On the contrary, he carried anger and oppression wherever he moved; and protected himself from plots only by living in the very centre of a nomadic camp. Six years had passed away in this manner, when a mere accident led to his assassination. For the sake of security, the office of Prætorian Prefect had been divided between two commissioners, one for military affairs, the other for civil. The latter of these two officers was Opilius Macrinus. This man has, by some historians, been supposed to have harboured no bad intentions; but, unfortunately, an astrologer had foretold that he was destined to the throne. The prophet was laid in irons at Rome, and letters were despatched to Caracalla, apprizing him of the case. These letters, as yet

unopened, were transferred by the Emperor, then occupied in witnessing a race, to Macrinus, who thus became acquainted with the whole grounds of suspicion against himself,—grounds which, to the jealousy of the Emperor, he well knew would appear substantial proofs. Upon this he resolved to anticipate the Emperor in the work of murder. The headquarters were then at Edessa; and upon his instigation, a disappointed centurion, named Martialis, animated also by revenge for the death of his brother, undertook to assassinate Caracalla. An opportunity soon offered, on a visit which the Prince made to the celebrated temple of the Moon at Carrhæ. The attempt was successful: the Emperor perished; but Martialis paid the penalty of his crime in the same hour, being shot by a Scythian archer of the body-guard.

Macrinus, after three days' interregnum, being elected Emperor, began his reign by purchasing a peace from the Parthians. What the Empire chiefly needed at this moment, is evident from the next step taken by this Emperor. He laboured to restore the ancient discipline of the armies in all its rigour. He was aware of the risk he ran in this attempt; and that he *was* so, is the best evidence of the strong necessity which existed for reform. Perhaps, however, he might have surmounted his difficulties and dangers, had he met with no competitor round whose person the military malcontents could rally. But such a competitor soon arose; and, to the astonishment of all the world, in the person of a Syrian. The Emperor Severus, on losing his first wife, had resolved to strengthen the pretensions of his family by a second marriage with some lady having a regal "genesis," that is, whose horoscope promised a regal destiny. Julia Domna, a native of Syria, offered him this dowry, and she became the mother of Geta. A sister of this Julia, called Mæsa, had, through two different daughters, two grandsons—Heliogabalus and Alexander Severus. The mutineers of the army rallied round the first of these; a battle was fought; and Macrinus, with his son Diadumenianus, whom he had adopted to the succession, were captured and put to

death. Heliogabalus succeeded, and reigned in the monstrous manner which has rendered his name infamous in history. In what way, however, he lost the affections of the army, has never been explained. His mother, Soemias, the eldest daughter of Mæsa, had represented herself as the concubine of Caracalla; and Heliogabalus, being thus accredited as the son of that Emperor, whose memory was dear to the soldiery, had enjoyed the full benefit of that descent, nor can it be readily explained how he came to lose it.

Here, in fact, we meet with an instance of that dilemma which is so constantly occurring in the history of the Cæsars:—If a prince is by temperament disposed to severity of manners, and naturally seeks to impress his own spirit upon the composition and discipline of the army, we are sure to find that he was cut off in his attempts by private assassination or by public rebellion. On the other hand, if he wallows in sensuality, and is careless about all discipline, civil or military, we then find as commonly that he loses the esteem and affections of the army to some rival of severer habits. And in the midst of such oscillations, and with examples of such contradictory interpretation, we cannot wonder that the Roman princes did not oftener take warning by the misfortunes of their predecessors. In the present instance, Alexander, the cousin of Heliogabalus, without intrigues of his own, and simply (as it appears) by the purity and sobriety of his conduct, had alienated the affections of the army from the reigning prince. Either jealousy or prudence had led Heliogabalus to make an attempt upon his rival's life; and this attempt had nearly cost him his own through the mutiny which it caused. In a second uproar, produced by some fresh intrigues of the Emperor against his cousin, the soldiers became unmanageable, and they refused to pause until they had massacred Heliogabalus, together with his mother, and raised his cousin Alexander to the throne.

The reforms of this prince, who reigned under the name of Alexander Severus, were extensive and searching; not only in his court, which he purged of all notorious

abuses, but throughout the economy of the army. He cashiered, upon one occasion, an entire legion: he restored, as far as he was able, the ancient discipline; and, above all, he liberated the provinces from military spoliation. "Let the soldier," said he, "be contented with his pay; and whatever more he wants—let him obtain it by victory from the enemy, not by pillage from his fellow-subject." But whatever might be the value or extent of his reforms in the marching regiments, Alexander could not succeed in binding the Prætorian guards to his yoke. Under the guardianship of his mother Mammæa, the conduct of state affairs had been submitted to a council of sixteen persons, at the head of which stood the celebrated Ulpius. To this minister the Prætorians imputed the reforms—and perhaps the whole spirit of reform; for they pursued him with a vengeance which is else hardly to be explained. Many days was Ulpius protected by the citizens of Rome, until the whole city was threatened with conflagration; he then fled to the palace of the young Emperor, who in vain attempted to save him from his pursuers under the shelter of the imperial purple. Ulpius was murdered before his eyes; nor was it found possible to punish the ringleader in this foul conspiracy, until he had been removed by something like treachery to a remote government.

Meantime a great revolution and change of dynasty had been effected in Parthia; the line of the Arsacidæ was terminated; the Parthian empire was at an end; and the sceptre of Persia was restored under the new race of the Sassanides. Artaxerxes, the first prince of this race, sent an embassy of four hundred select knights, enjoining the Roman Emperor to content himself with Europe, and to leave Asia to the Persians. In the event of a refusal, the ambassadors were instructed to offer a defiance to the Roman prince. Upon such an insult, Alexander could not do less, with either safety or dignity, than prepare for war. It is probable, indeed, that, by this expedition, which drew off the minds of the soldiery from brooding upon the reforms which offended them, the life of Alexander was prolonged.

But the expedition itself was mismanaged, or was unfortunate. This result, however, does not seem chargeable upon Alexander. All the preparations were admirable on the march, and up to the enemy's frontier. The invasion it was, which, in a strategic sense, seems to have been ill-combined. Three armies were to have entered Persia simultaneously: one of these, which was destined to act on a flank of the general line, entangled itself in the marshy grounds near Babylon, and was cut off by the archery of an enemy whom it could not reach. The other wing, acting upon ground impracticable for the manœuvres of the Persian cavalry, and supported by Chosroes the king of Armenia, gave great trouble to Artaxerxes,—and, with adequate support from the other armies, would doubtless have been victorious. But the central army, under the conduct of Alexander in person, discouraged by the destruction of one entire wing, remained stationary in Mesopotamia throughout the summer; and at the close of the campaign was withdrawn to Antioch, *re infectâ*. It has been observed that great mystery hangs over the operations and issue of this short war. Thus much, however, is evident—that nothing but the previous exhaustion of the Persian king saved the Roman armies from signal discomfiture; and even thus there is no ground for claiming a victory (as most historians do) to the Roman arms. Any termination of the Persian war, however, whether glorious or not, was likely to be personally injurious to Alexander by allowing leisure to the soldiery for recurring to their grievances. Sensible, no doubt, of this, Alexander was gratified by the occasion which then arose for repressing the hostile movements of the Germans. He led his army off upon this expedition; but their temper was gloomy and threatening; and at length, after reaching the seat of war, at Mentz, an open mutiny broke out under the guidance of Maximin, which terminated in the murder of the Emperor and his mother. By Herodian the discontents of the army are referred to the ill management of the Persian campaign, and the unpromising commencement of the new war in Ger-

many. But it seems probable that a dissolute and wicked army like that of Alexander, had not murmured under the too little, but the too much of military service; not the buying a truce with gold seems to have offended them, but the having led them at all upon an enterprise of danger and hardship.

Maximin succeeded, whose feats of strength when he first courted the notice of the Emperor Severus, have been described by Gibbon. He was at that period a Thracian peasant; since then he had risen gradually to high offices; but, according to historians, he retained his Thracian brutality to the last. That may have been true; but one remark must be made upon this occasion; Maximin was especially opposed to the Senate; and, wherever that was the case, no justice was done to an Emperor. Why it was that Maximin would not ask for the confirmation of his election from the Senate, has never been explained; it is said that he anticipated a rejection. But, on the other hand, it seems probable that the Senate supposed its sanction to be despised. Nothing, apparently, but this reciprocal reserve in making approaches to each other, was the cause of all the bloodshed which followed. The two Gordians, who commanded in Africa, were set up by the Senate against the new Emperor; and the consternation of that body must have been great, when these champions were immediately overthrown and killed. They did not, however, despair: substituting the two governors of Rome, Pupienus and Balbinus, and associating to them the younger Gordian, they resolved to make a stand; for the severities of Maximin had by this time manifested that it was a contest of extermination. Meantime Maximin had broken up from Sirmium, the capital of Pannonia, and had advanced to Aquileia—that famous fortress, which in every invasion of Italy was the first object of attack. The Senate had set a price upon his head; but there was every probability that he would have triumphed, had he not disgusted his army by immoderate severities. It was, however, but reasonable that those, who would not support the strict but equitable discipline of the

mild Alexander, should suffer under the barbarous and capricious rigour of Maximin. That rigour was his ruin: sunk and degraded as the Senate was, and now but the shadow of a mighty name, it was found on this occasion to have long arms when supported by the frenzy of its opponent. Whatever might be the real weakness of this body, the rude soldiers yet felt a blind traditional veneration for its sanction, when prompting them as patriots to an act which their own multiplied provocations had but too much recommended to their passions. A party entered the tent of Maximin, and despatched him with the same un pitying haste which he had shewn under similar circumstances to the gentle-minded Alexander. Aquileia opened her gates immediately, and thus made it evident that the war had been personal to Maximin.

A scene followed within a short time which is in the highest degree interesting. The Senate, in creating two Emperors at once (for the boy Gordian was probably associated to them only by way of masking their experiment), had made it evident that their purpose was to restore the Republic and its two Consuls. This was their meaning; and the experiment had now been twice repeated. The army saw through it: as to the double number of Emperors, that was of little consequence, farther than as it expressed their intention, viz. by bringing back the consular government, to restore the power of the Senate, and to abrogate that of the army. The Prætorian troops, who were the most deeply interested in preventing this revolution, watched their opportunity, and attacked the two Emperors in the palace. The deadly feud, which had already arisen between them, led each to suppose himself under assault from the other. The mistake was not of long duration. Carried into the streets of Rome, they were both put to death, and treated with monstrous indignities. The young Gordian was adopted by the soldiery. It seems odd that even thus far the guards should sanction the choice of the Senate, having the purposes which they had; but perhaps Gordian had recommended himself to their favour in a degree which might outweigh

what they considered the original vice of his appointment, and his youth promised them an immediate impunity. This prince, however, like so many of his predecessors, soon came to an unhappy end. Under the guardianship of the upright Misitheus, for a time he prospered; and preparations were made upon a great scale for the energetic administration of a Persian war. But Misitheus died, perhaps by poison, in the course of the campaign; and to him succeeded, as Prætorian Prefect, an Arabian officer, called Philip. The innocent boy, left without friends, was soon removed by murder; and a monument was afterwards erected to his memory, at the junction of the Aboras and the Euphrates. Great obscurity, however, clouds this part of history; nor is it so much as known in what way the Persian war was conducted or terminated.

Philip, having made himself Emperor, celebrated, upon his arrival in Rome, the secular games, in the year 247 of the Christian era—that being the completion of a thousand years from the foundation of Rome. But Nemesis was already on his steps. An insurrection had broken out amongst the legions stationed in Mæsia; and they had raised to the purple some officer of low rank. Philip, having occasion to notice this affair in the Senate, received for answer from Decius, that probably the pseudo-Imperator would prove a mere evanescent phantom. This conjecture was confirmed: and Philip in consequence conceived a high opinion of Decius, whom (as the insurrection still continued) he judged to be the fittest man for appeasing it. Decius accordingly went armed with the proper authority. But on his arrival he found himself compelled by the insurgent army to choose between empire and death. Thus constrained, he yielded to the wishes of the troops; and then hastening with a veteran army into Italy, he fought the battle of Verona, where Philip was defeated and killed; whilst the son of Philip was murdered at Rome by the Prætorian guards.

With Philip ends, according to our distribution, the second series of the Cæsars, comprehending Com-

modus, Pertinax, Didius Julianus; Septimius Severus, Caracalla, and Geta, Macrinus, Heliogabalus, Alexander Severus, Maximin, the two Gordians, Pupienus and Balbinus, the third Gordian, and Philip the Arab.

In looking back at this series of Cæsars, we are horror-struck at the blood-stained picture. Well might a foreign writer, in reviewing the same succession, declare, that it is like passing into a new world when the transition is made from this chapter of the human history to that of modern Europe. From Commodus to Decius are sixteen names, which, spread through a space of 59 years, assign to each Cæsar a reign of less than four years. And Casaubon remarks, that in one period of 160 years, there were 70 persons who assumed the Roman purple; which gives to each not much more than two years. On the other hand, in the history of France, we find that, through a period of 1200 years, there have been no more than 64 kings: upon an average, therefore, each king appears to have enjoyed a reign of nearly nineteen years. This vast difference in security is due to two great principles—that of primogeniture as between son and son, and of hereditary succession as between a son and every other pretender. Well may we hail the principle of hereditary right as realizing the praise of Burke applied to chivalry, viz. that it is “the cheap defence of nations;” for the security which is thus obtained, be it recollected, does not regard a small succession of princes, but the whole rights and interests of social man: since the contests for the rights of belligerent rivals do not respect themselves only, but very often spread ruin and proscription amongst all orders of men. The principle of hereditary succession, says one writer, had it been a discovery of any one individual, would deserve to be considered as the very greatest ever made: and he adds acutely, in answer to the obvious, but shallow objection to it (viz. its apparent assumption of equal ability for reigning in father and son for ever), that it is like the Copernican system of the heavenly bodies—contradictory to our sense and first impressions, but true notwithstanding.

DISSOLUTION OF THE REFORM MINISTRY—THE RADICAL RUMP.

WE have now reached the second stage in revolutionary movements ; the first is numbered with the things which have been. We are running the usual, the thousand-times predicted course of such changes: their first effect has destroyed the principles with which they set out; precipitated from the helm the conscientious part of the Government, who were carried away by their illusion. Purged of its constitutional supporters, deprived of its brightest talent, stripped of its noblest eloquence, the Reform Cabinet has changed its character, altered its intentions, abandoned its pledges. It no longer pretends to uphold the constitution; it gives up the stale pretence of reforming, not changing, the government—it avows its inability to withstand the movement. We no longer hear of resting where we are—of making a great and sweeping, but final change; of lopping off the corrupt, but retaining the sound part of the constitution. Concession to the “pressure from without” is now the watchword; ecclesiastical spoliation is admitted in principle; the intention is avowed of marching with the spirit of the age; the fact is assumed, but falsely assumed we trust, that that spirit is revolutionary. These vast and important announcements mark the commencement of the SECOND PERIOD of revolutionary progress, that in which the old pretences of restoring, not altering, are at length abandoned; in which the democratic influence, raised up by aristocratic ambition for its own selfish purposes, is at length openly admitted as the ruling power; and the terrified Government, virtually resigning the helm, proclaims its inability to resist the tempest, and drifts away a melancholy wreck before the fury of the winds.

To subvert a long established Government—still more to overcome the attachment to old institutions, which forms at once the glory and the security of free constitutions, can never be effected by any single party, how powerful soever in the State. In all ages, indeed, there are a certain number of decided Revolu-

tionists, of men ready to go any length in measures of spoliation; and who, having little or nothing to lose themselves, are careless of the hazard in which they may place the property of others. This desperate party, it is also true, is fearfully increased by the progress of corruption, and the changes of fortune, incident to a wealthy and commercial society; for as Bacon well observes, “as many as there are overthrown fortunes, are there assured votes for innovation.” But great as this party sometimes becomes in the progress of wealth in the later stages of society, especially after a monetary crisis, such as we have passed through, it never can overcome the holders of property, and the men of education, if they only behave with common resolution, and remain *true to themselves*, their principles, their duties, and their interests. It is the defection of a portion, and it is often a noble and generous portion, of this phalanx, irresistible when united, which can alone give even a temporary ascendancy to the Revolutionary party, and enable the refuse of society,—the reckless, the profligate, the desperate,—the prodigals, the bankrupts, the infidels,—to usurp the dominion over the industry, the virtue, the wisdom of the State; over the religion of Christ, and the institutions of ages; over all that labour has accumulated, and all that learning has bequeathed; over the dictates of wisdom, and the efforts of genius; over all that constitutes the happiness of man here, and all that grounds his hopes hereafter. Yet such is Revolution, and such the consequence of the fatal alliance which ever marks its outset, between deluded philanthropy and artful ambition; between ardent genius and cautious calculation; between religious benevolence and infidel selfishness. We need never fear the approaches of political convulsion, where its banners are borne only by those who are *ultimately* to adhere to them; it is the seduction of a considerable portion of the property, talent, and enthusiasm of the nation, which alone renders them formidable; it is the support of those who

are to be its earliest victims which first intrenches Revolution in power, and enables its hardened leaders ultimately to discard their assistance, and drive its fiendlike car alike over the virtuous part of its supporters, and the courageous host of its antagonists. This frightful progress is in the main owing more to human delusion, than wickedness; its early and irretrievable successes are invariably owing to the support of the mistaken good, the unsuspecting brave; and in its most hideous consequences may be perceived an additional confirmation of the profound observation of Rochefoucauld, that "Hypocrisy itself is the homage which Vice pays to Virtue."

So inseparably interwoven are the contending principles of good and evil in our nature; so invariably are men destined to experience in all the stages, whether of public or private life, whether of the individual or the social system, that this is a state of probation, and not our ultimate abiding-place; that there is no state of prosperity, how great soever, arising from the steady growth of right principles, which is not liable to be speedily assailed by its own peculiar causes of corruption; nor any pitch of power from which we are not liable to be instantly dashed, by the consequences which its possession have brought forth. From the height of glory and the pinnacle of fame, from the crown of Charlemagne and the empire of Europe, Napoleon was precipitated, through the effects of his own triumphs, to the rock of St Helena. From the glories of Waterloo and Trafalgar—from the command of the ocean, and the lead of civilisation, England was plunged at once into internal agony and external weakness, divisions unprecedented since the Great Rebellion, disgrace unknown since the days of Charles II. Superficial or inconsiderate observers may conclude from these changes, that human affairs are subject to the caprice of chance, or the revolutions of destiny: let us discern in them the incessant operation of general laws, and the continued existence of that mysterious union of good and evil which was the lot bequeathed to man from his first parents. If the seeds of misfortune are sown with

the gales of prosperity, those of future glory are frequently hardened in their growth by the storms of adversity. The tomb is ever to be seen beside the palace; but the palace rises as often beside the tomb. Prosperity leads to misfortune; but out of the bosom of suffering there often arise the high resolves, the noble resolutions, which are the source at once of all that dignifies and adorns the human race.

It is these principles which we apply to the present time; it is these lessons which we deduce from the crisis which the nation is now undergoing. During the triumph and glory of Conservative principles, from 1813 to 1830, when their power was thought to be perpetual, and their influence unbounded, the seeds of evil were rapidly growing, and the downfall of the Government, founded on right maxims, preparing in the supposed irresistible nature of its authority. In the plenitude of their power, they sometimes forgot these principles; in the consequences of their greatness, unknown to them, antagonist motives were acquiring an ultimately overwhelming influence. The youth of the higher ranks deserted them; they travelled abroad, and became tinged with an absurd pseudo liberality; they returned home, and joined the ranks of a supposed liberal and enlightened Opposition. Conservative principles, having been long triumphant, were supposed to be unnecessary; the brave man, having won his laurels, forgot the toils of his youth; the rich, having made his fortune, no longer remembered that it had been won by industry and exertion. The nation reposed on the recollection of its achievements, and yielded to the siren voice, which lured its youth by the voice of flattery to perdition. This state of the public mind—this ruinous departure from just principles—this destructive dereliction of right views of society, soon appeared in the successive defalcations which took place from the Conservative ranks. A large body broke off with Mr Canning; a still larger seceded with Mr Huskisson. The Tories were at length reduced to a remnant, supported only by the recollection of their former glory: "*Stabat magni nominis umbra*;"

and with the resignation of the Duke of Wellington, rendered necessary by the coalition which jealousy, resentment, and infatuation, had formed against him, the old Government of England fell to the ground.

The present break-up of the Reform Cabinet, the resignations which have taken place, and the division of their party in the country which is in consequence going forward, are the counterpart of the same changes; indicating the arrival of the period when the tide has turned, and the opinion of the intelligent classes is rapidly returning towards the great Conservative principles, on which the welfare of society for ever depends. As the secession of the able but deluded members of the former Administration proved the force of the current which was sweeping away the settled ideas of the country, and preparing the darkness and dangers of the revolutionary Administration; so the resignations of Mr Stanley and Sir James Graham announce the approach of the period, when the danger of farther pursuing so delusive a phantom has become apparent to the men of the greatest intelligence and strongest talent in the country, and their representatives in the Government have renounced power and influence rather than persevere in the pursuit. The crisis which has occurred in the Cabinet is in reality the index merely to the crisis which is going on in the country, and indicates the arrival of the period when the unprecedented combination of worth and wickedness, genius and sophistry, benevolent intention and selfish ambition, which commenced the Revolution, is beginning to be broken up; when the unutterable horrors of farther convulsion are at length forcing themselves on the observation, not only of the Conservatives who have ever predicted, but the Liberals who have hitherto derided them, and when those who really desire reformation, and not revolution, feel, in Lord Ripon's words, that "they must at length take their stand, or they never again will find rest for their feet." Their best allies—the supporters who chiefly rendered them formidable, have already left them; and the remnant of the Cabinet, bereft of its best Conservative blood, has

sought, after a painful struggle, for momentary relief in the admission of men of more thorough revolutionary principles, and purchased a respite of a few months, by the promised sacrifice of the interest in the State which was thought to be most indefensible—the Irish Church. The war on property, therefore, has now fairly commenced; the Commission which has been issued is avowedly for the purpose of enquiring into a new distribution of it; and every man who has any thing to preserve for himself or his family, may know what side he should take, and what fate awaits his possessions, if the Rump of the Administration, who were wafted to the helm amidst the transports of the Reform mania, remain much longer in power. We do not say that the present Cabinet professedly intend to spoliate private property; what we say is, that they are pursuing measures which certainly, if persisted in, must lead to that result. They did not intend, we doubt not, when they forced through the Reform Bill, to adventure on the tremendous experiment of Negro emancipation, or commence the war on private property by destroying the Irish Establishment; but yet they have already done the one, and are about to do the other. As usual in such cases, it is not malevolent intention, but selfish ambition, and blind infatuation in the rulers of mankind, which form the real danger. They find that their maintenance in power is dependent on the prosecution of the insane revolutionary career which they have commenced; they perceive that, in attempting to restrain it, they have split, and wellnigh suffered shipwreck; and they easily persuade themselves that it is their duty to continue the movement, and peril any of all the institutions of society, rather than abandon the helm, which, in an evil hour for themselves and their country, they were permitted to seize.

The present crisis could not, by any efforts, have been averted, after the Reform Bill was passed. That fatal measure gave so perilous an ascendancy to the Democratic interest in the State, that, from the moment it became a law, nothing could be more certain than that we should, sooner or later, be driven to

revolutionary confiscation,—the object, and the only object, which the designing leaders of revolution always had—the catastrophe which its deluded followers, whether in the Legislature or the country, uniformly asserted would never occur. Its present advent is the event, therefore, calculated to divide finally and for ever the reforming party; to unveil the designs of its Radical members, and to horrify the minds of its conscientious but mistaken supporters; to separate, at last, the wheat from the chaff, and demonstrate to the most enthusiastic followers of mere Reform, that whatever he may have thought or done formerly, he must now think and act differently; that, in Lord Ripon's words, "if he does not rest now, he never can rest hereafter."

The well-known French proverb, "C'est le premier pas qui coute," and the maxim of Roman justice, "Majus et minus non variant speciem," are alike applicable to this question. Both point to the unspeakable peril, the enormous danger of following the supposed "spirit of the times,"—in other words, the desire of robbery—into its contemplated inroads upon the property of the Irish Church. If this door be once opened,—if this barrier be once thrown down,—if this inroad be once permitted, no property of any sort is worth five years' purchase. The wolf which has once tasted blood, can never again be kept from deeds of slaughter. There is a natural repugnance,—an unavoidable horror in nations, as well as individuals, at the commission of the first deeds of acknowledged injustice. The thief who has been bred to better habits, does not first lay his hand on his neighbour's purse, the assassin does not first plunge his dagger in an innocent breast, the seducer does not first complete the ruin of his victim, without a thrill of horror,—without some compunction as to the awful course on which he has entered. Cæsar paused on the banks of the Rubicon; Napoleon himself shrunk before the majesty even of a revolutionary Legislature at St Cloud. But when the die is once cast,—when the Rubicon is fairly past, the rest follows as a matter of course. Conscience is obli-

terated; ambitious passions gain an irresistible ascendancy; necessity drags them on. *Quod prius fuit voluntatis postea fit necessitatis.* They cannot recede if they would; they are impelled forward by a clamorous and highly-excited crowd in their rear; their personal safety (and that is the fatal thing) becomes wound up in continuing the revolutionary system. Instant ruin and disgrace stare them in the face, if they recede after they have fairly commenced the war on private property,—after their hands have once been sullied by deeds of injustice. There is no possibility of receding, therefore, after the precedent of revolutionary acts has once been established; and it was the profound, the heartfelt sense of this great truth, which led Mr Stanley and Sir James Graham to resign their exalted situations, rather than become involved in its commission. Well and nobly have they acted; an heroic sacrifice have they made, but a glorious recompense will they receive. Their names will be emblazoned in the archives of their country; and the patriot historian, mournfully but justly narrating the past, will joyfully rest on this splendid act, and enrol them among those who, if they once erred, have at least sought to redeem their fault,—who, if they were accessory to a ruinous measure, have at least proved that they are so from error of judgment, not selfishness of intention.

In every country, which the decrees of Providence permit, as the punishment of its sins, to be afflicted by the revolutionary fever, a crisis such as the present has arrived; and its future destiny depends entirely on the strength of the virtuous and Conservative part of the community, when nature has made this effort to cast off the load which is oppressing it. The secession of Burke and the old Whigs of England, in 1793, from the ranks of an Opposition, which, but for their secession, might have succeeded in rousing revolutionary passion so as to overturn the Monarchy; the retirement of Mounier, Neckar, and the early leaders of the French Revolution, indicated the arrival of the same crisis in the progress of the malady, which the resignations of Mr Stanley

and Sir James Graham, of the Duke of Richmond and Lord Ripon, announce in our present convulsions. In all these cases, the break in the once united and powerful Liberal party was occasioned by the same cause, and in all they offered to the nation the same opportunity of salvation. This cause was the law of nature, which in nations, not less than individuals, propels those who yield to sinful passions, from one indulgence to another, till, unless early wisdom checks their career, they fall the victims of their own extravagance; this opportunity is the break-off which the virtuous, but deluded, make from the reckless and ambitious, when the designs of the latter are fairly unveiled, and the peril of their career is clearly manifested. Upon the strength of the patient at this crisis, his future destiny depends. If his constitution is weakened, but not destroyed, he may surmount the malady; if his strength is gone, he will rapidly sink under its violence.

The crisis has arrived here; and we have good reason to hope that it has not arrived too late to enable us to struggle through the disease. Our nobility have not, like the French emigrants, basely fled from their country, and yielded up the land of their birth to guilty demagogues and infidel spoliators. Our landed proprietors have not withdrawn to the Continent, and returned with foreign troops to enthrall their native land; they have not given their opponents the enormous advantage of representing them as the enemies of their country. Victorious or vanquished, they have remained at their post; disdaining to invoke foreign aid, they have trusted to their own efforts, and the justice of their cause, ultimately to regain the victory. This is the great, the decisive circumstance, which distinguishes our present convulsion from the French Revolution; and though we alluded to it in our last Number, yet it is of such vital importance, that it must again, and can never be sufficiently enlarged on. If our nobility and gentry had imitated the French noblesse, and abandoned their country at the passing of the Reform Bill, not a shadow of a doubt can now remain, that we should ere this have

been immersed in all the horrors of a Revolution. The motions made in the first Session of the Reform Parliament would have torn the empire in pieces. The Whigs, outnumbered by their allies the Radicals, would have been compelled to go into every revolutionary atrocity, or abandon the helm; the few Conservatives returned to Parliament would have resigned the contest, as the French Royalists did, in despair. Then would have appeared here, as it did in France, the utter inability of any branch of the Movement party to resist the Revolution, or coerce the allies whom they had raised up from the lower ranks of society to supreme power. The cry of treachery—the reproaches of their former allies—the stain of inconsistency, would with us, as it did with them, have paralysed all their efforts. The cry “Grand Trahison du Comte Mirabeau” would have sealed their fate. But the case is widely different in Great Britain. The great and powerful Conservative party have remained at their post, and, though for the time overwhelmed by numbers, they are still unsubdued. Having weathered the first breach of the storm, they are gathering strength every hour. The reaction has come firmly, decidedly, indisputably, in all the higher and really educated classes of the State. No one can doubt this who looks about him in society. The false pseudo-liberality which was so common ten years ago, and which in its ultimate effects has brought the nation to the brink of ruin, has almost disappeared. With the exception of the holders and expectants of office, and their families or dependents, hardly a Whig is now to be seen in the highly educated classes of society. Among the young, the race is almost extinct, as Oxford and Cambridge have sufficiently demonstrated. Revolutionists there are, in small numbers, among such classes, in great numbers among the rabble of cities, and the desperate in fortune; and the Reform mania, though evidently subsiding, is still sufficiently strong to give the majority in numbers to the popular candidate in large towns, or manufacturing districts; but the growth of Conservative principles is so rapid among all the well-educated classes

of society, and the vast majority of the holders of property, as to render them already almost a match for their antagonists, in all but these corrupt fastnesses of democratic power. In the counties, every person must perceive that the tide has already turned. It is probably not going too far to say, that out of the 184 county members of Great Britain, 150 would at another election be returned in the *Conservative* interest. We do not say in the *Tory* interest; but in the interest of those who, however formerly divided, are now united in resisting the farther advances of Revolution; in the party of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, of Mr Stanley and Sir James Graham.

It is this circumstance, therefore, of the firm and resolute, the courageous and high-minded *Conservative* party, remaining at their post, and stemming the torrent of innovation by their example and influence, which distinguishes the English from the French Revolution, and is destined, it is to be hoped, to lead to a very different result of a similar convulsion in the two countries. The deluded Liberals—the hardened Revolutionists, have been the same in both; their language, their intentions, their measures, their hypocrisy, their selfishness, their irreligion, have been identical. If they have hitherto been kept from deeds of atrocity and blood, it is not from any efforts or power of their own to stop the conflagration which they have occasioned, but from the firm countenance, the resolute resistance, the growing influence of the *Conservatives*, that the exemption has arisen. No one can estimate the effect of the vigorous and patriotic stand which the enemies of revolution have made, in so many different quarters, since the Reform Parliament was returned. They are up and doing in every direction: hardly ever does a vacancy open, that a vigorous, and, to the Whigs, a most anxious contest, does not occur. The effect of their efforts has been already very great. In Perthshire, they have already won the victory for order and religion; in Cambridge, they have driven the Secretary for the Colonies to so narrow a majority, as clearly indicates, on the next occasion, a decisive defeat. At Edin-

burgh even, the nest of Whiggism, the nucleus of the Scotch Liberal party, the fortress from whence the Edinburgh Review, for thirty years, has dealt its fire out in every direction, they have reduced the majority from 2500 to 500, and compelled the Attorney-General, the prosecutor of the True Sun, to supplicate the political unionists to save him from the disgrace of a second defeat; and the seasonable junction of 500 of their number alone gave him the victory. It is evident, therefore, that a very great change has taken place; and this change is likely to be still farther increased by the recent break-up in the Ministry—by the dissolution of that combination of deluded Conservatism with ambitious Liberalism, which, for the time, gave the Reform party so irresistible a preponderance, and the installation of the RADICAL RUMP in unmitigated sovereignty, over a nation beginning to awaken out of a trance of five years' duration.

The fact of division existing in the Movement party, the natural and inevitable result of the measures of spoliation to which they have been driven by their revolutionary supporters, and of the recoil of all virtuous minds at deeds of acknowledged injustice and obvious peril, is admitted, with loud lamentation, by the Movement journals. Take, for example, the Morning Chronicle of June 9;—

“ The Administration of Lord Grey, though it has gained in character, has lost considerable power. Mr Stanley has not only retired from the Cabinet, but thrown himself senselessly into the ranks of the High Church Opposition. The Duke of Richmond, Lord Ripon, and Sir James Graham, it is true, are no great intellectual or political loss to the Government; but it would be absurd to deny that this late secession of the Cabinet attached to the Administration of Lord Grey a considerable class in the country of semi-liberal but conservative politics. In the meanwhile, the hostile posture of the House of Lords is transparently obvious. The Tory Peers possess a notorious majority of sixty votes. They can at any moment outvote the Ministry, and neutralize any legislative act of the House of Commons, when they discern a fitting party occasion. Lord Grey, on Friday, in his excellent and dignified speech, significantly stated his position: ‘ I can declare to your Lordships, that I experi-

ence no great satisfaction in occupying my present situation. Give me leave to assure you, that it cannot be very agreeable to me to sit here, night after night, to see arrayed, on the opposite benches, a number of your Lordships, who I know, whenever called into a division, must decide the question against me. Nevertheless, I have persevered under all the difficulties and disadvantages incident to this state of things, in the hope that better times would occur.' Now, we ask, what rational hope is there of any such 'better times,' unless death, in the course of time, should remove an unusual proportion of the noble Opposition? The supposed necessity of Ministers to shape their measures to the standard of the House of Lords—the honest but at times mistaken anxiety of the House of Commons to uphold a liberal Administration, and exclude the Tories—have greatly prostrated the character of public men, and on a new election, might sacrifice some of the most useful and honourable members of the House of Commons. The votes on the pension-list, twice repeated—on the shortening the duration of Parliaments—on the resolutions of Mr Ward—the inefficiency of the Ministerial measures for the partial concession of the claims of the Dissenters respecting marriage and church-rates—and the absence of any Ministerial measures on parochial registration and free admission to the English Universities—have made a deep and injurious impression on the public mind. *The Liberal interest of the country is divided, instead of being arrayed in unison against the common enemy. It is not any reaction of public opinion towards Conservatism which has prevented many capable liberal members of the House of Commons from accepting official appointments, and which now holds many gentlemen in doubt; it is the disunion of the Reformers, really occasioned by the deplorable circumstances which we have above unwillingly but necessarily alluded to. And what is the only remedy? Can it be denied that the recent Ministerial changes have given dissatisfaction to the country? Can it be questioned that the present critical political position of parties requires the concentration of the popular power—the aid and active support of every enlightened public man who can be put in requisition for the public service, and the confidence and support of the whole Liberal constituency of the kingdom?"*

Like all faction partisans, this journal ascribes the changes in the prospects of the Revolutionary party, not to the operation of any general

causes, but their own unhappy divisions: as if the division of a party, heretofore united, was not itself the strongest proof of the working of some common overruling cause, and any thing but the clearest indication of the advent of times when "the pressure from without" has compelled the hitherto united Reform phalanx to separate into two divisions; the one of which is disposed to go the utmost length of revolutionary movement—the other to stop short, and having conceded what they deemed the reasonable, resist the unreasonable demands of the populace.

The French, albeit greatly our superiors in the knowledge of revolutionary progress, are yet egregiously mistaken in their estimate of the causes by which it is governed, and the principles essential to its success. They constantly speak of it as a necessary progress; as a change which is irresistible; as a matter subject to the stern laws of necessity, and over which human efforts have no control. This fatalist doctrine originated with Mignet, Thiers, Levasseur de la Sarthe, and the other apologists of the Revolution. They adopted it because they could neither defend nor extenuate the horrors of the popular party on their side of the water, and therefore they had no resource but to ascribe them to overruling necessity, by which they thought they would wipe off the stain from individual characters. In this they have been followed by all the historians of the recent military events in France, who, whenever a victory is to be recorded of the Republican arms, let us hear nothing but praises of the valour, skill, and intrepidity of the French soldiers; but when a defeat is to be described, invariably begin roaring out about an invincible fatality and irresistible necessity. But a more absurd and perilous doctrine never was broached, and it is evident that it has had no slight influence in forming the minds of our leading statesmen to those extravagant opinions on the necessity of bending to "the spirit of the age," which is put forward as the apology for the spoliation of the Irish Church. In every age, there is to be found a bad as well as a good spirit, and thousands, perhaps millions, who will follow

the career of crime and revolution, in preference to that of order and religion, if they think they can do so with impunity to themselves. The spirit is strong in highwaymen for robbery, and in assassins for the wages of blood; in the brutal for intoxication, in the lustful for pleasure, in the indolent for ease, in the sensual for gratification; and if governments descend to such classes for their supporters or directors, they will find abundant reason to believe that the "spirit of the age" is in favour of the gratification of their passions. But if there is in every age a bad, there is also no less certainly a good spirit. The majority even in number, and a tenfold majority in courage, wisdom, and virtue, are ever to be found who are not inclined to such indulgences, who have struggled with the tempter, and come off victorious; who look forward to the future, and prefer ultimate good to present enjoyments; the brave, the energetic, the industrious. They form the basis of public prosperity; the pillars on which national honour, and safety, and welfare depend. Catiline declared that the spirit of his age was adverse to the tyranny of the Patricians; and he spoke truly, doubtless, of his companions: but Cicero found the spirit of the age very different in the Senate; and Cæsar at length demonstrated that it was in reality favourable only to military despotism. In truth, the spirit of the times, so far from being an irresistible current, independent of the exertions of human virtue, is liable to the strongest possible modification from the effects of courage or weakness, wisdom or folly, selfishness or magnanimity, firmness or imbecility. Perhaps never did the temper of the times appear more vehement and unanimous than in France at the outset of the Revolution; and yet we have the authority of Dumont, the friend of Mirabeau, and the author of the Rights of Man, for the assertion that its downward progress was chiefly owing to the personal weakness of the King, and that a more resolute monarch would speedily have established, in conformity with the wishes of a vast

majority of the nation, a firm constitutional throne, and utterly extinguished the revolutionary faction. It is success which makes such a faction powerful, because it ranges on their side the great but inert mass of the people, ever ready to range themselves with the stronger side; it is the concessions or weakness of their opponents which constitute their real strength. And if Earl Grey is not disposed to listen to so great an authority even as Dumont on such a subject, perhaps he may feel more deference for his favourite political guide, Napoleon Bonaparte. "If Louis XVI.," said that great man, "had boldly resisted—if he had had the courage, the activity, the ardour of Charles I., *he would have triumphed.*"*

No doubt, if Earl Grey resorts to the corrupted ten-pounders in great towns—to the spirit-dealers, wine vaults, brothels, and alehouses of London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, or Edinburgh—if he takes counsel of the Dissenting interest, or its active and bustling representatives in the London Convocation—he will find abundant reason to believe that the Church is in danger, and that the Government itself would be in danger, if it attempted to uphold it. So also would he find the London Police in danger among the flash-houses and dens of iniquity in the Metropolis—or the wealthy and industrious part of the community in danger, among robbers and vagabonds in every part of the world. But where does he find evidence of there being any general feeling of hostility to the Church, save in that single class, the urban ten-pounders, whom he wakened up to political life by the Reform Bill? Is it in the House of Peers, where, according to his own admission, a great majority is constantly ready to crush him, and, on a recent occasion, so overwhelming a manifestation of attachment to the Establishment was made? Is it in the educated classes of society? Let Cambridge, the centre of Whig property and talent—let Oxford, the long established organ of the Tory interest, answer. Did he find, in the recent enthusiastic installation of the Duke of Welling-

ton as chancellor of the latter University, any very decisive evidence that the youth of England, the flower of the State—the future Pitts and Chathams, Peels and Cannings, Eldons and Lyndhursts, Nelsons and Wellingtons, have degenerated from the spirit of their fathers? Is it in Glasgow that he finds it, where so splendid a manifestation of Conservative feeling was recently evinced, on occasion of the great Western meeting? or in Edinburgh and Leith, where the Conservatives so stoutly gave battle to the Attorney-General and Lord Advocate, and at the great dinner to Mr Learmonth, where such a display of patriotic feeling took place? The truth cannot be disguised. The Church never was stronger in the affections, the gratitude, and the virtues of *society generally*; and it never at any former period was so deserving of their attachment: but unhappily that particular faction, the ten-pounders, to whom the Reform Bill gave such monstrous and undeserved power, is for the most part adverse to it, because it is in great part either depraved and corrupted, or governed by Dissenting jealousy; and it is in them, and THEM ALONE, that Earl Grey finds “the spirit of the times,” and the “pressure from without,” to which he ascribes the necessity of commencing the work of spoliation.

But let it not be imagined, that because the Church is strong in the affections of the King and the Nobility—the better, if not the larger part of the House of Commons—the Church, the Law, the Army and Navy—because it is enthusiastically loved in Oxford and Cambridge, by the greatest and wisest, the noblest and best of the community—because its blessings are widely felt, and generally admitted by the landed proprietors, the tenantry, the rural labourers—because all the highly educated classes of society are almost unanimous in its support—that therefore it is safe from attack, and may securely despise the malice of its enemies. The British Constitution is not now swayed by the people, but a part of the people—not by the wise and the learned, but the vain and the ignorant—not the men of property and industry, but the men of intrigue and desperation. This was the result of the Reform Bill, and we must

work with the elements of power as they are now by law established. The Ministers have declared that the pressure from without is too strong for them—that they must yield to the spirit of the age, (*i. e.* of the ten-pounders,) or perish; and they have issued a Commission to enquire into the situation of the Irish Church, with the avowed design of acting upon the report which may be anticipated from a body so constituted, and commencing the appropriation of what *they* deem the surplus property of the Establishment, to *national* purposes. To avoid misconstruction on so momentous a subject, we subjoin the words of the Commission, from the London Gazette, and a few extracts from the speeches of Ministers on the subject, taken, for the sake of impartiality, from the Times newspaper. The Commission are directed to enquire into “the number of members of, or persons in communion with, the United Church of England and Ireland, in each benefice or parish, distinguishing, in the cases of such benefices as comprise more than one parish, the number belonging to each parish separately, and to the Union collectively, and also to state the distances of the parishes in each union from each other respectively; to state the number and rank of the ministers belonging to or officiating within each benefice, whether rector, vicar, or curate, and whether resident or non-resident, and whether there is a church or glebe-house thereon; to state the periods at which divine service is performed in each parish church or chapel, and the average number of persons usually attending the service in each, and to state generally whether those numbers have been for the last five years increasing, stationary, or diminishing; to ascertain the number of the several other places of worship belonging to Roman Catholics or Presbyterians, and other Protestant Dissenters, and the number of ministers officiating in each, the proportion of the population of each parish belonging to each of such persuasions respectively, the periods at which divine service is performed in each of their chapels, and the average number of persons usually attending the service in each, and to state generally whether those numbers have been for the last five years increasing,

stationary, or diminishing; to ascertain the state of each parish, with reference to the means of education, the number and description of schools, the kind of instruction afforded therein, the average attendance at each, and the sources from which they are supported, and to state generally whether the numbers attending the same have for the last five years been increasing, stationary, or diminishing; to enquire generally whether adequate provision is now made for the religious instruction and for the general education of the people of Ireland; and to report such other circumstances connected with the moral and political relations of the Church Establishment, and the religious institutions of other denominations dissenting from the Established Church, as may bring clearly into view their bearings on the general condition of the people of that part of our said United Kingdom called Ireland."

Little doubt can remain as to the real object of this Commission, when the expressions quoted in italics are considered, and it is recollected that it was issued by a Movement Administration, in order to avoid a collision with Mr Ward's motion, which was expressly to appropriate "the surplus property" of the Irish Church, as it is called, to the service of the State. But all doubt is removed by what Ministers said on the occasion. According to the report in the Times, "Lord Althorp pronounced that it was 'unnecessary for the House to declare an opinion on the first part of Mr Ward's resolution,'—namely, that which asserted the power of Parliament to deal with Church property as the exigencies of the State might require.

"Lord John Russell avowed that it would 'be absurd to appoint a Commission, if they were not really to deal with the surplus Church property' beyond the wants of the Protestant population, if any such should be found; and further, that the funds of the Irish Church might be properly reduced, with a view to the purposes of 'moral education.'

"In the reported speech of Mr Spring Rice on the same occasion, we find, in substance, the following words:—'If it were proved to his satisfaction that the wealth now enjoy-

ed by the Protestant Church of Ireland was more than adequate to the purposes to which it was originally devoted, &c., he would consider the question how that excess of wealth might be best bestowed, not only for the sake of the Protestant Church, but of the other interests of the nation.'"

This is pretty well, coming from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Colonial Secretary, and another Cabinet Minister in the House of Commons. Earl Grey is equally explicit in the House of Peers. He expressly said, that, "provided it appeared that a surplus existed, it might be applied to the other purposes of the State, as the public exigencies may require." This is just in effect admitting the principles of the French National Assembly, who "confiscated the property of the Church to the purposes of the State, and took the clergy, charities, and education of France, under the safeguard of the national honour." We are not going quite so fast as our more impetuous neighbours, indeed, but following precisely the same road. In vain may Lord Lansdowne declare that he will "never sanction the appropriation of the surplus Church revenues to any other than pious and charitable purposes connected with the Establishment;" and Lord Brougham, "as to the Catholic Church having one single fraction of a farthing of the fund, no noble Lord who sat on the opposite side of the House would more strenuously oppose such a measure than himself;" and "that the fund is to be applied to the purposes of education and charities belonging to the Established Church." These declarations and restrictions will never alter the nature of the measure which is approaching; they will not diminish one iota of the danger with which it is fraught. Who is to be the judge of the purposes to which the surplus fund is to be applied? who is to decide what is a due provision to the clergy, and what extent of the property is to be deemed surplus? who is to decide whether L.48 a-year is not enough for every parish priest, and L.300 a-year adequate for every Bishop, as the Constituent Assembly did in dealing with the surplus property which they acquired from their greater ecclesias-

tical spoliation? who is to decide whether a Protestant clergyman is not to be suppressed, unless a certain proportion, perhaps three-fourths or four-fifths of the population are Protestant? Who is to decide what are the purposes of "education and charity" to which the surplus is to be applied? whether it is not to be the cramming the poor with crude trash called political economy, instead of giving them the Bible and the Prayer-book? whether a seminary, on the principle of "excluding religion," like the London University, is not meant to be set down in every county; and the poor given out of the ecclesiastical funds the means of reading the Times and the Morning Chronicle, but neither the New Testament nor the Liturgy? The answer to all these questions is the same. The "Spirit of the Age," in other words, the demands of the ten-pounders, must be the rule and the measure of the work of spoliation: and they will soon discover that charity begins at home; that the "purposes of the State" are the relief of its necessities; and that what "the public exigencies require" is an appropriation of the revenues of the Church to the wants of the Consolidated Fund.

To do the Radicals justice, they make no secret of their designs; and if the work of spoliation begins, and ends in a universal wreck of private property, the rest of the people cannot accuse them of concealing their ultimate objects. Mr Ward expressly declared in the House of Commons, "that the model of ecclesiastical Establishments, that which all nations should strive to arrive at, was that of modern France, where the clergy of all denominations were paid by the State, and no one could boast any preeminence over another." Here, then, we have proposed for the British people, in the outset of their revolutionary movements, the final issue of similar convulsions on the other side of the Channel; and an open declaration that the total abolition of an Established Church, or any peculiar style of national faith, is the most desirable of all consummations. It was the majority in favour of a motion prefaced by, and based upon this declaration, that Ministers felt

themselves unable to resist; and it was to avoid a collision with a majority supporting such a declaration, that the Irish Church Commission was issued. The danger, therefore, is avowed and imminent; a majority of the House of Commons, that is, of the body holding the public purse, has declared itself in substance in favour of the spoliation of the Irish Church, and an appropriation of what portion of its revenues they please to the purposes of the State; and this intention is loudly applauded by the Radicals and Revolutionists, the ten-pounders and democrats, the Catholics and Disenters, the bankrupts and infidels, the profligates and rakes, throughout the State. It will require the utmost efforts of the united wisdom and probity, courage and virtue, rank and property, energy and activity, learning and genius, of the Empire, to avert the danger, and stop this first great and decided step in revolutionary confiscation. In any former period of British history, we should not have had the remotest apprehension for the result; the now awakened feeling of all the respectable and intelligent classes, would at once have given an immense majority to the Conservative side in the House of Commons, and another lease of glory and prosperity would have been assured to England; but the Reform Bill has thrown these classes into so obvious a minority, at least in the principal town constituencies, that it is impossible to contemplate, without the utmost apprehension, the means of constitutional resistance which are still in their power, and assuredly it is only by the greatest and most strenuous exertions on the part of all classes, and a total oblivion of all minor differences, that the victory can be obtained.

The very act of issuing such a Commission as the present, is utterly subversive of any thing like an ecclesiastical establishment. If an enquiry is to be made into the comparative number of Catholics and Protestants throughout Ireland, with a view, doubtless, to the extinction or suspension of the Protestant worship, except where the latter are a certain proportion of the former, or to the application of the funds of the Church in such situations to

purposes foreign to religion, on what principle can a similar change be resisted in Great Britain? In those districts where the Dissenters outnumber the Establishment, how, after such a precedent, can their claims to be liberated from ecclesiastical payments, or have them diverted to the endowment of their own pastors, be resisted? How are we to draw a distinction between Tipperary and Huddersfield, Queen's County and Halifax? And if the possession of a numerical majority is to suspend or change the direction of ecclesiastical payments, how soon, in a selfish and corrupted age, may we not expect to see Dissenting principles generally triumphant, if it is thought that a liberation from pecuniary payments is to follow a declaration that they are the larger body? It is astonishing how rapidly the unthinking, but selfish majority (and they are ever the larger part of mankind) discover what profession of faith is to lead to pecuniary relief. The principle, in short, of taking numbers for the test—of basing ecclesiastical establishments on statistical returns, and endowing or stripping different churches according to the returns they can exhibit to a roving Government Commission, is utterly fatal to an Establishment. No Church can exist for ten years after such a principle is once admitted. The magnificent union of ALL the people under one roof; the oblivion of all temporal distinctions in the sight of Heaven; the noble and truly Christian principle of providing for the gratuitous instruction of the poor at the expense of the rich, and setting aside a certain portion of the landed property for the endowments of a Church founded on these principles, is for ever destroyed. Thenceforward the distinctions of the world will penetrate into the bosom of the Church; the rich will have one religion, the poor another: the firmest chain which unites together the higher and lower classes, will be snapt asunder; and the nation, instead of being wrapt in the imposing robe of uniform faith, will be decked out in a harlequin dress, distracting from the variety which it contains—contemptible from the divisions which it exhibits.

It is said that the Irish, not less than the English tithes, were for-

merly destined to the Catholic religion; that the authority of Government transferred them to the Establishment of the Protestant faith, and that the same authority may reconvey them to their original destination. The answer to this is short and decisive. The Reformation was a *complete Revolution* in Church and State; it was ushered in by the most frightful acts of injustice, and accompanied by a violent transfer of property; and therefore it cannot be appealed to by any party professing the remotest regard to order or constitutional authority. If the Church reformers tell us that they take the Reformation for their guide, and found upon its precedent against itself—we answer, that it was begun by Henry VIII., as Mr Hume has told us, by the confiscation of one-third of the landed property of the kingdom, and the execution of seventy-two thousand persons on the scaffold in a single reign; that it brought Charles I. to the block, established the military tyranny of Cromwell, abolished the House of Peers, and induced the hideous rule which produced the general delirium of joy on the Restoration. It was under these, the worst symptoms and effects of revolution, that the transfer of the property of the Catholic to the Protestant Church took place; and it is obvious from their bare enumeration, that it was a true revolutionary crisis, a violent convulsion in religion, drawing after it a total overthrow of civil institutions; and that, therefore, it was an event like the battle of Hastings, or the Norman Conquest, in which all law and justice was set aside, and the stern motto, *Vae victis*, openly inscribed on the banners of the victorious party. If the advocates of Church reform adopt such principles, and refer to such precedents, we understand them, we admit their title if they choose to embrace them, and we only wish that they would openly proclaim their intentions. We should like to see them take the field, with a beheaded King on their banners, a dethroned nobility in their mouths, the confiscation of half the landed property of the kingdom openly announced, and the blood of seventy-two thousand victims on the scaffold, rising up in frightful array before them. Re-

duced to such desperate features, stript of the delusion arising from professed liberality and regard for the lower orders, speedily would the Jacobin faction be reduced to its real strength, and hurled with indignant fury into the dust. It is the delusion of mankind, which, in such cases, is chiefly to be dreaded. The siren voice which leads them on over a path strewn with flowers to perdition, *that* constitutes the real danger. The more that the Revolutionists refer to the violent transfer of property at the Reformation, the better, because it unveils their real designs, and proclaims their intention of ripping up again a frightful wound, which has hardly been healed up by two hundred years of subsequent legal authority. We thought their design was different; we were told they wished Reform, and not Revolution; that restoration, not anarchy, was their object; that they abhorred all violence and illegal acts, and repelled with indignation the foul aspersions of the Conservatives, who uniformly predicted that, sooner or later, willingly or unwillingly, their frantic course would force them into such excesses. We denounced them from the beginning: if they refer to such a precedent, and declare their intention of following it, they have denounced themselves, and the nation will have itself only to blame, if it becomes their victim.

The case, in another view, at the Reformation, was widely different. There a total change in religious belief took place in the vast majority of the people; and this was immediately followed by a total subversion of all the institutions of the ancient faith. Whether the Protestants were not much to blame for their excesses in the hour of victory, is another matter; probably no impartial person will now entertain a doubt on that subject; and not a little has the nation since suffered from the deeds of violence then committed: but, at least, they had this to say, that they never pretended to keep any terms with the Catholics; that the scabbard was thrown away on both sides; and as they were threatened, if vanquished, with the stake, so they could only retaliate, if victorious, with the scaffold. Are these the principles on which the

Church spoliators are now prepared to act? If so, we again say we understand them; we perceive they declare a *bellum ad internecionem* against all the property of the State, and all the institutions of society; and woful as the prospect is, we have no doubt of the issue of such a conflict. But can they pretend that circumstances have now arrived, which call for, or justify so frightful an invasion of private right, and so ruinous a precedent of public injustice? Can they seriously assert that the nation has become Republican by so vast a majority in numbers, property, wealth, talent, and energy, as to justify a repetition of the total overthrow of society which occurred at the Reformation, or distinguished the French Revolution? an overthrow which at once sets at naught all the authority of law, and all the sanctity of religion; which openly overturns Government, and spoliates property; which at once suspends the axe over every head, and turns the people out like a set of frantic wild beasts, to fight it out in a vast arena till the strongest acquires the mastery? If not, then let them not go back for a precedent, in legal and constitutional times, to a catastrophe consequent on a total overthrow of society; or, while still professing some regard to private rights and public justice, refer to deeds done in distracted and barbarous times, when both were, by common consent, inhumanly and unpardonably abandoned.

"I wish, if this Reform Bill passes," said the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords in June, 1831, "the noble Earl at the head of his Majesty's Government, would shew how he or any one is in future to carry on the Government."

"In pursuing," says Earl Grey in June, 1834, "a course of *salutary* improvement, I feel it indispensable that we shall be allowed to proceed with *deliberation* and *caution*; and, *above all*, that we should not be urged, by a constant and active PRESSURE FROM WITHOUT, to the adoption of any measures, the necessity of which has not been *fully proved*, and which are not *strictly regulated* by a careful attention to the *settled institutions* of the country, both in *Church* and *State*."

Was ever prediction more mar-

vellously verified? was ever the presumptuous neglect of sound and rational advice, more signally brought home to an Administration? Its very head is now forced to admit that he is continually urged forward by a "constant and active pressure from without," which renders it next to impossible to proceed with safety. Who introduced this pressure from without? Who gave to the fleeting fervour of the moment a lasting and destructive direction, and carved out channels by which it might permanently reach, and for ever disturb the machine of Government? The very man who now complains so piteously of its intolerable pressure—what a memorable instance of poetical justice; how complete a proof of the truth of Conservative principles; how marvellous an instance of the exact accomplishment of what political sagacity had predicted; and how remarkable that the authors of that destructive measure have themselves lived and remained in power long enough to feel and lament its consequences! We have predicted fifty times that the authors of the Reform Bill would be the first to suffer from its effects; and already, from the changes which it has wrought, and is working, in society, have its ablest and most conscientious supporters, Mr Stanley, Sir James Graham, and Lord Ripon, been precipitated from the height of power,—from situations more commanding than the throne of Charles X.,—from the rule of a Colonial Empire more extensive than the dominions of Nicholas, in consequence of its operation. The rest will ultimately follow: sooner or later every member of the Cabinet who sanctioned that revolutionary measure will be overthrown by its effects; and we only hope that their fall to all may be as gentle and bloodless, as that of the high-minded and noble men who have recently made such vast sacrifices, rather than participate in the measures which it is now forcing upon the Government.

The conduct of the House of Peers since the Reform Bill passed, has been admirable in the highest degree. Courageous, without being presumptuous; able, without being ostentatious; firm, and yet moderate; dignified, and yet conciliatory, they have contrived to get through the perils of the last two years, in a

manner which the warmest patriot could hardly have hoped when they commenced. In this prudent and truly patriotic course, we may discern the surpassing wisdom by which they have been governed, and discern the same hand which, with prophetic wisdom, traced in the lines of Torres Vedras the impregnable stronghold for British power, before the hour approached for the triumphs of Salamanca and Vittoria; and endured, with unflinching firmness, the terrible tempest of artillery and horse at Waterloo, till the moment for the last decisive British charge had arrived. Let them range themselves under the same unrivalled leader, not less great in peace than in war,—now the shield of freedom and religion in Britain, as he was long the last hope of liberty and independence to Europe,—now the Fabius, but destined, perhaps, to be the future Scipio, of civil as well as military triumph; and doomed, let us hope, finally to rescue his country from a domestic, as he has already saved it from a foreign yoke. Let them avoid all unnecessary or premature collisions; strengthen themselves, meanwhile, by all the means in their power; and above all prepare, by a cordial union and co-operation with the middling ranks of society, for the great constitutional conflict which is approaching, and be ready to advance, with decisive effect, at the moment when he shall give the signal, to make the last constitutional effort for order, freedom, and religion. Let them rest assured, that Conservative principles are daily and hourly gaining strength in every part of the country; that they have spread so rapidly, during the last two years, among the middling ranks, that the return of a Conservative House of Commons, by an overwhelming majority, would be certain, if the election depended on the property and education of the kingdom; and that, although the Reform Bill has hitherto placed its wealth and intelligence in a fearful minority, yet the ranks of their opponents are hourly diminishing from the force of truth, the decline of passion, and above all, the almost unanimous adoption of true principles by the young of all the educated and respectable classes of society. Let them not be discoura-

ged by the triumph of the Revolutionists in great towns, but recollect what obstacles the Conservatives have to contend with amidst their depraved population, and how dense are the fumes of ignorance, passion, and delusion, which arise amidst their crowded and corrupted constituencies. Let them fix their eyes rather on the purer atmosphere and heaven-born feelings of the country. Let them watch the change of sentiment among their tenantry, their friends, their neighbours; recollect that if the counties come right, they will bring with them a vast proportion of the small boroughs which are not infected by the vices or the contagion of manufacturing population; and above all, endeavour, by a life of beneficence and activity, and by frankly uniting with the middling

ranks of society, whether in town or country, around them, to prepare that cordial union of the wealth, rank, virtue, and talent of the State, without which no effectual resistance can be made to the portentous combination of ambition and selfishness, error and prejudice, by which it is now overwhelmed. Finally, let them recollect that passion and delusion are transient, but truth and justice are eternal; that their cause is not that of party or ambition, but of freedom and religion; that the brave know of no danger when duty calls—the good of no desertion of principle when conscience is at stake; and that the rule of conduct which, amidst every difficulty, gave to Rome the empire of the world, was the heroic maxim, *Nunquam desperandum de Republica.*

LETTER FROM J. C. LOUDON, ESQ. TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Bayswater, May 23, 1834.

WITH reference to some of your observations in the article entitled "London on the Education of Gardeners," in the number of Blackwood's Magazine for May, 1834, I consider it due to myself, as well as to Messrs Longman and Co. (the proprietors of the *Encyclopædia of Gardening*), to make the following statement:—

A few weeks after the publication of the first edition of the *Encyclopædia of Gardening*, in the year 1822, the most objectionable of the passages which you have quoted or referred to were pointed out to me by a friend, and I immediately had cancels made of them. These cancels included eighteen pages, as will be seen by the accompanying note from the printer, signed, "T. C. Shaw."

I have ascertained from Messrs Longman, that not more than five hundred copies* of the *Encyclopædia of Gardening* were sent out without these cancels being inserted in their proper places.

In the copy of the first edition sent herewith, you will find all the cancels inserted, and the passages marked which were altered; and I have sent No. CCXXI. of Blackwood, in which the corresponding passages, as they stood in the five hundred copies sent out before these cancels were inserted, are also marked, so that if you will take the trouble to compare the two, you may convince yourself of the fact.

In the second edition, published in April, 1824, (ten years ago,) the chapter on Education is still further altered, and it is reduced from fifteen to eleven pages—a fact which can be easily ascertained from the copies on sale in the shops.

Your criticism, therefore, applies chiefly to certain passages in only five hundred copies of the first edition of a work published twelve years ago, and not to any of the subsequent editions of that work—still less to the edition now publishing, as the readers of your review might naturally be led to suppose.

J. C. LOUDON.

*The edition consisted of 2500 copies.

MY COUSIN NICHOLAS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE *** mail-coach, in which I had secured myself a passage, contained also within its recesses a fat quaker, a pilot, an ailing child, and a woman afflicted with the toothach. There are times when the happy temperament of our minds, arising from the eager anticipation of some expected enjoyment, or the full gratification of some darling desire, attunes our whole soul to harmony, and renders us careless and unob-servant of those minor annoyances, which, in a less joyous mood, would prove no inconsiderable drawback on our felicity; there are also times, when, from sheer intensity of mental suffering, our faculties are so entirely absorbed as to remain unaffected by their presence, and even unconscious of their existence. Neither of these was at present my lot; the irritable state of my feelings only rendered me the more alive to the miseries of my situation. The worthy member of the Society of Friends, whose ample breadth occupied somewhat more than three-fourths of the seat, was my neighbour, and pinned me close up in one corner of the vehicle, without the possibility of my effecting a change of position even to avoid the direct stream of exhalation from the sailor, who faced me redolent of rum. The latter, having succeeded that morning in bringing a valuable cargo into the port of London, was now returning, by a less dangerous element, to the seaport to which he belonged, in order to wait for another job of the kind, and, previously to occupying his present berth, had stowed in rather more than his usual proportion of grog. The female, who sat by his side, was, as we soon learned from herself, the wife of an eminent cheesemonger in the Borough, going into the country on a visit to her relations; the coachman, doubtless for weighty reasons, had allowed her, although contrary to the strict letter of his regulations, to carry her son on her lap, "as he was such a very little one," and the tortures I had already begun to expe-

rience were soon added to in a ten-fold degree by her insisting on both the windows being closed to prevent the intrusion of the night-air, which, as she averred, much increased her own complaint, and would besides give her "little dear" cold. Thus closely wedged, and in an atmosphere to be envied only by the unfortunate Englishmen once confined in the Black-hole at Calcutta, did we "roll along the turnpike road." The quaker snored, the child cried, its mother groaned, while my friend opposite, apparently insensible to all the disagreeables which so much annoyed myself, hummed "Tom Bowling," and tendered me his tobacco-box. On my declining to avail myself of his kind offer, in a tone which I laboured to render civil, he ceased his tune, and conveying a respectable portion of "shag" to his own mouth, prepared, with the utmost composure, to accompany my sleeping partner on the right in a most sonorous duet upon the same instrument. Oh! how I hated the whole party!

For nearly an hour had I sat thus,—enduring the utmost degree of compression which my frame was capable of bearing, muttering to myself, at every roll of the coach, "curses not loud but deep," and filling a situation not unlike that of a refractory culprit, whose obstinacy, in refusing to plead, has exposed him to the *peine forte et dure*, a method by which "the statute in that case made and provided," wisely directs that an answer shall be squeezed out of him. My mind was worked up to the highest pitch of irritation, when fortunately the coach stopped, and I perceived, at the door of a solitary public-house by the roadside, a relay with every preparation for changing horses. Eagerly did I avail myself of the opportunity afforded to exchange the confinement I endured for a state of liberty, if only for a few moments; to let down the window, open the door, and spring from the vehicle to the ground, was the work of an instant. Heed-

less of the discomposure my abrupt secession had occasioned within, I proceeded to pace backwards and forwards by the side of the carriage, every limb revelling in its emancipation.

The night was a lovely one—

“The silver moon unclouded held her way
Through skies where I could count each little star.”

The air was unusually warm for the time of year, and a gentle breeze gave a tremulous motion to the checkered light of the moonshine falling through the boughs, while its balmy breathings conveyed to the sense all the rich and fragrant perfume of an English spring. The silence was broken alone by the plaintive strains of a soft and mellow voice at a little distance, chanting in a subdued and melancholy tone, which fell gratefully on the ear, and harmonized delightfully with the character of the scene. What a contrast to the exhalations of toddy and tobacco, and the serenade from which I had with so much difficulty escaped!

The peaceful calm which seemed to envelope all nature, animate and inanimate, operated upon my spirits as a holy charm. My roused and angry passions were fast subsiding into a state of placidity, when the spell was rudely broken, and the sacred stillness of the night invaded by the hoarse voices of the guard and ostler, now high in oath respecting some mischance which had occurred to the *materiel* of the coach.

“My eyes! here’s a rig!—I say, Bill, blow me if this here bar beesn’t just asunders;—shew a light!”

“Ey, ey, Jem, what say?—let me see; where is it?”

“Yo see?—you be—; vot’s the use of your seeing, spooney? shew us a light, I tell ee!”

Bill obeyed grumbling, and entered the house to procure a candle, with which he soon returned, accompanied by the coachman, who had been discussing a glass of “summut short” within doors, and now added himself to the conclave.

“Broke, do ye say?” cried the latter, advancing the lantern towards the suspected fracture; “so it is by gum—devilish near asunder too. This now was that c—d old mare coming down the hill; always a-

kicking, a wicious old beast—I vonder Master keeps sich warmint!”

“Come, Tom,” returned the guard—“it’s no use to stand growling;—Bill, get us a bit o’ rope, will ee? We must splice her up as well as we can till we gets to B***” (the name of the next stage).

At this moment a human head was protruded from each window of the vehicle. The parley without had reached the ears of the personages within, already disturbed by my elopement, and, although they could not exactly gather the purport of the matter in debate, the manner in which the colloquy was carried on served to induce a suspicion that their own interests were somehow or other implicated in the result of the conference.

“What cheer, messmates?” asked the pilot, “she won’t capsize, will she?” while the sonorous tones of the Quaker were heard from the opposite opening. Surprised into a temporary deviation from his usual mode of delivery, yet still preserving that formality of expression, which not even apprehended danger could subdue, he exclaimed with unwonted rapidity, “Friend, aileth the leathern conveniency any thing?” while the fair dispenser of currants and molasses, losing, or forgetting, her toothach in her alarm, half cried, half screamed, as the tar vacated his berth to give his assistance, “Lauk-a-daisey me! vy vot’s the matter vith the shay, I vonders?”

Finding that the arrangements necessary for the continuing our journey in safety were likely to take up some little time, and aware of the general correctness of an homely adage, “that too many cooks are apt to spoil the broth,” I did not presume to encumber with my inefficient aid those whose experience in the mysteries of splicing, dove-tailing, and all the endless varieties of ligature, so much exceeded my own, an aid too which, if tendered, would, in all probability, have been rejected with contempt. Still less did I find inclined to exhibit a supererogatory gallantry in soothing the fears of the apprehensive matron, to whose grinders alarm had already restored the power of mastication. Aware, as I am, how much my character must suffer in the estimation of my female readers from the confession,

I must still honestly avow that I could not find it in my heart to utter one consoling word, or even to assist in quieting the unsavoury "Jacky," who, frightened because he saw his mother frightened, now added his yells to the harmonic combination. Indeed, my only care was to remove myself as far as possible from the sphere of their influence, so, telling the coachman that I would walk forward till he should overtake me, I proceeded leisurely on, not a little pleased at the opportunity thus afforded me of enjoying a small portion of so fine an evening, and feeling, I fear, a malignant pleasure at the retributive sufferings now inflicted on some of those who had so long kept me in purgatory. I had made but little progress in my walk, and was scarcely clear of Johnny's shrill vociferations, when the same musical and plaintive notes which had attracted my attention previously to the discovery of the accident, again caught my ear. The sounds were evidently at no great distance from me, yet seemed to recede as I approached, till, at length, they appeared to become stationary, since I manifestly gained upon them, and could even distinguish a few of the words which my invisible entertainer was singing to a wild but melancholy air. A turn of the road brought me suddenly near the person who was thus, as it seemed, venting his sorrows and complaints to the ear of night, and, calling in the aid of har-

mony to soothe the grief it cannot entirely tranquillize. It was the tall figure of a man that now dimly met my view; he was enveloped in a large cloak, similar to those then used by the military on service, and since in so much request among our students in law and linen-drapery. Its ample folds concealed, in a great measure, the proportions of a form of which only a confused outline could be traced beneath the shadow of a couple of tall trees that skirted the road. I could, however, distinguish that the person, whoever he might be, was of a commanding height, in spite of the unfavourableness of the attitude in which he stood, as he remained, with his back towards me, leaning over a gate, and, as I conjectured from the position of his head, gazing earnestly on the brilliant luminary which shone in mild radiance above him. As I turned the corner of the hedge which had hitherto concealed him from my sight, his song ceased. I paused for a moment as I beheld him, but was again advancing, when the recurrence of the strain checked my footsteps. Apparently absorbed in his own contemplations, he had not perceived my approach, and was now sufficiently near to distinguish, with tolerable precision, the following couplets, which he sung to the same wild melody that had at first attracted my attention, still seeming to address himself to the shining planet on which his eyes were fixed.

SONG OF THE NIGHT WANDERER.

"There is a low and a lonely vale,
Where the silver moon shines clearly,
And thither I flew to tell my tale
To one whom I loved full dearly;
In jocund glee I bounded along,
And gaily I laugh'd, and troll'd my song;
Oh the Moon! the lovely Moon!
Dearer to me the light o' the Moon
Than the gaudy blaze of the flaunting noon!

"But days are gone, and years are fled,
Fled too are those hours of brightness;
And the nut-brown curls that waved on my head,
Are tinged with a silvery whiteness;
And gone is one whom I loved full well,
And I heard the hollow passing-bell
As I gazed on the Moon, the cold, cold Moon!
Yet dearer still is the light of the Moon,
Oh! dearer by far than the flaunting noon!

"There is a low and a lonely tomb,
 Where the grass-green turf is springing,
 And the wild-flowers shed their sweetest perfume,
 And the nightingale's song is singing;
 Oh! there lies one whom I mourn in vain,
 As I listen to Philomel's dying strain,
 And sadly gaze on the pensive Moon;
 I seek the Moon, the silent Moon,
 And fly from the gaudy blaze of noon!"

The voice of the mourner, for such I was convinced he was, ceased. There was nothing in the words themselves, taken abstractedly, which could confirm the idea I had begun to entertain, that the unknown was labouring under some serious affection of the mind, more than is to be found in a hundred other ultra-sentimental ditties with which the music-shops are so abundantly supplied; but the tremulous tones in which the song was given, and the deep-drawn sigh, almost amounting to a groan, which followed it, conveyed to my mind an irresistible conviction that it was the offspring of no fictitious grief, but the simple expression of a genuine and heart-felt sorrow. While I hesitated whether I should accost him or not, being unwilling to let him suppose that I had been playing the part of an eavesdropper, and witnessing effusions which I readily conceived were not intended to meet the ear of any human being, the singer rose from his position, and proceeded slowly on before me, keeping the same track I was myself pursuing. The lapse of a few seconds brought us nearly on a parallel, when I ventured to give him the usual salutation of a passenger, with a remark on the uncommon beauty of the evening. His reply was courteous, and gave me encouragement by slackening my steps to bring my pace more in unison with his own, and to commence a desultory sort of conversation. He was at first brief enough in his replies, eyeing me occasionally with a suspicious glance; but finding from my discourse that I was simply a traveller who had left the mail behind me, his reserve in a great measure gave way, and he let me understand that he, like myself, was a passenger, and by the same conveyance, but with this difference, that, while I rioted (heaven save the mark!) in all the aristocratical lux-

ury of an inn's place, he had contented himself with the humble exaltation, if I may use so paradoxical an expression, of the roof. Feeling himself a little cramped, he, too, it seemed, had availed himself of the same opportunity to execute a manœuvre similar to the one I had adopted, having descended from his Olympus the moment the coach stopped. He now began to express his surprise that it had not overtaken him, a circumstance which I accounted for by mentioning the injury it sustained by the bar, (the discovery of which his walking on at once had prevented him from knowing,) and thus satisfied him that an apprehension he had begun to entertain, that the coachman might have passed him unobserving and unobserved, was unfounded. As our conversation continued, I had an opportunity of observing him more narrowly, and was surprised to find that he was by no means so far advanced in life as some expressions in his song had led me to expect; he appeared, indeed, to have scarcely passed the prime of manhood, while the firmness of his tread, and his athletic uprightness of his person, if they wanted the springing elasticity of youth, were at least equally removed from the enervation of age. As he occasionally raised his head, the moonbeams gave additional wanness to a face, the features of which, though bold and masculine, were regular, but of an ashy paleness. He had the air of one who has seen and suffered much, while the gentlemanly ease of his deportment, and that indescribable something, more easily understood than expressed, which usually marks the manners and demeanour of a military man, announced him a soldier. Insensibly our conversation from commonplace remarks, took a more interesting turn, and, a casual allusion having drawn forth an explicit avowal of

his profession, the discourse not unnaturally diverged to the various changes and chances of a military life, thence to the different climes and countries through which, in the course of service, it was not unfrequently the soldier's lot to wander. On all these subjects, I found my companion possessed of such information as evinced that, in his progress through life, he had not hurried on with a careless or unobservant eye; the few sentences with which he had at first replied to my observations, increased in frequency and length, and, as the subject of his profession, its arduous duties, its pleasures and its cares, came more under our review, the deep dejection under which he had originally appeared to labour, softened into an expression of equanimity, at times almost rising into cheerfulness. Every succeeding moment I grew more pleased with the manner and sentiments of my new acquaintance, and heartily should I have regretted the arrival of the vehicle, which was to convey us to the place of our destination, had I not recollected that it rested with myself to decide whether our interview should be thus abruptly cut short or not. The rolling of wheels, the pattering of horses' hoofs, in conjunction with the cracking of the coachman's whip, and the shrill tantivy of the guard's horn, were now heard at a short distance in our rear, and announced the approaching termination of our walk. I had, as I have said already, fostered an incipient design of emigration from the interior to the exterior of that "infernal machine," and I was abundantly confirmed in my intention, when, on its coming up, and the guard tendering me his arm to assist me in resuming the situation I had quitted, I discovered, through the medium of more senses than one, that a most serious catastrophe had taken place there during my absence. Master Johnny had, it seems, previously to his introduction into that sepulchre of the living, been tolerably well provisioned for his journey. Independently of a hearty supper on ham and oysters, his pockets had been crammed with a fanciful variety of sweetmeats, and he had been farther furnished forth with a huge

plum-cake, which he carried, enveloped in brown paper, on his knees. On this said cake he had commenced a formidable attack before we had reached the first milestone out of London, and, as the poor child laboured most heartily in his vocation, by the time we had arrived at the end of the first stage, he had made his "Ossa a wart." An addition so vast, and composed of such discordant materials, to the load with which she was previously encumbered, was a burden far heavier than Dame Nature chose to bear; the goddess turned restive, and the exertion used by the young gentleman in expressing his tribulation, assisting her endeavours, no sooner did the coach "move on" again, than, by a sudden and vigorous effort, she succeeded in disengaging herself from a considerable portion of the weight which oppressed her, transferring the *onus* to the lap of the quaker in the opposite corner, to the visible discomposure and defilement of his outward man. The patience of Friend Penn himself could scarcely have withstood so sudden and severe a trial, much less that of Hezekiah Brimmer, whom Satan seized the opportunity to buffet sorely, and, like a cunning fiend as he is, nearly succeeded more than once in forcing an ugly word of malediction beyond the aperture of the good man's lips. As it was, Hezekiah seized the unlucky culprit with the arm of the flesh, and shook him unmercifully; but this ill-advised measure only served to produce a repetition of the offence, by which, from the different attitude poor John had been forced to assume, his mama and the honest tar now became fellow-sufferers. As the guard opened the door, the storm within was at its height, and it may be questioned whether a greater confusion of tongues was heard in Babel itself within the same number of square feet. I did not hesitate a moment as to the course to be pursued, but, bidding the man close the door, sprang up the side of the carriage, and placed myself by my late companion who had already re-occupied his seat. Half-a-crown to the coachman procured me the loan of a supernumerary surtout, well calculated to keep out the night air,

and, thus caparisoned, I felt myself in an absolute Paradise compared with the Tartarus now immediately below me. If I might judge by the satisfaction he expressed, the arrangement was not less agreeable to my fellow-traveller than to myself; he was still, indeed, at times pensive and abstracted, but his conversation, though of a grave and sombre cast, possessed an undefined charm that continued to amuse and interest me exceedingly.

I know not how it happened that our discourse, which had hitherto been confined principally to the manners, customs, and habits of foreign nations, as compared with, or distinguished from, our own, turned insensibly upon their superstitions; the Brownie of Scotland, the Obi of the Negroes, the Hungarian Vampire, the German Rubezahl, and even the now nearly subverted empire of the Fairies in our own country, came by turns under our review. It was not till the famous and inexhaustible subject of ghosts became our theme, that the slightest discordance of opinion existed between us, but, when this celebrated topic came at last upon the tapis, I could not but perceive an evident and decided reluctance in my companion to enter upon the discussion. The levity with which I at first treated the notion of a visit from the dead to the living seemed, I could not imagine why, to displease him; his answers to my remarks, if not absolutely petulant, were delivered in a tone by no means consonant with that urbanity and self-possession which he had up to this moment invariably maintained. His constrained replies ended at length in a pause of more than common duration; in the meantime the singular stillness and brilliancy of the night, the countless myriads of burning stars that gemmed the dark blue heavens above us, the mild and mellow lustre that prevailed, interrupted only by the momentary coruscations of some transient meteor, numbers of which, like stars darting from their spheres, occasionally shed a gleam of surpassing radiance as they winged their way across the expanse, — the finely contrasted shades of the brown woods which clothed on either hand a sort of defile, at the entrance of which we had now ar-

rived, and up whose steep ascent our conductor allowed his horses to proceed at an easier pace—all, the whole scene, which developed nature in her most captivating state of tranquil majesty, so enchanted me, that, with the subject we had been discussing fresh in my mind, I could not forbear exclaiming in the words of the poet,

“How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!

At such an hour as this, in such a spot,
If ancestry can be in ought believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with
man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown!”

My companion shuddered as I pronounced the last two lines, and fixed his gaze alternately on the woods that hemmed us in on either side, as if he indeed expected to behold some supernatural visitant issue from their deep recesses. The wild expression of his countenance was altogether so remarkable, that I could not avoid taking notice of it.

“Really, sir,” I continued, laughing, “I could almost persuade myself that you had indeed resolved to give that credence to our worthy ancestors on this formidable subject, which their unbelieving posterity are determined to refuse them.”

“And why should I not?” returned he, in a voice serious even to sadness, and betraying, as I imagined, some slight token of displeasure; “what is there so absurd in the idea that the disembodied spirit should yet desire to linger among the scenes it has delighted in, or joy to watch over and protect the happiness of those whom it has loved?”

“Absurdity? nay, I do not go the length of pronouncing the idea absurd; the theory, on the contrary, is a mighty pretty one, and at times I am almost tempted to regret that it rests on so unsubstantial a foundation. For my own part I should desire nothing better than to discover the ghost of some good-natured grandmother occasionally at my elbow, with sage hints for the better conducting of my life and manners; or some maiden aunt, of a dozen generations standing, extending her long and boney finger to intimate where I might replenish an exhaust-

ed exchequer by the discovery of some recondite pot of money."

The voice of my companion assumed additional sternness as he replied—"These, and silly tales like these, the foolish inventions of boys and idiots, the babblings of nurses, and the visionary dreams of mercenary blockheads eager in believing what they earnestly wish for—these they are that have thrown suspicion on the actual visits of immortal beings, undertaken for far higher purposes, and with far nobler designs than the pointing out a few ounces of sordid dross, or with the still more contemptible view of exciting causeless terror in beings so infinitely below their purified nature. These are the tales which the careless and the vain mix up and associate in their imagination with recorded facts of a more dignified description,—facts to the authenticity of which some of the wisest and best of men have borne testimony in all ages of the world."

"I am fully aware," rejoined I, "that many of the narratives you allude to appear to rest upon no mean authority; that Plutarch, for instance, has given us several, while, in more modern times, the comprehensive mind of that 'giant in intellect,' our own Johnson, was deeply imbued with a similar persuasion; yet, nevertheless, I cannot help imputing the whole system which has obtained from the darker ages down to our more enlightened days, either to successful imposture, or to the effects of a strong imagination operating upon weak nerves. That many of these traditionary anecdotes were firmly believed by the persons who have handed them down, and even by some who were actors in the scenes described, I entertain no doubt; still I am not a whit the nearer giving my assent to the actual appearance of any one spectre, from that of Cæsar down to the scarcely less celebrated Sir George Villiers, or Mrs Veal with her 'rustling silk gown.'"

"And on what is this disbelief founded? You doubtless admit that Providence governs the world by general laws; what is there, then, ridiculous in supposing that those laws may be occasionally dispensed with when the high and inscrutable purposes of Heaven require it? when

the detection of secret guilt, or the punishment of open villany, demand its interference?"

"Well," cried I, in the same tone which I had maintained through the whole conversation, "on occasions of such moment as those to which you allude, still less should I wish to deny myself to any deceased gentleman or lady who might think proper to favour me with a call. The redressing of wrong and re-establishing of right is a glorious task, and, with a ghost to back one, and take all the responsibility upon itself, must be especially delightful; I really could almost wish I might be selected by some aerial avenger for so very respectable an office."

"Now, Heaven in its mercy forbid!" exclaimed he, with a wild energy that made me start, then clasping his hands, which still quivered with some strong emotion, "You know not what you are asking; rash and unthinking young man, bitterly would you rue the hour should your mad wish be granted!" His whole frame shook with agitation, his eyes glistened in the moonlight with an unnatural brightness, and his tones sunk into even sepulchral hoarseness, as he continued—"No! Heaven forbid that another wretch should suffer the torments which have been mine since first this dreadful commission was enjoined me!"

He paused, and, unclasping his hands, covered with them the whole of his countenance. During the latter part of his ejaculation, he had appeared to have become totally unconscious of my presence; and the strange import of the words he had used, together with the violent agitation which assailed him, combined to give strength to an opinion I had before begun to form, that the intellects of my new friend were, on this point at least, not altogether unclouded. True, that on every other subject his conversation had been of a superior description; that he had diffused, with no sparing hand, much valuable information, chastened by a correctness of thinking, a genuine taste and elegance of expression, that evinced the richness and cultivation of his mind: still I was quite aware that among the melancholy victims of mental aberration, such circumstances are by no means un-

common; that, in numerous instances, the fatal malady lies dormant and unsuspected, till some one pre-conceived and rooted idea, which has warped the imagination, is accidentally called into play, and succeeds, for a time, in driving reason from her throne.

Such, I began to be apprehensive, might be the unhappy condition of my fellow-traveller, when his emotion having at length in some degree subsided, I ventured to direct his attention to the faint streak of golden light that now marked the extremity of the horizon, as the grey tints of morning succeeded the darker shadows of a night fast hastening to its close. But my hopes of thus diverting his thoughts, from what I felt convinced was a subject of pain and distress to him, proved abortive. In vain did I point out to his observation the beauties of the surrounding landscape, which every moment rendered more distinct; in vain did the mounting skylark welcome with his cheerful notes the first beam of the rising sun, that glittered on his little breast, while all below lay yet unconscious of its cheering influence; in vain did vegetation, redolent of sweetness, convey to the charmed sense the choicest perfume; wrapt in a melancholy gloom, he appeared dead to the charms of nature that surrounded him, while the few replies, which I at times succeeded in eliciting, were so cold and constrained, and pronounced in an air so *distrait*, that I at length ceased to importune him by remarks, which only seemed to annoy him, and, turning my thoughts inward for the remainder of the journey, became insensibly almost as abstracted as himself. My cogitations, it must be confessed, were by no means of an agreeable nature. Wounded in every feeling by the unaccountable conduct of Lord Manningham, I would have given worlds for the power to banish his lovely daughter from my recollection, and to have "left them to their pride," but this I found myself utterly incapable of performing; my chains were too securely riveted to be so easily shaken off; I loved with all the intensity of a young and first passion; and as I recalled to mind the pleasing thought that she at least had given me no

offence, hope failed not to whisper that the behaviour of her father, if indeed it had reached her knowledge, must be viewed by her with the same disapprobation as it was by myself. Youth is naturally vain and sanguine, and I flattered myself that the time spent in her company at the theatre had not been thrown away, though what on earth could have taken her into that part of it, so accompanied, was a mystery beyond my power to solve. If I had read the language of her expressive eyes aright, the *penchant* had been reciprocal; and, as this delightful idea took possession of my imagination, the remembrance of his lordship's strange harshness comparatively faded from my mind. I began to rack my invention to furnish excuses for his conduct; an eager desire laid hold upon me to unravel the mistake, which I became more and more convinced must have taken place, and to receive the apologies which, at the *dénouement*, he would undoubtedly tender to my acceptance with no small confusion of face. I was roused from my reverie by a circumstance that threatened utterly to subvert all my castle-building in the very outset; this was no other than the overturning of the coach, and my consequent immersion in a narrow but rapid stream, that ran beneath a bridge, on the centre of which we were when the accident occurred. What was the immediate cause of our sudden subversion is more than I am able to state; whether the tackling and cordage, so plentifully lavished by "Bill," upon the fractured splinter-bar, had given way, in spite of all the science of honest Jack, or whether any other part of the machinery had been equally unsound, I cannot say; all I know is, that I found myself in a moment up to my neck in the river.

Of all sublunary applications there is perhaps not one which possesses greater efficacy in a love case than a good sousing in cold water: if its effects fail to be permanent, they at least give the fit a complete check for the time; and in cases where a radical cure is out of the question, that is no trifling point gained. Heaven is my witness—I confess it with shame—that for a full hour after my ducking, I thought no more of Ame-

lia Stafford than I did of Lady Godiva.

Notwithstanding the impediment thrown in my way by my borrowed "Upper-Benjamin," I was not long in regaining the bank. The coachman I found upon his legs: he had fallen against the parapet of the bridge, which, at the expense of a pretty severe bruise, had prevented his going over. The same parapet had also saved the carriage itself from being dashed upon the ground: it rested against its edge; and though the shock was severe, the occupants of the interior were, through this fortunate interposition, much more alarmed than injured. They were relieved from the awkwardness of their recumbent position, without much difficulty, by the assistance of the guard, who, clinging to the iron-work of his seat, had escaped being thrown off at all. It was not till the lapse of a few seconds had enabled me to recover the confusion I had fallen into, from the united effects of the tumble, and the quantity of cold water I had unwillingly swallowed, that I missed my companion. He was not on the bridge; he was nowhere to be seen. I rushed back to the spot where I had contrived to scramble out of the water, and, as I cast a hurried glance down the river, saw one of his arms rise above the surface, at some distance down the current, which was bearing him rapidly away. I flew rather than ran along the bank, till I arrived opposite the spot where I could behold him faintly struggling to disencumber himself of the cloak, which impeded all his efforts, and would have reduced him, in a very few minutes more, to a similar condition with those immaterial beings for whose "revisiting the glimpses of the moon" he had shewn himself so sturdy a stickler. If, however, his cloak had hitherto occasioned his danger, it now served as an instrument of release from his perilous position, as the firm grasp I was enabled to take of it conducted not a little to his preservation. When I had succeeded in dragging him up the bank, he was so completely exhausted as to be incapable of supporting himself, and indeed was scarcely sensible of his situation; but by degrees his recollection, as

well as some portion of his energy, returned, and he was at length able, with the assistance of my arm, to regain the highroad.

The place where this disaster had befallen us was fortunately just at the entrance of a considerable village, the inhabitants of which had, from no great distance, witnessed our mishap, and now came running down to offer their aid, and ask questions. These, in our present dripping condition, I felt very little inclined to answer; so, cutting short a long string of interrogatories, such as "Whether the gentleman was much hurt?"—"Whether we had been in the water?"—a fact no human looker-on could possibly doubt for an instant, and others of a similar cast, I proceeded, with as much expedition as the weakened state of my *protégé* would admit of, to where a tall sign-post exposed to view a kit-cat effigy of a gentleman with an iron cuirass and a bald head, which the neighbourhood had agreed, in courtesy to the landlord, to consider a striking likeness of the Marquis of Granby.

"Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his various course has been,
May sigh to think how oft he found
His warmest welcome at an inn!"

So says Shenstone; and for my own part, I am little inclined to dispute the truth of his axiom. On this occasion, especially, the round and ruby-coloured face of our good-humoured landlady, Mrs Blenkinsop, already shining with all the radiance of a well-scrubbed mahogany table, exhibited tenfold lustre as she welcomed us into a snug little room behind the bar. This "blest retreat" was furnished with a variety of huge case-bottles, that promised much of comfort, and disclosed besides to our enraptured gaze the still more cheering prospect of a blazing fire—to persons in our predicament, perhaps, the greatest desideratum on earth. It was in vain that I requested my companion to retire to bed; nor were the assurances of Mrs Blenkinsop that "her beds were well aired, and good enough for a lord to lie on," of more avail: he persisted in his refusal, declaring that a tumbler of mulled port, and a change of dress, were all that was requisite to

the restoration of his comfort. I thought otherwise; but he was deaf to persuasion, and, like most obstinate people, carried his point. The wine, by our landlady's assistance, was soon procured; and under the same auspices a lad was despatched to the fractured vehicle for our baggage.

The Marquis of Granby, whose hospitable walls now afforded us an asylum, was, I well knew, in point of distance, scarcely more than twelve miles from Underdown, and as, now that the disarrangement my person had undergone, inside as well as out, was tolerably rectified, I found myself very little, if at all, the worse for my aquatic adventure, I requested mine hostess, who was evidently Lady of the ascendant, to inform me if her hotel, among its other excellences, could afford the luxury of a post-chaise. In fact, I did not feel by any means inclined to trust my neck farther to a conveyance organized of such frail materials as woful experience had convinced me the one from which I had so nearly met the fate of Phaeton, was composed of; nor should I have repeated the experiment even had the delay I must have submitted to during the necessary repairs been out of the question. With a multiplicity of courtesies, each succeeding one lower than the former, the good-natured little woman assured me that I could be accommodated with "a very elegant" one, the unoccupied corner of which I frankly offered to my new acquaintance, who was, I found, as desirous as myself of proceeding with all convenient despatch. At the same time I assured him, that if the urgency of his affairs would allow him to accept the hospitality of the Hall, I could venture, in the absence of my worthy uncle, its proprietor, to assure him a cordial welcome from my mother, adding, with more of levity than caution, that "a renowned ancestor of mine, one Sir Roger de Bullwinckle, who was said nightly to perambulate the mansion armed cap-a-pie, might possibly furnish him with an additional argument in favour of his theory of ghosts and goblins."

The words had hardly escaped my lips when the change in his countenance shewed me that I had been

wrong in hazarding this ill-timed pleasantry. When I named the redoubted Roger, he recoiled with a shuddering earnestness, as if he had been about to tread upon a viper; and his eyes gleamed with an expression almost amounting to ferocity. His nether lip quivered with suppressed emotion, and his voice faltered, as, after a brief pause, he indistinctly declined a proposal which, from the smile that had lit up his countenance at its commencement, I made myself certain he would have accepted. Heartily vexed with myself at my want of consideration, I apologized for the allusion, and again pressed him to accompany me. He continued, however, firm in his refusal, while he shook his head mournfully, and, as it now seemed to me, "more in sorrow than in anger," telling me that he began to fear he had indeed overrated his strength when he proposed continuing his journey so soon, that he should therefore give up the idea, and seek such repose as his pillow might afford him."

I was not less pleased than surprised at this determination, as I really thought a good warm bed and medical attendance most fitting by far for a person who had suffered from remaining in the water so long as he had done; I no longer therefore endeavoured to shake his resolution, but contented myself with pressing him earnestly to favour me with a visit before he quitted that part of the country. With an air and look solemn even to dejection, he promised that he "*would* see me again;" and, taking up my valise which I had thrown carelessly upon the table, handed it to the multifarious personage who, in the several capacities of boots, waiter, ostler, and occasionally chambermaid, was minister for the home department at the Granby's Head. Before he altogether relinquished it to the grasp of the aforesaid functionary, his eye rested upon the brass-plate which occupied its centre.

"Charles Stafford, Esq." read he. "That then is the name of my preserver?"

"Of your fellow-passenger," returned I, as, giving up the valise to the man who placed it in the chaise, he took my hand—"Of your fellow-

passenger, and of one who hopes soon to see you perfectly recovered from the effects of a ducking which he would have been glad to have prevented altogether."

I had one foot upon the step of the chaise, Mister Boots was holding open the door and gazing on me with glances, sharpened by expectation—my mysterious companion wrung my hand strongly—"Adieu!" uttered he in an agitated tone,

"adieu! young gentleman, and may Heaven grant that you may never have reason to curse bitterly the hour in which you drew me from the stream!"

He turned abruptly from me, and the postboy cracking his whip, set off in a canter towards Underdown, before I had half recovered from the surprise my new friend's strange behaviour had thrown me into.

CHAPTER. X.

LITTLE more than an hour had elapsed when the tall chimneys of the Hall, which, like most of those belonging to buildings of the same era, towered high above its slanting roofs and gable ends, appeared, rising over the summits of the lofty trees that embosomed the edifice, and giving to it, when viewed from a distance, almost the air of a castellated mansion. There is something in the return to our home, however short the period of our absence may have been, which always produces a kindly and complacent feeling in our bosoms; and this feeling acquires tenfold strength, when we know that the roof we are revisiting contains beneath its hearts which will throb at our arrival with sensations responsive to our own. In spite of the unpleasant and irritating circumstances which had occasioned my unexpected return, I could not help experiencing this genial glow, as the chaise, issuing from the long avenue of sturdy oaks, the scene of my cousin Nicholas's early achievements in the art of horsemanship, drew up to the steps which led to the antique portal, over whose high and pointed arch the three golden fetterlocks of the Bullwinkles stood forth in strong relief.

The current of my ideas underwent a sudden and immediate revolution as the venerable butler presented himself to receive me. The subdued alacrity, the sober energy of manner, with which this ancient retainer of the family was wont to welcome home any of its members, had sunk into an appearance of sadness and depression. As I hastily sprang past the inferior domestic who opened the chaise-door for me,

I saw at once that some calamity was impending over the house, and had occasioned this unwonted gravity in the most attached of its dependents. Sir Oliver was absent; my mother then was ill!—was dead! A cold shudder ran through my veins as the dreadful idea presented itself to my imagination, and I experienced a degree of relief, amounting to thankfulness, when I found that my fears were not verified in their fullest extent, although but too sufficient reason was afforded for my first apprehensions.

Mrs Stafford had been seized with sudden indisposition a few days before my arrival, on perusing a letter which she had received from London, the contents of which had evidently created in her no slight degree of agitation. Her illness had at first excited much alarm, but it was now hoped had taken a favourable turn. She had expressed a strong desire to see her son, and had requested I might be summoned as soon as possible. An express had accordingly been got ready, but was countermanded afterwards by her positive orders, since which she had sunk into a kind of apathetic lethargy; the more unaccountable, inasmuch as the first approaches of the disorder had been attended by symptoms of so different and so much more violent a nature.

Such was the account imparted to me by Jennings as I entered the vestibule, and I had no reason either to doubt the accuracy of his intelligence, or to be for one moment at a loss to divine the cause which had produced so lamentable an effect. I have already said, that a strong affection for my mother was one of

the most rooted principles of my nature; it was entwined with the very fibres of my heart; and a degree of bitterness, greater than I had supposed it possible for any circumstance to have originated in my mind towards a human being, now swelled my bosom against Lord Manningham, and almost rose to my lips in curses.

That the letter, the perusal of which had thus affected my mother, was of his inditing, I could not entertain a doubt. That it contained some tale—a tale so dreadful to a fond parent's ear—of a loved son's disgrace, was still less to be questioned; and as the events of the week gone by, which Miss Stafford's beauty had partly succeeded in banishing from my mind, now rushed in irresistible strength upon my recollection, deeply as I felt the indignity I had sustained, a thousand times more deeply did I resent the sufferings inflicted by it upon my beloved parent. The good old Jennings, who observed the emotion I so plainly exhibited, opened the door of the breakfast parlour, and respectfully followed me into it. He seemed affected by my distress; nevertheless, through the habitual deference which the faithful fellow preserved towards me, I could not but perceive a constraint and reserve of manner, which told me, quite as plainly as words could have done, that, in his opinion, my own conduct had drawn down this visitation upon me, and that to it only had I to look for a solution of the cause of my mother's indisposition. With this man I had been a favourite from a child. From the first hour in which I had been introduced at the Hall, Jennings had exhibited, in a thousand ways, the preference with which he had distinguished me above his young master—a preference which grew only the more obvious as we advanced in years, and which, doubtless, derived its origin from the love and respect he, in common with all the old domestics, had ever entertained for my mother, whose secession from her paternal roof they had seen with feelings of regret, little alleviated by the conduct of her successor, Lady Nelly. Of all the servants of the family who had witnessed her abdication, Jennings alone had re-

mained to hail her re-establishment, and had, in fact, from his known and tried attachment, been considered, both by her and myself, rather in the light of an humble friend than of a common menial.

Conscious as I was of the falsehood of the charge which his sorrowful and penetrating look seemed to impute to me, my spirit rose against the fancied accusation, and with an air of infinitely greater hauteur than I had ever before exhibited towards him, or any other domestic, I ordered him to let Mrs Stafford be informed of my arrival, and of my wish to be admitted immediately to her presence.

"Ah, Master Charles!" replied the old man, mournfully shaking his hoary head as he retired, while an unbidden tear seemed starting from his eye—"But I shall do your bidding."

He closed the door slowly, and, as I thought, reluctantly, behind him; a pang of self-disapprobation seized upon me as it shut him from my view, and I half moved forward to retract my petulance, and dismiss him with a kindlier greeting. The thought unavoidably occurred, why did I feel offended with him? Whence arose that mild dejection of his furrowed countenance which I had construed into unmerited upbraiding? Whence but from the regard he bore to my mother, and—why should I deny it?—to myself? Still the consciousness that it *was* unmerited restrained me, and checked the impulse which inclined me to follow him.

In a few minutes, which were passed by me in the utmost anxiety, and appeared to my impatience prolonged to as many hours, he returned—"Mrs Stafford was asleep."—Unable to remain longer by myself in such an annoying state of suspense, I walked hastily towards the staircase, extending my hand to Jennings as I passed. The old man took it reverently, and would have raised it to his lips, but, with a cordial pressure that bespoke my compunction for having treated him with unwonted harshness, I released it from his grasp, and directed my steps to the apartment of my mother. A silence, still and solemn as that of death, reigned throughout the room; while

the half-closed shutters, and shadowing curtains that admitted but a few faint rays of light, contributed not a little to the gloom of the scene. I advanced to the foot of the bed, and gazed upon my mother. She was wrapped in slumber, but her sleep seemed ever and anon disturbed; and the frequent contraction of her brow, as a deep-drawn sigh, or a few broken and unconnected words, occasionally escaped her, announced that all was not at peace within. At such moments her favourite attendant Martha, who with Miss Pyefinch watched her pillow on opposite sides, would rise and look anxiously at her pale countenance, the snowy hue of which was only invaded by a small spot of vivid red that marked the centre of each cheek, and exhibited to the view a hectic glow as dangerous as it was beautiful. But her affectionate gaze was met by no answering glance; my mother still reposed, if repose that could be called, when the restless and variable expression of her features shewed that her mind at least was far from enjoying tranquillity. She was indeed much altered since I had seen her last, and I trembled with newly awakened apprehension as the idea took possession of me, that a short, a very short period might deprive me of my only parent. Finding it impossible to suppress my emotion, and warned by the impressive gestures of her attendants that the uncontrolled ebullition of my feelings might disturb and arouse her, I quitted the room as silently as I had entered it, but with a heavy heart. Miss Pyefinch followed, and in her way endeavoured to offer me consolation. Notwithstanding her eccentricity, and some other points in her character which might perhaps have been altered to advantage, she was not a bad-hearted woman in the main; I verily believe she participated in the sorrow into which she beheld me plunged, and would have done any thing in her power to have alleviated it; but her endeavours were far better in the intent than execution, and at length I, not without difficulty, succeeded in persuading her to leave me to myself, after she had given me all the information in her power to communicate respecting the commencement of this

alarming accession to my mother's malady; her information, however, amounted to little more than I had previously gathered from the relation of the honest Jennings.

After more than half an hour, spent in a state, the irksomeness of which may be easily imagined, I was favoured with a communication from Dr Drench, who had arrived to visit his patient. The information he gave me contributed not a little to reassure me, as he said he found her much better than from her appearance at his last visit he had dared to anticipate. She had awakened from her slumber while he was in the room, and had evidently derived much benefit and refreshment from it; the fever, which had heretofore raged in her veins, had undergone a material reduction. Still he recommended that the greatest caution should be observed to prevent any thing from reaching her which might at all tend to produce a return of the agitation which had before so sensibly affected her, and even advised that the circumstance of my having returned should, for the present at least, be kept from her knowledge: to this arrangement, however, I positively refused to consent, and, finding that my perseverance (obstinacy, he called it) was not to be overcome, he at last yielded, though with a very bad grace, and a stipulation that, if it must be so, the communication should at all events be made by himself, while the interview should terminate the moment he should pronounce it necessary. To this proposal I unhesitatingly assented, and saw him depart to execute his self-imposed commission, with a much greater degree of satisfaction than a few short minutes since I had thought it possible for me to experience.

To do the worthy dispenser of chemicals and galenicals justice, he acquitted himself of his task with much ability, and was pleased to find, when he had imparted his news in a manner as little abrupt as might be, that his patient seemed to derive much satisfaction from the intelligence, and even intimated a desire that I should be at once conducted to her presence. For the first time in our lives my mother received me with a cold look and an averted eye. I sensibly felt her displeasure, but

refrained from noticing it, lest the conversation, which my so doing would transgress the bounds prescribed by the doctor. Our interview, thus restricted, was brief, and unsatisfactory to both parties; but before I quitted the room, as I affectionately kissed her cheek—a salute which she received, but condescended not to return—I could not forbear whispering that I had no doubt of being able to convince her that my conduct had been shamefully misrepresented, whenever she should be sufficiently recovered to listen to my vindication. Tears filled her eyes as she shook her head doubtfully, but I was delighted to find that she could not refrain from giving the hand that had taken hers a half-reluctant pressure, when Drench, who was narrowly watching us, suspecting that we were infringing upon the terms on which he had allowed my introduction to the sick room, broke in abruptly, and put an end to the conference by hurrying me along with him down stairs.

Impatient and anxious as I naturally was to ascertain the specific nature of the faults laid to my charge, I was compelled for the present to repress my curiosity, as Mrs Stafford had not communicated the contents of the letter she had received to any one, although, from the language which had unwittingly escaped her, no one entertained the slightest doubt that it contained some story of my delinquency or disgrace. She had never parted with it, but, as I learned on enquiry from Miss Kitty, it still rested beneath her pillow, from which situation she had directed that it should not be removed.

On the following morning I rose early, and heard with delight that she had passed a much more tranquil night than she had hitherto done since her seizure; but my request to be admitted to see her was met by a decided negative from herself, until I should have perused a letter which she had commissioned Miss Pyefinch to deliver to me. The appearance of the packet, which was enclosed in a sealed envelope, and addressed to me in her own handwriting, satisfied me that it contained the mischievous epistle which had occasioned her illness. I was not mistaken; the letter was, moreover, as I had rightly

anticipated, from Lord Manningham, and ran as follows:—

“ My dear Sister,—It is with no common feelings that I address you upon a subject as painful to me as I know it will be distressing to yourself; nor is it without the greatest reluctance that I find myself compelled to inflict upon a parent's heart so severe a wound as that which cannot but be caused by the story of the disgraceful conduct of a son. When I add that my own hopes are blighted, and the long cherished project nearest my heart is by the same conduct frustrated and destroyed, I need scarcely say that my grief and disappointment are scarcely inferior to your own. From that fatal moment when my Amelia became the sole object left on which I could bestow my parental affection, it was my most fervent wish that the son of my lamented Charles might be the instrument to bestow upon her that happiness which I would not allow myself to doubt he would be found worthy to share; and I had pictured to myself the pleasing prospect of witnessing their happiness, and growing old amidst the children of two beings the nearest and dearest to me in the world; judge then of my disappointment when I find myself compelled to renounce this first object of my hopes and prayers, while the painful conviction is forced upon me, that to secure the happiness of my child I must seek in some other family for that worth, integrity, and honour which I had fondly flattered myself I should have discovered in my own.

“ On my arrival in this country I addressed, as you cannot but remember, a letter to yourself, in which I candidly stated my wishes, and was highly gratified to find that yours so entirely coincided with them. If, on the subsequent visit of my nephew, I was not so much struck with the graces of his person as from your truly maternal description I had expected to be, mere personal advantages, though I would not be thought to undervalue them, weigh so little with me, that, had his mental qualifications but stood the test, I could gladly have compounded for a much smaller share of external graces than a mother's partiality

would naturally invest him with. But this I lament to say has not been the case. At their first interview in Grosvenor Square, I perceived that my daughter and my nephew were by no means such absolute strangers to each other as I had imagined; though I am fully persuaded that Amelia at least was not aware of their affinity, when chance threw them into each other's company at one of the theatres. It was not without considerable surprise as well as displeasure, I now learned that during the time which on my first arrival I had inevitably dedicated to the discharge of official duties, my daughter, weary of a solitude to which she was unaccustomed, and dotingly fond of music, had prevailed upon Wilkinson, whose fondness I verily believe could deny her nothing, to take advantage of my unavoidable absence at the Colonial office, and to accompany her to hear an oratorio *incog.* This mad-brained plan a sister of the latter, who resides somewhere about St James's, enabled her to execute, without even my servants suspecting that they had any thing in view beyond a visit to Mrs Morgan. On this occasion, it seems, Amelia first encountered her cousin, who then received, as he asserted, so strong an impression as to be absolutely overwhelmed with joy, when, on calling to present your introductory letter, he discovered his unknown charmer in his cousin. Of the truth of this his statement, however, I could not help having my doubts, and was indeed soon convinced that, prior to his presenting himself at my house, he was perfectly aware of her identity with the lady he had so casually encountered. This little piece of disingenuousness certainly did not tend to raise him in my estimation; still, though far from pleased with any part of the transaction, I saw nothing absolutely wrong in the thoughtless frolic, and was more disposed to blame Wilkinson than any body else, as she ought to have known better than to indulge Amelia in such a freak. The second day of his arrival I had resolved to dedicate to the study of my young relative's character, and, aware that the real disposition is usually most apt to exhibit itself in society, invited a few friends whose refined man-

ners and enlightened conversation were calculated to draw forth any hidden resources of intellect, natural or acquired, which diffidence in the probationer, or lack of opportunity from the absence of mental collision, might suffer to remain concealed. Heartily did I repent the experiment, and deeply indeed did I blush for my *protégé*, on hearing him noisily and rudely interrupt every subject broached, by boisterous and vulgar jokes, which increased in frequency and coarseness as the inebriety, into which he was fast plunging, became more conspicuous. My interference, when I was at last compelled to employ it, he seemed much inclined to set at defiance; and it was with difficulty that I could prevent his exhibiting himself in so disgraceful a condition to my daughter. I will not enlarge upon the mortification I experienced at having it witnessed by my friends. The following morning—or rather noon, for till that hour did the effects of the orgies of the preceding evening confine him to his chamber—I requested his attendance in my study, and remonstrating with him on his behaviour, forcibly perhaps, but, I trust, without harshness, I stated at the same time most unequivocally my resolution never to bestow my daughter on a drunkard. He apologized with a very bad grace, and with much more, as I thought, of sullenness than penitence, when I left him alone with Amelia, while I acquitted myself of an indispensable engagement. I will not, my dearest sister, unnecessarily aggravate your distress by dwelling on the faults and follies which every succeeding hour developed during the whole of his short visit; it will be sufficient to inform you, that rightly conjecturing, as I imagine, from the disapprobation which I now strongly and repeatedly expressed of his conduct, that my intentions in his favour had undergone material alteration, he endeavoured to ascertain whether Amelia might not prove more accessible, and not only strove to prevail on her to consent to an elopement, but on her indignant refusal, actually formed a plan, as silly in conception as atrocious in design, for carrying her off to Scotland, with or without her inclination"—

I had read thus far in my uncle's long epistle, with much such sensations as a man experiences when, half-awakened from a confused and heterogeneous dream, he feels his faculties bewildered with the strange images yet before his eyes, and is scarcely conscious even of his own identity: but if thus far the letter were calculated to amaze and confound, the remainder was even still more inexplicable. Lord Manningham proceeded thus:

"In pursuance of this ridiculous scheme, he induced her to accompany him for a short drive in a curricle which I had placed at his disposal, attended only by a single groom newly taken into my service; this man he had, for pecuniary considerations no doubt, contrived to attach to his interests. They took the North road, but it was not till some time after they had surmounted Highgate hill that my daughter entertained any suspicion of his intention. His declining to comply with her request that he would return, and the sudden absence of the servant who, on some trivial pretence, had ridden forward, now first insinuated into her mind an apprehension of treachery. By no means intimidated, however, and finding all resistance for the present useless, she remained perfectly passive, and quietly listened to the strange farrago of nonsense with which her companion now thought proper to entertain her. His vows and protestations, &c. were couched in the highest style of the mock heroic; he attributed his conduct to the overwhelming force of his affection, and his despair of securing my consent to their immediate union, adding that the violence of his passion would brook no long delay, and expressing his confidence that, their marriage once completed, my forgiveness of this rash step would be the almost immediate consequence. With these and similar rhapsodies, alternately threatening and entreating, he conveyed her as far as St Albans, where at the inn door she perceived James, the servant who had preceded them, in conversation with a couple of post-boys, who stood ready to mount their horses, four of which were harnessed to a hack chaise. Mr Stafford assisted my Amelia to alight,

and was preparing to accompany her into the house, when his intention was apparently altered by some communication which his worthy coadjutor whispered in his ear, and he led the way directly to the chaise, the door of which he in an authoritative tone commanded the drivers to open. But secret as James's hint was intended to be, a sound most grateful to her ear had caught the attention of Amelia, and the words "Captain Fortescue in the house," distinctly heard, in spite of the lowered voice in which they were pronounced, decided her mode of proceeding. Suddenly disengaging her arm from that of her would-be bridegroom, she darted into the passage, calling aloud on the name of him who would, as she well knew, prove both an efficient and respectable protector. Her appeal was not unheard; a door opened, and the dear friend who, but for an event too mournful for me to do more than allude to, would have been connected with us by the closest ties, sprang forward to save the sister of her who, even in her grave, still maintains an undivided empire over him. It is needless to say, that the protection Amelia claimed from one of her oldest favourites was unhesitatingly granted, and that Fortescue hastened out to confront the author of this ridiculous abduction, but the latter had no doubt witnessed the recognition, and, finding the game was up, disappeared with his rascally abettor in the chaise they had destined for a different purpose. When my friend reached the street, the vehicle was nearly out of sight on the road back to London. Amelia's nerves are fortunately pretty strong; though astonished at the folly, and vexed at the persevering effrontery of her cousin in this precious scheme, she had never for one instant entertained any alarm, nor doubted its ultimate failure; any little hurry of spirits, therefore, she might experience, ought perhaps to be attributed as much to her unexpected meeting with Eustace as to the strange occurrence which produced their rencontre. Such, at least, she assures me, is the case, and adds, that her forced march had by no means spoiled her appetite, so that, after partaking of a pretty substantial luncheon

while my horses were taking their bait, she accompanied Fortescue back in the abandoned curriole. Fortunately I had been detained unusually late at a diplomatic meeting, and the anxiety I underwent on my return home, at discovering Amelia's absence, was of no long duration. Neither of the actors in this blessed stratagem have as yet thought proper to make their appearance here, nor do I think it likely that they will, as James's clothes, &c. have, I find, been for some days past removed from the house, a fact which convinces me that the plan was not adopted hastily, or without reflection. Indeed, from part of a conversation I had overheard between them as I entered Mr Stafford's room on the morning after his debauch, I feel satisfied that your son had, at a very early period, meditated the securing himself an interest among the domestics; the door, on that occasion, was ajar, and as I approached, I had distinctly heard him offering money to the servant in attendance on him, whom I now recollect to have been this very James, though what his object was I could not then distinguish. The impression upon my mind at the time was, that he was endeavouring to purchase silence as to the extent of his intoxication; I now think differently, and am persuaded that he was even then tampering with his fidelity, in the hope of securing so trustworthy an aide-de-camp. This, my dearest sister, is the unpleasant intelligence I have been compelled to communicate; and I trust that in relinquishing, as I now reluctantly do, all hope of a still nearer connexion being formed between us, you will do me the justice to believe, that necessity alone dictates my resolution, and prevents my risking the temporal, perhaps the eternal, interests of my only child, upon the precarious tenure of the affection of a young man, who, if, as I would hope may be the case, his heart be not utterly depraved, is yet so loose and unsettled in his principles, as to render futile all hopes of his alliance being conducive to the happiness of either party. As the son of my dear Charles, and the future—I much fear, unworthy—representative of the family, should he

hereafter become convinced of his errors, and, as added years bring added wisdom, endeavour to retrace his footsteps in the deplorable path which he seems to be now treading, my countenance, influence, and purse, shall not be wanting to forward his views, and to secure him a reception in society befitting his birth, and the rank he may be destined to fill; as a son-in-law I never can receive him. I will not add to the length of a letter, already so prolix, by any farther expressions of regret for the line of conduct I am compelled to adopt, nor outrage your maternal feelings by attempting to offer a consolation, which time, and the amended manners of your son, can alone bestow. Your heart, I doubt not, will be wrung by this narrative; believe me, mine is scarcely less so. Judge of my feelings by your own.

"I enclose a ring which Mr Stafford forced upon my daughter's finger during his courtship—if such it may be called—and which, as he informed her, contains a lock of his own hair. Adieu, my dear sister, and, deeply as I may lament this unfortunate termination to our mutual hopes, believe that I shall ever entertain towards yourself the strongest sentiments of sympathy and regard, and continue to be your affectionate brother,

"MANNINGHAM."

Some time elapsed after the perusal of this extraordinary letter, ere I could arrange my ideas sufficiently to form any thing like an opinion upon its contents. I almost doubted if I were awake, the whole affair seemed so like an unpleasant dream. Had I indeed been guilty of the absurd and ridiculous conduct imputed to me? Reason and reflection told me the contrary. Was the whole story then an invention of Lord Manningham? His rank, his character, his well-known probity and honour, forbade the supposition. Had he been imposed upon by some rascally swindler, assuming my name to defraud him of his daughter and her rich inheritance? It was difficult to believe that human audacity could soar to such a pitch, and yet this seemed the only rational solution to the mysteries which beset me on all

sides. The recollection of my mother's letter too, of that letter so unaccountably lost and never recovered, seemed to give a colour to this mode of accounting for the occurrences said to have taken place; and a thousand times did I curse my own carelessness which alone could have put it in the power of any individual, however crafty, to carry on so impudent an imposition. The more I revolved the matter in my mind, after reading the letter carefully over again, the more convinced I became that this was indeed the fact, and my thoughts naturally began to turn on the perpetrator. Who could he be? Some one well versed in our family history, beyond all question, or he would at once have stood detected; then, too, the circumstance of his having been at the oratorio—Nicholas!—it was, it could be no other than that infernal Nicholas who had played me this abominable prank. His well-known propensity to mischief, the comparative ease with which he might have succeeded in purloining my credentials, the confidence I had reposed in him as to my object in returning to London, all combined to fix him as the author of another of his "jolly good hoaxes." But then again there were difficulties, and those, too, apparently insurmountable, in the way of considering him as my pseudo-representative; one, of no ordinary magnitude, had that very morning made its appearance in the shape of a letter from Sir Oliver Bullwinkle. In it the Baronet informed us, that on his arrival at Oxford he had found his son slowly recovering from a fit of illness, which precluded the possibility of his having been in London on the evening he had suspected, and declared that he would never trust to the evidence of his own eyes again. He mentioned his intention of delaying his return for a few days longer on Nicholas's account, as he meant to bring him down with him to the Hall, as soon as he should be able to stand the journey; he said, too, that he should call on Lord Maningham in his way. This letter, which was almost as long, though not quite so pithy, as the Viscount's, had manifestly cost Sir Oliver no trifling pains in the manufacturing; it was addressed to my mother, and contained the whole of his eventful

history from the period of his quitting Underdown; but as Drench had strongly insisted on the necessity of keeping his patient perfectly undisturbed, I had taken a liberty which I knew she would pardon, and broken open the well-known "fetterlocks" which identified her correspondent. My first impression was to write to my noble uncle immediately, but, on more mature reflection, as Sir Oliver and Nicholas were so soon to be at Underdown, I determined to delay my communication until I should be able to ascertain whether my hopeful cousin was or was not the happy contriver of this precious piece of knavery. Nor did I fancy that it would be a very hard task to put this beyond dispute, when once the object of my suspicions should favour me with an interview.

While I was yet balancing the *pros* and *cons* of the measure, another billet was put into my hands by Jennings, signed "Edward Maberly, Captain * * * regiment," requesting an interview, that he might acquit himself of a commission of some delicacy, with which he was charged by a brother officer. Wondering what on earth Captain Maberly, whose name I merely knew as that of a young officer in a corps quartered in the neighbourhood, could possibly have in common with myself, the thought suddenly occurred to me that his business might relate to my eccentric fellow-traveller, about whom I had felt so strong an interest, till he and his concerns were totally driven out of my head by the succession of unpleasant surprises I had since experienced. Of course I gave directions that the "gallant officer," as the phrase goes, should be admitted immediately.

The Captain, a gentlemanly, soldier-like man, whose air and manner evinced that he moved in the best society, while a scarcely perceptible touch of "the brogue," betrayed that he had drawn his first breath in the sister island, was ushered into the room, and received my compliment with the unembarrassed ease of a man of the world. Jennings, who, as I fancied, surveyed the stranger with looks that betokened more of curiosity than he was in the habit of displaying, placed chairs and with-

drew, when my unexpected visitor proceeded to open his commission.

This was, he informed me, to place in my hand a letter from his friend Captain Fortescue of the * * Dragoons, who felt himself compelled to call upon me for an explanation of my conduct towards a young lady of rank, with whose family he was intimately connected, and announced himself as deputed by his aforesaid friend, to arrange with my friend of mine the time and place of meeting. Having delivered himself to this effect, the Captain quietly proffered me the billet alluded to, and, retiring to the other side of the room, amused himself by reconnoitring through his eyeglass a Dutch Fair, by Teniers, that hung against the wall, leaving me at full leisure to peruse the agreeable despatch of which he was the bearer.

"SIR,—It is with painful reluctance that I yield to the dictates of an imperious and irresistible necessity, which forces me to the performance of a task the most revolting to my nature. An interview of the kind I am compelled to demand of you, is at all times a matter to be deprecated, and is rendered doubly distressing when, in seeking it, I feel that I am repaying benefit with injury, by aiming at a life which has been risked to preserve my own. A miserable destiny, however, which I am unable to control, will have it so, and forces me to be ungrateful rather than perjured. Be assured, sir, no merely human power could have swayed me to the performance of an act which I detest; but Fate wills it, and I bow to the decree. My friend, who honours me by conveying this to your hands, is fully authorized to make every arrangement requisite; and I have only to add, that the earlier the hour may be that suits your convenience, the more desirable it will be to

"EUSTACE FORTESCUE.

"C. Stafford, Esq. &c. &c."

"Mighty civil, upon my word!" I half uttered to myself, as I refolded the note; then, in a louder tone, "A most singular invitation indeed!—Pray, sir, is your friend mad?"

"What, sir, can possibly induce you to doubt his sanity?" returned

"my gallant friend," moving away from the picture, and planting himself *vis-a-vis* to me, while his heightened complexion evinced the offence he took at my interrogatory.

"Simply, sir," replied I, "because I cannot conceive that any man in his senses would think of sending such a letter as this which I hold in my hand to a man who knows no more of him than of Harry the Eighth, nor has ever so much as seen him in the course of his life. He talks of benefits which I never can have conferred, and regrets being obliged to seek the life of one who has never given the slightest cause of offence, either to the lady you have alluded to, or to himself."

"These are matters of which I am no judge, sir," said Maberly coldly, "nor do I pretend to explain what the motives may be which, as he says, compel Captain Fortescue to adopt the line of conduct he is pursuing. I have no doubt of their sufficiency, nor do I question either the soundness of his intellect, or his honour."

"But, sir," returned I, heartily provoked at the turn this affair seemed likely to take, "if your principal indeed seeks redress for any insult offered to Miss Stafford, I am not the person to whom he should apply."

"I believe I am addressing Mr Charles Stafford!" was his reply, accompanied with a look of mingled doubt and surprise.

"Undoubtedly you are, sir, but Charles Stafford is as incapable of offering insult to a lady as Captain Fortescue or yourself."

"With that, sir, I must repeat, I can have nothing to do; my business is simply to ascertain whether you will favour my friend with the meeting he desires—I am not here to discuss its propriety. I cannot help observing, however, that you do not appear altogether unacquainted with the lady whose cause he advocates, a lady whose name certainly never passed my lips."

"That Miss Stafford has been protected by Captain Fortescue from a most audacious and unprincipled attempt I am unquestionably aware; the only thing which I mean to deny is that I have been at all concerned in it."

The features of Maberly assumed an expression of incredulity, not un-mixed with contempt for what he plainly considered the pusillanimity of my conduct, in denying all participation in a transaction, now that it was no longer likely to pass unquestioned—There was no misunderstanding the meaning which his eye conveyed, and I continued with the indignation to which its glance gave birth—"Thus far, Captain Maberly, I have spoken to vindicate myself against unfounded aspersions; if you attribute my so doing to any other motive than that which I have avowed, you are widely mistaken. The tongue, however, is not the only weapon with which I am prepared to defend my reputation when attacked, and you may inform your principal that, if he considers this declaration insufficient, I have not the slightest reluctance to grant him the meeting he requires, when and wherever he pleases."

"When a difference of this kind exists," returned my companion, "the sooner it is adjusted the better for all parties. To-morrow morning, therefore, if you have no objection, my friend will expect the favour of your company, at seven, near the ruined chapel in the next parish; the situation is a retired one, and little liable to interruption."

"Rely on my punctuality, Captain Maberly."

"Mr Charles Stafford, your most obedient!" he replied, resuming his hat, and putting on his gloves with the air of a man taking leave after a visit of ceremony; then, with a slight bend, which seemed to intimate that my acceptance of his proposal had somewhat redeemed me in his opinion, he moved towards the door. I rang the bell, and attended him to the hall, where we separated, he to acquaint his principal with the result of his embassy, I to make such arrangements as the time would admit of for meeting my unknown antagonist in the field, and to execute some other measures which the uncertainty of the coming event rendered it advisable for me to set about forthwith.

To procure the assistance of a friend, who might accompany me to the scene of action, and officiate as my second, was become indispen-

sable. This, therefore, was my first care. I could have wished that Allanby, on whose honour and friendship I placed the greatest reliance, might have been the person, but this was out of the question; the distance was too great to admit of my applying to him; he was still, as I believed, in London, and the shortness of the time which must elapse before the decision of our quarrel precluded the possibility of a communication being made to him with any chance of success. I therefore turned my thoughts towards the neighbouring garrison, with many of the officers belonging to which I was on sufficient terms of intimacy to warrant a request that they would do me the favour to see me shot properly. The very first man to whom I applied, a young lieutenant who had been in the habit of accompanying me on shooting parties of a different description in the course of the preceding winter, willingly undertook the task; and this, the first object of my solicitude, being provided for, I had leisure to turn my attention to matters of scarcely less importance.

To write to my mother—the last communication she might ever receive from a son, whom, even when she believed him to be stigmatized and branded with justly deserved opprobrium and dishonour, she yet found it impossible to banish from her affections! The task was indeed a severe one; a thousand conflicting emotions warred in my bosom, and rendered me scarcely capable of carrying it into execution; my letter was however at length finished, and contained, of course, an absolute disavowal, on my part, of the whole of the conduct imputed to me by Lord Manningham, the full persuasion I felt that my name had been assumed for the most infamous of purposes, together with a detail of such facts as, in the event of my not surviving the approaching contest, might tend to elucidate the mystery, and rescue my memory from the discredit which might otherwise attach to it, should I fall a victim to the artifices of an impostor, and to what, an internal voice began to whisper, was a mistaken sense of honour.

That my letter contained also assurances of the warmest love and affection, I need hardly say; the re-

membrance of all my mother's fondness, her more than maternal kindness from my earliest infancy—the reflection that the step I was about to take might deprive her, at once and for ever, of the only solace of her declining years, the only hope of her widowed heart—that my falling in the encounter would too surely shake out with an unhallowed hand the few remaining sands that yet lingered in Time's falling hour-glass, and “bring down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave”—all conspired to unman me, and shook for a moment the resolution I had formed of meeting my incomprehensible antagonist. Not that I was altogether free from some rather unpleasant sensations more purely selfish, when I considered the situation in which a few short hours might place me, and the more than questionable proposition how far I might be justified, in thus exposing my own life and aiming at that of another, before that Almighty Being, whose denunciations against the crime of murder I could not shut out from my memory. In vain did I encourage myself by the argument that, as the usages of civilized society extend the principle of self-defence from our persons to our reputation, I was as much authorized to protect that which was dearer to me than life as to defend my life itself; a voice, stronger than that of the world, told me I was wrong. The awakening tones of conscience, which I would fain have silenced had it been in my power, warned me of the fallacy of my reasoning, and thundered in my ear, “Thou shalt not kill.” Pride, that sin by which fell the angels, and a false shame, the dread of what the world would say, still drove me on to disregard its faithful admonitions, and crushed the nascent intention of even yet avoiding to dip my hand in blood, while it presented to my view myself a mark for scorn “to point its slow and moving finger at,” a wretched object loaded with the contempt and derision of all who knew me. No! it was too late! The die was thrown, and I must stand the hazard of the cast. With burning temples, and an aching heart, I retired to my room without daring to trust myself again in my mother's presence, and, throwing myself on the bed, endeavoured to lose in the forgetfulness of slum-

ber the hours which must revolve before that in which Armitage had appointed to be with me.

Sleep, however, which I had hitherto rarely courted in vain, refused to visit my eyelids with her tranquillizing influence, and the grey tints of twilight, fast flying before a sun that rose in unclouded majesty, saw me pressing my disordered pillow in feverish restlessness. I got up and unclosed the window; the fragrance of morning—of the last morning on which I might ever inhale it—revived me; I resolved to seek, in the open air, and in activity, that refuge from my own thoughts denied me in the more confined atmosphere and retirement of my chamber. Hastily arranging my dress, I placed on the toilet the letter I had addressed to my mother, and, forcibly smothering a pang which seized me as the action recalled her image to my mind, descended slowly and cautiously a back staircase which communicated with the offices, and through them with the park. My purpose was effected without disturbing any of the inmates of the mansion, who, buried in sleep, dreamed not of the unholy errand on which I stole, like a thief, from the habitation of my fathers.

As I turned an angle of the building, the windows of my mother's apartment caught my eye. The brilliancy of the morning sunbeams, which fell full upon them, rendered scarce observable the faint flickerings of the watch-light within, the gleamings of which, now weak, now bursting into momentary brightness, seemed to announce that it was fast sinking in the socket, soon to expire and be no more. “And such,” I whispered, “may be the brief tenure of my own existence here! Oh, my mother, if indeed the irrevocable fiat has gone forth, may life who ‘tempers the wind to the shorn lamb’ support thee in the hour of trial, and, by the blessed hope of a future meeting, assuage the poignancy of thy grief for the loss of one, who now invokes thy blessing, as he, from his inmost soul, implores a blessing upon thee!” A shadow passed across the room between the light and the curtains, and seemed to be approaching the window. Nothing doubting but that it was Martha, who remained in attendance

on her mistress, and fearing to be seen at that early hour, I ended my apostrophe abruptly, and rushed into the obscurity of the neighbouring shrubs.

A few moments' exertion freed me from the thicket in which I had ensconced myself, and placed me in a path which, winding among their shady recesses in a circuitous direction, finally emerged near the end of the avenue that led from the Hall to the high-road. As I approached its termination, the appearance of Armitage, hastily advancing with a small mahogany case under his arm, told me that it was time to repair to the place of our appointment. I joined him immediately, and we proceeded forthwith towards the scene of rendezvous.

As we walked along with quick undeviating footsteps, the good-natured lieutenant enquired more particularly into the cause of quarrel, hinting at the pleasure it would give him should the matter admit of such an explanation as might allow the affair to be accommodated without prejudice to the feelings or character of either party. This I felt to be impossible, but contented myself with telling the worthy fellow that he was nearly as well acquainted with the real grounds of the dispute as myself; that I merely obeyed the summons of a gentleman, who, as I verily believed, was visiting on my head the aggression of another; but that, as my endeavours to convince him of his mistake had been in vain, we must abide by the decision to which he thought it necessary to appeal. This account increased the desire, which the lieutenant had from the first entertained, of terminating the business without bringing it to the issue of mortal arbitrement; and he entreated me to permit him, previously to any thing else taking place, to use his endeavours to procure an amicable adjustment of a difference, which, after all, as he observed, had evidently originated in mistake.

"It will be useless, Armitage," I replied; "nevertheless, act as you think proper. I know you too well to fear that my honour will suffer in your hands; but, from the terms in which his invitation is couched, I am convinced my gentleman will

not be satisfied without burning a little gunpowder."

"Is he so determined an enemy? Pray, what sort of a person is your antagonist?"

"Upon my word, that is rather a puzzling question, as I am not sure that I ever set eyes upon him in my life. He holds a commission in the dragoons, and that is all I can tell you, being almost all I know of him myself."

"It is altogether a very extraordinary affair," returned Armitage. "You shall not fight, however, if I can prevent it; but stay, here is the old chapel, and yonder, if I mistake not, come our men."

He was right; a few seconds brought us together; Captain Maberly and his friend advanced from an adjoining field, the latter wrapped up in a large *surtout*, which he unfolded as we drew near, and revealed the person of my fellow-passenger on the mail, whom I had pulled out of the river two days before. I cannot say that I was altogether unprepared for this recognition; the possibility of it had more than once occurred to my mind since Maberly's visit, and the supposition had acquired additional weight from some passages in his letter, which I found it otherwise difficult to comprehend; still I had some doubts on the subject, as I could scarcely believe it possible that the most sanguinary of mankind would, whatever his primary intentions might have been, persist in raising his hand to deprive that man of life who had so recently preserved his own, and that too in a quarrel in which he could feel but little personal interest—but little interest? A thought flashed upon my mind with the rapidity of lightning, and dissipated in an instant the reluctance I had hitherto felt to commence hostilities. Amelia Stafford—for her he had come to contend, and her he was determined to possess, though the removal of so formidable an obstacle as myself, by any means, was a necessary preliminary. She was the object of his, perhaps mercenary, attachment, whom he had rescued from a plot contrived, in all probability, by himself, and which my death was indispensable to conceal from eventual detection! This indeed presented a ready solution

to the mystery; as the champion of her cause, and the avenger of her injuries, he would stand on a proud eminence, and challenge her love with a powerful, perhaps irresistible, claim; while in my destruction he would not only lay the foundation of his hopes, but obtain the removal of a rival, doubly dangerous from the well-known wishes of her father in my favour, and the power I must inevitably possess of unmasking him to Lord Manningham, a single interview with whom might be sufficient to level with the dust the flimsy superstructure which his arts had raised. That the whole personation of myself, the elopement, and pretended rescue, were but parts of a systematic and villainous plot, of which my destruction was to furnish the *dénouement*, I no longer entertained a doubt, and the indignation this conviction gave rise to in my mind, operated so strongly upon me, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could restrain my impatience, while our seconds were arranging the necessary preliminaries. I burned to chastise the villany I fancied I had detected, and to inflict a severe retribution for my defeated pretensions and vilified character.

While Armitage and Maberly, who had retired a few paces apart, were preparing the weapons, and conferring on the business which had brought us together, Captain Fortescue remained at a short distance from me, leaning against a tree. His face was pale, almost livid, his air abstracted, and he appeared to be labouring under the deepest dejection. He had raised his hat to me when we first met, and seemed as if wishing to address me, but, enraged at his ingratitude and hypocrisy, I shewed no corresponding inclination, and he accordingly renounced his intention, if indeed he had entertained it. His eyes were now fixed

upon the ground, his arms folded across his breast, which heaved high at intervals, as if from the effect of some strong internal emotion. I turned from gazing on him to watch the motions of our two "friends"—so they call the people who load the pistols that are to blow your brains out—who were now deeply engaged in conversation. In a few moments Maberly quitted his companion, and, rejoining Fortescue, made a communication to him; a short but animated discussion took place between them, at the close of which Maberly returned to my "friend," who, after listening to him for a few moments, stepped up to me and informed me that he was the bearer of a proposal from Captain Fortescue, who, from the great reluctance which he felt to proceed against one from whom he had recently received so great an obligation, was prepared, he said, to drop the dispute, and consent to sink the past in oblivion, provided I would offer such an apology to Miss Stafford as he should feel warranted in recommending her to accept.

"Tell Captain Fortescue," I exclaimed, half-choked with passion, "that the most ample concessions *he* could offer *me* would now be insufficient to appease the sense of injury which I feel, or avert the vengeance I am determined to exact. Let him take his ground!"

Armitage retired in silence, and proceeded to measure out twelve paces, at either extremity of which my antagonist and myself took our stations; the weapons were delivered to us, and Maberly having given the signal by dropping his handkerchief, each discharged his pistol at the same instant. Fortescue's aim was but too correct; his ball struck me, and I fell; the blood flowed copiously from my breast, and in a few moments I became totally insensible to all that was passing around me.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LXVI.

XPΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΑΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΑΚΩ ΔΕΗΤΙΑΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'Tis RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

*Scene—The Leads of the Lodge—Present, NORTH, TICKLER, the SHEPHERD,
BULLER. Time—Evening.*

SHEPHERD.

This fancy beats a', and proves o' itsell, sir, that you're a poet. In fine weather, leevin' on the leeds! And siccan an awnin'! No a threed o' cotton about it, or linnen either, but dome, wa's, cornishes, and fringes—a' silk. Oh! but she's a tastefu' cretur that Mrs Gentle—for I see the touch o' her haun in the hangins, the festoonins, the droopins o' the draperies—and it's a sair pity that ye twa, who are seen to be but ae speerit, are na likewise ae flesh. Pardon the allusion, Mr North, but you'll never be perfectly happy till she bears your name, or aiblins you'll tak' hers, my dear auld sir, and ca' yourselfs Mr and Mrs North Gentle; or gin you like better to gie hers the precedence, Mr and Mrs Gentle Christopher North. But either o' the twa would be characteristic and euphonous—for you're humane, sir, by nature, though by habit rather savage, and a' you want to saften you back into your original constitution is to be a husband—

TICKLER.

And a father.

SHEPHERD.

As likely to be that as yourself, Mr Tickler, and likelier too; and a' the warld would admire to see a bit canty callant or yelegant lassie trotting at his knee—

TICKLER.

"With all its mother's tenderness,
And all its father's fire!"

NORTH.

James, is it not a beautiful panorama?

SHEPHERD.

A panorama! What? wad you wush to hae a panorama o' weans?

NORTH.

I mean the prospect, James.

SHEPHERD.

A prospect o' a panorama o' weans!

NORTH.

Poo—poo—my dear Shepherd—you wilfully misapprehend my meaning—look round you over land and sea!

SHEPHERD.

I canna look farrer than the leeds. Oh! but it's a beautiful Conserva-

tory! I never afore saw an Orange-tree. And it's true what I hae read o' them—blossom and fruit on the same plant—nae doot an evergreen—and in this caulder clime o' ours bricht wi' its gowden ba's as if we were in the "Wast Indies!—What ca' ye thir?

NORTH.

These are mere myrtles.

SHEPHERD.

Mere myrtles! Dinna say that again o' them—mere; an ungratefu' word, o' a flowery plant a' fu' o' bonny white starnies—and is that their scent that I smell?

NORTH.

The balm is from many breaths, my dear James. Nothing that grows is without fragrance—

SHEPHERD.

Hooever fent. I fand that out when a toddler—for I used to fling awa' or drap whatever I pu'd that I thocht had nae smell—till ae day I began till suspect that the faute might lie in my ain nose, and no in the buds or leaves—and frae a thoosan' sma' experiments I was glad to learn it was sae—and that there was a scent—as ye weel said the noo—in a' that grows. Wasna that kind in Nature! Hoo else could that real poet Tamson hae said, "the air is bawm!"

TICKLER.

I desiderate the smell of dinner.

SHEPHERD.

What'n a sensual sentiment! The smell o' vittals is delicious whan the denner's gettin' dished, and during the time o' eatin', but for an hour or mair after the cloth has been drawn, the room to ma nose has aye a close het smell, like that o' iugons. It's no the custom o' the kintra to leave wi' the leddies—but nae drawin'-room like the leeds.—What'n frutes!

NORTH.

Help yourself, James.

SHEPHERD.

I'll thank ye, Mr Tickler, to rax me owre thae oranges.

TICKLER.

They are suspiciously dark in the colour—but perhaps you like the bitter?

SHEPHERD.

They're nae mair ceevil than yoursell—but genuine St Michaelers—and as they're but sma', half-a-dizzen o' them will sharpen the pallet for some o' thae American aipples that never put ane's teeth on edge—which is mair than you can say for Scotch anes, that are noo seldom sweeter than scribes.

TICKLER.

Scribes?

SHEPHERD.

Crabs. Mr North, we maun tak' tent what we're about, for it wou'd na answer weel to stoiter owre the edge o' the leeds; nor yet to tumble down the trapdoor-stairs.

NORTH.

The companion-ladder, if you please, James.

SHEPHERD.

Companion-ladder? I suppose because only ae person can climb up at a time—though there's room enouch, that's true, for severals to fa' doon at ance—but the term's nowtical, I ken—and you're a desperate cretur for thinkin' o' the sea.

NORTH.

Would that Tom Cringle were here—the best sketcher of sea-scenery that ever held a pen!

BULLER.

And painter too, sir.

SHEPHERD.

I ken little mair, or aiblns less o' ships than Tam Cringle kens o' sheep—but in his pages I see them sailin' alang—

NORTH.

In calm, breeze, gale, or storm—

SHEPHERD.

Dinna tak the words oot o' ma mouth, sir—in his pages I see them sailin' along in cawm, breeze, gale, or storm, as plain as if I was lookin' at them frae the shore, or—

TICKLER.

Scudding under bare poles like you and I, James, without our wigs.

SHEPHERD.

Naething's mair intolerable to me than a constant attempt at wut. Besides, wha ever was seen—either men or ships—skuddin' under bare poles in a cawm?

TICKLER.

Or sailin'—James—in a cawm—as you said just now.

SHEPHERD.

But I didna say a deed cawm; an' gin I had, does na the wund often drap a' at ance, and a' at ance get up again—and wasna the ship lying waitin' for the wun' wi' a' sail set—or maybe motion still in her? Aud therefore nane but an ignorawmus in nowticals woud object to a Shepherd, wha is nae sailor, speakin' o' a ship sailing in a cawm. Are ye satisfied?

NORTH.

My friend Marryatt finds fault with Tom Cringle for being too melodramatic.

TICKLER.

His volumes are indeed a mellow dram in two calkers.

SHEPHERD.

Faith, for a pun, that's no sae very far amiss; and in a few years, frae playin' on words, I shudna be surprised to see you, sir, gettin' grupp o' an idea.

BULLER.

My friend Fonblanque characterised Captain Cringle truly by three words in the Examiner—the Salvator Rosa of the Sea.

NORTH.

The truth is, that Tom is a poet.

BULLER.

And of a high order.

NORTH.

Marryatt missed to remember that while he was penning his critique. Strike all the poetry out of Tom's prose—

SHEPHERD.

I'll defy you.

NORTH.

And Marryatt would have been right. Read his prose by the light of the poetry that illumines it, and Marryatt is wrong.

SHEPHERD.

Wha's he, that Marryatt?

NORTH.

A captain in the navy, and an honour to it—an admirable sailor, and an admirable writer—and would that he too were with us on the leads, my lads, for a pleasanter fellow, *to those who know him*, never enlivened the social board.

SHEPHERD.

I like the words you slipped in there, sir, wi' a marked vice, like italics in prent—" *to those who know him*"—for them that's gotten the character o' bein' pleasant fallows on a' occasions, and to a' men, are seldom sound at the core—and oh! but they grow wearisome on ane's hauns when ane's no in the humour for diversion or daffin', but wish to be quate.

NORTH.

Right, James. I have no conceit of them "who are all things to all men." Why, I have seen John Schetky himself in the sulks with sumpsh, though he is more tolerant of minnies and noodles than almost any other man of genius I have ever known,—but clap him down among a choice crew of

kindred spirits, and how his wild wit even yet, as in its prime, wantons ! Playing at will its *virgin* fancies, till Care herself comes from her cell, and sitting by the side of Joy, loses her name, and forgets her nature, and joins in glee or catch, beneath the power of that magician, the merriest in the hall.

SHEPHERD.

I houp I'll no gang to my grave without forgathering wi' John Schetky.

NORTH.

Marryatt is often gruff.

SHEPHERD.

Then you and him 'll agree like brithers, for you're aften no only gruff, but grim.

NORTH.

He would have stood in the first class of sea-scribes, had he written nothing but Peter Simple.

SHEPHERD.

Did he—did Marryyacht write Peter Simple ? Peter Simple in his ain way's as gude's Parson Adams.

TICKLER.

Parson Adams !

SHEPHERD.

Aye, just Parson Adams. He that imagined Peter Simple's a Sea-Fieldin'. That's a better compoun' yepithet, Mr North, nor your sea-scribe.

NORTH.

Methinks I see another son of Ocean sitting on that couch.

SHEPHERD.

Wha ?

NORTH.

Glasscock.

SHEPHERD.

Let me look intil his face. (*Rising up and going to the couch.*) Na—na—na, sir, I'm sorry to say this is no Man-Glasscock—it's neither his fine bauld face, nor his firm springy figur'.

NORTH.

Dicky Phantom !

SHEPHERD.

And nae mair.

NORTH.

Glasscock had a difficult game to play, Buller, in the Douro, but he played it with a skill and a resolution that have gained him the praise of the whole service.

BULLER.

No man stands higher.

NORTH.

All his hooks have been excellent, but his last is best of all.

SHEPHERD.

Shall I ca' him a Sea-Smollet ?

TICKLER.

You may, if you choose to talk stuff.

SHEPHERD.

I was speerin' at Mr North—nane but a fule wou'd speer sic a question at you—for you was never in a ship but ance ; and though she was in a dry dock, you was sae sea-sick that there was a want o' mops.

NORTH.

I call him what he is—a Sea-Glasscock. No man alive can tell a galley-story with him—the language of the fore-castle from his lips smacks indeed of the salt sea-foam—his crew must have loved such a captain—for he knows Jack's character far better than Jack does himself—and were there more such books as his circulating in the service—they would assist, along with all wise and humane and just regulations and provisions made by Government to increase and secure Jack's comforts at sea and Poll's on shore, in extinguishing all necessity for press-gangs.

BULLER.

Glasscock, sir, can tell, too, a story as well as the best of them all—Hall, or Marryatt, or Chamier—of the Gunroom and the Captain's cabin.

NORTH.

He can—and eke of the Admiral's. Marryatt and Glasscock in a bumper, with all the honours.

SHEPHERD.

Na. I wunna drink't.

NORTH.

James!!!

TICKLER.

What the devil's the matter with you now?

BULLER.

Mr Hogg!

SHEPHERD.

If I drink't, may I be——

NORTH.

No cursing or swearing allowed on board this ship.

TICKLER.

Call the master-of-arms, and let him get a dozen.

SHEPHERD.

If ony man says that ever I cursed or sweered, either in ship or shielin', then he's neither mair nor less than a confoonded leear. Fules! fules! fules! Sumphs! sumphs! sumphs! Sops! sops! sops! Saps! saps! saps! Wou'd you cram the healths of twa siccan men, wi' a' the honours, intil ae bumper? Let's drink them separate—and in tumblers.

NORTH.

Charge.

TICKLER.

Halt. "I wunna drink't."

SHEPHERD.

I'll no be mocked, Tickler. Besides, that's no the least like ma vice.

TICKLER.

"I wunna drink't"—unless we all quaff, before sitting down, another tumbler to Basil Hall.

NORTH.

With all my heart.

SHEPHERD.

And sowle.

BULLER.

And mind. "Stap—I wunna drink't."

SHEPHERD.

That's real like me—for an Englisher.

TICKLER.

Craziness is catching.

NORTH.

Well said, Son of Isis.

BULLER.

Tom Cringle.

OMNES.

Aye, aye, sir—Aye, aye, sir—Aye, aye, sir.

NORTH.

Instead of the rule *seniores priores*—to prove our equal regard—let us adopt an arithmetical order—and drink them in Round Robin.

[*Four (that is, sixteen) bumper tumblers (not of the higher ranks, but the middle orders) are emptied arithmetically, with all the honours, to the healths of Captains Cringle, Glasscock, Hall, and Marryatt. For a season there is silence on the leads, and you hear the thrush—near his second or third brood—at his evening song.*

SHEPHERD.

Fowre tumblers, taken in instant sequence, o' strang drink, by each o' fowre men—a' fowre nae farder back than yestreen sworn in members o'

the left haun' branch o' the Temperance Society! I howp siccan a decided exception; while it is pruv'n, may no explode the general rule. The general rule wi' us fowre when we forgather, is to drink naething but milk and water—the general exception to drink naething but speerits o' wine—that was a lapsus lingy—speerits and wine. It's a pleasant sight to see a good general rule reconciled wi' a good general exception; and it's my earnest desire to see a' the haill world shakin' hauns.

NORTH.

Peter, place my pillows. (*Peter does so.*)

SHEPHERD.

There's ane gaen weel shued up.

TICKLER.

St Peter? I'm Pope. Kiss my toe, James.

SHEPHERD.

Drink aye makes him clean daft.

BULLER.

'Tis merry in the hall, when beards wag all. Then all took a smack—a smack, at the old black-jack—to the sound of the bugle-horn—to the sound of the bugle-horn. Such airs I ha'e, like a pig in a gate—give me the good old strain—and nought is heard on every side but signoras and signors—like a pig in a gate, to the sound of the bugle-horn.

SHEPHERD.

Drink maks him musical—yet he seems to remember the words better nor the tune. North! nae snorin' alloo'd on the leeds. Tickler! do you hear? nae snorin' alloo'd on the leeds. Buller, pu' baith thair noses. Fa'en owre too! Noo, I ca' that a tolerable nawsal treeo. It's really weel snored. Tickler! you're no keepin' time. Kit, you're gettin' out o' the tune. Buller, nae fawsetto. Come here, Peter, I wush to speak to you. (*Peter goes to the Shepherd.*) Is na Mr North gettin' rather short in the temper? Hae na ye observed, too, a fa'in' aff o' some o' his faculties—sic as memory—and, I fear, judgment? And what's this I hear o' him (*whispering Peter*). I do indeed devoutly trust it'll no get wun'! (*Peter puts his finger to his nose, and looking towards North, winks the Shepherd to be mum.*) Ye needna clap your finger on your nose, and wunk, and screw your mouth in that gate, for he's in a safe snorin' sleep.

PETER (*indignantly*).

Mr Hogg, I trust I shall never be so far left to myself as to act in any manner unbecoming my love, gratitude, and veneration for the best and noblest of men and masters.

SHEPHERD.

You did put your forefinger to your nose—you did wunk—ye did screw your mooth—ye did gesticulate that ye suspected his sleep wasna as real's his snore—and ye did nod yes when I asked you wi' a whisper in your lug if it was true that he had taken to tipplin' by himsell in the forenoons?

NORTH (*starting up*).

You back-biting hog in armour—but I will break your bones—Peter, the crutch!

SHEPHERD.

The crutch is safe under lock and key in its ain case—and the key's in ma pocket—for you're no in a condition to be trusted wi' the crutch. As for back-biting, what I said I said afore your face—and if you was pretendin' to be asleep, let what you overheard be a lesson till you never to act so meanly again, for be assured, accordin' to the auld apogthegm, listeners never hear ony gude o' theirsells. Do they, Buller?

BULLER.

Seldom.

SHEPHERD.

Do they ever, Tickler?

TICKLER.

Never.

SHEPHERD.

Then I propose that we all get sober again. Peter—THE ANTIDOTE ! It's time we a' took it—for I've seen the leeds mair stationary—half an hour back, I was lookin' eastward, but I'm sair mista'en if ma face be na noo due wast.

NORTH.

Yes—Peter.

[*Peter administers the Antidote.*

SHEPHERD.

Wasna that a blessed discovery, Mr Buller ! Ae glass o' THE ANTIDOTE taken in time no only remedies the past, but ensures the future—we may each o' us toss aff ither fowre bumper-tumblers with the same impunity as we despatched their predecessors—and already what a difference in the steadiness o' the leeds !

BULLER.

Hermes' Molly !

TICKLER.

The Great Elixir !

NORTH.

O sweet oblivious ANTIDOTE indeed—for out of the grave of memory in bright resurrection rises Hope—and on the wings of Imagination the re-kindled Senses seem to hold command over earth and heaven !

SHEPHERD.

O coofs—coofs—coofs ! wha abuse the wine-bibbers o' the Noctes.

BULLER.

Coofs indeed !

SHEPHERD.

Never, Mr Buller, shall they breathe empyrean air.

BULLER.

Never.

SHEPHERD.

For them never shall celestial dewa distil from evening's roseate cloud—

BULLER.

Never.

SHEPHERD.

Nor setting suns their fancy ever fill with visions born o' golden licht—when earth, sea, cloud, and sky, are a' interfused wi' ae speerit—and that speerit, sae beautifully hushed in high repose, tells o' something within us that is divine, and therefore that will leeve for ever ! Luik ! luik !

BULLER.

Such a sunset !

SHEPHERD.

Let nae man daur to word it. It's daurin' eneuch even to luik at it. For oh ! ma freens ! are na thae the gates o' glory—wide open for departed speerits—that they may sail in on wings intil the heart o' eternal life ! Let that sicht no be lost on us.

NORTH.

It is melting away.

SHEPHERD.

Changed—gane ! Another sun has set—surely a solemn thocht, sirs—yet, come, let's be cheerfu'—Mr North, let me see a smile on your face, man—for, my dear sir, I canna thole noo bein' lang melancholy at ae time—for every year sic times are growin' mair frequent—and I howp the bonnie Leddy Moon will no be lang o' risin', nor do I care whether or no she brings wi' her ane, nane, or ten thousan' stars. Here comes the caffee.

• *Enter AMBROSE, with tea and coffee silver-service.*

AMBROSE.

Tea or coffee, sir ?

SHEPHERD.

Chaciat. Help the rest. Mr North ?

NORTH.

Sir?

SHEPHERD.

Is that America, on the other side of the Firth?

NORTH.

Commonly called the Kingdom of Fife.

SHEPHERD.

Noo that steam's brought to perfection, aiblins I may mak' a voyage there before I dee. Can you assure me the natives are no cannibals?

NORTH.

They are cannibals, James, and will devour you—with kindness; for to be hospitable, free, affectionate, and friendly, is to be *Fifeish*.

SHEPHERD.

I see through the blue haze towns and villages along the shores, the kintra seems cultivated, but no cleared—for yon maun be the woods o' bonnie Aberdour, atween whilk and the shore o' Scotland sleep the banes o' Sir Patrick Spens and a' his peers. We can write no sic ballant noo-a-days as,

“The king sat in Dunfermline tower,
Drinking the blood-red wine.”

The simplest pawthos, sir, sinks deepest in the heart—and lies there—far doon aneath the fleetin' storms o' life—just as that wreck itself is lyin' noo, bit o' weed, and airn, and banes, lodged immovably amang other ruefu' matter at the bottom o' the restless sea.

BULLER.

Exquisite!

SHEPHERD.

Eh! what said ye, sir? did ye apply that epithet to my sentiment, or to your sherry?

BULLER.

To both. United, “they sank like music in my heart.”

SHEPHERD.

Here's to you, Mr Buller. Did ever I ask, sir, if you're ony relation to the Bullers o' Buchan?

BULLER.

Cousins.

SHEPHERD.

I thought sae, sir, frae the sound o' your vice. You're a fine bauld dashin' family, and fling the cares o' the warld aff frae your sides like rocks.

BULLER.

Scotland seems to me, if possible, improved since my last visit, even
“Stately Edinburgh, throned on crags,”
more magnificently wears her diadem.

SHEPHERD.

Embro', as a town, taken't by itself, 's no muckle amiss, but I canna help considerin' but a clachan sin' my visit to Lunnon. Mercy on us, what a roar o' life! Ane would think the hail habitable yerth had spewed its hail population intil that whirlpool! or that that whirlpool had sook't it a' in—mair like a Maelstrom than a Metropolis!

NORTH.

There's poetry for you!

BULLER.

It is.

SHEPHERD.

Whales and mennows a' are yonner, sir, dwindled down or equaleezed intil the same size by the motion o' millions, and a' sense o' individuality lost. The vera first morning I walked out o' the hotel I clean forgot I was James Hogg.

BULLER.

Yet, a few mornings after, Mr Hogg, allow me to say, that the object most thought of there was the Ettrick Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

Na—no on the streets. Folk keepit shoalin' past me—me in æ current o' flesh, and them in anither—without a single ee ever seemin' to see me—a' een lookin' stracht forrit—a' faces in full front—sae that I coudna help askin' mysell—Will a' this break up—is it a' but the maist wonderfu' o' dreams?

BULLER.

But in the Park?

SHEPHERD.

Aye! that was a different story—I cam to my seven senses on Sunday in the Park—and I had need o' them a'—for gif I glowered, they glowered—and wherever I went, I cou'dna but see that I was the centre—

TICKLER.

“The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.”

SHEPHERD.

O man! wheesht. The centre—the navel o' the great wheel that keepit circumvōlin' round, while rays, like spokes, innumerable frae leddies' een, shot towards me frae the circumference, and had na my heart been pierced, it wud hae been no o' wud but o' stane.

NORTH.

O thou Sabbath-breaker!

SHEPHERD.

That thoct sadden'd me, but I shook it aff, and I houp I may be forgiven, for it wasna my ain fawte, but the fawte o' that Lord that munted me on his ain charger, and wou'd shew me—whether I wou'd or no—in the Dress-Rings.

TICKLER.

And how were you dressed, James?

SHEPHERD.

Wiser-like than you in your ordinar—just in the Sabbath claes I gang in to Yarrow kirk.

NORTH.

Simple son of genius! Buller, is he not a jewel?

BULLER.

He is.

SHEPHERD.

Fie lads—think shame o' yoursell—for I ken that ahint ma back you ca' me a rough diamond.

NORTH.

But the setting, my dear James! How farthet were you set?

SHEPHERD.

I had na on the blue bannet—for I had nae wush to be singular, sir—but the plaid was atowre ma shoulders—

NORTH.

And across your manly breast, my Shepherd, which must have felt then and there, as here and now, entitled to beat with the pride of conscious genius and worth.

SHEPHERD.

I shall na say that I was na proud, but I shall say that I was happy; for the Englishers I hae ever held to be the noblest race o' leevin' men accept the Scotch—and forbye that, sirs, a poet is nae mair a poet in his ain kintra than a prophet a prophet; but yonner my inspiration was acknowledged, and I thoct inair o' mysell as the owther o' the Queen's Wake, five hunder miles awa frae the Forest, than I ever had ony visible reason to do sae, in the city owre which Mary Stuart ance rang, and in the very shadow o' Holyrood.

TICKLER.

How you must have eclipsed Count d'Orsay!

SHEPHERD.

I eclipsed nane. There's nae eclipsin' yonner—for the heaven was a' shinin' wi' many thousand stars. But the sugh went that the Ettrick Shepherd was in the Park—the Shepherd o' the Wake, and the Pilgrims, and Killmeny—

NORTH.

And the Noctes—

SHEPHERD.

Aye, o' the Noctes—and what were they ever, or wud they ever again hae been, withouten your ain auld Shepherd?

NORTH.

Dark—dark—irrecoverable dark!

SHEPHERD.

Your haun. Thousans o' trees were there—but a' I kent o' them, as they gaed gliding greenly by, was that they were beautifu'—as for the equipages, they seemed a' ae equipage—

TICKLER.

Your cortège.

SHEPHERD.

Wheesh!—wheesh!—O man, wunna ye wheesh!—Representin'—constatnin'—a' the wealth, health, rank, beauty, grace, genius, virtue o' England—

TICKLER.

Virtue!

SHEPHERD.

Yes—Virtue. Their een were like the een o' angels, and if virtue was na smiling yonner, then 'twould be vain to look for her on this side o' heaven.

NORTH.

I fear, my dearest Shepherd, that you forgot the Flowers of the Forest:

SHEPHERD.

Clean. And what for no? Was na I a stranger in Lunnon? and wou'd I alloo fancy to flee awa' wi' me out the gates o' Paradise? Na—she cou'd na hae dune that, had she striven to harl me by the hair o' the head. Oh, sir! sufficient for the hour was the beauty thereof—sowle and senses were a' absorbed in what I saw—and I became—

TICKLER.

The Paragon of the Park.

SHEPHERD.

Wull you no fine him, sir, in sawte and water?

NORTH.

Silence, Tim!

SHEPHERD.

He disturbs ane like the Death-Tick.

NORTH.

Well, James?

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir! the leddies yonner—it maun be confessed—stoop their heads mair elegantly—mair gracefully—mair royally far—than the leddies in Embro!

TICKLER.

Indeed! I should have thought that impossible.

SHEPHERD.

Wi' a mair enchantin' waive o' their arms do they bless ye, as they pass by, wi' a kiss o' licht frae the white saft pawms o' their hauns, that micht amast dune the sad lily herself begin to grow ashamed o' her leaves!—Can it be possible, sir, think ye, that yon gleams are a' o' the real bare skin, and no kid gloves? Yet kids they could na be—for I observed them drawin' them off, as I cam near—and snawy as they were, the slichtest tinge o' pink served to shaw what pure blood was in their veins; but 'twas on their faces you could see the circulation frae their hearts, for there danc'd the sunshine on roses, and Beauty in its perfection was Joy and Love.

NORTH.

Twenty years ago, my dear Shepherd, and what would have become of your heart?

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SHEPHERD.

Mr North, you dinna need to be tauld that the heart o' every human—aye, o' every leevin' thing's a mystery—and a great and afttimes a sair mystery to me has been mine; but at nae time o' life wou'd I hae felt muckle itherwise amang a' that fascination than I did then—for the sense o' my ain condition—o' my ain lot—has aye lain upon me—and held ma speerit doun, true to the cares and duties o' the sphere in which it pleased Providence that I should be born.

NORTH.

You know, my dear James, that I was not serious.

SHEPHERD.

I kent that, my dear sir—for ye hae the insight. No that seldom the sense o' what I said the noo, has been sae heavy that I was like to fent in the weary wilderness; at ither times, and aftener far, though it was like a pack on my shoulters on a hilly road, I hae carried it not only without complainin', but contented, and wi' a supporting gratitude; while afteneest o' a'—and you'll, sir, no think that strange—it has been to me even like wings on which I walked along the green braes in the dewy mornin', wi' steps o' air, and envied not leevin' cretur in a' the wide warld. And when something within me whuspered that I had genie, then the wings o' themselves unfaulted, and I thoct, without leavin' or losin' sicht altogether o' the Forest, that I sailed awa into still lovelier launs—intil Fairylaun itself—sir—for 'twas there I met Kilmeny—and asked the bonny doo where she had cum frae, and where she was gaun—and if she were to return ever-mair—and she confided a' her secrets to the Shepherd—and—

NORTH.

The Shepherd sung of her "one song that will not die."

SHEPHERD.

That was kind in you, my revered sir, to help me out. Gin conversation had nae ither interruptions than o' that sort, friends micht keep talkin' on a' nicht without ever noticin' the sinkin' o' the cawnles or the risin' o' the stars.

TICKLER.

Hem!

SHEPHERD.

The Forest for me after a'! Sae would it hae been, sir, even had I been ca'd up to Lunnon in my youth or prime. Out o' utter but no lang forgetfulness it would hae risen up, stretchin' itsell out in a' its length and breadth, wi' a' its lochs and mountains, and hills and streams—St Mary's and the Yarrow, the dearest o' them a'—and wafted me along wi' it, far aff and awa' frae Lunnon, like a man in a warld o' his ain, swootmin' northward through the air, wi' motion true to that ae airt, and no deviatin' for sake o' the brichtest southern star.

BULLER.

Most beautiful.

SHEPHERD.

If it wou'd hae been sae even then, Mr Buller, hoo much mair maun it hae been sae, but some three simmers back, when my hair, though a gae dour broon, was yieldin' to the grey? You was never at Mount-Benger, sir, nor Altrive, and the mair's the pity, for happy should we a' be to see sic a fine, free, freenly fallow—and o' sic bricht pairs—though the weans micht na just at first follow your English—

BULLER.

For their sakes, my dear Shepherd—forgive my familiarity—I should learn their own Doric in a day.

SHEPHERD.

That you wud, my dear Mr Buller; and think na ye, gin if I ever, for a flaff, in the Park, forgot my ain cozey beidd, that the thoct on't cam na back on my heart—aye, the verra sicht o't afore my een—dearer than ever for sake o' the wee bodies speerin' at their mother when father was comin' hame—and for sake o' her, who, for my sake, micht at that moment be lettin' drap a kiss on their heads.

TICKLER.

Now that we have seen the Shepherd in the Park, pray, James, exhibit yourself at the Play.

SHEPHERD.

The last exhibition you made o' yoursell, Mr Tickler, at the Play, as you ca't—meanin', I presume, in the Playhouse—was no quite sae creditable as your freens wud hae wished—sittin' in ane o' the upper boxes wi' a pented wax-doll—no to ca' them waur—on ilka haun—

NORTH.

Is that a true bill, Tickler?

TICKLER.

A lie.

SHEPHERD.

I never answer that monosyllable—but canna help followin' it up, on the present occasion, wi' an apogthegm; to wit, that a man's morals may be judged by his mainners. But I tell you, Mr North, and you, Mr Buller, that I was in ane of the houses—ance, and but ance; I gaed there out o' regard to some freens, and I ever aft' staid awa' out o' regard to mysell—for o' a' the sights that ever met my een, there never was the like o' yon; and I wonder hoo men-folk and women-folk, sittin' side by side, could thole't in a public theatre. The performance was queer by name, and queer by nature—the first I wasna able to remember, and the second I shall never be able to forget. But will ye believe me when I tell you, that on the verra middle o' the stage, gaen well back to be sure, but only sae as to saften them in the distance, visible to the hail audience were a bevy o' naked lasses, a' plowterin' in a bath, wi' the water no up to their waists!

OMNES.

Shocking! shocking! shocking!

SHEPHERD.

Dinna ye believe't? I grant it's a gay lee-like story, but it's as sure's death. They micht hae some sort o' cleedin on, but gin they had, it was no visible to the naked ee, and I cou'd na for shame ask the len' o' an opera-glass fra an auld gentleman ahint me, who was kecklin' like a gouty gander across a burn to a gang o' goslings. I perceived mysell getting red in the face—for though no blate, I houp I hae a' life-lang had a sense o' decency; and the young leddy at my side began fannin' me wi' her fan. But I pretended to be readin' the bill o' the play—only noo and then takin' a peep wi' the tail o' my ee—but oh, sirs! yon was a great shame; and though I'm again' a' sorts o' tyranny, or intermeddling wi' the liberty o' the soobject, I am clear for mainteening, were it even by force o' law, the decency o' a' public entertainments. I cou'd na help lookin' roun' for some member o' the Society for the Suppression o' Vice.

TICKLER.

Some Folks are so very inflammable.

SHEPHERD.

I turned roun' upon the fourscore-and-twa fule ahint me, and ask't the odious dotard if it was na maist laithsome to see him hotchin' on his seat, and to hear him mumpin in the mouth at sic a sight, in the same box wi' a grown lassie that maun hae been at least his great-granddaughter? But the auld toothless satyr was owre deaf to hear me, although wi' help o' ever so mony lenses—baith clarifiers and multipliers—he had sic vision o' the hawrem as made a monster o' him, sufficient—but for the perversion o' public taste and feeling—to hae brought on his bald head the derision, disgust, and horror o' a full house.

TICKLER.

Poo—poo—whew!

SHEPHERD.

That's the way o't. To the pure a' things are pure—and on the faith o' a sayin' in scriptur—an' o' the haliest ever inspired—do people justify indecency after indecency—till—where, may I ask you, Mr Tickler, is it proposed there shall be a stop?

TICKLER.

I have been at Peebles.

SHEPHERD.

I ken what you mean. You hae seen a dizen hizzies on the banks o' the Tweed trampin' claes in boynes, wi' their ain weel-tucked up, and frae ane o' the pleasantest sights o' the usefulest o' employments, in the pure air and sunshine—pursued wi' "weel-timed daffin," and the industrious merriment of happy hearts—you wou'd reason by a fawse analogy in favour o' the exposure o' weel-nigh a' they hae got to expose, o' a gang o' mere-trishus limmers—for they're no respectable actresses yon—like them that it's a delight to see in Rosalind or Beatrice or Perditta—sic as Miss Jarman and Miss Tree—female characters that micht be witnessed even by ministers—but hired at laigh wages—sae micht it seem—the grand feck o' them aff the verra streets—to pander to the diseased appeteeets o' a luxurious or worn-out generation—or would Lord Grey, think ye sirs, ca't—the Speerit o' the Age?

NORTH AND BULLER.

Bravo—bravo—bravo!

NORTH.

Yet in the same city, and at the same season, were represented to agitated or deeply interested audiences such Fair Humanities as my friend Sheridan Knowles's heart awakens before his fancy, and his genius gives ideal being, to be realized before our delighted eyes by such sweet representatives as those you have now named, and who carry into their characters on the stage the same qualities that make them all that is good and amiable in private life!

BULLER.

Perhaps, Mr Hogg, you have somewhat overdrawn—though not over-coloured the picture. Yet knowing to what pitch public representations were brought in Rome—

SHEPHERD.

To what pitch?

BULLER.

Read Juvenal.

SHEPHERD.

But I canna—and sae muckle the better—for nae man, I suspeck, was ever improved by satire that painted the vices it denounced; but many have been corrupted by the physical display, who wanted wisdom or will to draw the moral. Mind ye, sirs, my indignation was not prurient—and were ony coof to ca' it coorse, he wau'd only shew that he kent na the difference atween hypocritical sympathy with grossness affectin' cynical contempt, and genuine disgust giving vent in plain language to the feelings of a man.

TICKLER.

James—your hand.

SHEPHERD.

There. Dog on't, you'll bring bluid!

TICKLER.

These boys flatter you, James—but that I never do—

SHEPHERD.

You err, sir, rather in the opposite direction—but atween the twa it'll be feenally found about richt. Oranges, aipples, grapes, and ither frute, are dootless unco refreshin'; but in their case "increase o' appeteeet grows on what it feeds on" far mair surely than in Mrs Hamlet's—sae may I ask you, sir, to ring the siller bell for anither dessert?

NORTH.

You will find one behind that stand of Japonicas, James.

[*The Shepherd wheels round the reserve from behind the Japonica stand—and at the same time enter Peter with chasse-café.*]

NORTH.

What is your opinion, my dear Shepherd, o' these bills for the better observance of the Sabbath?

SHEPHERD.

What'n bills?

NORTH.

Sir Andrew Agnew's and Lord Wynford's.

SHEPHERD.

I'm ashamed, sir, to say that I never heard tell o' them afore; yet taken by surprise and on the sudden, I shall not pronounce that sic an object lies out o' the sphere o' legal legislation. Stap. I recollect noo, thinkin' Sir Andrew's motion no very weel matured—and that Lord Winefort's speech was real sensible—but what'n a daft protest was yon o' Lord Vox's? It had a queer sound, yon sentence beginning, "Whereas any attempt to restrain drunkenness"—I canna quot the precise words—but frae his speech it seemed something shocking to the Chancellor to shackle intoxication—and something absurd in the Chancellor to assert, that it was next to impossible to ken when anither man was fou. Perhaps he mayna stouter—but tak' tent o' his een—and you'll see he's no sober. Gin he shut them, that's in itsell suspicious; but wait till you hear him tryin' to speak—and unless he's sae far gaen that there's nae mistakin', and, therefore, nae need o' ony particular index to his contents—ye can tell to a trifle, gin he be a freeen, the nummer o' tumblers, or gin an ordinary man o' a stranger, within half-a-dizzen. A' his Lordship's specifications o' the different taps a man may visit who is on the rove, and his argumentations thence deduced as to the diffeeculty, or rather impossibility, o' ony ae landlord's catchin' him at the pint atween the drunk and sober, which, if he passes, he belongs, as the logicians say, to another category, are no sae solid as they may be ingenious, and comin' frae ane less acquainted wi' the ways o' the world than Hairy Broom, might have been thoct to shew that the speaker was sae fond o' theory, as to ken naething about the practice o' the matter in haun; to say naething o' bein' sae uncommon funny in sae grave a place as the House o' Lords. Didna he gang the length, sir, o' hintin' that they werena "an assembly o' rational beings?"

NORTH.

No, no—James—he merely said in his protest that some of the provisions of the intended measure were such as had never before been offered to the consideration "of an assembly of rational beings."

SHEPHERD.

You'll find, sir, that rational and irrational are a' ane by implication. But if you canna see that, why then, as his Lordship said to the Yearl o' Wicklow, "I am not bound to find you understaundin'," nor yet, as he said to the Marquis o' Londonderry, to gi'e you "the smallest glimmer" o' insight into the recondite meanin' o' my remark.

BULLER.

Why, my dear sir, you seem to have all the most remarkable passages of the Parliamentary eloquence of the day at your finger's end.

SHEPHERD.

Stale sourocks.

BULLER.

Sir?

SHEPHERD.

Naething. As for the Sabbath—"keep it holy." But in Lunnon hoo can that be brocht about? Oh! gin it could, woudna a' Protestant Christians be glad indeed! But if religion cannot guard frae profanation her ain especial day, my heart misgies me as to the power o' ony ither law. Yet may the magistrate, commissioned with salutary authority by mere human wisdom, enforce obedience to the mandate of the King of kings. Outward obedience may come to foster inward; for submission becomes habit—and habit inclination—and inclination love—and love piety—and thus, though of mean origin, may grow up a sentiment that shall be high—no less, sirs, than a sacred sentiment inspiring a man's speerit with all that is holy—on the holy day. For a day set apart from secular concerns—and, as far as may be from the worldly feelings that cling to them even in thought—has a prodigious power, sirs, ower all that is divine in our human—and lang before

the close o' life—or the beginning o' its decline—aye, even in youth—boyhood—childhood—yea, we have a' read and believed o' sic effects wrought even in the heart o' verra infancy—becomes like a Law o' Nature. Aye, as if the sun rose more solemnly—yet not less sweetly—on the Sabbath Morning—and a profounder stillness pervaded not the earth only, but the sky.

NORTH.

My dear James.

SHEPHERD.

I'm no meanin' to deceive either you or me, sir, with the belief that much o' this is no the wark o' imagination. For mony a stormy Sabbath has sunk mony a ship on the sea. But still, for the main o' human life, in a true Christian kintira, sic as Scotland, the Sabbath is a day o' rest—first to men's bodies, and then to men's souls; and gin the Sabbath be lown, which, far oftener than itherwise, a thousand memories tell me it has been in the Forrest—the peacefu' and gratefu' heart collects all the lang-gane cawms intil the thoughtfu' feelin' o' ae endurin' cawm—and it hangs owre the idea o' the Sabbath, making it, even when the elements are at strife, still in the soul as the heart o' a kirk, when the minister is rising to pray, or a sweet serene sound at intervals rises upon our ear, like the psalm the congregation sings, when even some amang the three-year-auld infants are not wholly mute!

NORTH.

How unlike the Sundays I have seen, James, in many Roman Catholic countries! Yet dared I not there to condemn the happiness with which I could not sympathize so entirely as I would fain have done—for though creed and custom had deeply engraved all the impressions of which you have so beautifully spoken, not on the tablets of my memory, but of my conscience—yet what was I that I should see sin where the eyes of far better and wiser men saw no sin, but looked on well-pleased with faces now bright with mirthful smiles, that an hour ago at the altar were drenched in tears?

SHEPHERD.

David danced before the Ark. But what if the Moderator were to do sae on his way up the High Street to hear the sermon preached before the Commissioner!

NORTH.

In England, Mr Buller—I speak of the places I best know—the Sabbath is so well observed, that I know not if it could be better—yet its spirit is not either to my eye or my heart the same as in Scotland. Should I say rightly, were I to say that the Sabbath-spirit in England is serene—in Scotland austere? Hardly so. For—let no lightness, or frivolity, or indifference, or torpor, be seen anywhere around him; and neither in the kirk—nor walking to or from the kirk—nor in his own house or garden—should I say the countenance of THE ELDER or of any one of his family was austere, though he and they be true, in faith and in works, to their forefathers of the Covenant.

SHEPHERD.

I canna bring myself to doubt—though without a grain o' dogmatism—that o' a' the ways o' observin' the Seventh Day, that which has prevailed in Scotland—if no ever sin' the Reformation, sin' the establishment o' the Presbyterian kirk—is the best; and for this ae reason—that wi' us the Sabbath is Itself. The common use of the term Sabbath-breakin' conveys a' that is shockin'—and I'm no speakin' o' that; but the Sabbath may be broken, surely, sir, in anither sense, and perhaps without only sin—for there can be nae sin without evil intention, and nae evil intention's in the hearts o' thae Roman Catholic lads and lasses—be they Italians or Germans—or what not—wha break down and fritter awa the Sabbath—dancin' aneath poplar or linden tree. Na—for a' that I ken—that may be the best kind o' Sabbath for them—seein' that to judge what is best requires a knowledge o' their character and o' their condition the ither days o' the week. Perhaps they cou'dna bear a different Sabbath—though it were as a Sabbath far superior spiritually to that o' theirs—but fit only for a people

leevin' under a clearer and a fuller licht. The mair Christian the people, the mair Christian the Sabbath; and though I'm no unacquainted wi' the controversy about the change thought by some Divines to hae been wrought in the law regarding the Jewish Sabbath—yet hae I nae mair doubts than o' my ain existence, that the events recorded in the New Testament have made the Sabbath holier—if that might be—even than in the days o' Moses—therefore let it be kept holy; and if—as I believe—it be kept so in Scotland—then the blessing of God will be upon her—and as she is good, so shall she wax great.

NORTH.

Alas ! James—alas !

SHEPHERD.

I ken Scotland's no what she ance was—but I believe that instead o' continuin' to get waur, she'll get better—for that cant about the decent observance o' this, and the decent observance o' that, and the rational view o' this soobject, and the leebereal view o' that ither soobject, will no much langer stand the test o' reason—for reason enlightened to the height kens that the cause o' a' good resides, as Cowper says, in that heavenly word—Religion; and that Faith re-established, what's ca'd philosophy—that's waur nor superstition—will die—and then men will feel, that, to leeve as they ought to do, ither instruction and ither support are necessary than they can get frae a' the books that ever were or will be prented—and which seeking, they shall find in One.

BULLER.

All the highest minds in Europe now see and declare the immortal truth, that all education must be based and built on the Christian religion.

SHEPHERD.

Owre lang were they blin', and owre lang hae they been dumb. For all the humblest have seen and declared it a' their lives lang—though their declaration was confined to a sma' sphere—includin' chiefly twa homesteads—that in which they live and die—and that in which they are buried !

NORTH.

The difficulty in London—in England—and in Scotland too—is to do all that may be done for the Sabbath, without interfering with the comforts—may I say the amusements, of the lower orders—the working classes—the poor.

TICKLER.

The million.

BULLER.

The great multitude of mankind.

SHEPHERD.

The majority o' the human race.

NORTH.

Let legislators look to themselves, and not to their individual selves alone, but to their order, in legislating for the Sabbath.

BULLER.

Let them begin with the rich and end with the poor.

TICKLER.

And the poor will then submit to the law, and, as the Shepherd admirably observed, love the law. Not else.

NORTH.

I have no holy horror of hot Sabbath-baked mutton pies.*

SHEPHERD.

Nor me—though on Sabbath there's no a het denner, if you except pot-tatoes, in a' the Forest.

NORTH.

Nor would I too much trammel the Thames.

SHEPHERD.

"The boatie rows—the boatie rows." And after sermon I can see nae sin in a sail. No that ever ony body saw me on the Sabbath in a boat on the loch. But St Mary's is a still sheet o' inland water, wi' but few inha-

bitants on its banks—and the Thames is a rinnin' river, wi' ebb and flaw o' tide, wi' magnificent brigg, and wharfs, and stairs, by which a mighty city keeps up continual communication wi' the sea, and perhaps the Sabbath would be owre deathlike on that great water, were the law to hush the voice o' human life, and a nightlike silence to settle doon there even on the Lord's day. But I canna tell. It's no for me to judge what's best, for I'm no the Bishop o' Lunnon, but only the Ettrick Shepherd.

NORTH.

The Sabbath-day has been so long kept holy in Scotland, that Sabbath-breaking here—as you well said, James—is justly considered to be a shocking sin. Should it be thought right to strengthen by law such observance of the Sabbath as has become a national characteristic, here it may be comparatively easy to do so; for such law can affect only a small minority of offenders, with whom there is no sympathy among the good of any class or any creed—and reform will be restoration.

SHEPHERD.

Burns sang the Cotter's Saturday Night, and James Grahame the Sabbath—and poetry is indeed a heaven-taucht art when it sanctifies religion.

NORTH.

The spirit of the age in Scotland is religious, and the people, in spite of all this noise, love its simple Church. Great cause have they for their love—for that simple Church has cared for them—and they owe all that is best in their character to its ministrations. Philosophy has not made our people what they are—neither moral nor natural philosophy—though both are excellent; human science cannot control the will—but in the will lies all good and all evil—and to know how to gain dominion over them, search the Scriptures.

SHEPHERD.

Alas for the people who will not! Then, indeed, may they be ca'd "the lower orders"—below the beasts that perish. Men ca' the wee sleek mole blin' because he has nae een they can see, and leeves darklin' in the moul—but he has een fitted for his condition as weel as the eagle's—and travels along his earth-galleries aneath the soil as surely as the royal bird along his air-paths on the sky. But we that ca' him blin' are far blinner ourselles; for we forget we hae speeritual as weel as corporeal een—that they see by a different licht—far ither objects—and that the ae set may be gleg and bricht, while the ither's blunt and opake—the corporeal far-keepers indeed, that wi' the aid o' telescopes can look into the heart o' the fixed stars—the speeritual sae narrow-ranged, that a's black before them as a wa', though God-given to gaze into the very gates o' heaven.

NORTH.

My beloved Shepherd, after that I shall say nothing.

BULLER.

Yes! I will see you in your own house in the Forest—my dear—

SHEPHERD.

I'll drive you oot, Mr Buller, the morn in the gig. Gie's your haun on't. That's settled.

NORTH.

Thinking on human life in humble households, my heart sums up all the holiest sights I have so often seen there in two words carrying with them profoundest pathos—Contentment and Resignation.

SHEPHERD.

Mr North, hearken till me, and I'll gie' you, in as few words as I can, an illustration o' your true and wise remark. I ken a howe among the hills where staun three houses—apairt frae ane anither about a quarter o' a mile—a rather unusual occurrence for three houses to be sae near in sic a situation—yet they are there noo, as they hae been for mair nor a hunder years—and, though auld like, are cozey, and care na either for wund or snaw.

NORTH.

Why, James, you have already painted a picture.

SHEPHERD.

I didna mean to be descriptive—but I canna help it. In the house at the fell-fit, where the burn is a spring, the family consists o' fourteen sowles—pawrents and childer—no that they are a' leevin' at hame—for some o' baith lads and lasses are at service—but last time I was there I coonted seven growin' anes, twa three o' them bein' weans, and ane a babby. The couple hae been man and wife twunty year, and death has never ance knocked at their door; no ane o' them a' ever had a fiver. Then they hae a' turned out weel—without vice or folly—what'n a blessin' in sic a large family!—are a' weel-manner'd and weel-faured—indeed, far mair nor that—for the twa twuns are the maist beautifu' creturs ever seen, and like as lilies.

TICKLER.

I should like to go a-maying to the Howe.

SHEPHERD.

You wud get gran' cruds and ream—and the lassies nae lack o' lauchin'. The twa twuns wud get prime fun wi' Lang-legs—passin' themselves aff on him for ane anither—and first the ane and then the ither declarin' it was na her that had gotten the ribbands.

TICKLER.

The fairies!

SHEPHERD.

In the neist house—laigher doon beside the liun—I remember there bein' born first ae bairn and then anither—lad and lassie time about—till there were nae fewer than ten. You cou'dna say, when you luik at them as they were waxin', that they were ony way unhealthy—though rather slenenerer and mair delicat than you might hae wushed your ain bairns. But, waes me! sirs, no ae single ane o' a' the ten ever saw the sun o' their twuntieth simmer—few reached saxteen—the rest dwined awa' earlier—and noo they are a' dead!

NORTH.

And the parents!

SHEPHERD.

Wait a wee and I'll tell you aboot the pawrents. In the house highest o' the three—and that you can see peepin' by itself—as if the ither twa were na near it—leeve a pair noo wearin' awa'—wha married when I was a herd—and they had never ony bairns ava; sae that the freens in the twa ither houses sometimes used to fear the sicht o' their families micht wauken envy in the hearts o' them wha sleepit in a barren bed. Nor wou'd it hae been unnatural if it had; but na—God, they kent, gied—and God withheld—and God took awa'—and through a' their lang life childless, yet through a' their lang life hae they been chearfu' as birds, and industrious as bees. In troth they hae been just a meeracle o' contentment—and though they liked best the cawm o' their ain house, yet they were merry as grigs among ither folks' weans—wha often ca'd her mammy as weel's their ain mither.

NORTH.

God bless you, James.

SHEPHERD.

And you, sir. Noo, sir, I dinna fear to say—for I know it to be a truth and a great truth—that thae three couple are at this hour a' equally—but oh! how differently happy! Them that has never kent the blessing o' bairns—them that has enjoyed it in overflowing measure, and without ae drap o' what can be ca'd bitter in the cup—and them that saw a' their bairntime meltin' awa' till they had to kneel doon by their ain twa sells in prayer. Ae word—or twa words—and the twa, though ane and the same, soun' sweet and awfu' thegither—explain the mystery—The Bible—Religion.

[There is silence for a time. North rings the silver bell, and appear Peter and Ambrose with the cold round, ham and fowls and tongues, and the unassuming but not unsubstantial et ceteras of such a small snug Mid-summer supper as you may suppose suitable at a Noctes on the Leads of the Lodge. North nods, and Peter lets on the gas.

SHEPHERD.

Fareweel to the moon and stars.

NORTH.

What will you eat, James ?

SHEPHERD.

I'll tak some hen. Mr Buller, gie me the twa legs and the twa wings and the breast—and then haun the hen owre to Mr Tickler.

[*They settle down into serious eating. The Shepherd taking the lead—hard pressed by North.*]

TICKLER.

How are you getting on, James ?

SHEPHERD.

But slowly. Canna ye sook that back without your jaw-banes' clunkin' ? Soopin' on the leeds o' the Lodge aneath a silk yawnin' in a conservatory lichted up with gas !—Buller, what are ye about ?

BULLER.

Tucking in a trifle of brawn.

SHEPHERD.

Mr North, I've seen naething frae your pen, for years by, comparable to "Christopher on Colonsay." I howpe we're to hae anither Fytte.

NORTH.

I believe Fytte Second opens the Number.

SHEPHERD.

That's richt—and had Gurney no been in the Heelans, you might hae concluded the Nummer wi' this Noctes.

(*A still small voice*)—I'm here.

SHEPHERD.

Gude safe us !

NORTH.

Here's a tribute from an admirer near Cirencester.

Say, who is this with crutch so strong !
With beard so grizzled and so long,
Riding o'er mountain and o'er dell,
Rushing thro' forest and thro' fell,
As tho' he were an imp from hell,
Who is that thus scours away ?

'Tis Christopher on Colonsay.

Look ! look upon that Tory steed !
With eye and snort that mark his breed ;
Shod too is he with hoofs of brass,
That gleam like lightning as they pass
To tread down every Whig and ass,
Is it a horse or Demon ? Say—

'Tis Christopher on Colonsay.

Tremble, ye traitors, fight or fly ;
But if ye fight, then look to die.
No weapon can ye wield that e'er
The weight of that dread crutch can bear,
Which those who feel must ever fear.
When question'd, why ye run, then say—

Here's Christopher on Colonsay.

Tho' Lords and Commons marshall'd
stand,
Tho' Brougham may jeer, or Grey com-
mand,
Should little Johnny stop the way,
Or Durham mingle in the fray,
Or Althorp mount a bull at bay,
They'll have no time to fight or pray—
Here's Christopher on Colonsay.

No power can check him or his steed,
A centaur of celestial seed,
Smack thro' the frighten'd host he flies,
Prostrate each smitten Whigling lies.
They who escape may bless their eyes
That they could scamper from the way
Of Christopher on Colonsay.

Low sprawling in the dust and mire,
And well bemuch't, he leaves the quire.
Io triumphe ! on he goes
O'er kicking Lords and prostrate foes ;
Graham and Stanley shake their clothes,
And swear they'll never more essay
Dread Christopher on Colonsay.

On, man and steed ! On ! ride your round
While Radicals or Whigs are found,
Lay on the crutch with heart and hand,
Go, scatter and confound the band,
And prove them but a rope of sand,
That rogues may ever run and say—
Here's Christopher on Colonsay.

SHEPHERD.

Never heard I man receet his ain praises wi' sic an emphasis!

NORTH.

You would not have had me mumble such spirited lines, like an old woman without a tooth in her gums, James?

SHEPHERD.

I could mention an auld man that has na mony teeth in his ain gums, though for a' that, his recetation's no that o' a mumbler, Kit. Vanity! vanity! a' is vanity!

NORTH.

Vanity is one of the most amiable of the large Family of Human Frailties.

SHEPHERD.

I never said ye was no amiable, sir.

NORTH.

Nobody at least can justly accuse me of being proud.

SHEPHERD.

Lucifer's a Moses to you, sir, in pride. You're a singular instance o' pride and vanity—till your time thocht incompatible—meetin' in equal proportions in the same character. For an hour I've seen you sae vain, that I couldna help pitying ye—during the neist sae proud, that I couldna help hatin' ye—and yet sae strange a thing is human nature, that at the end o' the third hour, the only feelings I had for the anomaly were admiration and love.

NORTH.

It is with you as with the rest of mankind, James—I bring you all round to unite in admiration and love of me at last.

SHEPHERD.

Heard ye ever the likes o' that, Mr Buller? Luik at the cretur. Vanity in his left ee and pride in his richt! and yet, it maun be confessed, diffused owre the lither features o' his face something verra delichtfu', and a halo round the head o' him, as if, instead o' a sinner, he were a saint.

TICKLER.

I have seldom seen you, James, brighter than you have been to-night—you have felt yourself at home on the leads—on ground-flats I have seen you somewhat dullish—like a luminary in damp.

SHEPHERD.

There's naething in this world I like waur than to be drawn oot by a sump.

BULLER.

I beg pardon, sir?

TICKLER.

Or sumpness.

SHEPHERD.

The she's ill, but no sae ill's the he. Dinna you agree wi' me, Mr Buller?

BULLER.

In what?

SHEPHERD.

In thinkin' the she sump's no sae ill's the he.

BULLER.

I hope the he will soon get better—but I am in outer darkness—pray, what is a sump?

SHEPHERD.

Anither instance o' that extraordinary ignorance that no that seldom breaks out unexpectedly in weel-educated Englishmen, and seems sae surprising to us on this side o' the Tweed! But leavin' you to construe sump, I shall simplify the question, sir, by askin' ye just "hoo like ye to be drawn-oot ava?"

BULLER.

I very much doubt if I should like it. What is the nature of that process?

SHEPHERD.

He's in the dark aboot that limb o' the query too. The sump, you see, sir, sits himsell doon richt opposite ye at denner, and afore you has had time to cool the first spoonfu' o' cocky-lecky, or potawtoe soup, by blawin' upon't, he selecks ane frae some twa three dizzen o' toppics, that are a' lyin' arranged, cut and dry, in separate raws on the floor o' that lumber-room, his head.

HULLER.

Good, good—I have you now, Mr Hogg.

SHEPHERD.

And in which he conceives you to take sic an enthusiastic interest, as to amount on't to the half-mad, whereas the soejects are lyin' so laigh doon amang the dubs o' obscurest dirt, that even in your meaner moments you would despise yoursell for condescending to honour't wi' your contempt.

NORTH.

What think you, James, of being *pitted*?

SHEPHERD.

O bein' whatt?

NORTH.

Asked to dinner that you may be pitted by your host against a cock, fed, clipped out, and heeled to slay you on the sod.

SHEPHERD.

It's weel kent I never argue none—therefore I'm never asked to denner to be pitted—only to be drawn oot.

NORTH.

I can spar, and fight a bit too, James—but 'tis teasing to be tackled to by a Bantam. Onwards he comes sidelong with his wing down, comb and wattles glowing like fiery furnace, and picking up straws in his pride of place—then drawing himself up to his whole extent, he crows to cow your heart, and without farther ceremony flies at you like a fury to tear you into pieces. With one cuff you make him spin out of sight—and if any one hopes to find him, he must look below the table.

SHEPHERD.

That's makin' a short business wi' the bit banton.

NORTH.

Or perhaps you have been invited to single combat with a Dunghill. Sole monarch of all he has been habituated to survey on the stercoraceous heap, he has come to think himself invincible—but at the first tussle of

“The sportive fury of the fencer's steel,”

with one insane scraugh he bolts, and hides his head in a hole in the wall, unashamed of the exposure of his enormous bottom.

SHEPHERD.

Pootry shou'd never be pitted wi' ggemm.

NORTH.

I have known the master of a house entice you to dinner that he might see a set-to between you and a mastiff.

SHEPHERD.

Surely no wi' the conneevance o' the mistress?

NORTH.

The surly brute, with black muzzle and swarthy eyes, has kept grimly watching you till the cloth be drawn—and then curling up his lip to shew you his fangs, without any provocation on your part, began to growl—

SHEPHERD.

Afore the leddies?

NORTH.

And then, in spite of your submission, leapt at your throat, with his paws over your shoulder, with a view to the jugular.

SHEPHERD.

What a pictur o' a great big brindled outrageous Radical, insistin' on the separation o' Church and State!

NORTH.

It requires some strength, James, I assure you, to shake off such a monster.

SHEPHERD.

But his bark's waur than his bite.

NORTH.

The best way is to seize him with both hands and throttle him, till his tongue is bitten through and through by his teeth, his eyes goggled, and he drops. I call that the *argumentum ad canem*.

SHEPHERD.

It's conclusive.

NORTH.

Or what think you, James, of a pack of young Whig curs—

SHEPHERD.

Pups.

NORTH.

Yelping at you all round the table—

SHEPHERD.

And Christopher North the whupper-in? I pity the pair pups.

NORTH.

I have suffered all that and more, James. Yet perhaps worse than them all is it, on a three weeks' invitation, to go, as an especial favour, and to confer an obligation which will never be forgotten—to meet an ass.

SHEPHERD.

Or a mool.

NORTH.

A downright positive ass.

SHEPHERD.

As a' the asses are o' ma acquaintance—but I'm speakin' the noo o' oor ain native breed, an' siblins you're alludin' to ane frae foreign pairs—where they grow to a far greater size—as in Spain.

NORTH.

No, James—your continental cuddy coming over to this country is mostly mute.

SHEPHERD.

Has na learned the langage.

NORTH.

The one I last met—for upwards of four hours—never for a moment ceased to bray.

SHEPHERD.

And did ye cudgel him sair?

NORTH.

I did. But I am bound in candour to confess that he was little or none the better of it—and for the first time in my life, I am ashamed to say, I was fairly brayed off the field.

SHEPHERD.

And the neist day, a' the town woud nae doot be ringin' wi' your defeat.

NORTH.

Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory of our conversational powers was gone for ever, and the victorious donkey kept braying his way over the border, communicating tidings of our discomfiture all over merry England.

SHEPHERD.

Swearin' he had swallowed the Thane o' the Scotch Thistles at a single chow!—I had a delicat compliment paid me yestreen, sir. I was asked to sop wi' a family that said they had inveeted a pairty to meet me just after my ain mind. And there they were a' sittin' on chairs roun' the room, as I entered, accordin' to agreement, wi' my plaid, staff in haun, and dowg at fit, a great grandson o' Hector's. What he thoct I canna say, but I cou'd hae sworn, sir, that they were sheep. The same large, licht, mild, rather unmeanin' een—the same lang, white smooth faces as the cheviots—and the same lip-like noses!—formin' in fact atween the twa but ae fetur, owerhanging their mouths, without in ony way interferin' wi' the feedin'—and then a' at ance the same baa—baa—baa—maa—maa—maa—for rams, and ewes, and wethers, and gimmers, and hoggs, and lambs, had been a'

gathered thegither frae mony pastures into ae hirsle—a' to do honour to the Ettrick Shepherd.

TICKLER.

Not by any means an unoriginal idea.

SHEPHERD.

Were it no a pure maitter o' fact, it micht pass for wut—for wut is a sayin' at ance felt by the auditor to be baith apt and new—givin' rise in his mind to wonner that he hadna thocht o' sayin't himsell, sorrow that he didna say't, and generally conviction that to hae said it was ayont his power.

NORTH.

James, what is your opinion of the state of public affairs?

SHEPHERD.

O, sir! but yon was like to be a great national calamity!

NORTH.

Probably it was, James. Pray, what was it?

SHEPHERD.

The horrison was black indeed—the tempests were about to 'break lowse frae their slumbers—and we heard a mutterin' sound as o' the angry sea.

NORTH.

I have no sort of doubt of it whatever—but I forget the particulars.

SHEPHERD.

There were nae particulars—and it was the want o' them that made it sae awfu'—at least I saw nane deservin' the name o' particulars in the newspapers—a' wore a general look o' danger—the fear was universal—and therefore I was justified in sayin', as I did the noo, "O, sir! but yon was like to be a great national calamity!"

NORTH.

I devoutly trust, James, the storm's blown over.

SHEPHERD.

Wha can say—wha can say? The stocks fell doon a' at ance, like quicksiller in a barrommeter, ever sae mony degrees—thretty or thereabouts in the twuntty-four hours—for folk feared a national bankruptcy, and in sic pannic wha wou'd buy in?

NORTH.

The national credit must have received a shock. But how? Do relieve my anxiety, James.

SHEPHERD.

The greatest pairt o' the poppilation o' the island—an overwhelmin' majority—were on the eve o' emigratin' to America. They had secured their fright and passage, and were only waitin' for a change o' wun'—as a freen wrott me frae Portsmouth—to rin through the Needles. What that meant I knaw not—but that the British navy was hired for the simmer frae the Admiralty for the purpose aforesaid, I ken to be a fact—and Sir James Graham fand securities that it was to mak twa trips. O, sir! but yon was like to be a great national calamity?

TICKLER.

The Plague?

SHEPHERD.

Far waur than the Plague—'cause threatenin' to be mair universal—though, like the Plague, it was in London—thank heaven—where it first brak out—THE TAILORS' STRIKE!

NORTH.

'Twas an appalling event—and, like the great earthquake at Lisbon, was, no doubt, felt all over Europe.

SHEPHERD.

Aye—at the great earthquake o' Lisbon, sir, I've heard tell that the waters o' Loch Lomond ran sky-high as in storm—and, at the great Tailor-strike o' Lunnon, I daur to say that the kilts alang its shores flew up as in whirlwinds, exposin' the hurdies o' a thoosan' John Heelandmans.

NORTH.

Buller, how picturesque! The Shepherd is the most poetical of political economists.

SHEPHERD.

For dinna tell me that kilts are ae thing and breeks anither—they baith alike appertain to the person, and the same pairt o' the person. A' the causes that affeck the tredd in breeks, affeck nearly or remotely, immediately or after a lang lapse o' years, the tredd in kilts—a' the usefu' arts, and the fine aunes too—and *a fortiori*, them that's at ance usefu' and fine, and aboon a' tailorin'—bein' a' connecket by invesible threads—ony feck o' which being cut or run, or runkled or ravelled, the rest feel it like a speeder's wab—and shrink up till the hail commercial system is disordered and deranged, and the social system too—and the political likewise—and the moral also—and if sae, hoo can the religious escape—till the universe itself seems to be rushin' intil ruins, and it requires nae seer to predick that there is speedily about to be an end o' a' things—and the heavens and the earth reduced back by a grand convulsion o' nature to their original chawos.

NORTH.

Let us hope there may be some little exaggeration——

SHEPHERD.

No a grain. Did you no listen to the overpoorin' eloquence o' the Mais-ters? I hae been only usin' some o' their language, subdued doon to Noctes pitch. The een o' a' Britain, Stultz said, was upon them——

NORTH.

"They read their history in a nation's eyes."

SHEPHERD.

And they were a' fu' o' tears! The nation grat while it glowered——

BULLER.

And significantly smote its thigh.

TICKLER.

Methought I met Sir Henry Hardinge in Bond Street without his coat—arm in arm with a member who had dispensed with his breeches; in the rear I saw a flaming patriot, not unlike Lord Nugent, with nothing but his shirt—while

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won."

SHEPHERD.

Haw! haw! haw!

TICKLER.

Funerals were no more black-jobs.

SHEPHERD.

Gude again.

TICKLER.

See that chief mourner in red breeches—yellow vest, with long flapping lappets—and coat bright with the purple light of love—a superb dress got up by his great-great-great-grandsire, in honour of the Restoration—and in the 1834 worn by a disconsolate son, but determined anti-Trades-Unionist, strong in filial love and patriotism, following, like the fragment of a weeping rainbow, a Conservative father to the grave!

SHEPHERD.

What o' dee'd he? What dee'd he o'?

TICKLER.

Of Tailor-strike.

SHEPHERD.

In the midst o' a great national calamity, hoo indifferent, alas! grows the heart to individual distress! At ony other time the thoct o' sic a funeral wou'd hae been affectin'—but noo I can hear o't without a tear.

NORTH.

The misery was confined to the metropolis. The rural districts at least providentially escaped the infection——

SHEPHERD.

Yet the complaint was fearsoomely cantawgious—and rinnin' like wild-fire through the streets o' Lunnon.

TICKLER.

Where first did it break out?

SHEPHERD.

Beneath a sky-light. It raged awfully in the attics afore it got doon to the other flats—and howp grew sick and dee'd on seein' and hearin't roarin' oot o' the wundows o' the grund-flat.

NORTH.

A fine subject for an Epic.

BULLER.

Better fitted, perhaps, sir, for the drama. Yet the nation, I fear, has lost its love for the highest and deepest tragedy—and to rouse it even by such a theme would require more than the genius of another Shakspeare.

TICKLER.

The Flints flash fire, and the day of the Dungs is gone.

SHEPHERD.

The rural districts, as you ca' them, Mr North, hae na always escaped sic a calamity. I weel remember, in the year wan, a like visitation in the Forest. It wasna on sae big a scale—for the boonds wou'dna admit o' its bein' sae—but the meesery was nae less—though contrackit within a narrower circle.

TICKLER.

Diffused over a wider sphere.

NORTH.

When?

TICKLER.

And how?

SHEPHERD.

The tailor at Yarrow-ford, without havin' shewn ony symptoms o' the phoby the nicht afore, ae morning at sax o'clock—*strack!*

NORTH.

How dreadful!

SHEPHERD.

You may weel say that, sir. 'Twas just at the dawn o' the Season o' Tailors, when a' owre the Forest there begins the makin' o' new claes and the repairin' o' auld—

NORTH.

Making—as Bobby says—

“The auld claes look amaist as weel's the new.”

SHEPHERD.

The maist critical time o' the haill year!

NORTH.

Weel, James?

SHEPHERD.

At sax he strack—and by nine it was kent frae Selkirk to the Grey-Mare's Tail. A' at ance—no ordin' claes only—but mairrage-shoots and mur-nins were at a deed staun. A' the fo'k in the Forest saw at ance that it was impossible decently to get either married or buried. For wou'd ye believe't, the mad body was aff owre the hills, and bat Watty o' Ettrick Pen! Of coorse he strack—and in his turn aff by a short cut to the Lochs, and bat Bauldy o' Bourhope, who lowpt frae the boord like a pud-dock, and flang the guse in the fire, swearin' by the sheers, as he flourished them round his head, and then sent them intil the awse-hole, that a' man-kind micht thenceforth gang naket for him up to the airm pits in snaw!

NORTH.

We are all listening to you, James, with the most intense interest.

SHEPHERD.

The Three Tailors formed themsells intil a union—and boond themsells by an aith—the words o' which hae never transpired—but nae doot they were fearsome—and they ratified it—it has been said—wi' three draps each o' their ain hluidd, let oot wi' the prick o' a needle—go to shue anither stitch gin the Forest were to fa' doon afore them on its knees!

NORTH.

Impious!

SHEPHERD.

But the Forest had nae sic intention—and bauldly stood up again' the Rebellion. Auld Mr Laidlaw—the father o' your freens, Watty, George, and James—took the leed—and there was a gatherin' on Mount Benger—the same farm that, by a wonnerfu' coincidence, I afterwards came to hauld—at which resolutions were sworn by the Forest no to yield, while there was breath in its body, though back and side might gang bare. I there made ma maiden speech; for it was na ma maiden speech—though it passed for such, as often happens—the ane ye heard, sir—ma first in the Forum.

NORTH.

I confess I had my suspicions at the time, James. I thought I saw the arts of the sophist in those affected hesitations—and that I frequently heard, breaking through the skilful pauses, the powers, omnipotent in self-possession, of the practised orator.

SHEPHERD.

Never was there sic a terrible treeo as them o' Yarrow Ford, Ettrick Pen, and Bouthope! Three decenter tailor lads, a week afore, ye might hae searched for in vain owre the wide world. The streck changed them into demons. They cursed, they swore, they drank, they danced, they fought—first wi' whatever folk happened to fa' in wi' them on the stravaig—and then, castin' out amang theirsells, wi' ane anither, till they had a three black een—and siccau noses!

TICKLER.

'Tis difficult for an impartial, because unconcerned spectator, to divine the drift of the different parties in a fight of three.

SHEPHERD.

They cou'dna hae divined it theirsells—for there was nae drift amang them to divine. There they were a three lounderin' at hap-hazard, and then gawn heed oure heels on the tap o' ane anither, or collecket in a knot in the glaur; and I cou'dna help sayin' to Mr Bryden—father o' your favourite Watty Bryden, to whom ye gied the tortoise-shell mull—"Saw ye ever, sir, a *Tredd's-Union* like that?"

TICKLER.

Why not import?

SHEPHERD.

As they hae dune since in Lunnon frae Germany? Just because nae-body thoct o't. Importin' tailors to insure free tredd!!

TICKLER.

And how fared the Forest?

SHEPHERD.

No weel. Some folk began tailorin' for theirsells—but there was a strong prejudice against it—and to them that made the attempt the result was baith ludicrous and painfu', and in ae case, indeed, had nearly proved fatal.

TICKLER.

James, how was that?

SHEPHERD.

Imagine yoursell, Mr Tickler, in a pair o' breeks, wi' the back pairt afore—the seat o' honour transferred to the front—

NORTH.

Let us all so imagine, Tickler.

SHEPHERD.

They shaped them sae, without bein' able to help it, for it's a kittle art cuttin' oot.

TICKLER.

But how fatal?

SHEPHERD.

Dandy o' Dryhope, in breeks o' his ain gettin' up, rashly daured to ford the Yarrow—but they grupp'd him sae tight atween the fork, that he could

mak nae head gain the water comin' doon gay strang, and he was swoopit aff his feet, and ta'en out mair like a bundle o' claes than a man.

TICKLER.

How?

SHEPHERD.

We lister'd him like a fish.

NORTH.

"Time and the hour run through the roughest day!"

SHEPHERD.

And a' things yerthly hae an end. Sae had the streck. To mak a lang story short—the Forest stood it oot—the tailors gied in—and the Tredd's Union fell to pieces. But no before the Season o' Tailors was lang owre, and pairt o' the simmer too—for they didna return to their wark till the Langest Day. It was years afore the rebels recovered frae the want o' wage and the waste o' pose; but atween 1804 and 8, a' three married, and a' three, as you ken, Mr North—for I hae been direckin' myself to Mr Tickler and Mr Buller—hae been ever sin' syne weel-behaved and weel-to-do—and I never see ony o' them without their tellin' me to gie you their compliments, mair especially the tailor o' Yarrow Ford—for Watty o' the Pen—him, Mr Buller, that used to be ca'd the Flyin' Tailor o' Ettrick—sometimes fears that Christopher North hasna got owre yet the beatin' he gied him in the ninety-odd—the year Louis the 16th was guillotined—at hap-stap-and-lowp.

NORTH.

He never beat me, Mr Buller.

BULLER.

From what I have heard of you in your youth, sir, indeed I can hardly credit it. Pardon my scepticism, Mr Hogg.

SHEPHERD.

You may be as great a sceptic as you choose—but Watty bate Kitty a' till sticks.

NORTH.

You have most unkindly persisted, Hogg, during all these forty years, in refusing to take into account my corns—

SHEPHERD.

Corns or nae corns, Watty bate you a' till sticks.

NORTH.

Then I had been fishing all day up to the middle in the water, with a creel forty pound weight on my back—

SHEPHERD.

Creel or nae creel, Watty bate you a' till sticks.

NORTH.

And I had a hole in my heel you might have put your hand into—

SHEPHERD.

Sound heels or sair heels, Watty bate you a' till sticks.

NORTH.

And I sprained one of my ankles at the first rise.

SHEPHERD.

Though you had sprained baith, Watty wou'd hae bate you a' till sticks.

NORTH.

And those accursed corduroys cut me—

SHEPHERD.

Diinna curse the corduroys—for in breeks or oot o' breeks, Watty bate ye a' till sticks.

NORTH.

I will beat him yet for a—

SHEPHERD.

You shanna be alloo'd to mak sic a fule o' yoursell. You were ance the best lowper I ever saw—accep ane—and that ane was wee Watty o' the Pen—the Flyin' Tailor o' Ettrick—and he bate ye a' till sticks.

NORTH.

Well—I have done, sir. All people are mad on some one point or other—and your insanity—

SHEPHERD.

Mad or no mad, Watty bate you a' till sticks.

NORTH.

Peter, let off the gas. (*Rising with marked displeasure.*)

SHEPHERD.

O man! but that's puir spite! Biddin' Peter let aff the gas, merely 'cause I tauld Mr Buller what a' the Forest kens to be true, that him the bairns noo ca' the AULD HIRPLIN' HURCHEON, half-a-century sin', at hap-stap-and-lowp, bate Christopher North a' till sticks!

NORTH (*with great vehemence.*)

Let off the gas, you stone!

SHEPHERD.

That's pitifu'! Ca'in' a man a stane! a man that has been sae lang too in his service—and that has gien him nae provocation—for it wasna Peter but me that was obleeged to keep threepin' that Watty o' the Pen—by folk o' my time o' life never ca'd ony thing less than the Flying Tailor o' Ettrick, though by bairns never ca'd ony thing mair but the Auld Hirplin' Hurcheon, at hap-stap-and-lowp—on fair level mossy grun'—bate him a' till sticks.

NORTH (*in a voice of thunder.*)

You son of a sea-gun, let off the gas.

SHEPHERD.

Passion's aften figufative, and aye forgetfu'. But, I fear, he'll be breakin' a bluid-veshel—sae I'll remind him o' the siller bell. Peter has orders never to shaw his neb but at soun' o' the siller bell.—Sir, you've forgotten the siller bell. Play tingle—tingle—tingle—ting.

NORTH (*ringing the silver bell.*)

Too bad, James! Peter, let off the gas. [*Peter lets off the gas.*]

SHEPHERD.

Ha! the bleeze o' Morn! Amaziu'! 'Twas shortly after sunset when the gas was let on—and noo that the gas is let aff, lo! shortly after sunrise!

BULLER.

With us there has been no night.

SHEPHERD.

Yesterday was the Twuntty First o' June—the Langest Day We cou'd hae dune without artificial licht—for the few hours o' midnight were but a gloamin'—and we cou'd hae seen to read prentw

BULLER.

A deep dew.

NORTH.

As may be seen by the dry lairs in the wet grass of those cows up and at pasture.

SHEPHERD.

Naeboddy else stirrin'. Luik there's a hare washin' her faace like a cat wi' her paw. Eh man! luik at her three leverets, like as mony wee bit bears.

BULLER.

I had no idea there were so many singing birds so near the suburbs of a great city.

SHEPHERD.

Had na ye? In Scotland we ca' that the skriech o' day.

NORTH.

What has become of the sea?

SHEPHERD.

The sea! somebody has opened the sluice, and let aff the water. Na—there it's—fasten your een upon yon great green shadow—for that's Inchkeith—and you'll sune come to discern the sea waverin' round it, as if the air grew glass, and the glass water, while the water widens oot intil the Firth, and the Firth awa' intil the Main. Is yon North Berwick Law or the Bass—or baith—or neither—or a cape o' cloodlaun, or a thoct?

NORTH.

“Under the opening eyelids of the mora.”

SHEPHERD.

See! Specks—like black water-flees. The boats o' the Newhaven fishermen. Their wives are snorin' yet wi' their heads in mutches—but wull

sune be risin' to fill their creels. Mr Buller, was you ever in our Embro Fish Market ?

BULLER.

No. Where is it, sir ?

SHEPHERD.

In the Parliament-Hoose.

BULLER.

In the Parliament House ?

SHEPHERD.

Are you daft ? Aneath the North Brigg.

BULLER.

You said just now it was in the Parliament House.

SHEPHERD.

Either you or me has been dreamin'. But, Mr North, I'm desperate hungry—are ye no intendin' to gie us ony breakfast ?

NORTH (*ringing the silver bell.*)

Lo ! and behold !

[*Enter Peter, Ambrose, King Pepin, Sir David Gam, and Tappielouric, with trays.*]

SHEPHERD.

Rows het frae the oven ! Wheat scones ! Barley scones ! Wat and dry tost ! Cookies ! Baps ! Muffins ! Loaves and fishes ! Rizzars ! Finns ! Kipper ! Speldrins ! Herring ! Marmlet ! Jeely ! Jam ! Ham ! Lamb ! Tongue ! Beef hung ! Chickens ! Fry ! Pigeon pie ! Crust and broon aside the Roon—but sit ye doon—no—freens, let's staun—haud up your haun—bless your face—North, gie's a grace—(*North says grace.*) Noo let's fa' too—but hooly—hooly—hooly—what vision this ! What vision this ! An Apparition or a Christian Leddy ! I ken, I ken her by her curtsy—did that face no tell her name and her nature.—O deign, Mem, to sit doon aside the Shepherd.—Pardon me—tak the head o' the table, ma honour'd Mem—and let the Shepherd sit down aside you—and may I mak sae bauld as to introduce Mr Buller to you, Mem ? Mr Buller, clear your een—for on the Leads o' the Lodge, in face o' heaven, and the risin' sun, I noo introduce you till Mrs GENTLE.

NORTH (*starting and looking wildly round.*)

Ha !

SHEPHERD.

She's gane !

NORTH (*recovering some of his composure.*)

Too bad, James.

SHEPHERD.

Saw you nocht ? Saw naebody ocht ?

OMNES.

Nothing.

SHEPHERD.

A cretur o' the element ! Like a' the ither loveliest sights that veesit the een o' us mortals—but the dream o' a dream ! But, thank heaven, a's no unsubstantial in this warld o' shadows. Were ony o' us to say sae, this breakfast wou'd gie him the lee ! Noo, Gurney, mind hoo ye exten' your short haun.

SMALL STILL VOICE.

Aye, aye, sir.

BULLER.

" O Gurney ! shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering voice ! "

NORTH.

" O blessed Bird ! the world we pace
Again appears to be,
An unsubstantial faery-place,
That is fit home for Thee ! "

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MRS SIDDONS.*

PART I.

MRS SIDDONS was the daughter of Roger Kemble, the manager of a theatrical company that performed chiefly in the midland and the western towns of England, and of Sarah Ward, whose father was also a strolling manager. "I remember," says Mr Campbell, "having seen the parents of the great actress in their old age. They were both of them tall and comely personages. The mother had a somewhat austere stateliness of manner, but it seems to have been from her that the family inherited their genius and force of character. Her voice had much of the emphasis of her daughter's; and her portrait, which long graced Mrs Siddons's drawingroom, had an intellectual expression of the strongest power; she gave you the idea of a Roman matron. The father had all the suavity of the old school of gentlemen. Persons who cannot for a moment disjoin the idea of human dignity from that of station, will perhaps be surprised that I should speak of the dignified manners of a pair who lived by the humble vocation which I have mentioned. It is nevertheless true, that the presence and demeanour of this couple might have graced a court; and though their relationship to Mrs Siddons and John Kemble of course enhan-

ced the interest which their venerable appearance commanded, yet I have been assured by those who knew them long before their children became illustrious, that in their humblest circumstances they always sustained an entire respectability. There are some individuals whom no circumstances can render vulgar, and Mr and Mrs Kemble were of this description. Besides, in spite of all our prejudices against the players' vocation, irreproachable personal character will always find its level in the general esteem."

Mr Roger Kemble being, like his ancestors, a Catholic, whilst his wife was a Protestant, it was arranged that their sons should be bred in the Catholic faith, and the daughters in that of their mother. They had twelve children, of whom four died young; but three sons and five daughters arrived at adult years—and they almost all chose the profession of their parents, though Mr Campbell says, "I have no doubt that Mr and Mrs Roger Kemble were anxious to prevent their children from becoming actors, and that they sought out other means of providing for them; but they made this attempt too late, that is, after their offspring had been accustomed to theatrical joyousness. For parents

* Life of Mrs Siddons, by Thomas Campbell. Edinham Wilson. London: 1834.
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who are players themselves, it is hardly possible to keep their children from following the same life. The conversations—the readings—the books of the family—the learning of the parts—the rehearsals at home—the gaiety diffused by the getting up of comic characters before they are acted—and the imposing dignity of tragic characters—the company—every thing, indeed, which the children of play-acting parents hear and see, has a tendency to make them more prone to the stage than to any other such plodding and drudging occupations as the most of them would be otherwise destined to pursue.”

Sarah was born at Brecon, July 5th, 1755, in a public-house called the Shoulder of Mutton—and a friend of Mr Campbell has given us a drawing and description of it, as he remembers seeing it stand of old, with its gable front, projecting upper floors, and a rich well-fed shoulder of mutton temptingly painted over the door. The Shoulder of Mutton being situated in the centre of Brecon, was much resorted to by the neighbouring inhabitants of the borough; and Mr Kemble, we are told, was neither an unwilling nor an unwelcome member of their jolly associations. He was, says Mr Campbell's correspondent, “a man of respectable family, and of some small hereditary property in Herefordshire, and having married the daughter of a provincial manager, he received a company of strolling players for her dowry, and set up as a manager himself.” It is not usual to lie-in at public-houses, and from the somewhat ambiguous language here employed, one might think that Mr Roger Kemble had been the landlord of the Shoulder of Mutton. Yet that could hardly be the case, as he was an actor before his marriage, and married Miss Ward against her father's will. Manager Ward disapproved of his daughter marrying an actor, and when he found that her union with Kemble was inevitable, he was with difficulty persuaded to speak to her. He then forgave her, with all the bitterness of his heart, crying, “Sarah, you have not disobeyed me; I told you never to marry an actor, and you have married a man who neither is nor ever can be an actor.” Even in this judg-

ment Sarah disagreed with her father—for she alleged “that her husband was an unparalleled Falstaff.”

Sarah Kemble shewed herself for the first time on the stage when a mere child—and was about to retire in a fright, on account of the uproar among a fastidious barn-audience offended at her infantile appearance—when her mother led her to the front of the stage, and made her repeat the fable of the “Boys and the Frogs,” which not only appeased the pit, but produced thunders of applause, so that she was a successful *débütante*. At thirteen she was the heroine in several English operas, and sang tolerably—at that period occasionally warbling between the acts. She used then, too, to be Ariel in the Tempest—and must have been a beautiful creature of the element.

When she was about seventeen, Mr Siddons, an actor in her father's company, wooed and won her, much to the dissatisfaction of her father, who played over again the part of old Ward. The lover had been bred to business in Birbingham, but being handsome and active, and not without versatile talents for the stage, as his range of characters extended from Hamlet to Harlequin, he had gained provincial popularity before Sarah Kemble's heart.

The people of Brecon, suspecting that her parents were not giving the lovers fair play, took a warm interest in their attachment—and Mr Siddons, being jealous of a certain opulent squire named Evans, causelessly as it appeared, for his supposed rival “died an insolvent bachelor,” made an appeal to the people of Brecon on the hardship of his case, at his benefit, which was a bumper. He had, in consequence of some “impetuous language” to Mr Kemble, received his dismissal from the company—but having been injudiciously allowed a parting benefit, at the conclusion of the entertainments, in which we are not told whether he performed Hamlet or Harlequin—probably both—he sung a song of his own composition, describing the pangs of his own attachment, the coldness of Miss Kemble, and the perfidy of her parents—in strains which, Mr Campbell observes, “do no remarkable credit either to his delicacy or poetical genius.”

"Ye ladies of Brecon, whose hearts ever feel
For wrongs like to this I'm about to reveal :
Excuse the first product, nor pass unregarded
The complaints of poor Colin, a lover discarded.

"When first on the shore of fair Cambria he trode,
His devotion was paid to the blind little god,
Whose aid and assistance each day he'd implore
To grant him his Phyllis—he wanted no more.

"No cloud seem'd to threaten, each bar was removed :
The father, though silent, with silence approved :
The mother at last, bestow'd her assent,
When Phyllis seem'd pleased, and Colin content.

"Secure, as he thought, in a treasure so dear,
Neither duke, lord, nor squire, had he reason to fear ;
But, oh ! strange the reverse to all things brought about,
For the last undersign'd has poor Colin thrown out.

"Common fame, who we all are inform'd is a liar,
Reported of late that a wealthy young squire
Had received from the fair an invincible dart,
And 'Robin, sweet Robin,' had thrill'd through his heart.

"At length the report reach'd the ears of his flame,
Whose nature he fear'd from the source whence it came ;
She acquainted her ma'a, who, her ends to obtain,
Determin'd poor Colin to drive from the plain.

"Not easily turn'd, she her project pursued,
Each part of the shepherd was instantly view'd ;
And the charms of three hundred a-year, some say more,
Made her find out a thousand she ne'er saw before.

"Poor Colin, whose fame bids all slander defiance,
Could not help being moved at their talk'd-of alliance ;
The means so alluring, so tempting the bait,
Thus Colin consider'd, and dreaded his fate.

"Yet still on his Phyllis his hopes were all placed,
That her vows were so firm they could ne'er be effaced ;
But soon she convinced him 'twas all a mere joke,
For duty rose up, and her vows were all broke.

"Dear ladies, avoid one indelible stain,
Excuse me, I beg, if my verse is too plain ;
But a jilt is the devil, as has long been confess'd,
Which a heart like poor Colin's must ever detest.

"Now your pardon he begs, as your pity he might,
But here 'tis confess'd you have shewn it to-night ;
For his merits, though small, you have amply rewarded,
To accept the poor thanks of a lover discarded."

This effusion was received with the most tumultuous applause ; and though Mr Campbell does not say so, there can be no doubt that it was over and over again *encored* ; but "the course of true love never yet ran smooth," and Colin, after his oft-repeated last bow, with that clamorous sympathy yet discordantly ringing in his ears, and all that waving of handkerchiefs yet dingly

whitening before his eyes, on retiring to the green-room, was met by the stately mother of Miss Kemble, who, with her "characteristic decision," pitched into him, till by a consecutive series of well-planted facers and nobbers, she made his optics and his auricles familiar with a species of thunder and lightning far beyond the art of the property-man to produce. But after a storm

comes a calm. The feud was healed—Colin cured of his jealousy—Phyllis found to be faithful—and after a year's residence of the lovely shepherdess in the family of Mrs Greathead of Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire—"where her station was humble, but not servile"—her principal employment being to read to the old gentleman, who left a highly accomplished son (then a mere boy), who "took an interest in the great actress that lasted for life"—the lovers were married at Trinity Church, Coventry, November 26, 1773, and on the 4th of October following, their eldest son, Henry, was born at Wolverhampton.

In the course of the year 1774, Mr and Mrs Siddons were both engaged to act at Cheltenham; which, says Mr Campbell, though now an opulent and considerable town, consisted in those days of only one tolerable street, through the middle of which ran a clear stream of water, with stepping-stones that served as a bridge, and it must have been a pretty place. Here an interesting incident occurred, which must have had no small influence on the life of this illustrious woman.

"At that time, the Honourable Miss Boyle, the only daughter of Lord Dungarvon, a most accomplished woman, and authoress of several pleasing poems, one of which, 'An Ode to the Poppy,' was published by Charlotte Smith, happened to be at Cheltenham. She had come, accompanied by her mother, and her mother's second husband, the Earl of Aylesbury. One morning that she and some other fashionables went to the box-keeper's office, they were told that the tragedy to be performed that evening was 'Venice Preserved.' They all laughed heartily, and promised themselves a treat of the ludicrous, in the misrepresentation of the piece. Some one who overheard their mirth kindly reported it to Mrs Siddons. She had the part of *Belvidera* allotted to her, and prepared for the performance of it with no very enviable feelings. It may be doubted, indeed, whether Otway had imagined in *Belvidera* a personage more to be pitied than her representative now thought herself. The rabble, in 'Venice Preserved,' shewed compassion for the heroine, and,

when they saw her feather-bed put up to auction, 'governed their roaring throats, and grumbled pity.' But our actress anticipated refined scorners, more pitiless than the rabble; and the prospect was certainly calculated to prepare her more for the madness than the dignity of her part. In spite of much agitation, however, she got through it. About the middle of the piece she heard some unusual and apparently suppressed noises, and therefore concluded that the fashionables were in the full enjoyment of their anticipated amusement, tittering and laughing, as she thought, with unmerciful derision. She went home after the play, grievously mortified. Next day, however, Mr Siddons met in the street with Lord Aylesbury, who enquired after Mrs Siddons's health, and expressed not only his own admiration of her last night's exquisite acting, but related its effects on the ladies of his party. They had wept, he said, so excessively, that they were unrepresentable in the morning, and were confined to their rooms with headaches. Mr Siddons hastened home to gladden his fair spouse with this intelligence. Miss Boyle soon afterwards visited Mrs Siddons at her lodgings, took the deepest interest in her fortunes, and continued her ardent friend till her death. She married Lord O'Neil, of Shane's Castle, in Ireland. It is no wonder that Mrs Siddons dwells with tenderness in her Memoranda on the name of this earliest encourager of her genius. Miss Boyle was a beauty of the first order, and gifted with a similar mind, as her poetry, and her patronage of the hitherto unnoticed actress, evince; though patronage is too cold a word for the friendship which she bestowed on so interesting an object. Though the powers of the latter were by her own confession still crude, yet her noble young friend consoled and cheered her; and, with the prophetic eye of taste, foresaw her glory. Miss Boyle took upon her the direction of her wardrobe, enriched it from her own, and made many of her dresses with her own hands."

Garrick having heard from the Aylesbury family high praises of the powers of the young provincial actress, sent down Mr King to Cheltenham to see her in the "Fair

Penitent." The report having been favourable, she shortly afterwards received an invitation from the Great Man himself, "upon very low terms," and went to London. But here we must give her own words, as they are found in her Autograph Recollections:—

"Happy to be placed where I presumptuously augured that I should do all that I have since achieved, if I could but once gain the opportunity, I instantly paid my respects to the great man. I was at that time good-looking; and certainly, all things considered, an actress well worth my poor five pounds a-week. His praises were most liberally conferred upon me; but his attentions, great and unremitting as they were, ended in worse than nothing.—How was all this admiration to be accounted for, consistently with his subsequent conduct? Why, thus I believe. He was retiring from the management of Drury-Lane, and, I suppose, at that time wished to wash his hands of all its concerns and details. I moreover had served what I believe was his chief object in the exaltation of poor me—and that was, the mortification and irritation of Mrs Yates and Miss Younge, whose consequence and troublesome airs were, it must be confessed, enough to try his patience. As he had now almost withdrawn from it, the interests of the Theatre grew, I suppose, rather indifferent to him. However that may have been, he always objected to my appearance in any very prominent character, telling me that the fore-named ladies would poison me, if I did. I of course thought him not only an oracle, but my friend; and in consequence of his advice, *Portia*, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' was fixed for my *début*; a character in which it was not likely that I should excite any great sensation—I was, therefore, *merely tolerated*. The fulsome adulation that courted Garrick in the Theatre cannot be imagined; and whosoever was the luckless wight who should be honoured by his distinguished and envied smiles, of course became an object of spite and malevolence. Little did I imagine that I myself was now that wretched victim. He would sometimes hand me from my own seat in the green-room, to place me next to his own. He also selected me to

personate *Venus*, at the revival of the 'Jubilee.' This gained me the malicious appellation of Garrick's *Venus*; and the ladies who so kindly bestowed it on me rushed before me in the last scene, so that if he (Mr Garrick) had not brought us forward with him with his own hands, my little Cupid and myself, whose appointed situations were in the very front of the stage, might have as well been in the Island of Paphos at that moment. Mr Garrick would also flatter me, by sending me into one of the boxes, when he acted any of his great characters. In short, his attentions were enough to turn an older and wiser head. He promised Mr Siddons to procure me a good engagement with the new managers, and desired him to give himself no trouble about the matter, but to put my cause entirely into his hands. He let me down, however, after all these protestations, in the most humiliating manner; and, instead of doing me common justice with those gentlemen, rather depreciated my talents. This Mr Sheridan afterwards told me; and said that, when Mrs Abingdon heard of my impending dismissal, she told them they were all acting like fools. When the London season was over, I made an engagement at Birmingham, for the ensuing summer, little doubting of my return to Drury Lane for the next winter; but, whilst I was fulfilling my engagement at Birmingham, to my utter dismay and astonishment, I received an official letter from the Prompter of Drury Lane, acquainting me that my services would be no longer required. It was a stunning and cruel blow, overwhelming all my ambitious hopes, and involving peril, even to the subsistence of my helpless babes. It was very near destroying me. My blighted prospects, indeed, induced a state of mind that preyed upon my health, and for a year and a half I was supposed to be hastening to a decline. For the sake of my poor children, however, I roused myself to shake off this despondency, and my endeavours were blest with success, in spite of the degradation I had suffered in being banished from Drury Lane, as a worthless candidate for fame and fortune."

Nothing can be more candid, and

we believe correct, than Mr Campbell's judgment on the conduct of Garrick. "This statement shews," he says, "that Garrick behaved to her rather like a man of the world than with absolute treachery." That he was jealous of her genius is an absurd supposition; for at that time "she had not risen to rivalry with players far inferior to Garrick." She was not then the Siddons. Probably Sheridan did not speak the truth, and was disposed, on a tender point, to flatter a beautiful woman. On ceasing to be the manager of Drury Lane, Garrick lost his power. The part of *Portia* may, perhaps, as Mr Campbell says, "have been too gay for Mrs Siddons under the appalling ordeal of a first appearance in London." But 'tis a fine, a noble part—and in assigning it to her, Garrick gave her an opportunity of shewing herself in one of the most delightful characters of Shakspeare. Yet 'twas a character in which she never excelled all the rest of womankind, as she did in her *chef-d'œuvres*. At that time, too, she was probably languid from delicate health—for though "the nobleness of her form, and the energy of her acting, made her appear constitutionally strong, she was far from being so, and her nerves were of the most delicate texture." Her eldest daughter was born within two months of her first appearance in London. Though Garrick, therefore, may have been somewhat to blame, and "it were to be wished that he had left the affair explained," it would be unfair, we think, to accuse him either of jealousy, or of blindness to distinguished merit. Mr Boaden asserts, that some years previous to her *début* on the London boards, she repeated before Garrick one of the speeches of *Jane Shore*—that he seemed highly pleased with her elocution and deportment, wondered how she could have got rid of the provincial titum-ti, but regretted he could do nothing for her, and "wished her a good-morning." But there is no truth in this tale; for Mrs Siddons herself told Mr Campbell that she never was in London before her invitation from Garrick in 1775. It is amusing to read a critique of some scribbler of that day on Mrs Siddons's *Portia*. "On before us totter'd rather than walked, a very

pretty, delicate, fragile-looking creature, dressed in a most unbecoming manner, in a faded salmon-coloured sack and coat, and uncertain whereabouts to fix either her eyes or her feet. She spoke in a broken tremulous tone; and at the close of a sentence her words generally lapsed into a horrid whisper that was absolutely inaudible! After her first exit, the buzzing comment went round the pit generally. She certainly is very pretty; but, then, how awkward! and what a shocking dresser! Towards the famous trial scene she became more collected, and delivered the great speech to Shylock with the most critical propriety, but still with a faintness of utterance which seemed the result rather of internal physical weakness than of a deficiency of spirit or feeling. Altogether the impression made upon the audience by this first effort was of the most negative nature." Garrick now revived Richard the Third—and we see the same pen in the following sentence, which the scribbler must have supposed very sharp. After declaring that Garrick's appearance beggared all description, the Grub adds—"As to most of the other characters, particularly the female ones, they were wretchedly performed. Mrs Hopkins was an ungracious Queen, Mrs Johnstone a frightful Duchess, and Mrs Siddons a lamentable Lady Anne." We doubt that; but Garrick, by his force approaching to wildness, and the fire of his eyes, frightened the young actress. He had directed her, we are told, *always to turn her back to the audience*—an odd stage-direction enough—in order that he might keep his own face towards them—less kind than considerate; and her forgetfulness of his orders was punished by Garrick with a glance of displeasure that unnerved her powers. A pretty way of treating his own Venus! Mr Campbell has heard Mrs Siddons declare, that the great obstacle to the early development of her powers was timidity—and he says with his wonted candour, "altogether, though this first failure of the greatest of actresses evinces nothing like positive or acute discernment in the public taste, and though the criticism which I have quoted was most heartlessly uncandid, yet I am not prepared to blame her audiences implicitly for

wilful blindness to her merit. On her own confession she was infirm in her health, and fearfully nervous. It is true she was the identical Mrs Siddons who, a year afterwards, electrified the provincial theatres, and who, in 1782, eclipsed all rivalry whatsoever; but it does not follow that she was *the identical actress*. Her case adds but one to the many instances in the history of great actors and orators, of timidity obscuring the brightest powers at their outset, like chilling vapours awhile retarding the beauty of a day in spring. But the day of her fame, when it rose, well repaid her for the lateness of its rising, and its splendour more than atoned for its morning shade; indeed, it renders her history more interesting by the contrast." Mrs Barry, the greatest of her predecessors, and Mrs Oldfield, the most beautiful, were both, like Mrs Siddons, unsuccessful *débütantes*—as we learn from Colley Cibber, who instances their subsequent fame as particular proofs of the difficulty of judging from first trials. So little hope was there of Mrs Barry, that she was at the end of the first year discharged the company; and Mrs Oldfield had been a year in the Theatre-Royal before she gave any hope of her being an actress, "so unlike to all manner of propriety *was her speaking*." Still we cannot stomach the Grub.

After Mrs Siddons quitted London, her first performance was at Birmingham, and there, during the whole summer season of 1776, she was allowed the highest characters. It was there she acted with Henderson, who at once saw her great powers, and predicted her future fame. Within a year after her expulsion from Drury Lane, he pronounced that "she was an actress who never had had an equal, nor would ever have a superior." Early in 1777 she played at Manchester, and became so celebrated, that she was invited to York. Tate Wilkinson, who acted with her as *Erander* in the "Grecian Daughter"—*Euphrasia* being then thought her finest character—says, in his Memoirs, that though he saw in her every other requisite for great acting, he trembled for fear her wretched health should disable her from sustaining the fatigues of her duty. At York, says Mr Campbell, "she had at first

to encounter some disparagers, among whom, the leading critic of the place, a Mr Swan, was the most noisy. But she had only performed a few times when all the Yorkists knelt at her shrine, and the Swan himself waddled forward to bow his neck in admiration." "I never remember," says Wilkinson, "any actress to have been so great a favourite at York as Mrs Siddons was during that short time. All lifted up their eyes with astonishment, that such a voice, such a judgment, and such acting, should have been neglected by a London audience, and by the first actor in the world." Henderson had written from Birmingham to Palmer, the manager of the Bath theatre, urging him in the strongest terms to engage her; and now Palmer invited her to Bath, where she "consummated a reputation that brought her in triumph to the London boards."

But notwithstanding the glory of that genius which had received such a noble panegyric from Henderson,—"himself the soul of feeling and intelligence," as she gratefully and truly said—she had been suffered to remain at Bath about three years,—and they were three years of hard labour, though cheered and brightened by admiration and praise.

"I now made an engagement at Bath," she says, in her Memoranda: "there my talents and industry were encouraged by the greatest indulgence, and, I may say, with some admiration. Tragedies, which had been almost banished, again resumed their proper interest; but still I had the mortification of being obliged to personate many subordinate characters in comedy, the first being, by contract, in the possession of another lady. To this I was obliged to submit, or to forfeit a part of my salary, which was only three pounds a week. Tragedies were now becoming more and more fashionable. This was favourable to my cast of powers; and, whilst I laboured hard, I began to earn a distinct and flattering reputation. Hard labour indeed it was; for, after the rehearsal at Bath, and on a Monday morning, I had to go and act at Bristol on the evening of the same day; and reaching Bath again, after a drive of twelve miles, I was obliged to represent some fatiguing part there on

the Tuesday evening. Meantime, I was gaining private friends, as well as public favour; and my industry and perseverance were indefatigable. When I recollect all this labour of mind and body, I wonder that I had strength and courage to support it; interrupted as I was by the cares of a mother, and by the childish sports of my little ones, who were often most unwillingly hushed to silence, for interrupting their mother's studies.'"

In the summer of 1782 she received an invitation to revisit Drury Lane, and took leave of her kind friends at Bath in an address of her own composition, which, though it has been often printed, Mr Campbell has properly printed again, and so therefore shall we print it—for it is full of true feeling, and delivered as she doubtless delivered it, and under such circumstances, must have been extremely affecting, and drawn many tears.

MRS SIDDONS'S ADDRESS ON QUITTING THE BATH THEATRE.

Have I not raised some expectation here?—
Wrote by herself?—What! authoress and player?—
True, we have heard her—thus I guess'd you'd say—
With decency recite another's lay;
But never heard, nor ever could we dream
Herself had sipp'd the Heliconian stream.
Perhaps you farther said—Excuse me, pray,
For thus supposing all that you might say—
What will she treat of in this same address?
Is it to shew her learning?—Can you guess?
Here let me answer—No: far different views
Possess'd my soul, and fired my virgin muse;
'Twas honest gratitude, at whose request
Shamed be the heart that will not do its best.
The time draws nigh when I must bid adieu
To this delightful spot—nay, even to you—
To you, whose fostering kindness rear'd my name,
O'erlook'd my faults, but magnified my fame.
How shall I bear the parting? Well I know
Anticipation here is daily woe.

Oh! could kind Fortune, where I next am thrown,
Bestow but half the candour you have shewn.
Envy, o'ercome, will hurl her pointless dart,
And critic gall be shed without its smart;
The numerous doubts and fears I entertain,
Be idle all—as all possess'd in vain.—
But to my promise. If I thus am bless'd,
In friendship link'd, beyond my worth caress'd,—
Why don't I here, you'll say, content remain,
Nor seek uncertainties for certain gain?
What can compensate for the risks you run,
And what your reasons?—Surely you have none.
To argue here would but your time abuse:
I keep my word—my reason I produce—

[Here three children were discovered: they were

HENRY, SALLY, and MARIA SIDDONS.]

These are the moles that bear me from your side,
Where I was rooted—where I could have died.
Stand forth, ye elves, and plead your mother's cause:
Ye little magnets, whose soft influence draws
Me from a point where every gentle breeze
Wafted my bark to happiness and ease—
Sends me adventurous on a larger main,
In hopes that you may profit by my gain.
Have I been hasty?—am I then to blame?
Answer, all ye who own a parent's name?

Thus have I tired you with an untaught muse,
 Who for your favour still most humbly sues,
 That you, for classic learning, will receive
 My soul's best wishes, which I freely give—
 For polished periods round, and touch'd with art,—
 The fervent offering of my grateful heart.

On her return to Drury Lane, she may be said, in Mr Campbell's words, "to have mounted with but a few steps to unrivalled possession of the tragic throne. The oldest praisers of the by-gonetimes scarcely pretended to have beheld or heard of her superior in acting, though they had seen the best actresses of the century, and had heard their fathers describe those of the age before."

Mr Campbell says, that he felt as if there would be something like abruptness in owning the feeling of Mrs Siddons's professional supremacy, without some prefatory remarks on the previous state of female acting in England, and, in an interesting digression, takes a retrospect of our greatest tragic actresses anterior to the rising of the largest and brightest of all the stars. And the result is, that he finds no queen of our stage extolled for majesty and beauty of person as Mrs Siddons, nor any one whose sway over her audiences can be imagined to have been stronger. "My inference is, if I may parody Milton's phrase, that she was the fairest of her predecessors, and that if Time could rebuild his ruin, and react the lost scenes of existence, he could present no female to match her on the tragic stage."

He quotes Cibber's few fine touches of Mrs Betterton, when speaking of her in 1690, when a veteran on the stage—but, "though far advanced in years, still so great an actress, that even the famous Mrs Barry, who acted *Lady Muche's* after her, could not in that part, with all her superior strength and melody of voice, throw out those quick and careless strokes of terror which the other gave, with a facility in her manner that rendered her at once tremendous and delightful." Time could not impair her skill, though it gave her person to decay. She was, to the last, the admiration of all true judges of nature and lovers of Shakspeare, in whose plays she chiefly excelled, and without a rival. She was the faithful companion of her husband, and his

fellow-labourer for five-and-forty years, and was a woman of an unblemished and sober life. On the death of her husband she lost her senses, but recovered them, and survived him for two years, dying sane. Then, too, flourished Mrs Anne Marshall, who excelled in parts of dignity—Davies, in his *Miscellanies*, telling us that the high sentiments of honour in many of her characters corresponded with the dictates of her mind, and were justified by her private conduct. It is true, however, that Davies got his information from a book written by Gildon, and published by Curl, "two names," says Mr Campbell wittily, "that may well make the hair of our literary faith stand on end. We might accept this testimony, perhaps, on the mere ground of its being favourable to Mrs Marshall, as we may safely take our oaths that neither Curl nor Gildon ever uttered, in the whole course of their lives, a single falsehood in behalf of any human character except their own." Then too flourished that highly popular actress, the sweet-featured Mrs Boutsell, whose forte was simplicity and tenderness, and was particularly admired in *Aspasia* in the *Maid's Tragedy*. She was the original *Statira* of Lee's *Alexander*, and acted the *Rival Queens* successively with Mrs Marshall and Mrs Barry—the latter of whom, as *Roxana*, once, in an angry fit of rivalry about a lace veil, sent her dagger through *Statira's* stays, well into her fair flesh. Mrs Elizabeth Barry, though a virago, was the best actress of her age. In *Monimia*, *Belshazzar*, and *Isabella*, she was unapproachable, and enjoyed a higher character than any actress anterior to Mrs Siddons. Cibber speaks of her mien and motion, superb and gracefully majestic—her voice full, clear, and strong, so that no violence of passion could be too much for her; and when distress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody of softness. In the art of

exciting pity, he adds, she had a power beyond all the actresses he had yet seen, or what your imagination could conceive. Yet Anthony Aston, in his Supplement to Cibber's Works, tells us, "that with all her enchantment, this fine creature was not handsome, her mouth opening most on the right side, which she strove to draw the other way, and at times composing her face as if to have her picture drawn." In comedy she was admirable, yet she could not sing nor dance,— "no, not even in a country dance." She appeared above a hundred times as the original heroine of some new comic or tragic drama, and died of hydrophobia from the bite of her lap-dog. She had the misfortune to be mistress to the infamous Lord Rochester, and we are told that she owed her improvement in acting chiefly to his instructions. Mr Campbell cannot believe that tale; and says well, "putting disgust out of the question, I have some difficulty in imagining the actress of *Monimia* or *Belvidera*, drawing lessons of refined enchantment, from a gentleman so habitually drunk, and so grossly profligate, as Lord Rochester." Mrs Barry was succeeded in tragedy by Mrs Porter, who had been her attendant. She excelled greatly in the terrible and the tender—the great actor Booth speaking in raptures of her *Belvidera*—and Dr Johnson saying, that in the vehemence of tragic passion he had never seen her equal. For many years she acted, though absolutely a cripple, having had her hip-joint dislocated by a fall from her chaise, in an encounter with a highwayman, whom she terrified into supplication by the sight of a brace of pistols. Finding he had been driven to desperation by want, she gave him ten guineas, and afterwards raised sixty pounds by subscription for relief of his family. In acting *Elizabeth* in the "Rival Queens," she had to support herself on a crutched cane; and after signing Mary's death-warrant, she expressed her agitation by striking the stage with her cane so violently, as to draw bursts of applause. At last she herself subsisted on charity, and Dr Johnson, who paid her a visit of benevolence, some years before her death, said she was then so

wrinkled, that a picture of old age, in the abstract, might have been taken from her countenance. In her prime, she had been tall, fair, well-shaped, and of easy and dignified action. "By her powers and popularity," says Mr Campbell, "she had kept several new-born and weakly tragedies from dying a natural death—an act of charity, however, that is, like many others, of doubtful benefit to the public." Mrs Anne Oldfield, though there is no reason to suppose she was nearly equal to Mrs Siddons in majesty, was perhaps the most beautiful woman that ever trode the British stage. She was, says Cibber, beautiful in action and aspect, and she always looked like one of those finished figures in the finest paintings, that first seize, and longest delight, the eye of the spectator. Her countenance was benevolent like her heart, yet it could express contemptuous dignity so well, that once, when a malignant bear rose in the pit to hiss her, she made him instantly hide his head and vanish, by a pausing look, and her utterance of the words, "*poor creature!*" Mrs Cibber, sister of the famous musician, Arne, captivated, says Dr Burney, "every hearer by the sweetness and expression of her voice in singing, and made her first appearance at Drury Lane with great *ecclat* in Hill's tragedy of 'Zara.'" Davies praises the symmetry of her form, the expressiveness of her features, and her preservation of the appearance of youth till long after she had attained to middle life. He says that the harmony of her voice was as powerful as the animation of her look; that in grief and tenderness her eyes looked as if they swam in tears, and in rage and disdain seemed to dart flashes of fire. In spite of the unimportance of her figure, she maintained a dignity in her action, and a grace in her step, and was so like to Garrick, that she might have passed for his sister. In passages of power and passion, she was electrifying—and Tate Wilkinson says that her features, figure, and singing, made her the best *Ophelia* that ever appeared either before or since. Her *Cordelia*, too, was exquisite; and Garrick, on hearing of her death, said, "Then Tragedy is dead on one side." She

was even more unfortunate than Mrs Barry, the mistress of Lord Rochester—for she was the wife of Theophilus Cibber, who sold her, and then brought an action against the seducer. He laid his damages at £5000, and the Jury awarded him two hundred shillings. It was the fashion in those days to chant—to declaim in a sort of sing-song. The famous Barry “had a manner of drawing out her words”—Mrs Porter imitated her in the habit of “prolonging and timing her pronunciation”—and Mrs Cibber excelled them all in that demi-chant to which the public ear had become accustomed, and which, we daresay, was very delightful, though Mr Campbell says “it would not have suited our modern ears,” though in those of her contemporaries it seemed to harmonize, heaven knows how, with Garrick’s acting! A female voice will harmonize with any thing in this world. Miss Seward remembered to have heard Mrs Cibber—and says, “she uniformly pitched her silver voice so sweetly plaintive, in too high a key to produce that endless variety with which Mrs Siddons declaims.” Uniformity will never produce variety—but it may produce—and in her case it did—profoundest pathos. “Mrs Siddons,” adds Miss Seward, “had all the pathos of Mrs Cibber, with a thousand times more variety in its exertions.” Just so. And Mrs Cibber had all the pathos of Mrs Siddons, with a thousand times less variety in its exertions. Just so. Mrs Pritchard, who played from 1733 to 1768, made her *début* at Bartholomew Fair, “where she was caressed by the public.” “It would be at present,” says Mr Campbell, “no great recommendation for a young *débutante* at any of our great theatres to have been caressed by the public at Bartholomew Fair. But that place was then more respectable than it now is. The opulent used to resort to it in their carriages.” Every body knows Churchill’s lines—

“Before such merit all distinctions fly,
Pritchard’s genteel, and Garrick six feet
high.”

“When I begged,” says Mrs Siddons, in her *Autograph Recollections*, “Dr Johnson to let me know his opinion

of Mrs Pritchard, whom I had never seen, he answered, ‘Madam, she was a vulgar idiot; she used to speak of her *gown*, and she never read any part in a play in which she acted, except her own!’ Is it possible,” Mrs Siddons continues, “that Mrs Pritchard, the greatest of all the *Lady Macbeths*, should never have read the Play? and concluded the Doctor was misinformed; but I was afterwards assured by a gentleman, a friend of Mrs Pritchard’s, that he had supped with her one night after she had acted *Lady Macbeth*, and that she declared she had never perused the whole Tragedy. *I cannot believe it.*” Nor can any sensible person—begging Dr Johnson’s and the gentleman’s pardon. As to pronouncing gown gownd, it was vulgar, because cockneyish—but Dr Johnson knew what he was saying, and added, “on the stage she seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding.” Mr Boaden exclaims, “Inspiration indeed! unless we are to suppose that in private she condescended to chit-chat, and erred not in ignorance, but carelessness and habit.” We are to suppose even so—and it is very natural. We have ourselves heard Kean^o off the stage call Leonora Leonorar—but never on it. Mr Campbell says, “he cannot consent to Dr Johnson calling her a *vulgar idiot*, even though she did give an unnecessary *d* to her gown.” But the Doctor called her an idiot for sake of a strong sentence—as we believe he once called poor Goldy “an inspired idiot.” Mr Campbell, however, seldom touches any subject without adorning it, and he adds, “Encrusted with indolence as she was, she was still a diamond. At the same time, being palpably devoid of devotion to her profession, she must have been unequal in her performances. Accordingly, we find that her popularity in London fell,—and when she went over to Dublin, that she electrified the Irish—with disappointment.” Yet she must have been a great genius; for she was not only vulgar but ugly, had a large and ungraceful figure, and Garrick told Tate Wilkinson that she was apt to blubber her sorrows; yet, in spite of all, she was the first actress of her day—equally great in *Lady Macbeth* and

in *Mrs Doll*. Mrs Yates had a countenance, that, with the beauty of the antique statue, had also something of its monotony, and she was defective in parts of tenderness; but her fine person, haughty features, and powerful voice, carried her well through rage and disdain, and her declamation was musical. John Taylor told Mr Campbell that she was the most commanding personage he had ever looked upon before he saw Mrs Siddons. She was a superb *Medea*—Wilkinson compares her *Margaret of Anjou* with Mrs Siddons's *Zara*—and Davies says that she was an actress whose just elocution, warm passion, and majestic deportment, excited the admiration even of foreigners, and fixed the attention and applause of her own countrymen. Mr Godwin, in an interesting letter to Mr Campbell, writes—"It is a curious point to distinguish between the loftiness of this actress and that of Mrs Siddons. In Mrs Siddons it appeared the untaught loftiness of an elevated soul, working outwards; but in Mrs Yates, it was the loftiness of a person who had associated only with the majestic and the great, who was therefore complete in herself and in all her motions, and had an infallibility which could never for a moment be called in doubt. Mrs Siddons was great only as the occasion sustained her; but Mrs Yates was great, because, by the habit of her soul, it was impossible for her to be otherwise." Mrs Crawford acted from 1759 to 1797. She was the daughter of an apothecary at Bath, and was of an amorous temperament. Somebody or other, whom Mr Campbell calls a young scion of nobility, jilted her, 'tis said, in her seventeenth year, and the misfortune so deeply affected her, that, in the vain attempt to reconcile herself to it by going to the theatre, she fell in love with an actor of the name of Dancer. Him, of course, the poor forsaken girl, who appeared in a consumption, married, in spite of her physician, and of all her high-born relations, who thought the connexion a disgrace to the Pestle and Mortar. Mrs Dancer soon became the star of the Dublin theatre, and a widow. She lost but little time before giving her hand to the handsomest man on

the stage, Spranger Barry, then called the Irish Roscius, and the Silver-tongued. With him she led a life of happiness and fame, and for many years, under Garrick's management, was the delight of Drury Lane. In 1777 Barry died, and she married a third husband, who was a brute, as third husbands generally are, and broke her heart. She was then no longer young—though not old—and domestic distress cast such a damp over her genius, that frequently she could only be said to walk through her parts. On the appearance of the Siddons, she came from Dublin to act at Covent Garden; but a faded beauty, some years on the wrong side of forty, "paled her ineffectual fires" before the blaze of those resplendent charms, and her genius shewed like a dying lamp in the meridian sun. She who had once been so elegant and graceful in her deportment, became, alas! quoth honest John Taylor, rough and coarse, and her person had the appearance rather of an old man than of one of her own sex! The year before her unhappy rivalry with Mrs Siddons, she chose to play, in a tragedy of Jephson's, the part of a very young virgin, *Adelaid*, for the sole object, says Mr Boaden, of playing the youthful passion with her third husband, the Theodore of the night. It is not difficult, adds the benevolent Boaden, "to conceive that a young gentleman may be passionately enamoured of the great talents of a lady of middle age; it is still more easy to imagine the delusion under which the mature female strives to attach, and hopes to retain, the ardour which nature designed for beauty of its own age; but I must think such matches ill calculated for public display; the charm is known and felt only by the parties; the disproportion strikes all eyes but their own; a feeling of shame is excited in the beholders, which drops into disgust, or rises into ridicule." At no time could such a person have been within a thousand leagues of Mrs Siddons. Yet in youth she had been a delightful *Rosalind*, and even to the last she was effective in *Lady Randolph*. The effect of her question to the peasant respecting the child, "*was he alive?*" was such as to make rows of specta-

tors start from their seats. Mr Boaden says "it checked your breathing, *perhaps pulsation*; it was so bold as to be even hazardous, but too piercing not to be triumphant; sympathizing nature found itself completely spell-bound in the circle of these mighty magicians." Mr Campbell's remarks on Mr Boaden here are not quite fair—for he does not notice these words at all, and rather distorts the meaning of those he does quote. "Mr Boaden, I conceive, has been overanxious to make it appear that Mrs Crawford's mode of uttering this query, or, as he says, of *screaming it*, was unnatural, and that it succeeded merely as a *tour de force*, or stage-trick." Mr Boaden nowhere uses the word *scream*—though he might have done so without blame—he says *shriek*—nor does he call the shriek a stage-trick, but intimates that all such sudden violences run the risk of being thought in our cooler moments *tours de force*. Neither does Mr Boaden say, as Mr Campbell alleges, that Mrs Crawford's appalling shriek "was out of nature." He merely says, that in his opinion, Mrs Siddons's "hurried, breathless mode of putting the question," was less alarming, but more "natural." Why? Because Lady Randolph believed the child was dead. She had no hope of his life. Even when answered "he was," she asks—in the same belief—"how couldst thou kill him?" Mr Campbell says, "This is arguing as if a mother in agony about a lost child could calculate as coolly as a chess-player about the moving of a pawn." No. The mother here was not in an agony—the word is too strong for a state of mind of such long endurance, however heightened by the disclosure of a moment coming after the lapse of so many years. Yet how fine what follows! "*Lady Randolph* utters that question in a state of transport, as if the life or death of her last hopes depended on the instant answer. The inconsistency of her still supposing him dead, though she had heard that he was found alive, is beautifully true to nature. It is fear rushing in frenzy to precipitate conclusions. That Mrs Siddons could dispense with extreme vehemence in this interrogation, only

shows the perfection of her acting in other points. Her *Lady Randolph* was altogether a more sustained and harmonious performance than Mrs Crawford's. But I believe that she avoided her rival's vehemence of manner in this instance, not from thinking that it was unnatural, but from the fear of being taxed with imitation." Neither the one nor the other "Was he alive?" has been called unnatural; but with the character, condition, and age of *Lady Randolph*, we feel that Mrs Siddons's "Was he alive?"—"the hurried, breathless mode of putting the question"—was the more accordant; and we wish Mr Campbell would think so too, which he may do consistently with his own fine exposition of the spirit at that moment agitating the mother's heart. It is the foolish fashion nowadays to speak lightly of the Tragedy of Douglas. But no audience ever witnessed it without tears—without "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." Shakspeare himself would have felt the natural but prodigious power of its prevailing pathos. Mrs Siddons's *Lady Randolph* was indeed, as Mr Campbell says, "a sustained and harmonious performance;" whereas her great rival, as Mr Boaden says just as truly, was the first of a school, in later periods much admired, which deemed discordance the natural ally of anguish, and tortured the ear to overpower the heart.

From this digression—not an unpleasant one, we hope, in company with Cibber, Campbell, and Boaden—let us return to follow the fortunes of the Siddons. On the 10th of October, 1782, she made her first appearance at Drury Lane in Southcote's Tragedy of *Isabella*. The character was recommended to her by Mr Sheridan, the father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who had seen her play it at Bath. The choice, says Mr Campbell, was a judicious one—"the part of *Isabella* had pathos enough to develop her genius, without complexity to make it an extreme ordeal for her powers on their new great trial, and with her beautiful little son, Henry, in her hand, she looked the very personage." The author of *Gertrude of Wyoming* and *Lochiel's Warning* is an unerring critic. He understands Shakspeare

as well as Schlegel, and better far; yet he can sympathize with genius of a lower order, and declares, with a generous spirit that does our heart good, that Southerne, the author of that play, in common with Otway and Rowe, deserves our gratitude for having sustained our graver drama, towards the close of the 17th century, at a time when it was threatened with the pestilence of rhyming tragedies. Inferior, he adds, as all the three may be to the more immediate successors of Shakespeare, still they are entitled to our respect, when we consider that more than a century has elapsed in England without producing any thing like such a triad of dramatic names. Nay, where, we ask, is there one such name as that of either of the three, if we except that of Joanna Baillie? And her noble Plays are not adapted for representation on the stage. She knows the human heart better than any other woman ever knew it; but her genius, penetrating as it is into the brighter and the blacker mysteries, is not essentially dramatic. It can expatiate in the real living wide world, but cannot concentrate its illustrative lore within the narrow circle of the "wooden O." Yet is she a magician, and, at the waving of her wand, our imaginations are peopled with beautiful and majestic creations of a nature kindred to our own. The poet Gray was, like Campbell, a great admirer of Southerne. But modern criticism has discovered that the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* is but a poor performance! Southerne erred in attempting, in imitation of the elder dramatists, comic intermixtures with tragic matter, and, in its original state, there was in the *Fatal Marriage* a complete and comic underplot. In tragedy some such scenes may perhaps be permitted for the sake of relief, but they should never be farcical or outrageously humorous, and we know what happened to the old dramatists in their imitation of Shakespeare. The comic underplot which Southerne threw in, "in compliance with the grotesque taste of the time," has been cut off; and "the small critics, wielding their delicate pens," who accuse "*Isabella*" of being op-

pressed by heavy and confused incidents, speak utter nonsense. Neither is the main incident unfit for the tragic drama, as has been weakly said—harrowing, indeed it is, but in Southerne, it is not shocking or repulsive—and the character of *Isabella* sustains the dreadful trial with a dignified, though agonizing distress. Mr Campbell says nobly, "the deeply affecting story has an air of fatalism, that always reminds me of the Greek stage. Perhaps in all powerful tragedies this air is to be traced. It is a cold dramatic achievement to shew us only the ordinary and necessary connexion between the passions and the misfortunes of our species. The poetic invention that affects us to the deepest degree, is that which teaches us by what surprising coincidences the passions of the bad may work more misery than even they themselves intend; and how the shafts of cruelty may strike the innocent with more than their natural force, coming like arrows impelled by the wind."

All her provincial fame, bright as it had been for years, could not dispel from the heart of Mrs Siddons the most oppressive fears of a second failure on the London boards. She remembered how she had been *but merely tolerated*, and then let take her unregretted departure into the shades of oblivion. She who was about to enter on her rule over all hearts, and to remain for ever sole sovereign queen of the passions, trembled like a slave. How affecting, and in triumph how humble, her account of her first appearance!

"For a whole fortnight before this (to me) memorable day, I suffered from nervous agitation more than can be imagined. No wonder! for my own fate, and that of my little family, hung upon it. I had quitted Bath, where all my efforts had been successful, and I feared lest a second failure in London might influence the public mind greatly to my prejudice, in the event of my return from Drury Lane, disgraced as I formerly had been. In due time I was summoned to the rehearsal of '*Isabella*.' Who can imagine my terror? I feared to utter a sound above an audible whisper; but by degrees enthusiasm cheered me into a forgetfulness of my fears, and I

unconsciously threw out my voice, which failed not to be heard in the remotest part of the house, by a friend who kindly undertook to ascertain the happy circumstance. The countenances, no less than tears and flattering encouragements of my companions, emboldened me more and more; and the second rehearsal was even more affecting than the first. Mr King, who was then manager, was loud in his applauses. This second rehearsal took place on the 8th of October, 1782, and on the evening of that day I was seized with a nervous hoarseness, which made me extremely wretched; for I dreaded being obliged to defer my appearance on the 10th, longing, as I most earnestly did, at least to know the worst. I went to bed, therefore, in a state of dreadful suspense. Awaking the next morning, however, though out of restless, unrefreshing sleep, I found, upon speaking to my husband, that my voice was very much clearer. This, of course, was a great comfort to me; and, moreover, the sun, which had been completely obscured for many days, shone brightly through my curtains. I hailed it, though tearfully, yet thankfully, as a happy omen; and even now I am not ashamed of *this* (as it may perhaps be called) childish superstition. On the morning of the 10th, my voice was, most happily, perfectly restored; and again *'The blessed sun shone brightly on me.'* On this eventful day my father arrived to comfort me, and to be a witness of my trial. He accompanied me to my dressing-room at the theatre. There he left me; and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities, which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly.

"At length I was called to my fiery trial. I found my venerable father behind the scenes, little less agitated than myself. The awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect from top to bottom, and all around, may perhaps be imagined, but can never be described, and by me can never be forgotten.

"Of the general effect of this night's performance I need not speak: it has already been publicly recorded. I reached my own quiet fireside, on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself, sat down to a frugal neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments; but occasionally stopped short, and, laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection, (who can conceive the intensity of that reverie?) fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body.

"I should be afraid to say," she continues, "how many times *'Isabella'* was repeated successively, with still increasing favour. I was now highly gratified by a removal from my very indifferent and inconvenient dressing-room to one on the stage-floor, instead of climbing a long staircase; and this room (oh, unexpected happiness!) had been Garrick's dressing-room. It is impossible to conceive my gratification, when I saw my own figure in the self-same glass which had so often reflected the face and form of that unequalled genius: not perhaps without some vague fanciful hope of a little degree of inspiration from it. About this time I was honoured by the whole body of the Law with a present of a purse of one hundred guineas."

Mrs Siddons performed *Isabella* eight times between the 10th and 30th of October, and poor Mrs Yates suffered more than a partial eclipse. In *Euphrasia*, in the "Grecian Daughter," with the aid of Henderson's powerful acting, she still maintained a semblance of rivalry with Mrs Siddons—but it was only a semblance—and her friends complained in despair, "of the infatuated attention that was paid to the rising

actress." The friends of the rising actress had no temptation to retort—for there she stood nightly before them "in the blaze of her fame." Mr Boaden, with a fine enthusiasm which age could not deaden, thus writes, forty years after the event:—"She struck even prejudice with astonishment, from the number of her requisites. So full a measure had never yet fallen to the lot of any one daughter of the stage. Mrs Yates was majestic; Mrs Crawford pathetic; Miss Younge enthusiastic. The voice of the first was melodious; that of the second harsh; that of the third tremulous. As to features, Mrs Yates was after the antique, but she had little flexibility; Mrs Crawford was even handsome, but the expression of her countenance was rather satirical. Of Miss Younge, the features wanted prominence and relief, and the eye had little colour. Yet sensibility impressed her countenance, and lifted plainness into consequence and interest. In the style of action they differed considerably: Mrs Yates studied to be graceful; Mrs Crawford was vehement—and then her arms went from side to side, struck the bosom with violence in bursts of passion, and took all fair advantages of her personal attractions; Miss Younge had acquired the temperance in action which Shakspeare recommends, and in every motion was correct and refined, delicate and persuasive. Their rival had all that was valuable in their respective requisites, and more than all; her mental power seemed to be of a firmer texture, her studies to have been deeper, and partaking less of what may be termed professional habits. The eye of Mrs Siddons was an inestimable distinction; no rival could pretend to look like her."

Her next character was *Euphrasia*, in Murphy's "Grecian Daughter"—a play which one of the newspaper critics of that day—so inferior to those of this, who are often men of the finest talents, as in the *Spectator*, *Examiner*, and *Atlas*—denominated "*an abortion of Melpomene*." It is no abortion, but a full-grown birth, though not of celestial conception. "It is," says Mr Campbell, with his characteristic wit, "a tolerable tragedy in all but the words." Even the words

are often far from being much amiss, for Murphy was a scholar. But its merit, which is considerable, we agree with our critic, "is that of our best pantomimes and melodramas." The incidents and situations are well arranged for effect—something striking or impressive is always moving before the eye—and powerful appeals may be made in it by a great performer to the best feelings of our nature. No wonder that Mrs Siddons shone in *Euphrasia*. She possessed, beyond all others, that power of putting poetry into action, where there is little or none of it on the author's page, which Mr Campbell thinks worthy of better discussion than he can bring to it, but which needs no discussion at all. He has thrown more light on it by one poetical image than a score of metaphysicians could by as many tomes. "It is not more certain that the Northern Lights can play upon ice, than that electrifying acting has often irradiated dramas very frigid to the reader." Glorious words do of themselves awaken transports—add glorious acting as they issue from glorious lips—and then the whole divinity burns within us—as when Siddons speaks, and looks, and moves as a creation of Shakspeare's. But she even could speak, look, and move Murphy—till by the added grandeur he grew sublime. He was Murphy no more—and all hearts were shaken—all eyes wept. There is no mystery in the affair—if you still think there is, Mr Campbell himself enlightens it. "The greatest acting, it is true, cannot 'create a soul under the ribs of death,' nor reconcile us to false or insipid views of human nature. A tragedy, to affect us by the best possible acting, must assuredly have some leading conceptions of grandeur, some general outlines of affecting character and situation. Nevertheless, it is astonishing how faint and general those outlines may be, and yet enable, or rather permit, the great stage-artist to fill up what he finds a comparative blank into a glowing picture. Mrs Siddons did this in the 'Grecian Daughter;' and so did Fanny Kemble. Mr Campbell, in illustrating the subject, which he seems to think he cannot fully discuss, asks, 'What is the 'Cato' of Addison to our perusal; and

yet how nobly John Kemble performed its hero !” With all admiration of our friend, we answer—the “Cato” of Addison is much even in perusal. The language may be rather too stilted—but it is classical—and not seldom in itself stately ; the sentiments are always dignified, and often noble ; and surely the situations, in spite of the objections acutely urged by Dennis, are impressive and affecting to a high degree—so that Addison’s *Cato* is no bad Stoic. John Kemble looked him to perfection—all high associations were gathered round that heroic mould—power so incorporated was felt to be something more majestic than Addison had genius to imagine ; but still there is power on the silent page—and “Cato” elevates the mind even in perusal, if not “above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth,” to our thinking, at least, up among its more elevated regions and purer atmosphere. We have no objections to what Mr Campbell says of Murphy—“Shakspeare’s plays would continue to be read if there was not a theatre in existence ; whereas, if poor Murphy, as a tragedian, were banished from the stage to the library, it may be said, in the fullest sense of the phrase, that he would be laid on the shelf.” But Addison must not be laid by his side in that “sleep that knows no waking ;” for there is vitality in “Cato,” and we object to any man’s being buried alive. Yet in playing *Euphrasia*, Mrs Siddons increased her reputation. She seemed not merely to act the character, but to create it. Mr Campbell says finely, “The part of *Isabella* had developed her strength as well as her tenderness ; but *Euphrasia* allowed her to assume a royal loftiness still more imposing (at least to the many), and a look of majesty which she alone could assume. When she rushed on the stage, addressing the Grecian patriots, ‘War on ! ye heroes !’ she was a picture to every eye, and she spoke passion to every heart. I have seen the oldest countenances of her contemporaries brighten up with pleasure in trying to do justice to their recollections of her *Euphrasia*. They spoke of the semi-diamond on her brow, and of the veil that flowed so gracefully on her

shoulders ; but they always concluded by owning that words could not describe ‘her heroic loveliness.’ The finest effect she produced in the part, was at that crisis, where *Philotas* pretends that her father was dead, and that his body had been thrown into the sea. Here she acted filial anxiety with a fidelity so terrible, that the spectators counted the moments of suspense, and felt that a few more of them would have been intolerable.”

The next part in which she appeared was *Jane Shore*. Mr Boaden thinks it “a curious problem in morals, whence has arisen the almost affectionate regard paid even by the gravity of history to the mistresses of kings ? Misfortune has, we know, a sanctifying power, but the distinctions between virtue and vice ought never to be forgotten. We have our own Rosamonds and Shores, and the French have their Gabrielle and their La Valliere. It never occurs to us to examine the state or commiserate the feelings of those whose rights are invaded by these amiable wantons.” We cannot see any thing very curious in the problem. It was not easy of old to resist a king ; and few kings had more winning ways than our Edward the Sixth, and the French Henri Quatre. Neither the Fair Rosamond, (of whom indeed we know nothing but what we choose to think,) nor La Belle Gabrielle, of whom we know much, were wantons ; and there can be nothing immoral in cherishing an affectionate regard for such delightful creatures, who were not, poor souls, the happiest of their sex—and though weak and erring, were more unfortunate than sinful. Not to pity them would be brutish—not to forgive them unchristian—and where there is pity and forgiveness of the young and beautiful, there will be an affectionate regard which need be thought no curious problem in morals, since a thousand natural feelings are at hand, each able to solve it. *Jane Shore* ruefully expiated her sin—and from such a death, preceded both by inward and outward penance and humiliation, there is an awful reflection flung back on her life—as if a cloud dissolved into a shower of blood on her grave. “I am glad,” says Mr Campbell, “that I can recol-

lect the great actress in *Jane Shore*—for it was a spectacle that struck me with a degree of wonder, of illusion, and of intense commiseration, that neither she nor any other performer ever excited in my mind. It was terrible and perfect acting up to the truth of nature; and yet this fearful semblance of reality, if it did not strictly accord with Lord Bacon's definition of poetry being that which accommodates the shows of things to the wishes of the mind, was still in so far poetical that its terrors were clothed in some welcome illusions. It was something to have so romantic a favourite as *Jane Shore* restored, like a friend in a dream, though only to hear her speak, and to answer her with our tears. And so far was my imagination loath to identify Mrs Siddons with the heroine she represented, that I remember, as if it were yesterday, my illusion amounting, as far as waking thoughts could go, to the belief that I was looking on reality, and seeing history revived before me."

Perhaps it is because it is history revived before us that we can endure that catastrophe. Had death by hunger on the street, of one who had lain in the bosom of her king, been a fiction, we might have recoiled from it as too cruel to be imagined or witnessed in imagination by a human heart. But we have known all our lives that it happened, and here we but see *the how* pictured to our eyes, that compassion may wring out of our heart-strings very tears of blood. So is it with us when thinking of Ugolino and his sons in the Tower of Famine. Had Dante imagined not only the gnawing of the hand, and all that followed, but the immurement itself, we might have thought him a savage. But what man has doomed to man, man may as a poet be suffered to describe; and genius may deal with the pangs of hunger—the last gasp of inanition—in which a sinful but repentant spirit escapes from a polluted body which it has long loathed, and of which the dream of its fatal attractions has never crossed it but with remorse and abhorrence. We cannot therefore wholly agree with Mr Campbell in thinking "that the story of *Jane Shore* has certainly

one disadvantage, namely, in the catastrophe being a death by hunger." But who will not wholly agree with him in the following judgment?

"And yet the poet has met this difficulty with some skill; for, before he compels us to shudder at her physical sufferings, he has wound us up to a high interest in her moral character, and prepared us to regard her as expiring—not solely from corporeal inanition, but from having her death at least accelerated by mental agitation. Rowe is judicious in giving her a modest and gradual progress in our sympathy. She is at first only a desolate penitent, who says of her own beauty,

'Sin and misery,
Like loathsome weeds, have overrun the
soil;
And the destroyer Shame hath laid all
waste.'

She is at the outset nothing but contrition; and her repentance-sheet shrouds from our view the fine lineaments of her heroic and womanly nature. But these come forth, when her fondness for Edward's memory breaks out in her anxiety for his children, though in a manner so delicate, that her husband himself cannot be imagined to take umbrage at it. Under this feeling she defies the tyrant *Giloucester*. It was here that the part ascended to the level of Mrs Siddons's powers,—that her voice took a richness beyond the wailing of penitence, and her cheek a nobler glow than the blush of shame. The fervour of her benediction on *Hastings*, though he had insulted her, when, in gratitude for his protecting Edward's children, she exclaims,

'Reward him for the noble deed, just
heavens!'

makes *Jane Shore* now possess our hearts as a heroine. If ever words were pronounced with thrilling prolongation, it was when Mrs Siddons uttered that line,

'The poor, forsaken, Royal little ones!'

Her death-scene in *Jane Shore* would have baffled the power of the pencil, for it was a succession of astonishing changes. Her eagle eye, obedient to her will, at times parted with its lustre, and, though open, looked sightless and bewildered;

but resumed its fire as wonderfully, when, 'with life's last spark that fluttered and expired,' she turned to her husband, and uttered the heart-piercing words,

'Forgive me!—but forgive me!'

Nor should we be doing justice to Mr Boaden were we not to say that his remarks on the play and the performer, though not written with the same grace, are in spirit as truthful—and altogether congenial with this fine criticism. Thus—"So highly indeed had the author and his great actress worked upon the hearers' imagination, that when tyranny denounced its vengeance, and its ministers were commanded to see her perish for want, an involuntary scepticism came over the mind that the fate was impossible, and that the very stones would become bread, rather than that a hair of that beautiful head should perish." And again, when she is perishing of hunger—"The appearance of Mrs Siddons at this moment excited pity, but not disgust; there was no squalor, which may be called the silent cant of misery; her frame seemed enfeebled, and her features sharp and prominent; her eye, ever obedient to her will, had parted with its brilliancy, and every sense seemed to be summed up in caution, when it stole a glance around, to make sure that the appeal to her charity would not injure that dear friend, from which she expected to receive it. There was, in my early days, such a permanent property as a stage-door in our theatres, and the proscenium beyond it; so that when *Shore* was pushed from the door, she was turned round and staggered till supported by the firm projection behind her. Here was a terrific picture full in the eye of the pit, and Mrs Siddons knew the amazing value of it. The entrance of *Alicia* raving mad, or only sensible enough for outrage, put an end to all rational feeling, and is a severe infliction upon the character of *Shore*. It now, however, draws to a close, and some amends are made by the interview with her husband. The touches of true pathos here abound, and are wound up by the most affecting line that expiring frailty ever breathed

into the ear of an injured being—'Forgive me! but forgive me!' I well remember the sobs, the shrieks, among the tenderer part of her audiences; or those tears which manhood at first struggled to suppress, but at length grew proud of indulging. We then, indeed, knew all the luxury of grief; but the nerves of many a gentle being gave way before the intensity of such appeals; and fainting fits long and frequent alarmed the decorum of the house, filled almost to suffocation."

On the 29th of November, Mrs Siddons appeared for the first time as *Calista* in "The Fair Penitent." We have not read the play for thirty years—never saw Mrs Siddons in it—and cannot, by rubbing our forehead, burnish up our memory of it into a distinct drama. The character of *Calista* gave, says Mr Campbell, "a new modification to that passion of pride which she was unparalleled in expressing;" but while he admires the power shewn in the play, and the knowledge, too, of woman's heart, he confesses that *Calista* is "not perhaps a fair penitent for the stage, though a strong picture of unfortunate human nature." He says, what all must feel, or have felt, "that the exposure of a frail woman's dishonour seems a bad tragic subject to set out with. Her errors are not, like those of *Jane Shore* herself, hid from us by the conception of their remote occurrence, but are blazoned in fresh discovery. The mind recoils from the reception of a proud and beautiful female upon the stage, being prepared by the description which her betrayer gives of the scene and circumstances of her seduction." Nothing can be more utterly disgusting; and though the play is one of great power, and "the protracted martyrdom of *Calista* very affecting," we turn for relief to the Siddons in *Belvidera* in "Venice Preserved,"—a tragedy of which Mr Campbell says, "it so constantly commands the tears of audiences that it would be a work of supererogation for me to extol its tenderness." Hear this, ye shallow-pates, who pretend to despise Otway! Hear one of the greatest of our poets declare that "*Belvidera* might rank among Shakespeare's creations".

—that “ Venice Preserved is as full as a tragedy can be of all the pathos that is transfusible into action.” True, as he says, that as Otway first painted him, *Pierre* is a miserable conspirator, impelled to treason by the love of a courtesan, and his jealousy of *Antonio*. But his character, as it now comes forward, is a mixture of patriotism and of excusable misanthropy. Until the middle of the last century, the ghosts of *Jaffier* and *Pierre* used to come in upon the stage, haunting *Belvidera* in her last agonies, which, God knows! exclaims our noble poet and critic, require no aggravation from spectral agency! The alterations of “ Venice Preserved” have redeemed it, he says, as a public spectacle, and as a work of taste—and of his short critique, how exquisite the close! “ Never were beauties and faults more easily separable than those of this tragedy. The former, in its purification for the stage, came off like dirt from a fine statue, taking away nothing from its symmetrical surface, and leaving us only to wonder how the author himself should have soiled it with such disfigurements.” Mr Campbell tells us, that when he saw Mrs Siddons perform *Belvidera*, she was in the autumn of her beauty, large, august, and matronly, and that he may have judged of her unspiritually, and too much by externals—so that he could have conceived another actress to have played the part more perfectly. So was it with ourselves. But when she was young, there were, he says, no two opinions about her perfection in the part. She was beautiful to the last—but “ Oh! the days when she was young!” Majesty must then have mingled with loveliness, wisdom with majesty, as if Juno, Minerva, and Venus had all met in one divine human face and form—a goddess indeed. We remember a passage in Boaden, though we cannot turn to it, where he says, that they who have but witnessed the force retained in her decline, cannot conceive the exquisite tenderness which she breathed in youth. Her genius was latterly so devoted to characters of power and majesty, that they who first saw her then, doubted if she could ever have been as mighty a mistress of the pa-

thetic. *Lady Macbeth*, and *Queen Catherine*, and *Constance*, and *Volunnia*, effaced the recollections of *Isabella*, *Jane Shore*, *Belvidera*, and *Euphrasia*—as well they might efface the tenderest records ever written on human hearts. But in her earliest seasons Pathos prevailed—voice, eyes, lips, looks, figure, motion—all were then sofly beautiful at will—and she stood “ pouring out sorrows like a sea.” Grief and pity seemed sometimes the sole emotions of humanity, and melting bosoms knew of no other tribute to pay to her genius but unmeasured tears. Even the O’Neil herself—one of the loveliest of God’s creatures—was not such a *Belvidera*.

In *Zara*, in the “ Mourning Bride” of Congreve, she appeared for her second benefit, March 18, 1783—and Godwin, to an expression of Mr Campbell’s wonder, “ how any powers of acting could throw magnificence around a character so vicious, so selfish, and so hateful, (strong words, my dear sir,) as *Zara*”—and to a question “ how the part of *Almeria*, who indeed ought to be the heroine of the tragedy (oh no!) had affected him,” replied, “ I recollect nothing about the acting of *Almeria*; for the disdain and indignation of the Siddons, in *Zara*, engrossed all attention, and swept away the possibility of interest in any thing else. Her magnificence in the part was inexpressible. It was worth the trouble of a day’s journey to see her but walk down the stage. Her *Zara* was not inferior even to her *Lady Macbeth*.” In the same conversation, the author of *Caleb Williams* spoke fervidly of Garrick; but said, “ that, in spite of Garrick’s superior versatility, Mrs Siddons shewed at times conceptions of her characters, which he thought more sublime than any thing even in Garrick’s acting.”

Mr Galt, in his “ Lives of the Players,” which he says in the Preface is “ among the most amusing books in the language,” after alluding to the presence of the Court at each of her characters during the first season, and her being afterwards appointed reading preceptress to the Princesses, says, that “ the greatest compliment, however, was paid in the justness of sentiment with which she

was uniformly regarded—calm admiration, and anxiety, with the profoundest sympathy, were her constant attendants. Those paroxysms of rapture, with which the vulgar and fantastical idolize some kinds of theatric talent, are proofs rather of its mediocrity, than of excellence. Judicious admiration is a quiet feeling, and the correctness of taste with which this gifted lady was throughout regarded, was something akin to the calm delight with which the works of Shakespeare and Milton are studied and enjoyed." There is much truth in the observation, but it must be taken with some limitations and corrections, to be entirely true. Mrs Siddons herself, in her Recollections, records various instances of the mania which she inspired—and one, especially amusing, which is described in Cumberland's Observer. Miss Monkton, a Fashionable, (afterwards Lady Cork,) invited her to her house to meet only half-a-dozen mutual friends—on a Sunday evening—but the astonished Siddons had to face "the sudden influx of such a throng of people as I had never before seen collected in any private house. It counteracted every attempt that I could make for escape. I was therefore obliged, in a state of indescribable mortification, to sit quietly down till I know not what hour in the morning; but for hours before my departure, the room I sat in was so painfully crowded, that the people absolutely stood on the chairs, round the walls, that they might look over their neighbours' heads to stare at me!" One morning, though she had given orders not to be interrupted, her servant could not hinder the invasion of a person of very high rank—"a tall, elegant, invalid-looking person," with a tail of Four, who accosted the domestic lioness, with a most inveterate Scotch twang and unintelligible dialect, with words to this effect—"You must think it strange to see a person intrude in this manner upon your privacy, but you must know I am in a very delicate state of health, and my physician won't let me go to the theatre to see you, so I am come to look at you here." So saying, down sat her Grace, stared for some time, apologized, and retired with her appendage. "I was in no humour to over-

look such insolence, and so let her depart in silence." But all such vulgar annoyances, from persons in their own belief the sole genteel, must have been trifles to one who received admiring homage from the truly great, and the respectful notice of royalty.

"I cannot now remember the regular succession of my various characters during this my first season, 1782-3. I think *Belvidera* came soon after *Isabella*, who almost precluded the appearance of all others for a very long time; but I well remember my fears and ready tears on each subsequent effort, lest I should fall from my high exaltation. The crowds collected about my carriage, at my outgoings and incomings, and the gratifying and sometimes comical remarks I heard on those occasions, were extremely diverting. The Royal Family very frequently honoured me with their presence. The King was often moved to tears, and the Queen at one time told me, in her gracious manner and broken English, that her only refuge was actually turning her back upon the stage, at the same time protesting that my acting was "indeed too disagreeable." In short, all went on most prosperously; and, to complete my triumph, I had the honour to receive the commands of their Majesties to go and read to them, which I frequently did, both at Buckingham-house and at Windsor. Their Majesties were the most gratifying of auditors, because the most unremittingly attentive. The King was a most judicious and tasteful critic both in acting and dramatic composition. He told me he had endeavoured, vainly, to detect me in a false emphasis, and very humorously repeated many of Mr Smith's, who was then a principal actor. He graciously recommended the propriety of my action, particularly my total repose in certain situations. This, he said, is a quality in which Garrick failed. "*He never could stand still—He was a great sid jet.*"

"I do not exactly remember the time, (she continues,) that I was favoured with an invitation from Dr Johnson, but I think it was during the first year of my celebrity. The Doctor was then a wretched invalid, and had requested my friend, Mr

Windham, to persuade me to favour him by drinking tea with him, in Bolt Court. * * * * The Doctor spoke highly of Garrick's various powers of acting. When Mr Windham and myself were discussing some point respecting Garrick, he said, "Madam, do not trouble yourself to convince Windham; he is the very bull-dog of argument, and will never lose his hold." Dr Johnson's favourite female character in Shakspeare was *Katharine*, in "Henry VIII." He was most desirous of seeing me in that play, but said, "I am too deaf and too blind to see or hear at a greater distance than the stage-box, and have little taste for making myself a public gaze in so distinguished a situation." I assured him that nothing would gratify me so much as to have him for an auditor, and that I could procure for him an easy chair at the stage-door, where he would both see and hear, and be perfectly concealed. He appeared greatly pleased with this arrangement, but, unhappily for me, he did not live to fulfil our mutual wishes. Some weeks before he died I made him some morning visits. He was extremely, though formally polite; always apologized for being unable to attend me to my carriage; conducted me to the head of the stairs, kissed my hand, and bowing, said, "Dear Madam, I am your most humble servant;" and these were always repeated without the smallest variation."

"I was, as I have confessed, an ambitious candidate for fame, and my professional avocations alone, independently of domestic arrangements, were of course incompatible with habitual observance of parties and concerts, &c. I therefore often declined the honour of such invitations. As much of time as could now be stolen from imperative affairs was employed in sitting for various pictures. I had frequently the honour of dining with Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Leicester Square. At his house were assembled all the good, the wise, the talented, the rank and fashion of the age. About this time he produced his picture of me in the character of the Tragic Muse. In justice to his genius, I cannot but remark his instantaneous decision of the attitude and expression

of the picture. It was, in fact, decided within the twinkling of an eye. When I attended him, for the first sitting, after more gratifying encomiums than I can now repeat, he took me by the hand, saying, "*Ascend your undisputed throne, and graciously bestow upon me some good idea of the Tragic Muse.*" I walked up the steps, and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears. This idea satisfied him so well, that without one moment's hesitation he determined not to alter it. When I attended him, for the last sitting, he seemed to be afraid of touching the picture; and, after pausingly contemplating his work, he said, "No, I will merely add a little more colour to the face." I then begged him to pardon my presumption in hoping that he would not heighten that tone of complexion so deeply accordant with the chilly and concentrated musings of pale melancholy. He most graciously complied with my petition; and, some time afterwards, when he invited me to go and see the picture finished, and in the frame, he did me the honour to thank me for persuading him to pause from heightening the colour, being now perfectly convinced that it would have impaired the effect; adding, that he had been inexpressibly gratified by observing many persons strongly affected in contemplating this favourite effort of his pencil. I was delighted when he assured me that he was certain that the colours would remain unfaded as long as the canvass would keep them together, which, unhappily, has not been the case with all his works: he gallantly added, with his own benevolent smile, "And, to confirm my opinion, here is my name; for I have resolved to go down to posterity on the hem of your garment." Accordingly, it appears upon the border of the drapery. Here ended our interview; and, shortly afterwards, his precious life. Her gracious Majesty very soon procured my dear little boy admittance to the Charterhouse; and the King, who had been told that I used white paint (which I always detest), sent me, by my friend Sir Charles Hotham, a condescending message, to warn me against its pernicious ef-

fects. I cannot imagine how I could be suspected of this disgusting practice.

"Sir Joshua often honoured me by his presence at the theatre. He approved very much of my costumes, and of my hair without powder, which at that time was used in great profusion, with a reddish-brown tint, and a great quantity of pomatum, which, well kneaded together, modelled the fair ladies' tresses into large curls like demi-cannon. My locks were generally braided into a small compass, so as to ascertain the size and shape of my head, which, to a painter's eye, was of course an agreeable departure from the mode. My short waist, too, was to him a pleasing contrast to the long stiff stays and hoop petticoats, which were then the fashion, even on the stage, and it obtained his unqualified approbation. He always sat in the orchestra; and in that place were to be seen, O glorious constellation! Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Windham; and, though last, not least, the illustrious Fox, of whom it was frequently said, that iron tears were drawn down Pluto's gloomy cheeks. And these great men would often visit my dressing-room, after the play, to make their bows, and honour me with their applauses. I must repeat, O glorious days! Neither did his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales withhold this testimony of his approbation."

During the summer recess of 1784, Mrs Siddons visited Edinburgh, and went through the fiery ordeal—or, in other words, the fiery furnace, of the most enlightened theatre in Europe. We need not say that not a hair of her head was singed—and that Melpomene was declared immaculate. The over-heated houses, however, which she drew, caused an epidemic, which got the name of the Siddons' Fever; and though it seldom proved fatal, the faculty flourished, and were in a palmy state. The physicians owed her a token, Mr Campbell hints, more immediately than the lawyers, from which we conclude the lawyers gave her one, after the example of their London brethren—though Scotland has never been celebrated for subscriptions. Proposals are issued, apparently with much national enthusiasm, but it cools on the people being

requested for their names in autograph, and on the brink of delivery the dust expires. But let it be recorded, to the immortal honour of our native land, that the price of the pit ticket was raised, during the engagement of the Siddons, to five shillings, without a national convulsion, while we believe the boxes rose in the same proportion. Her reception was worthy, says Mr Campbell, "of a land already enlightened by Philosophy and the Muses." She would have produced a sensation in Otahite or Kamschatka. But the old school of Edinburgh critics was far superior to the middle and the new, with Home and Mackenzie at its head, and inspired the public mind with its own taste and fervour. There were judges in those days of dramatic and theatrical genius—although it is manifest that even then the best Edinburgh audience must have been inferior to the worst London one that ever sat before the Siddons. Now we are in advance of the spirit of the age in ignorance and presumption, and believe that Kean trembled before us in *Richard, Shylock*, and *Othello*. The admiration of the Edinburgh audience, in the case of the Siddons, was sincere, like that of other savages; and without orders from their chiefs, they expressed it naturally in breathless silence and floods of tears. In calling them savages, we mean no offence, but a compliment. They surrendered themselves to the art of the enchantress, and were rapt in passion. But she had to put forth all her power to move a sluggish mass, which, when moved, heaved like a sea. "The grave attention," said she, in a conversation with Mr Campbell, "of my Scottish countrymen, and their *canny* reservation of praise till they were sure she deserved it, had wellnigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay; but she now felt as if she had been speaking to stones. Successive flashes of her elocution, that had always been sure to electrify the South, fell in vain on these northern flints. At last, as I well remember, she told me she coiled up all her powers to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart, that if *this* could not touch the Scotch, she would never again cross the Tweed.

When it was finished, she paused, and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice exclaiming, '*That's no bad!!!*' This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter! But the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause, that, amidst her stunned and nervous agitation, she was not without fear of the galleries coming down! Were we then a nation of gentlemen, or a nation of savages? Of both. In no country, much cultivated, could there have occurred on such an occasion such an exclamation, '*That's no bad!*' The consequent laughter shewed that civilisation had made some way among the body of the people—and the danger of the galleries proved that the upper ranks had reached even a high grade of refinement. But "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and eleven nights of Mrs Siddons introduced Christianity into the metropolis of Scotland. If we seem not to be sufficiently serious, let the wondrous lady speak for herself in her *Autograph Recollections*, in which she assumes a more solemn tone than in her colloquy with Mr Campbell:—"On the first night of my appearance, I must own I was surprised, and not a little mortified, at that profound silence, which was a contrast to the bursts of applause I had been accustomed to hear in London. No; not a hand moved till the end of the scene: but then indeed I was most amply remunerated. Yet, while I admire the fine taste and judgment of this conduct on the part of the audience, I am free to confess that it rendered the task of an actor almost too laborious; because customary interruptions are not only gratifying and cheering, but they are really necessary, in order to give one breath and voice to carry one through some violent exertions; though, after all, it must be owned that silence is the most flattering applause an actor can receive." O the intolerable fools that clap their greasy palms,—and

rough with their sweating feet, "at every pause the nightingale has made!" Not so did the Athenian mob behave during the representation of a tragedy of Eschylus—and was Clytemnestra a more hushing horror than the wife of the Thane? "Silence! brutes in the galleries!" we once heard an old gentleman indignantly cry—and that command should be remembered over all the house while a great genius is on the stage. As the great genius disappears—then, if you will, let there be thunder.

It was not till a year later, we believe, that our worthy friends—the people of Glasgow—welcomed the great actress to their beautiful city, and then they presented her with a massive piece of plate, with an inscription, purporting that they sent it as a proof of their being able to appreciate theatrical genius as well as the people of Edinburgh. That was so like them! T'other day, at the great Conservative dinner of the West, a burly burgher asked a thin slip of a friend of ours from the East, "if they could get up such a shine in Embro?" No—we could not—we have not the sense and spirit. Not that we grudge our guinea—at least "that not much"—but our unanimity is nominal—and we go about chattering in *câteries* instead of charging *en masse*—the wise are not consulted by the foolish—and the intrepid are overlooked by the pluckless. It is otherwise with the bold men of the West. But we are falling into politics—and Mr Campbell reminds his fellow-citizens of Glasgow—among whom, Tories and all, he is justly held so dear—Whig though he be—that in the days of their "imagined godliness, they shewed more practically than the people of Edinburgh, how well they could appreciate theatrical genius, by badgering and burning-out the *unfortunate histrions*." But lo! the end of our page. Next number we shall meddle with still higher matter.

THE CÆSARS.

(CONCLUSION.)

To return, however, to our sketch of the Cæsars—at the head of the third series we place Decius. He came to the throne at a moment of great public embarrassment. The Goths were now beginning to press southwards upon the Empire. Dacia they had ravaged for some time; “and here,” says a German writer, “observe the shortsightedness of the Emperor Trajan. Had he left the Dacians in possession of their independence, they would, under their native kings, have made head against the Goths. But, being compelled to assume the character of Roman citizens, they had lost their warlike qualities. From Dacia the Gothshad descended upon Mœsia; and, passing the Danube, they laid siege to Marcianopolis, a city built by Trajan in honour of his sister. The inhabitants paid a heavy ransom for their town; and the Goths were persuaded for the present to return home. But sooner than was expected, they returned to Mœsia, under their king, Kuiva; and they were already engaged in the siege of Nicopolis, when Decius came in sight at the head of the Roman army. The Goths retired, but it was to Thrace; and, in the conquest of Philippopolis, they found an ample indemnity for their forced retreat and disappointment. Decius pursued, but the king of the Goths turned suddenly upon him; the Emperor was obliged to fly; the Roman camp was plundered; Philippopolis was taken by storm; and its whole population, reputed at more than a hundred thousand souls, destroyed.

Such was the first great irruption of the barbarians into the Roman territory; and panic was diffused on the wings of the winds over the whole Empire. Decius, however, was firm, and made prodigious efforts to restore the balance of power to its ancient condition. For the moment he had some partial successes. He cut off several detachments of Goths, on their road to reinforce the enemy; and he strengthened the fortresses and garrisons of the Danube. But his last success was the means of his total ruin. He came up with

the Goths at Forum Terebronii, and, having surrounded their position, their destruction seemed inevitable. A great battle ensued, and a mighty victory to the Goths. Nothing is now known of the circumstances, except that the third line of the Romans was entangled inextricably in a morass (as had happened in the Persian expedition of Alexander). Decius perished on this occasion—nor was it possible to find his dead body. This great defeat naturally raised the authority of the Senate, in the same proportion as it depressed that of the army; and by the will of that body, Hostilianus, a son of Decius, was raised to the Empire; and ostensibly on account of his youth, but really with a view to their standing policy of restoring the Consulate, and the whole machinery of the Republic, Gallus, an experienced commander, was associated in the Empire. But no skill or experience could avail to retrieve the sinking power of Rome upon the Illyrian frontier. The Roman army was disorganized, panic-stricken, reduced to skeleton battalions. Without an army, what could be done? And thus it may really have been no blame to Gallus, that he made a treaty with the Goths more degrading than any previous act in the long annals of Rome. By the terms of this infamous bargain, they were allowed to carry off an immense booty, amongst which was a long roll of distinguished prisoners; and Cæsar himself it was—not any lieutenant or agent that might have been afterwards disavowed—who volunteered to purchase their future absence by an annual tribute. The very army which had brought their Emperor into the necessity of submitting to such abject concessions, were the first to be offended with this natural result of their own failures. Gallus was already ruined in public opinion, when further accumulations arose to his disgrace. It was now supposed to have been discovered, that the late dreadful defeat of Forum Terebronii was due to his bad advice; and, as the young Hostilianus happened to die about this time,

of a contagious disorder, Gallus was charged with his murder. Even a ray of prosperity, which just now gleamed upon the Roman arms, aggravated the disgrace of Gallus, and was instantly made the handle of his ruin. Æmilianus, the governor of Mœsia and Pannonia, inflicted some check or defeat upon the Goths; and in the enthusiasm of sudden pride, upon an occasion which contrasted so advantageously for himself with the military conduct of Decius and Gallus, the soldiers of his own legion raised Æmilianus to the purple. No time was to be lost. Summoned by the troops, Æmilianus marched into Italy; and no sooner had he made his appearance there, than the Prætorian guards murdered the Emperor Gallus and his son Volusianus, by way of confirming the election of Æmilianus. The new Emperor offered to secure the frontiers, both in the east and on the Danube, from the incursions of the barbarians. This offer may be regarded as thrown out for the conciliation of all classes in the Empire. But to the Senate in particular he addressed a message, which forcibly illustrates the political position of that body in those times. Æmilianus proposed to resign the whole civil administration into the hands of the Senate, reserving to himself only the unenviable burthen of the military interests. His hope was, that in this way making himself in part the creation of the Senate, he might strengthen his title against competitors at Rome, whilst the entire military administration going on under his own eyes, exclusively directed to that one object, would give him some chance of defeating the hasty and tumultuary competitions so apt to arise amongst the legions upon the frontier. We notice the transaction chiefly as indicating the anomalous situation of the Senate. Without power in a proper sense, or no more, however, than the indirect power of wealth, that ancient body retained an immense *auctoritas*—that is, an influence built upon ancient reputation, which, in their case, had the strength of a religious superstition in all Italian minds. This influence the Senators exerted with effect, whenever the course of events had happened to reduce the power of the army. And never did they

make a more continuous and sustained effort for retrieving their ancient power and place, together with the whole system of the Republic, than during the period at which we are now arrived. From the time of Maximin, in fact, to the accession of Aurelian, the Senate perpetually interposed their credit and authority, like some *Deus ex machina* in the dramatic art. And if this one fact were all that had survived of the public annals at this period, we might sufficiently collect the situation of the two other parties in the Empire—the Army and the Emperor; the weakness and precarious tenure of the one, and the anarchy of the other. And hence it is that we can explain the hatred borne to the Senate by vigorous Emperors, such as Aurelian, succeeding to a long course of weak and troubled reigns. Such an Emperor presumed in the Senate, and not without reason, that same spirit of domineering interference as ready to manifest itself, upon any opportunity offered, against himself, which, in his earlier days, he had witnessed so repeatedly in successful operation upon the fates and prospects of others.

The situation indeed of the world—that is to say, of that great centre of civilisation, which, running round the Mediterranean in one continuous belt of great breadth, still composed the Roman Empire, was at this time most profoundly interesting. The crisis had arrived. In the East, a new dynasty (the Sassanides) had remoulded ancient elements into a new form, and breathed a new life into an empire, which else was gradually becoming crazy from age, and which, at any rate, by losing its unity, must have lost its vigour as an offensive power. Parthia was languishing and drooping as an Anti-Roman state, when the last of the Arsacidæ expired. A perfect *Palingenesis* was wrought by the restorer of the Persian empire, which pretty nearly reoccupied (and gloried in reoccupying) the very area that had once composed the empire of Cyrus. Even this *Palingenesis* might have terminated in a divided empire: vigour might have been restored, but in the shape of a polyarchy, (such as the Saxons established in England,) rather than a monarchy; and in reality, at one moment that

appeared to be a probable event. Now, had this been the course of the revolution, an alliance with one of these kingdoms would have tended to balance the hostility of another (as was in fact the case when Alexander Severus saved himself from the Persian power by a momentary alliance with Armenia). But all the elements of disorder had in that quarter recombined themselves into severe unity: and thus was Rome, upon her eastern frontier, laid open to a new power of juvenile activity and vigour, just at the period when the languor of the decaying Parthia had allowed the Roman discipline to fall into a corresponding declension. Such was the condition of Rome upon her oriental frontier.* On the northern, it was much worse. Precisely at the crisis of a great revolution in Asia, which demanded in that quarter more than the total strength of the Empire, and threatened to demand it for ages to come, did the Goths, under their earliest denomination of *Gelte*, with many other associate tribes, begin to push with their horns against the northern gates of the Empire: the whole line of the Danube, and, pretty nearly about the same time, of the Rhine, (upon which the tribes from Swabia, Bavaria, and Franconia, were beginning to descend,) now became use-

cure; and these two rivers ceased in effect to be the barriers of Rome. Taking a middle point of time between the Parthian revolution and the fatal overthrow of Forum Terebronii, we may fix upon the reign of Philip the Arab, [who naturalized himself in Rome by the appellation of Marcus Julius,] as the epoch from which the Roman Empire, already sapped and undermined by changes from within, began to give way, and to dilapidate from without. And this reign dates itself in the series by those ever-memorable secular or jubilee games, which celebrated the completion of the thousandth year from the foundation of Rome.†

Resuming our sketch of the Imperial history, we may remark the natural embarrassment which must have possessed the Senate, when two candidates for the purple were equally earnest in appealing to *them*, and their deliberate choice, as the best foundation for a valid election. Scarcely had the ground been cleared for Æmilianus, by the murder of Gallus and his son, when Valerian, a Roman senator, of such eminent merit, and confessedly so much the foremost noble in all the qualities essential to the very delicate and comprehensive functions of a Censor,‡ that Decius had revived that office expressly in his behalf, entered

* And it is a striking illustration of the extent to which the revolution had gone, that, previously to the Persian expedition of the last Gordian, Antioch, the Roman capital of Syria, had been occupied by the enemy.

† This Arab Emperor reigned about five years; and the jubilee celebration occurred in his second year. Another circumstance gives importance to the Arabian, that, according to one tradition, he was the first Christian Emperor. If so, it is singular that one of the bitterest persecutors of Christianity should have been his immediate successor—Decius.

‡ It has proved a most difficult problem, in the hands of all speculators upon the Imperial history, to fathom the purposes—or throw any light upon the purposes—of the Emperor Decius, in attempting the revival of the ancient but necessarily obsolete office of a public Censorship. Either it was an act of pure verbal pedantry, or a mere titular decoration of honour (as if a modern Prince should create a person Arch-Grand-Elector, with no objects assigned to his electing faculty), or else, if it really meant to revive the old duties of the Censorship, and to assign the very same field for the exercise of those duties, it must be viewed as the very grossest practical anachronism that has ever been committed. We mean by an anachronism, in common usage, that sort of blunder when a man ascribes to one age the habits, customs, or generally the characteristics of another. This, however, may be a mere lapse of memory, as to a matter of fact, and implying nothing at all discreditable to the understanding, but only that a man has shifted the boundaries of chronology a little this way or that: as if, for example, a writer should speak of printed books, as existing at the day of Agincourt, or of artillery as existing in the first Crusade, here would be an error, but a venial one. A far worse kind of anachronism, though rarely noticed as such, is where a writer ascribes sentiments and modes of thought incapable of coexisting with the sort or the degree of civilisation then attained—or otherwise incompatible with

Italy at the head of the army from his aid by the late Emperor, Gallus; Gaul. He had been summoned to but arriving too late for his support,

the structure of society in the age or the country assigned. For instance, in Southey's *Don Roderick* there is a cast of sentiment in the Gothic king's remorse and contrition of heart, which has struck many readers as utterly unsuitable to the social and moral development of that age, and redolent of modern methodism. This, however, we mention only as an illustration, without wishing to hazard an opinion upon the justice of that criticism. But even such an anachronism is less startling and extravagant when it is confined to an ideal representation of things, than where it is practically embodied and brought into play amongst the realities of life. What would be thought of a man who should attempt, in 1833, to revive the ancient office of *Poöl* as it existed down to the reign, suppose, of our Henry VIII. in England? Yet the error of the Emperor Decius was far greater, if he did in sincerity and good faith believe that the Rome of his times was amenable to that license of unlimited correction, and of interference with private affairs, which republican freedom and simplicity had once conceded to the Censor. In reality, the ancient Censor, in some parts of his office, was neither more nor less than a compendious legislator. Acts of attalnder, divorce bills, &c., illustrate the case in England; they are cases of law—modified to meet the case of an individual; and the Censor, having a sort of equity jurisdiction, was intrusted with discretionary powers for reviewing, revising, and amending, *pro re nata*, whatever in the private life of a Roman citizen seemed, to his experienced eye, alien to the simplicity of an austere republic; whatever seemed vicious or capable of becoming vicious, according to their rude notions of Political Economy; and generally whatever touched the interests of the commonwealth, though not falling within the general province of legislation, either because it might appear undignified in its circumstances, or too narrow in its range of operation for a public anxiety, or because considerations of delicacy and prudence might render it unfit for a public scrutiny. Take one case, drawn from actual experience, as an illustration:—A Roman nobleman, under one of the early Emperors, had thought fit, by way of increasing his income, to retire into rural lodgings, or into some small villa, whilst his splendid mansion in Rome was let to a rich tenant. That a man, who wore the *laticlave* (which in practical effect of splendour we may consider equal to the ribbon and star of a modern order), should descend to such a degrading method of raising money, was felt as a scandal to the whole nobility.* Yet what could be done? To have interfered with his conduct by an express law, would be to infringe the sacred rights of property, and to say, in effect, that a man should not do what he would with his own. This would have been a remedy far worse than the evil to which it was applied; nor could it have been possible so to shape the principle of a law, as not to make it far more comprehensive than was desired. The Senator's trespass was in a matter of decorum; but the law would have trespassed on the first principles of justice. Here, then, was a case within the proper jurisdiction of the Censor; he took notice, in his public report, of the Senator's error; or probably, before coming to that extremity, he admonished him privately on the subject. Just as in England, had there been such an officer, he would have reproved those men of rank who mounted the coach-box, who extended a public patronage to the "fancy," or who rode their own horses at a race. Such a reproof, however, unless it were made practically operative, and were powerfully supported by the whole body of the Aristocracy, would recoil upon its author as a piece of impertinence, and would soon be resented as an unwarrantable liberty taken

* This feeling still exists in France. "One winter," says the author of *The English Army in France*, vol. ii, p. 106-7, "our commanding officer's wife formed the project of hiring the chateau during the absence of the owner; but a more profound insult could not have been offered to a Chevalier de St Louis. Hire his house! What could these people take him for? A sordid wretch who would stoop to make money by such means? They ought to be ashamed of themselves. He could never respect an Englishman again."—"And yet," adds the writer, "this gentleman (had an officer been billeted there) would have sold him a bottle of wine out of his cellar, or a billet of wood from his stack, or an egg from his hen-house, at a profit of fifty per cent, not only without scruple, but upon no other terms. It was as common as ordering wine at a tavern—to call the servant of any man's establishment where we happened to be quartered, and demand an account of the cellar as well as the price of the wine we selected!" This feeling existed, and perhaps to the same extent, two centuries ago in England. Not only did the Aristocracy think it a degradation to act the part of landlord with respect to their own houses, but also, except in select cases, to act that of tenant. Thus the first Lord Brooke (the famous Fulke Greville), writing to inform his next neighbour, a woman of rank, that the house she occupied had been purchased by a London citizen, confesses his fears that he shall in consequence lose so valuable a neighbour; for, doubtless, he adds, your ladyship will not remain as tenant to "such a fellow." And yet the man had notoriously held the office of Lord Mayor, which made him for the time *Right Honourable*. The Italians of this day make no scruple to let off the whole or even part of their fine mansions to strangers.

he determined to avenge him. Both Æmilianus and Valerian recognised the authority of the Senate, and professed to act under that sanction; but it was the soldiery who cut the knot, as usual, by the sword. Æmilianus was encamped at Spoleto; but as the enemy drew near, his soldiers, shrinking no doubt from a contest with veteran troops, made their peace by murdering the new Emperor, and Valerian was elected in his stead. This prince was already an old man at the time of his election; but he lived long enough to look back upon the day of his inauguration as the blackest in his life. Memorable were the calamities which fell upon himself, and upon the Empire, during his reign. He began by associating to himself his son Gallienus; partly, perhaps, for his own relief—partly to indulge the Senate in their steady plan of dividing the Imperial authority. The

two Emperors undertook the military defence of the Empire—Gallienus proceeding to the German frontier, Valerian to the Eastern. Under Gallienus, the Franks began first to make themselves heard of. Breaking into Gaul, they passed through that country and Spain; captured Tarragona in their route; crossed over to Africa, and conquered Mauritania. At the same time, the Alemanni, who had been in motion since the time of Caracalla, broke into Lombardy, across the Rhætian Alps. The Senate, left without aid from either Emperor, were obliged to make preparations for the common defence against this host of barbarians. Luckily the very magnitude of the enemy's success, by overloading him with booty, made it his interest to retire without fighting; and the degraded Senate, hauging upon the traces of their retiring footsteps, without fighting, or daring

with private rights; the Censor would be kicked, or challenged to private combat, according to the taste of the parties aggrieved. The office is clearly in this dilemma: if the Censor is supported by the State, then he combines in his own person both legislative and executive functions, and possesses a power which is frightfully irresponsible. If, on the other hand, he is left to such support as he can find in the prevailing spirit of manners, and the old traditionary veneration for his sacred character, he stands very much in the situation of a priesthood, which has great power or none at all, according to the condition of a country in moral and religious feeling, coupled with the more or less primitive state of manners. How, then, with any rational prospect of success, could Decius attempt the revival of an office, depending so entirely on moral supports, in an age when all those supports were withdrawn? The prevailing spirit of manners was hardly fitted to sustain even a toleration of such an office; and as to the traditionary veneration for the sacred character, from long disuse of its practical functions, *that* probably was altogether extinct. If these considerations are plain and intelligible even to us, by the men of that day they must have been felt with a degree of force that could leave no room for doubt or speculation on the matter. How was it, then, that the Emperor only should have been blind to such general light?

In the absence of all other, even plausible solutions of this difficulty, we shall state our own theory of the matter. Decius, as is evident from his fierce persecution of the Christians, was not disposed to treat Christianity with indifference, under any form which it might assume, or however masked. Yet there were quarters in which it lurked not liable to the ordinary modes of attack. Christianity was creeping up with inaudible steps into high places—nay, into the very highest. The immediate predecessor of Decius upon the throne, Philip the Arab, was known to be a disciple of the new faith; and amongst the nobles of Rome, through the females and the slaves, that faith had spread its roots in every direction. Some secrecy, however, attached to the profession of a religion so often proscribed. Who should presume to tear away the mask which prudence or timidity had taken up? A *delator*, or professional informer, was an infamous character. To deal with the noble and illustrious, the descendants of the Marcelli and the Gracchi, there must be nothing less than a great state-officer, supported by the Censor and the Senate, having an unlimited privilege of scrutiny and censure, authorized to inflict the brand of infamy for offences not challenged by express law, and yet emanating from an elder institution, familiar to the days of reputed liberty. Such an officer was the Censor; and such were the anti-Christian purposes of Decius in his revival.

to fight, claimed the honours of a victory. Even then, however, they did more than was agreeable to the jealousies of Gallienus, who, by an edict, publicly rebuked their presumption, and forbade them in future to appear amongst the legions, or to exercise any military functions. He himself, meanwhile, could devise no better way of providing for the public security, than by marrying the daughter of his chief enemy, the king of the Marcomanni. On this side of Europe the barbarians were thus quieted for the present; but the Goths of the Ukraine, in three marauding expeditions of unprecedented violence, ravaged the wealthy regions of Asia Minor, as well as the islands of the Archipelago; and at length, under the guidance of deserters, landed in the port of the Pyæus. Advancing from this point, after sacking Athens and the chief cities of Greece, they marched upon Epirus, and began to threaten Italy. But the defection at this crisis of a conspicuous chieftain, and the burden of their booty, made these wild marauders anxious to provide for a safe retreat; the Imperial commanders in Mœsia listened eagerly to their offers: and it set the seal to the dishonours of the state—that, after having traversed so vast a range of territory almost without resistance, these blood-stained brigands were now suffered to retire under the very guardianship of those whom they had just visited with military execution.

Such were the terms upon which the Emperor Gallienus purchased a brief respite from his haughty enemies. For the moment, however, he *did* enjoy security. Far otherwise was the destiny of his unhappy father. Sapor now ruled in Persia; the throne of Armenia had vainly striven to maintain its independency against his armies, and the daggers of his hired assassins. This revolution,

which so much enfeebled the Roman means of war, exactly in that proportion increased the necessity for it. War, and that instantly, seemed to offer the only chance for maintaining the Roman name or existence in Asia. Carrhæ, and Nisibis, the two potent fortresses in Mesopotamia, had fallen; and the Persian arms were now triumphant on both banks of the Euphrates. Valerian was not of a character to look with indifference upon such a scene, terminated by such a prospect; prudence and temerity, fear and confidence, all spoke a common language in this great emergency; and Valerian marched towards the Euphrates with a fixed purpose of driving the enemy beyond that river. By whose mismanagement, the records of history do not enable us to say, some think of Macrianus, the Prætorian prefect, some of Valerian himself,—but doubtless by the treachery of guides co-operating with errors in the general,—the Roman army was entangled in marshy grounds; partial actions followed, and skirmishes of cavalry, in which the Romans became direfully aware of their situation; retreat was cut off, to advance was impossible; and to fight was now found to be without hope. In these circumstances they offered to capitulate. But the haughty Sapor would hear of nothing but unconditional surrender; and to that course the unhappy Emperor submitted. Various traditions* have been preserved by history concerning the fate of Valerian: all agree that he died in misery and captivity; but some have circumstantiated this general statement by features of excessive misery and degradation, which possibly were added afterwards by scenical romancers, in order to heighten the interest of the tale, or by ethical writers, in order to point and strengthen the moral. Gallienus now ruled alone, except as regarded the restless efforts of insurgents, thirty of whom are

* Some of these traditions have been preserved, which represent Sapor as using his Imperial captive for his stepping-stone, or *anabathrum*, in mounting his horse. Others go farther, and pretend that Sapor actually flayed his unhappy prisoner whilst yet alive. The temptation to these stories was perhaps found in the craving for the marvellous, and in the desire to make the contrast more striking between the two extremes in Valerian's life.

said to have arisen in his single reign. This, however, is probably an exaggeration. Nineteen such rebels are mentioned by name; of whom the chief were Calpurnius Piso, a Roman senator; Tetricus, a man of rank who claimed a descent from Pompey, Crassus, and even from Numa Pompilius, and maintained himself some time in Gaul and Spain; Trebellianus, who founded a republic of robbers in Isauria which survived himself by centuries; and Odenathus, the Syrian. Others were mere *Terra filii*, or adventurers, who flourished and decayed in a few days or weeks, of whom the most remarkable was a working armourer named Marius. Not one of the whole number eventually prospered, except Odenathus; and he, though originally a rebel, yet in consideration of services performed against Persia, was suffered to retain his power, and to transmit his kingdom of Palmyra to his widow Zenobia. He was even complimented with the title of Augustus. All the rest perished. Their rise, however, and local prosperity at so many different points of the Empire, shewed the distracted condition of the state, and its internal weakness. That again proclaimed its external peril. No other cause had called forth this diffusive spirit of insurrection than the general consciousness, so fatally warranted, of the debility which had emasculated the government, and its incompetency to deal vigorously with the public enemies.* The very granaries of Rome, Sicily and Egypt, were the seats of continued distractions; in Alexandria, the second city of the Empire, there was even a civil war which lasted for twelve years. Weakness, dissension, and misery were spread like a cloud over the whole face of the Empire.

The last of the rebels who directed his rebellion personally against Gallienus was Aureolus. Passing the Rætian Alps, this leader sought out and defied the Emperor. He was defeated, and retreated upon Milan;

but Gallienus in pursuing him was lured into an ambuscade, and perished from the wound inflicted by an archer. With his dying breath he is said to have recommended Claudius to the favour of the Senate; and at all events Claudius it was who succeeded. Scarcely was the new Emperor installed before he was summoned to a trial not only arduous in itself, but terrific by the very name of the enemy. The Goths of the Ukraine, in a new armament of six thousand vessels, had again descended by the Bosphorus into the south, and had sat down before Thessalonica, the capital of Macedonia. Claudius marched against them with the determination to vindicate the Roman name and honour: "Know," said he, writing to the Senate, "that 320,000 Goths have set foot upon the Roman soil. Should I conquer them, your gratitude will be my reward. Should I fail, do not forget who it is that I have succeeded; and that the republic is exhausted." No sooner did the Goths hear of his approach, than, with transports of ferocious joy, they gave up the siege, and hurried to annihilate the last pillar of the Empire. The mighty battle which ensued, neither party seeking to evade it, took place at Naissus. At one time the legions were giving way, when suddenly, by some happy manœuvre of the Emperor, a Roman corps found its way to the rear of the enemy. The Goths gave way, and their defeat was total. According to most accounts they left 50,000 dead upon the field. The campaign still lingered, however, at other points, until at last the Emperor succeeded in driving back the relics of the Gothic host into the fastnesses of the Balkan; and there the greater part of them died of hunger and pestilence. These great services performed, within two years from his accession to the throne, by the rarest of fates the Emperor Claudius died in his bed at Sirmium, the capital of Pannonia. His brother Quintilius, who had a great command at Aquil-

* And this incompetency was *permanently* increased by rebellions that were brief and fugitive: for each insurgent almost necessarily maintained himself for the moment by spoiliations and robberies which left lasting effects behind them; and too often he was tempted to ally himself with some foreign enemy amongst the barbarians, and perhaps to introduce him into the heart of the Empire.

leia, immediately assumed the purple; but his usurpation lasted only seventeen days, for the last Emperor, with a single eye to the public good, had recommended Aurelian as his successor, guided by his personal knowledge of that general's strategic qualities. The army of the Danube confirmed the appointment; and Quintilius committed suicide. Aurelian was of the same harsh and forbidding character as the Emperor Severus: he had, however, the qualities demanded by the times; energetic and not amiable princes were required by the exigences of the state. The hydra-headed Goths were again in the field on the Illyrian quarter: Italy itself was invaded by the Alemanni; and Tetricus, the rebel, still survived as a monument of the weakness of Gallienus. All these enemies were speedily repressed, or vanquished, by Aurelian. But it marks the real declension of the empire, a declension which no personal vigour in the Emperor was now sufficient to disguise, that, even in the midst of victory, Aurelian found it necessary to make a formal surrender, by treaty, of that Dacia which Trajan had united with so much ostentation to the Empire. Europe was now again in repose; and Aurelian found himself at liberty to apply his powers as a reorganizer and restorer to the East. In that quarter of the world a marvellous revolution had occurred. The little oasis of Palmyra, from a Roman colony, had grown into the leading province of a great empire. This island of the desert, together with Syria and Egypt, formed an independent monarchy under the sceptre of Zenobia.* After two battles lost in Syria, Zenobia retreated to Palmyra. With great difficulty Aurelian pursued her; and with still greater difficulty he pressed the siege of Palmyra. Zenobia looked for relief from Persia; but at that moment Sapor died, and the Queen of Palmyra fled upon a dromedary, but was pursued and captured. Palmyra surrendered and

was spared; but unfortunately, with a folly which marks the haughty spirit of the place unfitted to brook submission, scarcely had the conquering army retired when a tumult arose, and the Roman garrison was slaughtered. Little knowledge could those have had of Aurelian's character, who tempted him to acts but too welcome to his cruel nature by such an outrage as this. The news overtook the Emperor on the Hellespont. Instantly, without pause, "like Atë hot from hell," Aurelian retraced his steps—reached the guilty city—and consigned it, with all its population, to that utter destruction from which it has never since arisen. The energetic administration of Aurelian had now restored the Empire—not to its lost vigour, that was impossible—but to a condition of repose. That was a condition more agreeable to the Empire than to the Emperor. Peace was hateful to Aurelian; and he sought for war, where it could seldom be sought in vain, upon the Persian frontier. But he was not destined to reach the Euphrates; and it is worthy of notice, as a providential ordinance, that his own unmerciful nature was the ultimate cause of his fate. Anticipating the Emperor's severity in punishing some errors of his own, Mucassor—a general officer in whom Aurelian placed especial confidence—assassinated him between Byzantium and Heraclea. An interregnum of eight months succeeded, during which there occurred a contest of a memorable nature. Some historians have described it as strange and surprising. To us, on the contrary, it seems that no contest could be more natural. Heretofore the great strife had been in what way to secure the reversion or possession of that great dignity; whereas now the rivalry lay in declining it. But surely such a competition had in it, under the circumstances of the Empire, little that can justly surprise us. Always a post of danger, and so regularly closed by assassination that in a

* Zenobia is complimented by all historians for her magnanimity; but with no foundation in truth. Her first salutation to Aurelian was a specimen of abject flattery; and her last public words were evidences of the basest treachery, in giving up her generals, and her chief counsellor Longinus, to the vengeance of the ungenerous enemy.

course of two centuries there are hardly to be found three or four cases of exception, the Imperial dignity had now become burdened with a public responsibility which exacted great military talents, and imposed a perpetual and personal activity. Formerly, if the Emperor knew himself to be surrounded with assassins, he might at least make his throne—so long as he enjoyed it—the couch of a voluptuary. The “*Ave, Imperator!*” was then the summons—if to the supremacy in passive danger—so also to the supremacy in power, and honour, and enjoyment. But now it was a summons to never-ending tumults and alarms; an injunction to that sort of vigilance without intermission, which, even from the poor sentinel, is exacted only when on duty. Not Rome, but the frontier; not the *aurea domus*, but a camp, was the Imperial residence. Power and rank, whilst in that residence, could be had in no larger measure by Cæsar as Cæsar, than by the same individual as a military commander-in-chief; and, as to enjoyment, that for the Roman Emperor was now extinct. Rest there could be none for him. Battle was the tenure by which he held his office; and beyond the range of his trumpet’s blare, his sceptre was a broken reed. The office of Cæsar at this time resembled the situation (as it is sometimes described in romances) of a knight who has achieved the favour of some capricious lady, with the present possession of her castle and ample domains, but which he holds under the known and accepted condition of meeting all challenges whatsoever offered at the gate by wandering strangers, and also of jousting at any moment with each and all amongst the inmates of the castle, as often as a wish may arise to benefit by the chances in disputing his supremacy.

It is a circumstance, moreover, to be noticed in the aspect of the Roman monarchy at this period, that the pressure of the evils we are now considering, applied to this particular age of the Empire beyond all others—as being an age of transition from a greater to an inferior power. Had the power been either greater or conspicuously less, in that proportion would the pressure have

been easier, or none at all. Being greater, for example, the danger would have been repelled to a distance so great that mere remoteness would have disarmed its terrors, or otherwise it would have been violently overawed. Being less, on the other hand, and less in an eminent degree,—it would have disposed all parties, as it did at an after period, to regular and formal compromises in the shape of fixed annual tributes. At present the policy of the barbarians along the vast line of the northern frontier, was—to tease and irritate the provinces which they were not entirely able, or prudentially unwilling, to dismember. Yet, as the almost annual irruptions were at every instant ready to be converted into *coup-de-mains* upon Aquileia—upon Verona—or even upon Rome itself, unless vigorously curbed at the outset,—each Emperor at this period found himself under the necessity of standing in the attitude of a champion or *propugnator* on the frontier line of his territory—ready for all comers—and with a pretty certain prospect of having one pitched battle at the least to fight in every successive summer. There were nations abroad at this epoch in Europe who did not migrate occasionally, or occasionally project themselves upon the civilized portion of the globe, but who made it their steady regular occupation to do so, and lived for no other purpose. For seven hundred years the Roman Republic might be styled a republic militant:—for about one century further it was an Empire triumphant; and now, long retrograde, it had reached that point at which again, but in a different sense, it might be styled an Empire militant. Originally it had militated for glory and power; now its militancy was for mere existence. War was again the trade of Rome, as it had been once before: but in that earlier period war had been its highest glory; now it was its dire necessity.

Under this analysis of the Roman condition, need we wonder, with the crowd of unreflecting historians, that the Senate, at the era of Aurelian’s death, should dispute amongst each other—not, as once, for the possession of the sacred purple—but for the luxury and safety of declining

it? The sad preeminence was finally imposed upon Tacitus, a senator who traced his descent from the historian of that name, who had reached an age of seventy-five years, and who possessed a fortune of three millions sterling. Vainly did the agitated old senator open his lips to decline the perilous honour; five hundred voices insisted upon the necessity of his compliance; and thus, as a foreign writer observes, was the descendant of him, whose glory it had been to signalize himself as the hater of despotism, under the absolute necessity of becoming, in his own person, a despot.

The aged senator then was compelled to be Emperor, and forced, in spite of his vehement reluctance, to quit the comforts of a palace, which he was never to revisit, for the hardships of a distant camp. His first act was strikingly illustrative of the Roman condition, as we have just described it. Aurelian had attempted to disarm one set of enemies by turning the current of their fury upon another. The Alani were in search of plunder, and strongly disposed to obtain it from Roman provinces. "But no," said Aurelian; "if you do that, I shall unchain my legions upon you. Be better advised: keep those excellent dispositions of mind, and that admirable taste for plunder, until you come whither I will conduct you. Then discharge your fury, and welcome; besides which, I will pay you wages for your immediate abstinence; and on the other side the Euphrates you shall pay yourselves." Such was the outline of the contract: and the Alans had accordingly held themselves in readiness to accompany Aurelian from Europe to his meditated Persian campaign. Meantime, that Emperor had perished by treason; and the Alani were still waiting for his successor on the throne to complete his engagements with themselves, as being of necessity the successor also to his war and to his responsibilities. It happened, from the state of the Empire, as we have sketched it above, that Tacitus really *did* succeed to the military plans of Aurelian. The Persian expedition was ordained to go forward; and Tacitus began, as a preliminary step in that expedition, to look about for his good allies the

barbarians. Where might they be, and how employed? Naturally they had long been weary of waiting. The Persian booty might be good after *its* kind; but it was far away; and, *en attendant*, Roman booty was doubtless good after *its* kind. And so, throughout the provinces of Cappadocia, Pontus, &c., far as the eye could stretch, nothing was to be seen but cities and villages in flames. The Roman army hungered and thirsted to be unmuzzled and slipped upon these false friends. But this, for the present, Tacitus would not allow. He began by punctually fulfilling all the terms of Aurelian's contract—a measure which barbarians inevitably construed into the language of fear. But then came the retribution. Having satisfied public justice, the Emperor now thought of vengeance: he unchained his legions: a brief space of time sufficed for a long course of vengeance; and through every outlet of Asia Minor the Alani fled from the wrath of the Roman soldier. Here, however, terminated the military labours of Tacitus: he died at Tyana in Cappadocia, as some say, from the effects of the climate of the Caucasus, co-operating with irritations from the insolence of the soldiery; but, as Zosimus and Zonaras expressly assure us, under the murderous hands of his own troops. His brother Florianus at first usurped the purple, by the aid of the Illyrian army; but the choice of other armies, afterwards confirmed by the Senate, settled upon Probus, a general already celebrated under Aurelian. The two competitors drew near to each other for the usual decision by the sword, when the dastardly supporters of Florian offered up their chosen prince as a sacrifice to his antagonist. Probus, settled in his seat, addressed himself to the regular business of those times—to the reduction of insurgent provinces, and the liberation of others from hostile molestations. Isauria and Egypt he visited in the character of a conqueror, Gaul in the character of a deliverer. From the Gaulish provinces he chased in succession the Franks, the Burgundians, and the Lygians. He pursued the intruders far into their German thickets; and nine of the native Ger-

man princes came spontaneously into his camp, subscribed such conditions as he thought fit to dictate, and complied with his requisitions of tribute in horses and provisions. This, however, is a delusive gleam of Roman energy, little corresponding with the true condition of the Roman power, and entirely due to the *personal* qualities of Probus. Probus himself shewed his sense of the true state of affairs, by carrying a stone wall, of considerable height, from the Danube to the Neckar. He made various attempts also to effect a better distribution of barbarous tribes, by dislocating their settlements, and making extensive translations of their clans, according to the circumstances of those times. These arrangements, however, suggested often by shortsighted views, and carried into effect by mere violence, were sometimes defeated visibly at the time; and, doubtless, in very few cases accomplished the ends proposed. In one instance, where a party of Franks had been transported into the Asiatic province of Pontus, as a column of defence against the intrusive Alans, being determined to revisit their own country, they swam the Hellespont, landed on the coasts of Asia Minor and of Greece, plundered Syracuse, steered for the straits of Gibraltar, sailed along the shores of Spain and Gaul, passing finally through the English Channel, and the German Ocean, right onwards to the Frisic and Batavian coasts, where they exultingly rejoined their exulting friends. Meantime, all the energy and military skill of Probus could not save him from the competition of various rivals. Indeed, it must then have been felt, as by us who look back on those times it is now felt, that, amidst so continued a series of brief reigns, interrupted by murders, scarcely any idea could arise answering to our modern ideas of treason and usurpation. For the ideas of fealty and allegiance, as to a sacred and anointed monarch, could have no time to take root. Candidates for the purple must have been viewed rather as military rivals than as traitors to the reigning Cæsar. And hence one reason for the slight resistance which was often experienced by the seducers of armies. Probus, however, as

accident in his case ordered it, subdued all his personal opponents—Saturinus in the East, Proculus and Bonosus in Gaul. For these victories he triumphed in the year 281. But his last hour was even then at hand. One point of his military discipline, which he brought back from elder days, was, to suffer no idleness in his camps. He it was who, by military labour, transferred to Gaul and to Hungary the Italian vine, to the great indignation of the Italian monopolist. The culture of vineyards, the laying of military roads, the draining of marshes, and similar labours, perpetually employed the hands of his stubborn and contumacious troops. On some work of this nature the army happened to be employed near Sirmium, and Probus was looking on from a tower, when a sudden frenzy of disobedience seized upon the men: a party of the mutineers ran up to the Emperor, and with a hundred wounds laid him instantly dead. We are told by some writers that the army was immediately seized with remorse for its own act; which, if truly reported, rather tends to confirm the image, otherwise impressed upon us, of the relations between the army and Cæsar as pretty closely corresponding with those between some fierce wild beast and its keeper; the keeper, if not uniformly vigilant as an Argus, is continually liable to fall a sacrifice to the wild instincts of the brute, mastering at intervals the reverence and fear under which it has been habitually trained. In this case, both the murdering impulse and the remorse seem alike the effects of a brute instinct, and to have arisen under no guidance of rational purpose or reflection. The person who profited by this murder was Carus, the captain of the guard, a man of advanced years, and a soldier, both by experience and by his propensities. He was proclaimed Emperor by the army; and on this occasion there was no further reference to the Senate, than by a dry statement of the facts for its information. Troubling himself little about the approbation of a body not likely in any way to affect his purposes (which were purely martial, and adapted to the tumultuous state of the Empire), Carus

made immediate preparations for pursuing the Persian expedition—so long promised, and so often interrupted. Having provided for the security of the Illyrian frontier by a bloody victory over the Sarmatians, of whom we now hear for the first time, Carus advanced towards the Euphrates; and from the summit of a mountain, he pointed the eyes of his eager army upon the rich provinces of the Persian Empire. Varranes, the successor of Artaxerxes, vainly endeavoured to negotiate a peace. From some unknown cause, the Persian armies were not at this juncture disposable against Carus: it has been conjectured by some writers that they were engaged in an Indian war. Carus, it is certain, met with little resistance. He insisted on having the Roman supremacy acknowledged as a preliminary to any treaty; and, having threatened to make Persia as bare as his own skull, he is supposed to have kept his word with regard to Mesopotamia. The great cities of Ctesiphon and Seleucia he took; and vast expectations were formed at Rome of the events which stood next in succession, when on Christmas day, 283, a sudden and mysterious end overtook Carus and his victorious advance. The story transmitted to Rome was, that a great storm, and a sudden darkness, had surprised the camp of Carus; that the Emperor, previously ill, and reposing in his tent, was obscured from sight; that at length a cry had arisen—"The Emperor is dead!" and that, at the same moment, the imperial tent had taken fire. The fire was traced to the confusion of his attendants; and this confusion was imputed by themselves to grief for their master's death. In all this it is easy to read pretty circumstantially a murder committed on the Emperor by corrupted servants, and an attempt afterwards to conceal the indications of murder by the ravages of fire. The report propagated through the army, and at that time received with credit, was, that Carus had been struck by lightning: and that omen, according to the Roman interpreta-

tion, implied a necessity of retiring from the expedition. So that, apparently, the whole was a bloody intrigue, set on foot for the purpose of counteracting the Emperor's resolution to prosecute the war. His son Numerian succeeded to the rank of Emperor by the choice of the army. But the mysterious faction of murderers were still at work. After eight months' march from the Tigris to the Thracian Bosphorus, the army halted at Chalcedon. At this point of time a report arose suddenly, that the Emperor Numerian was dead. The impatience of the soldiery would brook no uncertainty: they rushed to the spot; satisfied themselves of the fact; and, loudly denouncing as the murderer Aper, the captain of the guard, committed him to custody, and assigned to Dioclesian, whom at the same time they invested with the supreme power, the duty of investigating the case. Dioclesian acquitted himself of this task in a very summary way, by passing his sword through the captain before he could say a word in his defence. It seems that Dioclesian, having been promised the Empire by a prophetess as soon as he should have killed a wild boar [Aper], was anxious to realize the omen. The whole proceeding has been taxed with injustice so manifest, as not even to seek a disguise. Meantime it should be remembered, that, *first*, Aper, as the captain of the guard, was answerable for the Emperor's safety; *secondly*, that his anxiety to profit by the Emperor's murder was a sure sign that he had participated in that act; and, *thirdly*, that the assent of the soldiery to the open and public act of Dioclesian, implies a conviction on their part of Aper's guilt. Here let us pause, having now arrived at the fourth and last group of the Casars, to notice the changes which had been wrought by time, co-operating with political events, in the very nature and constitution of the Imperial office.

If it should unfortunately happen, that the palace of the Vatican, with its thirteen thousand * cham-

* "Thirteen thousand chambers:"—the number of the chambers in this prodigious palace is usually estimated at that amount. But Lady Miller, who made particular enquiries on this subject, ascertained that the total amount, including cellars and closets, capable of receiving a bed, was fifteen thousand.

bers, were to take fire—for a considerable space of time the fire would be retarded by the mere enormity of extent which it would have to traverse. But there would come at length a critical moment, at which the *maximum* of the retarding effect having been attained, the bulk and volume of the flaming mass would thenceforward assist the flames in the rapidity of their progress. Such was the effect upon the declension of the Roman Empire from the vast extent of its territory. For a very long period that very extent, which finally became the overwhelming cause of its ruin, served to retard and to disguise it. A small encroachment, made at any one point upon the integrity of the Empire, was neither much regarded at Rome, nor perhaps in and for itself much deserved to be regarded. But a very narrow belt of encroachments, made upon almost *every* part of so enormous a circumference, was sufficient of itself to compose something of an antagonist force. And to these external dilapidations, we must add the far more important dilapidations from within, affecting all the institutions of the State, and all the forces, whether moral or political, which had originally raised it or maintained it. Causes which had been latent in the public arrangements ever since the time of Augustus, and had been silently preying upon its vitals, had now reached a height which would no longer brook concealment. The fire which had smouldered through generations had broken out at length into an open conflagration. Uproar and disorder, and the anarchy of a superannuated empire, strong only to punish and impotent to defend, were at this time convulsing the provinces in every point of the compass. Rome herself had been menaced repeatedly. And a still more awful indication of the coming storm had been felt far to the south of Rome. One long wave of the great German deluge had stretched beyond the Pyrenees and the pillars of Hercules, to the very soil of ancient Carthage. Victorious banners were already floating on the margin of the Great Desert, and they were *not* the banners of Cæsar. Some vigorous hand was demanded at this moment, or else the funeral knell of

Rome was on the point of sounding. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that, had the imbecile Carinus (the brother of Numerian) succeeded to the command of the Roman armies at this time, or any other than Dioclesian, the Empire of the West would have fallen to pieces within the next ten years.

Dioclesian was doubtless that man of iron whom the times demanded; and a foreign writer has gone so far as to class him amongst the greatest of men, if he were not even himself the greatest. But the position of Dioclesian was remarkable beyond all precedent, and was alone sufficient to prevent his being the greatest of men, by making it necessary that he should be the most selfish. For the case stood thus: If Rome were in danger, much more so was Cæsar. If the condition of the Empire were such that hardly any energy or any foresight was adequate to its defence, for the Emperor, on the other hand, there was scarcely a possibility that he should escape destruction. The chances were in an overbalance against the Empire; but for the Emperor there was no chance at all. He shared in all the hazards of the Empire; and had others so peculiarly pointed at himself, that his assassination was now become as much a matter of certain calculation, as seed-time or harvest, summer or winter, or any other revolution of the seasons. The problem, therefore, for Dioclesian was a double one,—so to provide for the defence and maintenance of the Empire, as simultaneously (and, if possible, through the very same institution) to provide for the personal security of Cæsar. This problem he solved, in some imperfect degree, by the only expedient perhaps open to him in that despotism, and in those times. But it is remarkable, that, by the revolution which he effected, the office of Roman Imperator was completely altered, and Cæsar became henceforward an *Oriental Sultan* or *Padishah*. Augustus, when moulding for his future purposes the form and constitution of that supremacy which he had obtained by inheritance and by arms, proceeded with so much caution and prudence, that even the

style and title of his office was discussed in council as a matter of the first moment. The principle of his policy was to absorb into his own functions all those offices which conferred any real power to balance or to control his own. For this reason he appropriated the Tribunitian power; because that was a popular and representative office, which, as occasions arose, would have given some opening to democratic influences. But the Consular office he left untouched; because all its power was transferred to the Emperor, by the entire command of the army, and by the new organization of the provincial governments.* And in all the rest of his arrangements, Augustus had proceeded on the principle of leaving as many openings to civic influences, and impressing upon all his institutions as much of the old Roman character, as was compatible with the real and substantial supremacy established in the person of the Emperor. Neither is it at all

certain, as regarded even this aspect of the Imperial office, that Augustus had the purpose, or so much as the wish, to annihilate all collateral power, and to invest the chief magistrate with absolute irresponsibility. For himself, as called upon to restore a shattered government, and out of the anarchy of civil wars to recombine the elements of power into some shape better fitted for duration (and, by consequence, for ensuring peace and protection to the world) than the extinct Republic, it might be reasonable to seek such an irresponsibility. But, as regarded his successors, considering the great pains he took to discourage all manifestations of princely arrogance, and to develope, by education and example, the civic virtues of patriotism and affability in their whole bearing towards the people of Rome, there is reason to presume that he wished to remove them from popular control, without, therefore, removing them from popular influence.

* In no point of his policy was the cunning or the sagacity of Augustus so much displayed, as in his treaty of partition with the Senate, which settled the distribution of the provinces, and their future administration. Seeming to take upon himself all the trouble and hazard, he did in effect appropriate all the power, and left to the Senate little more than trophies of show and ornament. As a first step, all the greater provinces, as Spain and Gaul, were subdivided into many smaller ones. This done, Augustus proposed that the Senate should preside over the administration of those amongst them which were peaceably settled, and which paid a regular tribute; whilst all those which were the seats of danger—either as being exposed to hostile inroads, or to internal commotions—all therefore, in fact, *which could justify the keeping up of a military force*, he assigned to himself. In virtue of this arrangement, the Senate possessed in Asia those provinces which had been formed out of Carthage, Cyrene, and the kingdom of Numidia; in Europe, the richest and most quiet part of Spain (*Hispania Bætica*), with the large islands of Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and Crete—and some districts of Greece; in Asia, the kingdoms of Pontus and Bithynia. with that part of Asia Minor technically called Asia; whilst for his own share, Augustus retained Gaul, Syria, the chief part of Spain, and Egypt, the granary of Rome; finally, all the military posts on the Euphrates, on the Danube, or the Rhine.

Yet even the showy concessions here made to the Senate were defeated by another political institution, settled at the same time. It had been agreed that the governors of provinces should be appointed by the Emperor and the Senate jointly. But within the Senatorian jurisdiction, these governors, with the title of *Proconsuls*, were to have no military power whatsoever; and the appointments were good only for a single year. Whereas, in the Imperial provinces, where the governor bore the title of *Proprator*, there was provision made for a military establishment; and, as to duration, the office was regulated entirely by the Emperor's pleasure. One other ordinance, on the same head, riveted the vassalage of the Senate. Hitherto a great source of the Senate's power had been found in the uncontrolled management of the provincial revenues; but at this time Augustus so arranged that branch of the administration, that throughout the Senatorian or Proconsular provinces, all taxes were immediately paid into the *ærarium*, or treasury of the state; whilst the whole revenues of the *Propratorian* (or Imperial) provinces, from this time forward, flowed into the *fiscus*, or private treasure of the individual Emperor.

Hence it was, and from this original precedent of Augustus, aided by the constitution which he had given to the office of Imperator, that up to the era of Dioclesian, no prince had dared utterly to neglect the Senate, or the people of Rome. He might hate the Senate, like Severus, or Aurelian; he might even meditate their extermination, like the brutal Maximin. But this arose from any cause rather than from contempt. He hated them precisely because he feared them, or because he paid them an involuntary tribute of superstitious reverence, or because the malice of a tyrant interpreted into a sort of treason the rival influence of the Senate over the minds of men. But, before Dioclesian, the undervaluing of the Senate, or the harshest treatment of that body, had arisen from views which were *personal* to the individual Cæsar. It was now made to arise from the very constitution of the office, and the mode of the appointment. To defend the Empire, it was the opinion of Dioclesian that a single Emperor was not sufficient. And it struck him, at the same time, that, by the very institution of a plurality of Emperors, which was now destined to secure the integrity of the Empire, ample provision might be made for the personal security of each Emperor. He carried his plan into immediate execution, by appointing an associate to his own rank of Augustus in the person of Maximian—an experienced general; whilst each of them in effect multiplied his own office still farther by severally appointing a Cæsar, or hereditary prince. And thus the very same partition of the public authority, by means of a duality of Emperors, to which the Senate had often resorted of late, as the best means of restoring their own republican aristocracy, was now adopted by Dioclesian as the simplest engine for overthrowing finally the power of either Senate or army to interfere with the elective privilege. This he endeavoured to centre in the existing Emperors; and, at the same moment, to discourage treason or usurpation generally, whether in the party choosing or the party chosen, by securing to each Emperor, in the case of his own assassination, an avenger in the person of his survi-

ving associate, as also in the persons of the two Cæsars, or adopted heirs and lieutenants. The associate Emperor, Maximian, together with the two Cæsars—Galerius appointed by himself, and Constantius Chlorus by Maximian, were all bound to himself by ties of gratitude; all owing their stations ultimately to his own favour. And these ties he endeavoured to strengthen by other ties of affinity; each of the Augusti having given his daughter in marriage to his own adopted Cæsar. And thus it seemed scarcely possible that a usurpation should be successful against so firm a league of friends and relations.

The direct purposes of Dioclesian were but imperfectly attained; the internal peace of the Empire lasted only during his own reign; and with his abdication of the Empire commenced the bloodiest civil wars which had desolated the world since the contests of the great Triumvirate. But the collateral blow, which he meditated against the authority of the Senate, was entirely successful. Never again had the Senate any real influence on the fate of the world. And with the power of the Senate expired concurrently the weight and influence of Rome. Dioclesian is supposed never to have seen Rome, except on the single occasion when he entered it for the ceremonial purpose of a triumph. Even for that purpose it ceased to be a city of resort; for Dioclesian's was the final triumph. And, lastly, even as the chief city of the Empire for business or for pleasure, it ceased to claim the homage of mankind; the Cæsar was already born whose destiny it was to cashier the metropolis of the world, and to appoint her successor. This also may be regarded in effect as the ordinance of Dioclesian; for he, by his long residence at Nicomedia, expressed his opinion pretty plainly, that Rome was not central enough to perform the functions of a capital to so vast an empire; that this was one cause of the declension now become so visible in the forces of the state; and that some city, not very far from the Hellespont or the Ægean Sea, would be a capital better adapted by position to the exigencies of the times.

But the revolutions effected by

Dioclesian did not stop here. The simplicity of its republican origin had so far affected the external character and expression of the Imperial office, that in the midst of luxury the most unbounded, and spite of all other corruptions, a majestic plainness of manners, deportment, and dress, had still continued from generation to generation, characteristic of the Roman Emperor in his intercourse with his subjects. All this was now changed; and for the Roman was substituted the Persian dress, the Persian style of household, a Persian court, and Persian manners. A diadem, or tiara beset with pearls, now encircled the temples of the Roman Augustus; his sandals were studded with pearls, as in the Persian court; and the other parts of his dress were in harmony with these. The prince was instructed no longer to make himself familiar to the eyes of men. He sequestered himself from his subjects in the recesses of his palace. None, who sought him, could any longer gain easy admission to his presence. It was a point of his new duties to be difficult of access; and they who were at length admitted to an audience, found him surrounded by eunuchs, and were expected to make their approaches by genuflexions, by servile "adorations," and by real acts of worship as to a visible god.

It is strange that a ritual of court ceremonies, so elaborate and artificial as this, should first have been introduced by a soldier, and a warlike

soldier like Dioclesian. This, however, is in part explained by his education and long residence in Eastern countries. But the same Eastern training fell to the lot of Constantine, who was in effect his successor;* and the Oriental tone and standard established by these two Emperors, though disturbed a little by the plain and military bearing of Julian, and one or two more Emperors of the same breeding, finally reestablished itself with undisputed sway in the Byzantine court.

Meantime the institutions of Dioclesian, if they had destroyed Rome and the Senate as influences upon the course of public affairs, and if they had destroyed the Roman features of the Cæsars, do notwithstanding appear to have attained one of their purposes, in limiting the extent of imperial murders. Travelling through the brief list of the remaining Cæsars, we perceive a little more security for life; and hence the successions are less rapid. Constantine, who (like Aaron's rod) had swallowed up all his competitors *seriatim*, left the empire to his three sons; and the last of these most unwillingly to Julian. That prince's Persian expedition, so much resembling in rashness and presumption the Russian campaign of Napoleon, though so much below it in the scale of its tragic results, led to the short reign of Jovian (or Jovinian), which lasted only seven months. Upon his death succeeded the house of Valentinian,† in whose descendant, of the third generation,

* On the abdication of Dioclesian and of Maximian, Galerius and Constantius succeeded as the new Augusti. But Galerius, as the more immediate representative of Dioclesian, thought himself entitled to appoint both Cæsars—the Daza (or Maximus) in Syria, Severus in Italy. Meantime, Constantine, the son of Constantius, with difficulty obtaining permission from Galerius, paid a visit to his father; upon whose death, which followed soon after, Constantine came forward as a Cæsar, under the appointment of his father. Galerius submitted with a bad grace; but Maxentius, a reputed son of Maximian, was roused by emulation with Constantine to assume the purple; and being joined by his father, they jointly attacked and destroyed Severus. Galerius, to revenge the death of his own Cæsar, advanced towards Rome; but being compelled to a disastrous retreat, he resorted to the measure of associating another Emperor with himself, as a balance to his new enemies. This was Licinius; and thus, at one time, there were six Emperors, either as Augusti or as Cæsars. Galerius, however, dying, all the rest were in succession destroyed by Constantine.

† Valentinian the First, who admitted his brother Valens to a partnership in the Empire, had, by his first wife, an elder son, Gratian, who reigned and associated with himself Theodosius, commonly called the Great. By his second wife he had Valentinian the Second, who, upon the death of his brother Gratian, was allowed to share the Empire by Theodosius. Theodosius, by his first wife, had two sons—Arcadius,

the Empire, properly speaking, expired. For the seven shadows who succeeded, from Avitus and Majorian to Julius Nepos and Romulus Augustulus, were in no proper sense Roman Emperors,—they were not even Emperors of the West,—but had a limited kingdom in the Italian peninsula. Valentinian the Third was, as we have said, the last Emperor of the West.

But in a fuller and ampler sense, recurring to what we have said of Dioclesian and the tenor of his great revolutions, we may affirm that Probus and Carus were the final representatives of the majesty of Rome; for they reigned over the whole Empire, not yet incapable of sustaining its own unity; and in them were still preserved, not yet obliterated by Oriental effeminacy, those majestic features which reflected republican Consuls—and through them, the Senate and People of Rome. That, which had offended Dioclesian in the condition of the Roman Emperors, was the grandest feature of their dignity. It is true that the peril of the office had become intolerable: each Cæsar submitted to his sad inauguration with a certainty, liable even to hardly any disguise from the delusions of youthful hope, that for him, within the boundless empire which he governed, there was no coast of safety—no shelter from the storm—no retreat, except the grave, from the dagger of the assassin. Gibbon has described the hopeless condition of one who should attempt to fly from the wrath of the almost omnipresent Emperor. But this dire impossibility of escape was in the end dreadfully retaliated upon the Emperor: persecutors and traitors were found everywhere: and the vindictive or the ambitious subject found himself as omnipresent as the jealous or the offended

Emperor. The crown of the Cæsars was therefore a crown of thorns: and it must be admitted, that never in this world have rank and power been purchased at so awful a cost in tranquillity and peace of mind. The steps of Cæsar's throne were absolutely saturated with the blood of those who had possessed it: and so inexorable was that murderous fate which overhung that gloomy eminence, that at length it demanded the spirit of martyrdom in him who ventured to ascend it. In these circumstances, some change was imperatively demanded. Human nature was no longer equal to the terrors which it was summoned to face. But the changes of Dioclesian transmuted that golden sceptre into a base Oriental alloy. They left nothing behind of what had so much challenged the veneration of man: for it was in the union of republican simplicity with the irresponsibility of illimitable power, it was in the antagonism between the merely human and approachable condition of Cæsar as a man, and his divine supremacy as a potentate and King of kings—that the secret lay of his unrivalled grandeur. This perished utterly under the reforming hands of Dioclesian. Cæsar only it was that could be permitted to extinguish Cæsar: and a Roman Emperor it was who, by remodelling, did in effect abolish, by exorcising from its foul terrors, did in effect disenchant of its sanctity, that Imperial dignity, which having once perished could have no second existence, and which was undoubtedly the sublimest incarnation of power, and a monument the mightiest of greatness built by human hands, which upon this planet has been suffered to appear.

who afterwards reigned in the East, and Honorius, whose western reign was so much illustrated by Stilicho. By a second wife, daughter to Valentinian the First, Theodosius had a daughter, (half-sister, therefore, to Honorius,) whose son was Valentinian the Third.

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

CHAP. VI.

'Ha—who art thou?'

Brutus to the Ghost of Cæsar.

"Now, Master Abraham, if you try that trick again, I will make free with this mopstick, and break your head. Why, look here, cook, if he has not been teaching the child to chew tobacco! I suppose they will be asking Mr Weevil to serve him out his allowance of grog next."

It was Lennox who had spoken. I rung my bell. "What's the matter now, steward?"

"Oh, sir, they are massacring that poor little fellow, and teaching him all manner of abominations. But it's all in kindness, sir; so one really cannot be so angry with them as"—

"Never mind then, get breakfast. What sort of morning is it?"

"Quite calm, sir."

"And the frigate?"

"About a mile to the northward of us, sir. The boat that was sent on board with Mr Donovan, this morning, and to bring hay for the sheep, is now coming back again, sir."

Presently I heard the splash of the oars, then the noise and rumble of their being laid in; and the crew having got on board, she was hoisted up. By this time I was on deck; it was about seven o'clock in the morning, and, as the steward had reported, quite calm. "Heigh ho! another roasting day, Mr Marline," said I, as I swept the horizon with the glass, round every part of which the junction of sea and sky was obliterated by a hot quivering blue haze, through which the frigate twinkled, her white streak glimmering like a ribbon streaming in the wind, and her hull trembling, as it were, in every atom, while her masts appeared to twist like snakes, the small wavy motion beginning at the deck, and flowing upwards towards the mastheads.

"Yes, sir," said the midshipman, "every appearance of a broiling day, indeed."

"Well, get the awning up, as quick as you can." And I set myself to play with Dirty Phantom, until breakfast was ready.

After my frugal meal was ended, I went below, and took a book to while away the time in the least wearisome manner possible; but, being a dull dog I had got hold of, I soon tired; and, as I stretched myself on the locker, I saw Lennox, in his small pantry of a place behind the companion ladder, busy writing. When I first noticed him, he seemed very serious and melancholy. I could see a tear stand in his eye now and then, and he would blow his nose in a very pathetic and interesting manner; but as he went on, he once or twice laid down his pen, and laughed to himself, rubbing his hands in ecstasy. He again plied his task for some time quietly, until the laughing fit once more overtook him, when he threw himself back on the small settle, or block on which he sat, with such vehemence, that he cracked the back of his skull against the ladder very sharply, and uttered an involuntary "Oh!" In the confusion which this lapse threw him into, he upset the ink on his paper. Out of pure wickedness, I called out, "Lennox!"

"Coming, sir,"—while he bustled to gather up the ink, a precious article on board, with his pen, and to shovel it into the bottle again; but he did not come great speed this way, so he next tried a tea-spoon.

"Lennox!"

"Coming, sir."

"Coming? why, come then—give me a glass of water, will you?"

"This instant, sir—beg pardon, sir—but—but"—

By this he had got his papers stowed away, and made his appearance with his trowsers covered with ink. I looked at him; he was blushing to the eyes.

"Why, man, what have you been after? You have spilled all my ink, I see—writing love-letters, I suppose?"—In his bashfulness he here drew his hand across his face, and thereby transferred a good dash of the "best Japan" to his nose and

cheeks, the effect of which was so absurd that I could not help laughing outright.—“You are an author, perhaps?”

He blushed still deeper, and seeing I waited for an answer, rapped out, “I am, sir, in a small way.”

“The deuce!” said I, rather surprised that I should have hit the right nail on the head thus unexpectedly; “and pray, what works have you produced—what walk in literature have you especially followed out?”

“The novel line, lately, sir, but”—

“The novel line! A novel line, certainly, for a corporal of marines,” said I, interrupting him rather sneeringly.—“Pray, who and what were you, before you joined *Gazelle*, *Lennox*; that is, if you have no objections to tell?”

He did not make me a direct answer.

“You have been very kind to me, sir,” said the poor fellow, “and have more than once stood my friend, when, Heaven knows, I was desolate enough; and, if it had not been for you, Mr Brail, I would have gone overboard, some dark night, with a cold shot at my feet; for the Devil, who is always busy with desperate men, has been near getting the upper hand, atfener than I will stay the noo to tell. But as I was saying,”—and here a large tear rolled down his face, through ink and all,—“I am bound to you, sir, and if you have any desire to know who I am, or what I have been, I am ready to tell you.”

I was a little moved at this. “Why, *Lennox*, I have done no more to you, nor for you, than I hope every right-hearted man would have done to an inferior; but I will not deny that I have such a desire.”

He put into my hands a dirty roll of paper.

“Your honour has been very patient with me; but I hope I know my place better than to weary you with a long story; so, referring you to the manuscript, which you may read or not as you please, I will, with your permission, Captain, go and kill the pig, and then help the cook to scrape potatoes in the galley.”

Lennox withdrew—I looked after him, and then took a short turn on deck, where every thing was going

on properly; I then returned to the cabin, and having stretched myself along the locker, and seen the wind-sail comfortably drawn down the small skylight, I unrolled the manuscript. It was entitled,

“THE SORROWS OF SAUNDERS SKELP.”

Poor *Dominie Skelp*! his sorrows were amusing enough, here and there. His father, a respectable tradesman in a small country town, had cramped himself in every way to give his son a good education, and he had actually attained the barren dignity of a licentiate in the Scotch Kirk. After this he became schoolmaster in a landward parish of a certain county,—I forget its name,—in the south-east of Scotland, and was in the habit of occasionally preaching for Mr Bland, the parish clergyman. There were some scenes at the manse at which the young probationer was present, between this gentleman and “auld Mr Clour, the minister of *Thistledoup*,” and the famous high-flying Doctor *Soorock*, a celebrated evangelical clergyman of his day, that tickled me a good deal; but they are too long to extract. At length he fell in love with a beautiful and innocent girl; after which it was all the old story,—

“The course of true love never did run smooth;”

and the loves of *Saunders Skelp* and *Jessy Miller* were no exception to the rule: in fine, the young laird, Mr *Adderfang*, seduced the girl, and contrived, by a very mean and cruel ruse, to cast the blame of the transgression for a season on the poor *Dominie*, in the following manner:—*Saunders* had been for some time “sair fashed with an *income*” in his knee, (what this was I could not divine, until he explained that it was a tumour, of which, however, he soon perfectly recovered,) that rendered it necessary to strap on a kind of wooden leg or support, the sinews of the limb having contracted. The young laird, finding that his amour could not long be concealed, had a similar instrument privily made, and used it in his night visits to the girl, in order that if he were seen, the foot-prints

might be taken for the Dominie's, thus actually *forging the poor fellow's wooden leg*. To shorten a long and very melancholy story, Jessy Miller, the flower of the whole strath, sank under the blight of the scoundrel, and died in childbirth, and the poor Dominie's heart was nearly broken; indeed, the blow was heavy enough to "drive his wits a wee bit ajee," as he phrased it, ever after. In this half crazy, half desperate condition, he suddenly left friends, and house, and home, and wandered about the country, until, his means of subsistence failing, he enlisted into the militia; and afterwards, as related by Sergeant Lorimer, into the marines, on the reduction of the former. His subsequent history we know.

It is a broiling day on deck, so you had as well stay below, and I will give you an extract or two of his Sorrows. Take the following:

"About this time, old Durie Squake, the precentor, met with an accident which gave me temporary promotion in the kirk; for, coming into it one dark forenoon in the winter-time, after having oiled his chanter with a drap drink, he did not notice that the door of his wee poopit had been altered, so as to swing the contrary way to what it did before; and as it stood wide open, fronting him edgewise, it was as clean and invisible, as if it had been the blade of a knife, so that although the blind body had as usual his two paws extended, and stuck out before him, one holding his Bible and the other his pitchpipe, he ran smack up against the edge, clipping the leaf of the door with an outspread arm on each side of it, and thereby received such a *devel*, that his nose was bashed, and the sneek sank into his forehead, as if he had been struck with a butcher's hatchet, and down he fell with a grunt and a squelch on his back. 'Losh preserve me! I aye kenned I had a lang nose, but surely it's langer this blessed Sabbath than common!'

"He was helped up and hame by two o' the elders, and being a thick-skulled creature, he was soon repaired by the farrier in the village, so as to be maist as gude as new, no being muckle worth at his best, and he was at his wark again in no time, but although his skull was sound, his

voice was a wee cracked for ever after; and now the question came, what was to be done for a precentor that blessed day? A neighbouring minister, the excellent Mr Clour, was to preach, and by this time in the poopit, and he could sing none, I kenned; as for auld Mr Bland, our ain pastor, he was as empty of music as a toom bagpipe; so baith the ministers and their hearers sat glowering at each other for a guid space, until the uproar was over, and the bum had subsided, and I was just wondering what was to be done, when I found something kittle-kittling the crown of my head. I sat, it must be known, in a wee bit back jam of a pew, just before the minister's seat, and my father aside me. I looked round—it was the auld minister—'Saunders,' says he, 'your father tells me ye can sing fine—gae awa wi' ye, my bonny man, into the precentor's seat.' I was in an awful taking; the blood rushed to my face, and the sweat dropped from the point of my nose; nevertheless, I screwed up my courage, and like a callant louping into the water to bathe in a cauld day, I dashed into the psalm with great bir and success; but the speed I came, puffed up my vanity, until it burst, and I had a sair downcome that day. For finding that the precentor line was no sae difficult as I expected, I thought I would shine a bit, and at a solemn pause in the music aff I went, up and away, intil some fine tirlie-wirlies, which I could not canny get out of again. By and by, the congregation dropped off one by one, as I ascended, until I was left alone in my glory. I startled 'even at the sound myself had made,' and looked up to the roof, at the auld carved wark, above what had been the altarpiece when the Catholics had the kirk, singing all the while—but a nervous thought came over me, and suddenly I felt as if I had got screwed in amongst the roses and ornaments of the auld cornice, without the power of extricating myself; and how to get home again into the *Bangor*, that I had left so recklessly, I could not divine. At length, as my variations were nearly exhausted, Willie Johnston's auld colley, Snap, deliberately walked up the aisle, and cocking himself on end, raised his

voice and joined in chorus. This speedily brought me to a stand-still, for Balaam could not have been more amazed when his ass spoke than I was; besides I saw the folk were all laughing, until some of them took advantage of the pause to skirl up the original tune once more, and faith but I was glad to join them.

"It was the fashion in our parish, at this time of the year, to give two sermons at one sitting, but auld Mr Clour had only brought one, and our ain minister being as hoarse as a raven, there was nothing for it but that Mr Clour should split his in two. Indeed, I heard him say to our minister, as they walked into the kirk-yard together—'Well, friend Bland, if I maun preach twa sermons, while I hae only yin in my pouch, and nane in my head, they must just be of the shortest, for I can manage no other way than by halving it; however, I'll gie them a gude bit screed of a psalm to sough awa at after the first half, and that will help us "ayont the twall," as Burns says, before we begin to the second.'

"The first sermon passed over, and when he gave out the psalm that was to be the resting-place, the half-way house between the wings of his discourse, what was my dismay, to find that he, with all the coolness in life, read out six long verses! My mouth was dry enough, and my throat husky enough with my previous discomfort, heaven knows; but I whistled away, until I got to the line about 'a dry parched land, wherein no waters be,' when my voice fairly failed, and I lost the fang a'thegither. I made a desperate struggle, but there was nae mair sound in me than in a bagpipe with a hole in it, or a clarionet without the reed, or a child's bawbee whistle blawn dumb on the first day of the fair. So I waited for a while, and again set to, but my screech was this time a mixture of the cry of the corneraik and the hissing of a goose; besides I had lost the tune, and nane of the congregation could find it, so I squealed and sweltered about, until the hail kirk and pews, and the folk in them, danced before my eyes, and I could not tell whether I was on my head or my heels. At length I croaked out, '*Vox faucibus hæsit, domine—Vox faucibus*

hæsit. As sure's death, I can sing nane until somebody gives me a drink of water.' At this moment, I felt a slap on the cheek, which made me start and turn round, and there was the auld minister leaning ower the front of his pulpit, and ginning at me like the deil. 'I say, freen, if ye weary skirling up the psalm for yae half hour, hoo will ye carry on through a' eternity?' This drave me demented altogether, and making a rush from the precentor's desk, I stumbled down into my father's seat, who was lying with his head on his blue bonnet, peching and perspiring with utter shame and vexation. *I never tried the precentor line again.*"

At another time, he was equally unfortunate in his preaching;—we shall call this

"THE EPISODE OF THE STICK LEG."

On the day in question, Lord M—, the principal heritor or landowner in the parish, was present; and, in his desire to shine before the grandee, he waxed warm in his sermon, until he fairly broke away from the thread of his written discourse, which was holding down his imagination, he said, like "a string round the leg of a tame pyet."

Listen :

"Seeing his lordship in his pew—for he didna come to the kirk every Sabbath—one fine summer day, when I was to preach, I thought I would astonish him a wee bit; but, as it turned out, I was myself the maist astonished of the twa. For a quarter of an hour I was delighted to spy his looks of approval with the corner of my ee, the joy whereof drave me off my guard; for at a well-turned period, when I intended to bring my right hand down thump on the open Bible, I missed it, and smote the new elastic pulpit cushion instead, with such vehemence, that the old brazen-clasped Psalm-book spanged up, and out over into the air. 'Kep,' cried I; whereupon auld Durie Squake, the precentor, upturned his face, and thereby caught such a bash on the nose, that baith the lozens were dang out of his barnacles. 'Oh Lord, my sair nose!' (it had not recovered the blow against the door, as already related.) 'oh Lord! my sair nose is clean demolished now—

I maun get legs to my specs—for the brig's brak, and flattened in on my face like a pancake !' I tried to get back into my discourse, but I was awfully flurried ; and as I let fly another whack on the desk, the auld Earl, who, I could observe, even in the sweeter of my confusion, was laughing to himsell, turned up his gaisened pheesiognomy, ' By G—, lad, if ye break it, ye'll pay for't.' This put me daft—clean wud altogether—and I drave along at a furious rate, and stamped with my stick-leg on the stool that I stood on, until, in my confusion, down I slipped off it, and the bottom of the pulpit being auld and frush, the wooden tram flew crash through, and I vanished, the iron-shod end striking Durie Squake, the devoted precentor, such a crack on the tap of the head, that I thought I had felled him clean. ' Oh dear ! oh dear !' roared Squake ; ' the callant has first bashed my neb as saft as pap' (he was a wabster to his trade), ' and broken my spectacles, and noo he has fractured my skull with his d——d stick-leg.' I struggled to extricate the tram, but it stuck fast, until Tam Clink the blacksmith gave the end of it, as it protruded into Durie Squake's desk, such a bang with his great heavy hand, as if it had been his forehammer, that he shot me up with a jerk like a ' Jack in the box,' into the sight of the astonished congregation again.

"I sat down utterly discomfited, and, covering my face with my hands, wept bitterly.

"A murmur ran through the kirk, and I could hear whispers of 'Puir callant, gie him time to collect his thochts—gie him time—he's a clever lad Saunders—he'll be a' richt presently.' I took heart of grace at this demonstration of good and kindly feeling amongst my fellow-parishioners, and making a strong effort, yet with a face like crimson—my lugs were burning like red-hot iron—I finished my discourse, and dismissed the congregation. As I passed out of the churchyard gate, I found the old lord there ; it was a warm day, and he was sitting on a tombstone under the shade of the auld elm-tree, with his hat-off, and

wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, apparently waiting for his carriage to drive up.

"'Ca' canny, man,' said he, as I approached—'Ca' canny, Saunders,—dinna rive folk alang the road to heaven at that rate, man."

But the humour of the following extract, which explains itself, surpasses either of the former, in my estimation :—

"Next morning was the annual examination of my school, at which the three ministers were to be present, and the same passed over creditably to myself and scholars ; and the Doctor was very kind and condescending to the whole of us. In fact, we had seen the most repulsive side of his character, and he was the means of my being again invited this day to dinner by Mr Bland. After the examination, we had walked a mile into the country together, enjoying the delight of the schoolboys, who had gotten a half holiday after the examination, and were now rampaging about, like young colts broke loose, some jumping, some playing at football, others at shinty, while several were fishing in the burn, that twinkled past as clear as crystal ; and we were returning home to the manse, when Earl M——'s equipage appeared, coming along the small bridge that crossed a bend of the stream beyond the village. Presently it was hid by the trees round the manse, and then glanced on this side of them, until the houses concealed it. In another moment it rattled sharply round the corner, when the old Earl desired his postillions to walk until he met us. The moment Doctor Soorock saw the carriage go slow, he accelerated *his* motion, and stepped out and away before Mr Bland and Mr Clour, salaaming with his hat in one hand, and his gold-headed cane in the other, in rather too abject a style for one who had a kirk already. His lordship was still at pistol-shot distance, but nevertheless the Doctor strode on uncovered, with his eyes riveted on the carriage, until his foot caught on the projecting steps of the school-house door, and away he went, his stick flying through the school-house window, smashing the glass down in a tinkling shower—his hat

into the neighbouring pigsty, and his wig into the burn that ran by the road-side.

" 'Run, boys, run,' said I, as I helped him up, 'run and catch the Doctor's wig,' as it floated away down the stream, like a hedgehog covered with meal.

" 'Geordie,' cried one little fellow, 'hook the wig with your fly, man—hook the wig with your fly.'

" 'Allan is fishing with bait, his hooks are bigger,' quoth Geordie.

" 'Fling, Allan, man, fling—one gude cast, and you have it.'

" They both missed, and the wig continued floating down until it swam amongst a flock of village ducks, who instantly squattered away from it, as if it had been an otter.

" 'Cast a stane intil't, or it will soom to Berwick before nicht,' said wee Tam.

" 'Cast a stane intil't, Allan, man; you mark weel,' roared Geordie again.

" Flash one stone pitched into the water, close to it, and half filled the wig with water. It was pretty well saturated before, so that when another flew with better aim right into it, it instantly sank, and disappeared in the Dominie's Hole, as the pool was called. What was to be done? There was a spate had suddenly come down the water, and there was no seeing into the bottom of the pool, and there was not a creepy in the village, so the Doctor gave his wig up for lost, as well he might, and he had to cover the nakedness of the land for that day with one of Mr Bland's Kilmarnock nightcaps. He bore his misfortune, I will say, with great equanimity; and in the evening we all once more resorted to the school-house, to hear the boys sing, led by auld Durie Squake.

" We had taken our seats, a number of the villagers in their best; auld Durie had sounded his pitch-pipe, and the bits of callants were watching him with open mouth, all ready to open in full cry, like a pack of young hounds waiting for old Jowler's deep tongue, when the candle at his desk was suddenly blown out, and I called out in Latin, seeing that some of the bigger boys were close to it, '*Quid hoc rei?*' Wee Tam Stump at this louped off

his seat with great energy, fearing he was about to be blamed. 'Ventus played pluff, Dominie, ex that broken window, et extinxit the candle.' We had all a good laugh at this, and nothing more happened to disturb the harmony of the evening, until Allan Harden came running up the stairs, with a salmon lister in one hand, and a great dripping divot-looking thing on the top of it.

" 'What kept ye so late?' said I; 'you are seldom late, Allan.'

" 'I hae been dabbling with the lister the hail evening for Doctor Soorock's wig, sir, and I have speared it at last—*eccè signum!* Dominie.'

" A tiny buzz ran amongst the boys, auld Clour keckled audibly, and Mr Bland could scarcely keep his gravity, as Dr Soorock stirred the soaked mass, that Allan had cast on the floor, with the end of his cane, exclaiming—

" 'My wig—my wig, did the calant say? It canna be my wig.'

" 'Indeed it is yours, sir,' said the handsome boy, blushing deeply; 'if you but try it on, sir, ye'll find it sae.'

" The wig was finally turned over to the auld barber at the village, who dried it, but the Doctor had to go home in the Kilmarnock on the following day, as the scratch was ruined for ever."

Now, a small touch at the Dominie in the "melting mood," and we bear up again on our cruise. He had returned to the parish, after having completed his education, such as it was.

" And, oh! there was one that welcomed me back, with a smile and a tear, and a trembling of the tongue, and a heaving of her beautiful bosom, that was dearer, far dearer to my heart than father or friends, although I had a warm heart for them too. It was Jeasy Miller, the only daughter of Rob Miller the carrier's widow, a tall fair-skinned lassie, with raven locks, and dark hazel eyes, and a face and figure with which none of the village girls could compare.

" 'Ye are welcome home again, Saunders—heartily welcome; and you'll be glad to hear that the young leddies at the Hall—the laird's sisters, ye ken—have been very kind to me and my mother baith, and that I go up

there every day to work for them; and they have made me many a handsome present, as you see, Saunders, and many a good book have they sent me; and the young laird, Mr Adderfang, has come hame, ye will have heard,—I started, for I had *not* heard it,—and he is really very 'civil to us also.' We were speaking in a little bit green, at the westernmost end of the village. There was a clump of horse-chestnuts behind us, through which the breeze was rushing with a rustling sough, but it was neither strong enough nor loud enough to drown the buzzing, or rather moaning noise of the numberless bees that were gathering honey from its blossoms, for it was in June, or the rushing murmur of the clear sparkling burnie, that wimpled past at our feet, with a bit crazy wooden brig across it, beyond which a field of hay, ready for the scythe, was waving in the breeze, with the shadows of the shreds of summer clouds sailing along its green undulations, as they racked across the face of the sun.

"At the moment when the mention of the young laird's name by Jessy Miller, for he was known to be a wild graceless slip, had sent the blood back to my heart with a chill, a larger cloud than any that had gone before threw its black shadow over where we sat, while all around was blithe breeze and merry sunshine. It appeared to linger—I took Jessy's hand, and pointed upwards. I thought she shrank, and that her fingers were cold and clammy. She tried to smile, but it ended in a faint hysterical laugh, as she said,—'Saunders, man, ye're again at your vagaries, and omens, and nonsense; what for do ye look that gate at me, man?'

"'I canna help it, Jessy—no, for the soul of me, I cannot—why does the heaven frown on you and me only, when it smiles on all things beside?'

"'Hoot, it's but a summer cloud, and ye're a fule; and there—there it's gane, ye see—there, see if it hasn't sailed away over the breezy hay field, beyond the dyke there—come and help me ower it, man—come'—and once more I looked in her bright eyes undoubtingly, and as I lifted her over the grey stones, I

pressed her to my heart, in the blessed belief and consciousness that she was my ain Jessy Miller still

"But I had my ain misgivings that Jessy would flee aff frae me, now that I was a lameter, and I watched my opportunity to ask her frankly and fairly, 'whether we were to hold to our plighted troth, that we should be man and wife whenever I had laid by a hundred pounds from the school, (I had already fifty,) or that the calamity which had come over me'—I could scarcely speak here, for something rose up in my full breast, like a cork in a bottle that you are filling with water, and stuck in my thrapple like to choke me—'or that the calamity that had come over me, was to snap our vows in twain—and, Jessy Miller, I here declare in the presence of our Maker, if it has wrought such change in you, I release you freely—freely—although it should break my heart, I release you.'

"The poor girl's hand, as I spoke, grew colder and colder, and her cheek paler and paler, until she fairly sank on her knees on the auld grey moss-grown stone that covered the muirland grave of the Covenanters, situated about a mile from Lincomdodie. It was the gloamin', and the setting sun was flaming up in the red west. His last ray fell on the beautifully rounded form of the fair lassie, and sparkled on the tear that stole down her cheek, as she held up one hand to heaven, and grasped mine with the other.

"'Saunders Skelp, wi' ae leg or twa, or without a leg of your kind—if ever I prove faithless to you—may'

"'Hillo, Dominie—Dominie Skelp—you're a nice young man I *don't* know.'

"I started—Jessy shrieked, and rising, threw herself into my arms—and as I turned round, who should be ascending the hill, and now within a few yards of us, but the young laird himself, as handsome and buirdly a chiel as you would see in ten thousand?

"'Did that cloud come ower us at the side of the hay-field that day for naething, Jessy?' She could not answer me. The sun set, and one or two heavy drops of rain fell, and the lift darkened—ay, and something

darker and drearier stole across my brain, than the shadows which now began to settle down on the fair face of external nature. My heart fluttered for a moment, then made long irregular throbs, and finally I became dizzy and faint, and almost fell to the ground with Jessy in my arms.

"'Was I in the presence of an evil spirit?' said I to myself.

"'Why,' said the young gentleman, 'what has come over you, Saunders? I won't tell, man—so keep your own secret, and nobody will be a whit the wiser.'

"'Secret, sir!' said I, deeply stung; 'secret—I have none, sir—none—that I love the lassy, the hail parish kens, and I am not ashamed of it; but if you—ay, you, sir, or *any* man, dares'—

"'Heyday—dares! What do you mean by that, Master Skelp?—Dares!'

"My recollection and self-possession returned at this moment.

"'I beg pardon, sir; I have been taken by surprise, and in my anxiety to vindicate Jessy from all suspicion I have been very uncivil to you; I am sorry for it.'

"The aljectness of this apology caused me to blush to the eyes, but it was made, as I thought, to serve my heart—dear girl, and gulping down my chagrin and wounded pride, I turned to go away.

"'Well, well, Dominie, I forgive you, man, and I *believe* there is nothing wrong between you two after all. I only spoke in jest, man, and am in turn sorry to have given you pain; so gie's your hand—there—and I must have a kiss from Miss Miller, the darling, or I never shall believe that you have both really and truly forgiven me.'

"We returned together to the village; I would willingly have shaken off the youngster, but he insisted on seeing Jessy home, and as I had no plea to prevent him, I submitted in great bitterness of spirit."

Enough and to spare of the Sorrows of Dominie Skelp; those who desire more must wait until he publishes them: but the *Midge* is but a little vessel, and a heavy episode would swamp her. So—

"Here, Mr Peake, clap on that purchase, and take a small pull of

the main-halyards, before we keep away, do you hear? Belay all that. Now, Dogvane, put the helm up—so. Let draw the foresheet there."

"Ay, ay, sir."

And once more the wicked little *Midge* buzzes along free.

* * * * *

The day wore on without any thing worth relating. At length I was disturbed by a loud burst of laughter on deck, and adjourned to the open air. The first thing that struck me was poor little Dicky Phantom, a close prisoner in a turkey basket—a large wicker-cage-looking affair, that we had originally brought from the frigate with poultry. He was crying bitterly.

"Dogvane, what has the child been doing that you have imprisoned him in this way?"

"Why, sir," said Mr Weevil, the purser—"it is a vagary of Lennox's. The child was certainly nearly overboard to-day, so, for fear of accidents, he has chosen to coop him up in this fantastical manner, as if he had been a turkey."

"Poo, poo—release him. Here, Dicky, come out, will you?"

I undid the latch, and the little fellow crept out on all-fours. As soon as he was at large, he laid hold of the cage, and would have thrown it overboard, if I had not prevented him.

"No, no, Master Dicky, it is a good idea of Lennox's; and mind, whenever you are a bad boy, in you go again."

"I was not bad boy," said the urchin; "Lennox, big mens were bad boy."

"How, Dicky, how?"

"Oh dem shame poor Quacco—see, see, dere."

I looked forward, and noticed Quacco coming on deck through the forehatchway, a very extraordinary-looking figure certainly. It seemed that our sable friend had missed muster twice running, so the men thought they would fall on a method of curing him; but before they could put it in force, they had to imprison poor little Dicky, who was much attached to the negro, and evinced great grief when they commenced operations.

Their plan was this. They got some

molasses, and anointed his woolly pate as he slept, and then, with the cook's dredging-box, they plastered the same over with flour, and left him in his hammock, in place of rousing him out to take his morning watch. They thus converted his pate into a regular cockroach trap, for those horrible beetles crowded from all corners of the 'tween-decks, and settling down on the molasses and flour, soon got their feet entangled and their wings besmeared in such a way that they could not start either tack or sheet, but were glued in a living web of abomination to the poor devil's head. I took Dicky in my arms, and ordered Quacco aft. Although I was angry, I could not help laughing at the figure he cut, with his white head, like a large cauliflower, bespangled, not with bees, but with large brown beetles, who were fluttering with their wings, and shaking their long feelers or antennæ, and struggling to get their legs out of the bog of treacle and flour; while the poor fellow, half asleep, was as yet in a great measure unconscious of his situation.

"Who has done this? I say, men, if you make a beast of the poor devil in this way again, mind your hands—that's all. Here, cook, take Quacco into the bows, and let your mate scrub him clean."

"Why, we shall have to cut his wool out, sir."

"Hair, if you please, Massa Draining," interjected the culprit himself; "sheep hab wool—black gentleman wear hair."

"Yes, and he should pay the powder tax," said I, laughing against my will. "Well, well, Drainings, do as you please, but have him cleaned instantly; his appearance, with those crawling insects amongst the wool—hair, I beg pardon—is shocking; so forward, Master Quacco, and be scrubbed."

"Ay," quoth little Dicky,—"forward, Massa Quacco, and be scrub;" and great was the laughter and shouting at the shearing of Sergeant Quacco.

* * * * *

"What is that flying on board the Gazelle, Mr Peake?"

"The signal to chase in the north-west, sir."

"Mast-head there,"—the lookout-

man answered me—"do you see anything in the north-west quarter?"

"No, sir," replied the man.

"Very well. Turn the hands up, Mr Peake, and make sail."

This was accordingly done; and, after having hauled our wind about an hour, we made out the vessel, which the frigate had seen so much sooner than us, in consequence of her great superiority in the height of her masts. We chased the whole forenoon; and, as we rose the vessel, made her out to be a large merchantship under all sail, evidently desirous of avoiding the pleasure of our society if she could; for verily, like the ugly face of many an honest man, our appearance was far from bringing the best of us, our rig being deucedly toguish.

By five o'clock in the afternoon we were within half a mile, when we hoisted our colours and pennant, and fired a gun to make our friend heave to; but this she declined to do, and we now guessed that she was one of the large London traders. There were, we could see, a number of people on deck, some of them apparently passengers.

"Why, Mr Wadding," said I to the gunner, "he seems determined to lead us a dance; we must send the next shot nearer him."

The old man was looking through the glass at her.

"If I don't mistake, they are training two guns aft, sir, there, through the stern-ports; and she must have a crew of some forty hands I think, from the people I see on deck. There are a number of amphibious-looking people beside on the poop—passengers, I suppose—busy with muskets, sir. If he persists in refusing to let us board him, he will bother us a little."

"That is his look-out," said I. "Set every rag that will draw, Mr Marline, and clear away both guns. Pipe away the cutter's crew, boat-swain, and see they are properly armed."

I went below to dress myself, and as I was putting on my jacket, bang, I heard a gun fired at us.

"Call Mr Brail, Lennex," said Mr Marline. "Tell him the chase has run out two stern chase-guns, and has just fired at us."

I came on deck as he spoke.

"Did the shot come near you, Mr Marline?"

"It whistled right over our mast-head, sir—it was very well aimed."

"Never mind, haul as close by the wind as you can, and gain the weather gage if possible. I want to creep alongside on his weather quarter."

This was done; and seeing that we sailed so much faster than he did, and that, as we hauled up across his stern within musket-shot, with both guns pointed at him, we could rake him if we chose, he did not venture to fire again. Presently we were within hail. I asked what ship it was, and found that it was the *Roger Beresford*, or some such name, from London, bound to Antigua.

"Heave to, and I will send a boat on board of you."

But although his fight had considerably evaporated, yet he seemed no ways inclined to do this thing, even after I told him who we were, and that the vessel astern was his Majesty's frigate the *Gazelle*. He kept his people all at quarters, and I noticed that his broadside consisted of six twelve-pound carronades, and a long gun amidships; rather too many pills for a comfortable dose if he should prove obstinate, besides the absurdity of the thing in being peppered by one of our own merchant craft, through a vagary of the captain's.

As we approached, one of the muskets of the motley group that were clustered on the poop went off, apparently from awkwardness or accident, which the others took for a signal, and four or five were let drive, but fortunately mighty wide of their mark.

"Mr Peake, fire that musket close over the heads of these heroes."

Crack—the whole bunch bobbed, as if they had seen the bullet coming; and immediately the gallant band tumbled down, one over another, on the quarterdeck, in much admired disorder. I ranged close alongside, with the boat towing astern, ready manned and armed, and all hands at quarters. This formidable manoeuvre seemed to quail the courage of the chase a little.

"I shall board you, whether you will or not, my fine fellow; so round to this instant, or I fire into you."

Seeing I was angry and in earnest, he now did as desired. I was presently on deck, and found he was a running ship, who, not liking our appearance, had very properly tried to escape in the first instance, and, finding that impossible, to fight, if need were, in the second. All his papers were right, and I had time to take a squint at the passengers. There were several ladies on board—three, I think—an elderly one, and two very handsome girls. They were now on deck, surrounded by the male passengers, the Spartan Band who had made such a hostile demonstration on the poop, some of whom cut rather conspicuous figures, in their shooting jackets, with brawn-new red turkey leather pocketbooks peeping out of the numberless pockets, and gay seal-skin caps, and natty waistcoats, with lots of chains and seals—every thing, in fact, of the newest and gaudiest—and oh for the murder and piracy of his Majesty's English amongst the Cockney crew! One spruce young fellow—the youth whose musket had gone off by mistake—had chosen to equip himself, sailor fashion, jacket, trousers, and white vest, with a straw hat and black ribbon, and lots of light brass buttons, all astonishingly fine. He kept swaggering about the deck, on which, by the way, he could hardly stand, and twice, rather unceremoniously, thrust himself between me and one of the young ladies, to whom I happened to be speaking. I determined to give him a fright.

"Dogvane, order the boat's crew on deck."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Now, captain, have the kindness to muster your crew, if you please."

The man remonstrated, but I insisted; and presently the poor fellows were ranged on the lee-side of the quarterdeck, each in momentary dread of being selected as pressed men.

"Why, sir," persisted the captain, "I solemnly protest against this; we carry a letter of marque, sir; and it is more than your commission is worth to take any of my hands. I solemnly protest against such conduct."

I apparently gave in.

"Very well, sir; but we must be manned by hook or crook, you know, however unwilling to distress run-

ning ships. Oh, I see—*there* is a smart hand, in the gay jacket there, who does not seem to belong to your crew—a good seaman, evidently, by the cut of his jib."

This last part of my speech was intended to be overheard by the fresh-water sailor, with the brass buttons, who now toddled up to me—the vessel was rolling a good deal—smirking and smiling—

"Why, captain, I have paid great attention since we embarked, and really I have become a very capital sailor, sir. Do you know I have been twice through the lubber's hole?"

"Really!" said I. "I knew you were a thorough good bit of stuff;" and then in a gruff voice, "so hand up your bag, sir, and step into the boat."

"Hand up my bag, and step into the boat!" said the poor fellow, all abroad; "my bag! la, sir, my clothes ain't packed, and why should I go into *your* boat?"

"Simply," said I, slapping him on the shoulder with force to make him wince again, "that you are the man I want. Your nautical air and speech have betrayed you, sir; and I can see with half an eye that you are second-mate of some vessel, and I therefore press you into the service, to serve his Majesty on board of his gallant frigate the *Gazelle* there"—pointing to her, as she was fast coming up astern.

He shrank back in great alarm.

"Lack-a-daisy, sir, it's all a mistake—I am no sailor, sir—I am Joe Wilkins the draper, son of old Joe Wilkins, number so-and-so, Coleman Street. Me a sailor!"

I laughed.

"Well, well, Mr Joseph Wilkins, I begin to think I may be wrong; but never pass yourself off for a sailor again, lest worse come of it; and never take firearms into your hands until you learn how to manage them. Why, sir," continued I sternly, "you were the cause of five musket-shots being fired at us, and the blood of men who were doing no more than their duty, sir, might have been spilt by your swaggering."

As I spoke, he had gradually crept away towards the companion, and by this time nothing but his head was above deck. I made a sudden spring at him, when he vanished in

a moment, amid a volley of laughter from all hands. I now made my bow to the ladies, apologizing for any little alarm we might have caused, and bidding the captain goodbye, and speedily at home again.

The period was now approaching when we were to part company, the *Gazelle* for Jamaica, and the *Midge* for Havanna; and on such a day, having received my orders, we altered our course a point or two to the northward, and lost sight of the Commodore before the night fell.

Nothing particular occurred until we arrived within a couple of days' sail of Havanna, when we made out a sail lying becalmed right a-head; we carried the breeze up to within half a mile of her, when it failed us also, and there we both lay rolling on the glass-like swell of the great Bahama Channel, one of the hottest quarters of the globe in a calm that ever I was in. The heat was absolutely roasting. The vessel we had seen was a brig with bright sides, which, as we approached, had hoisted a signal of distress at the mizen peak, the American ensign, with the stars down, and the stripes uppermost. I immediately manned a boat, and pulled towards her, for apparently she had none of her own. As we neared her, the crew, some six or eight hands, were running about the deck, and holding out their hands imploringly towards us, in a way that I could not account for. As we came closer, the master hailed in a low husky voice, "For Heaven's sake send us some water, sir, we are perishing of thirst—water, sir, water, if you please." I was now alongside, when three men absolutely tumbled over the brig's side into the boat, and began, before we could recover our surprise, to struggle who should first get his lips into the small puddle of dirty water in the bottom of it. Brackish as it must have been, it was drunk up in a moment. The extremity of the poor fellows was evidently great, so I jumped on deck, and immediately sent back the boat for a breaker of water, with orders to pull for life and death.

Sailors have their virtues and vices like other men, but I am not arrogating when I say, that a scene like this, in all its appalling bearings, that misery, such as we saw before us, so peculiarly incidental to his

own condition, would, were it from this cause alone, thrill to a sailor's heart, with a force unknown and undreamt of by any other human being. Dogvane, the old quartermaster, had steered me on board. He now jumped up in the sheets, and cast off his jacket—*Jabos, you limber villain,*" said to a slight boy who pulled the foremost oar, "come out of the bow, and take the tiller, will ye? and mind you steer steady. Shift forward, my hearties, and give me the stroke oar." The boat's crew at this hint tore their hats off, with a chance of a stroke of the sun before their eyes, and threw them to the bottom of the boat, stripped up their frock sleeves to their armpits, undid the ribbons that fastened their frock collars, new-fitted their stretchers, and wetting the palms of their hands, feathered their oars, and waited for the word. "Now mind your strain, my lads," again sung out old Dogvane, "until the boat gathers way—no springing of the ash staves, do you hear? Give way now." The boat started off like an arrow—the oars groaned and cheeped, the water buzzed away into a long snow-white frothy wake, and in *no time* she was alongside the felucca, on whose deck, in his red-hot haste, Dogvane first toppled down on his nose, and then bundled down the main hatchway; in another moment a small cask, ready slung, slowly ascended, and was rolled across the deck into the boat. But this was not all; the Midgees on board the felucca were instantly all astir, and buzzing about at a devil of a rate—out sweeps was the word, and there was the black hull of the little vessel torn along the shining surface of the calm sea, right in the wake of the boat, by twelve long dark sweeps, looking for all the world, in the distance, like a beetle chasing a common fly across a polished mirror, blazing with intolerable radiance under the noon-day sun.

It appeared that, first of all, the brig had been a long time baffled in the Horse latitudes, which ran their supply of water short; and, latterly, they had lain ten days becalmed where we found them. Several days before we fell in with them, they had sent away the boat with three hands to try and reach the shore, and bring

back a supply, but they had never returned, having in all likelihood either perished from thirst before they got to land, or missed the brig on their way back. No soul on board, neither captain nor crew, had cooled—is parched tongue for eight-and-~~erty~~ *prty* hours before we boarded them—*this in such a climate!*

There was not only no water, but not a drop of liquid unconsumed of any kind or description whatsoever, but some new rum, which the men had freely made use of at first, until two of them died raving mad in consequence. When I got on board, the cask was lying open on the tap, and, perishing as they were, not one of them could swallow a drop of it if they had tried; they said it was like taking molten lead into their mouths, at any time when driven, by the fierceness of their sufferings, to attempt to assuage their thirst with it. I had not been five minutes on board, when the captain seemed to go mad altogether.

"My poor wife, sir—oh, God, she is dying in the cabin, sir—she may be dead—she must be dead—but I dare not go below to look at her.—Oh, as you hope for mercy at your dying day, hail your people to make haste, sir—half an hour may be too late"—and the poor fellow dashed himself down on the deck, writhing about, like a crushed reptile, in a paroxysm of the most intense agony; while the men, who were all clustered half-naked in the bows, with wet blankets on their shoulders, in the hope that nature would in this way absorb some moisture, and thus alleviate their sufferings, were peering out with their feverish and blood-shot eyes, and wan faces, at the felucca, watching every motion on board with the most breathless anxiety.

"There, there—there is the cask on deck—they are lowering it into the boat—they have shoved off—oh, great God in Heaven, we shall be saved after all"—and the poor fellows raised a faint hurrah, and closed in on me, some shaking my hands, others dropping on their knees to bless me; while one poor creature lay choking on the hard deck in a fit of hysterical laughter, as if he had been a weakly woman.

The boat could not possibly be

back under ten minutes; so I went below into the cabin, and never did I behold such a heart-rending sight. The small table that had stood in the centre had been removed; and there, stretched on a coarse wet blanket, lay a half-naked female—pale and emaciated—her long hair dishevelled, and hanging over her face, and down her back, in wet clotted strands, with a poor miserable infant puling and nuzzling at her wasted breast; while a black woman, herself evidently deep sunk in the same suffering, was sprinkling salt water from a pail on the unhappy creature and her child.

"Oh, massa," cried the faithful negress—"oh, massa, give misses some water, or him dead—I strong, can last some time yet—but poor misses"—and here she sobbed, as if her heart would have burst; but the fountains of her tears were dried up. The white female was unable to raise her head—she lay moaning on the deck, and mumbling audibly with her dry and shrunken lips, as if they had been ossified, but she could not speak.

"Keep a good heart, madam," said I—"I have sent on board for water—it will be here in a minute." She looked doubtfully at me, and clasped her hands together above her child's head, and seemed to pray. I ran on deck—the boat, in an incredibly short time, was alongside again, with the perspiration pouring down the flushed faces and muscular necks of the kind-hearted fellows in her—their duck-clothing as wet and dank as a boat-sail in a race.

"Now, Dogvane—hand up the breaker—quick, man, quick." My order was unnecessary; it was on deck in an instant; and before I could turn round, the men of the brig made a rush aft, and seized the cask, in a vain attempt to carry it forward, but they had not the strength of children. We easily shoved them aside, as it was necessary they should not get waterlogged by too free a use of it at first.—"Now, Dogvane, mind what I tell you,—make that small tub there full of fire-water grog—no stronger, mind—and serve out a pint to each of these poor fellows, and not a drop more at present."—I seized a glass of the first of it, and ran below.—"Here," said I, to the black servant—"here, take a mouthful yourself,

and then give some to your mistress."

—She shook her head, and made as if she would have helped her mistress first; but the selfishness, occasioned by the grinding force of her own misery, conquered the poor creature's resolution; and dashing, rather than carrying the glass to her mouth, she ravenously swallowed the whole contents in a second, and fell flat on the deck with a wild laugh.

"Oh, massa, I can't help it—nobody love misses like Juba; but could not help it for de life-blood of me, massa captain. Oh, my eye, my eye like cinder—like red-hot bullet dem is, massa—oh, for one tear, one leetle tear—oh, dere come one tear; but God, God, him is hot more as boiling rum, and salt—ah, ah, ah"—and the poor creature sprawled about the deck in the uttermost distress.

The master of the vessel had by this time entered, and lifted up his wife into a sitting position; and there she sat, with her parched mouth all agape, and the black fur on her tongue, and with glazed and half-shut eyes; her pinched features, and death-like complexion, evincing fearfully her tremendous sufferings.

He poured some water into her mouth, but she could not swallow it; he tried again, and from the gurgling noise in her throat, I thought she was suffocating, especially as I noticed, that, as if conscious that she was departing, she clutched her poor wasted baby to her shrunk bosom with all the strength she possessed. But she *had* swallowed a little, and this revived her; and after several other trials, the poor fellow had the happiness to see his wife snatched from the jaws of death, and able to sit up by herself with her back against the locker. She now began to moan heavily, and to rock herself to and fro over her helpless, all but dead infant, as it lay, struggling faintly, and crying with its small imploring voice, on her knee; at length she acquired sufficient strength to gasp out, "God bless you, sir—God bless you—you ~~have~~ saved my child, and all of us—God bless you,"—and then resumed her moaning, as if she was suffering something that she herself could not describe. I sent on board for more water, and spared some tea and other small luxuries to the poor people; and that same evening, as the setting

sun was dropping into the water, under a canopy of glorious clouds, beneath which the calm sea glowed like molten gold, gradually melting into gorgeous purple, I saw a small dark ripple ruffling the mirror-like surface of the sleeping waters in the east, and gradually steal down towards where we lay becalmed, until I felt a light zephyrlike air on the palm of my wet hand as I held it up. Presently, as the grey cat's-paws became darker, and fluttered down stronger and nearer to us, and were again withdrawn, and shifted about, shooting out and shortening like streamers, Mr Peake sung out, "There, there's the breeze at last, sir, there, there;" and the small smooth shining canals that divided the blue shreds of ripples, gradually narrowed, and the latter increased and came down stronger, until the whole sea to windward was roughened into small dark waves, that increased as the night fell, until both the *Midge* and the brig were buzzing along on their course to Havanna before a six-knot breeze.

The next evening we were under the Moro Castle, where we anchored; and at daylight on the following morning we ran in through the narrow entrance, and under the tremendous forts that crown its high banks on each side, and anchored before this most magnificent city, this Tyre of the West, while its batteries and bastions, with the grinning cannon peering through the numberless embrasures, and the tall spires and towers, and the highest of the houses, and the masts and drying sails of the numberless vessels, and their gay flags, British, American, French, Spanish, and of almost every country in the world, were glancing bright and fresh in the early sunbeams, under a floating canopy of thin blue smoke from the charcoal fires. All of which magnificent description goes for this much: The unsentimental Dons were doffing their night-caps, and donning their breeches, while the fires were lighting to prepare their coffee and chocolate.

That forenoon I went on shore, and delivered my letters to Mr M——, one of the most extensive English merchants in the place, a kind and most hospitable man. He invited me to dine with him, and to

accept of a bed at his house in the evening, both of which were too good offers to be sneezed at. We had a very large party at dinner, composed of a lot of Mr M——'s clerks, several masters of merchantmen, the captain and two lieutenants of an American frigate lying there, all three of the latter, by the way, extremely pleasant men.

There was one of Mr M——'s adherents present, a very odd creature, and rather a wildish one, an Irishman; what his real name was I forget now, but he was generally called Listado. His prime object during dinner was to quiz the Americans, but they took it very good-naturedly. He then tried his hand on me, in what I believe is vulgarly called trotting, which is to get one on his hobby, and appear to listen most anxiously all the while, although every one but yourself sees you are made to show your paces more for the amusement of the company than their information. At length I saw through the rogue, and dismounted, laughing heartily at the cleverness with which he had paraded me.

In the evening, the mercantile members of our party retired to the counting-house, the Americans returned to their ship, and I strolled about the town until the night fell, when I returned by appointment for Listado, with whom I went to the opera, which far surpassed any thing I expected to see or hear in that quarter of the world. After it was over, we adjourned to some lodging-house or tavern, and perpetrated the heinous sin of taking a heavy supper, for which I paid afterwards, as will be seen.

It so happened that Monsieur Listado had given up his bed to me, and slept himself on a small pallet beside the wall in the same room. At the right hand of the head of my bed, a lofty door opened into an adjoining room, a large dreary unfurnished apartment, with several packages of goods scattered about on the floor. On examination, I found there was no window in it, nor any light admitted except through the door into our room, which was the only opening in it. It was a regular *cul de sac*.

We must have been some hours

asleep, when I awoke,—or thought I did, pretty much the same thing, so far as my feelings at the moment went,—lying on my back, with my hands crossed on my breast, like an effigy on a tombstone. These said paws of mine seemed by the way to be of an inconceivable weight, and to press so heavily on my chest as to impede my breathing. Suddenly one of my little fingers grew, like Jonah's gourd, to a devil of a size; and next moment the thumb of the other hand, as if determined not to be outdone by the miniken on the left, became a facsimile of a Bologna sausage, so that I must have had the appearance of a large lobster, with two tremendous claws. My nose then took its turn, and straightway was converted into one of Mr M——'s cotton bags, that lay in the store below, containing three hundred weight, more or less.

"Oh," said I now to myself, "what a fool I have been! Nightmare—nightmare."

"Hookey, but it isn't though?" said Listado.

"Hillo," said I to myself again—for I was quite certain I had not spoken—"how the deuce can Listado answer my *thoughts*, which I have never uttered?" And I tried to ask him: but my nose, or the cotton bag, would not let me speak.—"Why, it must be nightmare," again thought I to myself.

"The devil a nightmare is it," again said Listado.

And I now began to take fright in earnest, when on the opposite wall, for I could only see in the direction of the foot of my bed, a gradually increasing gleam of pale glow-worm-coloured light fell, streaming apparently through the door that opened at my shoulder into the large lumber-room already described.

The light seemed to proceed from the further end of this apartment, because the shadow of one of the boxes of goods that lay scattered about the floor, was cast strongly against the wall of my room at the foot of my bed.

"What can this mean?"—for I knew from actual survey the geography of the apartment from whence the glare proceeded,—"what *can* this mean? Some trick of Listado's." But there he lay, full in the stream of

light, apparently sound asleep, and so transmogrified under its baleful influence, that he looked more like a corpse than a living man. "Murder! what comes next?" groaned I, for I could now speak, as the shadow of the figure of the poor woman whom I had rescued from perishing with thirst on board of the American brig, glided along the wall with her infant in her arms, and her clothes in disorder; the wet blanket, which the poor negro had been moistening when I first saw her, hanging from her shoulders, and her hair dishevelled—her figure in every point precisely as I had seen her in the cabin. The apparition seemed to pause for a moment, and then stepped towards the box of dry goods, and setting itself down, began to rock itself and moan; and the poor picaniny began to struggle and pule at its mother's bosom, for all the world, as naturally as it had done in reality.

"There's a phantasmagoria for you, Master Benjie—free gratis for nothing, Master Benjie," said I to myself; whereupon my thumb, of the size of the Bologna sausage, took my nose, of the size of the cotton bag, such a crack, I thought it was knocked off; presently I felt as if the latter had been set a-bleeding, so furiously as to float all the bed and me in it. By and by the room became filled with blood, and there I lay cruising about in the floating bed, until the door gave way, and I could hear the crimson torrent rushing down stairs, like the rapids of Niagara, bursting into the other sleeping apartments in its descent, and the suffocating coughs of the inmates as they were drowning. At length, the blood having had vent, the bed once more subsided, and took the ground on the very spot from whence it had originally been floated. The light on the wall was still as strong as ever, but had changed from the moonlight tinge to a hot deep red glare, such as the devils break out of rocks with, in theatres. The shadow of the box had disappeared, and so had the figure of the poor woman and her child, but I could hear a noise as of some one singing snatches of the Carnival of Venice to himself, and dancing as if he were practising a new step, and

occasionally a tap-tap on the floor, as if the performer had been the owner of a wooden leg.

"Come along, my lad," thought I; "why, what next, what next?"—on which the figure of a man, dressed in the old-fashioned coat commonly worn by physicians in Havanna, with frills at his wrists, and tight inexpressibles on, glided across the wall and disappeared. Presently I was conscious he was in the room, which became suddenly hot and choky, and, in fact, standing at my bedside, for I could hear some one breathe, although I had not the power of turning my neck to look at him.

"Have the kindness," said he, in some unknown tongue, but which was quite intelligible to me—"have the kindness to let me feel your pulse." Scarcely knowing what I did, I held out my hand. "Your nose, if you please," quoth the physician; on which he took it, big as it was, between his finger and thumb, and gave it such a squeeze, that, even drained as it had been, it burst with a noise like thunder, and instantly relapsed into its former shape. At the report, I could hear the sentries on the walls a mile off, hailing, "quien viva—quien viva," along the whole line. The figure now came forward, so that I could see him. He was a tall and very handsome man, although his complexion, pale and ashy, had the self-radiant appearance of steel at a white heat; indeed the glow of his face was like to roast my skin into parchment. His features were good, but there was rather a peculiar cast in his eye. He wore a black silk cowl, which stuck out a little over his ears on each side, as if two small horns had been concealed under it; and he was dressed in deep black. One leg was very handsome, but the other was shaped like that of a satyr, and ended in a hoof; however, the shank was covered with a silk stocking, and the hoof by a curiously-shaped shoe, made by Hoby to fit with wonderful neatness.

"You will do very well now," said he, "so I will see how Mr Listado comes on;" and as he turned to where he lay, I saw a small barbed tail, glowing like red-hot iron, protruding from between the voluminous skirts of his coat, that corus-

cated, and sent sparks all about the room. It kept twisting about like a live eel, and jerking in a fidgety manner; and I was puzzling myself how it did not burn the cloth of his skirts, when my attention was fixed on what the figure was doing. Listado was still sound asleep; there was a basin of water on a chair close to his head—the figure dipped the end of the tail into it, when it instantly began to boil furiously, so that the spray of the bubbles, as they frothed and popped about, burnt Listado's face, and he awoke.

"Who has scalded me in this way?" quoth he.

"Only have patience, my dear sir," said the physician; "it is all meant kindly—merely to season you—merely to season you."

"Season me—season me to what, d—n me"—quoth Listado in a fury.

"With all the pleasure in life, my dear sir—I will do anything to oblige you—only wait a moment;" and he took a small very natty toasting fork out of his coat pocket, but in the act burnt his fingers against his red-hot tail. "Curse the tail," quoth he, as he pulled out the joints of the fork, until it was about a yard long. All this while Listado, blasted by the deep red glare into a dark crimson, lay like a big lobster newly boiled, looking at the physician's preparations, apparently fascinated, and without the power of motion. The figure now looked at me over his shoulder; some smoke, like an escape from the safety-valve of a steam-boiler, puffed out of his mouth, but he apologized, and said he had been smoking, although the flavour had more of brimstone than tobacco in it.—"Good by, Mr Brail; I will come for *you* by and by."—"You need not hurry, my dear fellow," thought I; and, so saying, he, with all the coolness in life, clapped the fork into Listado's stern-frame, and, begging pardon for the trouble he was putting him to, lifted him, writhing-like, and as if he really had been no heavier than an impaled frog, on the instrument, and calmly walked right through the solid wall with him, as if it had been a cloud, and disappeared. I could hear Listado roaring lustily all the while, and the physician making numberless apologies,

always concluding with "I shall be as gentle with you, Mr Listado, as your request to be d—ned will permit."

At last the sounds died away, and I began to think of going to sleep, when an instrument, that I at once knew to be our friend the physician's fork, was thrust into me from below, through the mattress—"Hillo, hillo, hillo," roared I; "this will never do, by" —

"What the devil do you grunt and growl so much in your sleep for?" shouted Listado.

"Devil!" quoth I, rubbing my eyes—"confound the poached eggs."

About a fortnight after this, Listado and I, along with one of the young American officers, looked in at a monte-table, and staked our doubloon a-piece; both of my friends lost, but I was most unaccountably fortunate, and, without knowing any thing of the game, or the chances of it, I found, when I rose to go away, that I had no less a sum than fifty doubloons in my fob. As we left the house, I noticed a stout, dark-complexioned young man, with great whiskers, dressed, like most of the others present, in a light gingham coat and white trowsers, but without either waistcoat or neckcloth, who had been one of the heaviest sufferers by my winnings, follow me. I thought nothing of this at the time, and walked on with the American and Listado, who had agreed to adjourn to a tavern to sup together; but I had had enough of suppers for some time, and therefore parted with them at the street corner, and bore up alone for Mr M——'s.

It was by this time near twelve o'clock at night, very dark and gusty, and as I proceeded, the rain splashed in my face, and there were several flashes of lightning, followed by loud claps of thunder. By one of the former I thought I saw the man from whom I had won so much, skulking behind a pillar that formed part of a colonnade in front of one of the public buildings, and I will not conceal that an uneasy feeling arose in my mind, as I recalled the numberless stories of Spanish vindictiveness to my recollection.

"Poo, poo," said I to myself, ashamed of my weakness—"all romance, all romance." As I spoke, I was nearly blinded by a flash of

lightning, and clapt my hand to my eyes. "Ah—what is that?" I exclaimed, as I received a blow under my fifth rib, on the right side, that made me stagger to the wall. Another flash shewed me the figure of the man, gliding rapidly away into the darkness. I put my hand to my side, and felt the blood streaming down. I had been wounded, and was becoming faint, faint. I tried to proceed, but could only stagger against a pillar to which I clung. I could no longer breathe—every thing swam around me, and I became deadly cold. "I am gone!" I gasped out, as I sank on my knees, and leant my head against the wall. "Oh God, forgive my sins, and receive my soul—My mother—bless my poor mother!" —

* * * *

When my recollection returned, I was lying on a low bed or quatre, without curtains or canopy of any kind, in the middle of a very large and lofty room. It was greatly darkened, but I could perceive, from the bright pensiles of light that streamed through the crevices of the closed shutters, that it was broad day. For some time, as my consciousness gradually awoke, I lay watching the motes dancing and revolving in the sunbeams, and then looked up towards the bare timbers of the floor above me. "Where *can* I be—and what has happened?" I murmured to myself.

"Hush!" said a low female voice close to me—"hush! Doctor Delaville says you are not to speak, sir,—not even to turn, if you can help it."

"Doctor Delaville—not speak! Call Lennox, will ye?" and I again began to waver.—"Mr Marline, how is her head? Oh, my side—merciful Providence! what has befallen—what is wrong with me?"—as I tried to turn towards the person who had spoken. I effected my purpose so far as to half turn my face from the light—"Oh, Heaven have mercy on me!—my senses are gone, and I am mad." I shut my eyes, and under this heart-crushing belief, wept bitterly.

There was a large balcony or open window in the wall of the apartment farthest from the street, towards which I had turned my face, that

opened into a room beyond, at a height of about three feet from the floor. It was fitted with shutters opening inwards, like those of the external windows. The saloon into which I looked was apparently a lofty room, and lighted, so far as I could judge, entirely from the roof. I also inferred that this part of the house projected back from the main building, and that it was lower, and overshadowed by green trees, for the light that shone from above was subdued, and green, and cold, and more like moonlight than that of the sun. On the walls beyond I could see pictures, and a piano stood near the window, and several sofas were scattered about, so that it appeared better furnished than most houses I had seen in the place; and I knew, that although I was certainly not in Mr M——'s house, yet I was not in that of a Spaniard. There was a very handsome geranium, in an ornamented porcelain jar, in the window, which, in some measure, impeded my view at the top, although near the sill there was only the solitary stalk, naked of leaves. Presently, as my eyes got accustomed to the twilight, I noticed gloves, and bonnets, and several large green fans, lying on a table beyond the window, as if this had been the retreat of some of the females of the family; all was as still as death—and the coolness and freshness of the apartment I looked into, was grateful beyond all belief to my feverish eye and swimming brain. By and by I heard a rattling and creaking volante drive past, and the shouts of the driver to his mule, which excited me; and I once more asked the person who was sitting knitting beside me, where I was. "Hush—hush—until the doctor comes," was the answer,—and I again turned my eyes in the direction of the balcony, and gloated on the flowers and leaves of the noble plant on the window, which seemed jet black, as they twinkled in the breeze between me and the light beyond. I could now hear the sea-breeze set in, and rush amongst the leaves of the trees, and moan through the long galleries and lofty apartments of the house—slamming a shutter to here, and making a door bang there, and rustling the

shawls, and bonnets, and female gear in the boudoir.

The effect of this on my shattered nerves was delightful, and, for the first time since I had recovered my recollection, I lay back with my heart full of gratitude to the Almighty for his mercy towards me. I now remembered that I had been wounded, and began to piece together in my mind the transactions at the gaming-table, and the various circumstances that had preceded my sallying forth, and wondering who had been the good Samaritan who had poured oil and wine into my wounds. I again looked earnestly round. "There—what do I see—*who* is that—*what* is that? Oh, I am mad—I am mad—and all this is a dream." I looked again. The soft mysterious light already mentioned now floated over the figure of a tall and very handsome young man, dressed with great simplicity—a blue jacket, red striped shirt, open at the collar, with his loose black neckerchief untied, the ends hanging down on his bosom; and white trowsers. He was seated at an easel in the boudoir, close to the window, with his profile towards me, and a palette and paint-brush in one hand, while with a finger of the other he seemed to be in the act of tracing a line on the canvass before him. His complexion was very dark and sunburnt, his mouth and nose beautifully formed, and his forehead high and pale, contrasting strongly with the bronzing of his lower features; and his hair was black, glossy, and curling. "Great God! is it *him*, or his disembodied spirit?"

A young female, who until this moment I had scarcely noticed, stood behind his chair, and bent over him, looking also earnestly at the half-finished painting on the easel, a tall and light-formed girl, very pale, and wearing her hair dressed high on her head without any ornament whatsoever; she was dressed in a plain white frock, very low cut at the bosom, with a pink band round her waist, and had one of her beautifully-rounded arms extended over his shoulder, while the other rested on the back of his chair, as, with lips apart, she pointed to some particular part of the flowers in the painting.

Both continued so perfectly immovable that I could not even discern his breathing, nor the heaving of her lovely bosom. "Were they beings of this world?—was it him in very truth?" At this moment the leaves of the trees above were agitated by the passing breeze, for small twittering shadows were suddenly cast on the faces and figures of the group, so as to alter the expression of the former in a startling way, making them flit and gibber, as it were. I thought some horrid change was coming o'er the spirit of my dream, as I exclaimed,—“Oh, no, no!—he is gone, poor fellow—gone—cold at the bottom of the sea—and I am mad—Oh God, I am a lunatic!” And I once more shut my eyes and wept, until I thought my very heart would have burst in twain; but they were blessed tears, for they revived me, and my soul felt lighter as I again thanked Heaven for my deliverance, and tried to convince myself that all I had seen was but a phantom of my heated brain. A minute might have fled before I looked up again, but the lovely delusion was gone, as the servant or nurse who was attending me, perceiving me so excited by what I had seen in the other apartment, had risen and closed the blinds, thus shutting out every thing in the room beyond from my view. The doctor now arrived, and sliding

up to my bedside, made his enquiries as to how I felt, and was greatly pleased with my amendment. “This will be great joy to all of them, sir,” said he, in broken English; “so, Mrs Gerard, give your patient his draught, and after the sleep I hope it will procure,”—

I interrupted him. “Pray, doctor, how long have I been ill?—and how is all going on in the little *Midge*?—and in whose house am I?—and who were the young lady and gentleman that I saw?”

He laughed. “Why, Mr Brail, you have fired off one whole broadside of questions at me; but rest satisfied—all is right on board of your leetle vessel, and you are in my friend Mr Duquesne’s house, who, if you will only take my advice, and try and obtain some rest, for you have not slept since you were wounded a week ago, will have the pleasure of paying his respects to you—and Miss Helen Hudson, too, longs—But I declare I am forgetting my own instructions—so not one oder vord, monsieur,—not one vord.—Adieu until de afternoon.” And he vanished out of the room in the same noiseless way he had entered it.

To obtain any information from the nurse that sat beside me, I knew was out of the question; so I took the medicine, and soon fell into a balmy sleep.

RESULTS OF THE TRIUMPH OF THE BARRICADES.*

It is now just four years since Charles X. was precipitated from the throne of France, by a vast and well-concerted urban revolt, seconded to a wish by the treachery of a large part of the military force at Paris, and the mild government of a weak, but beneficent, race of legitimate monarchs, exchanged for the stern rule of military power. Unboured was the exultation of the Liberal party throughout Europe, at this unlooked-for and unexampled success. Flanders, Italy, Poland, Spain, and Portugal, successively felt the shock. The kingdom of the Netherlands was first partitioned from its influence, and a revolutionary monarch placed on the throne of Belgium; next, Poland was precipitated into the furnace, and the liberties of a gallant people, secured for them, by English influence, at the Congress of Vienna, finally extinguished, by the consequences of their own extravagance: Italy even followed in the popular career, and her effeminate youth for a moment abandoned the corso and the opera to inhale the spirit of Tramontane democracy: and at length Spain and Portugal have been overturned by the catastrophe; the lawful sovereign, the people's choice, in both countries dethroned by foreign aid and revolutionary violence; a quadruple alliance signed, which arrays Western against Eastern Europe, and lays the foundations of a desperate future contest between the two great families of the civilized world; and the war against the Christian religion openly commenced by the protégé and ally of England, by the total confiscation of the property of the Church over the whole Portuguese dominions. There is hardly a parallel in the history of the world to such an astonishing series of effects, flowing at once from a single urban convulsion; nor any thing approaching to the rapidity with which it has invested the relative

situation of the antagonists in the war of the first Revolution, given to the vanquished the lead and direction of the conqueror, and induced in the victor a total oblivion of all the objects held dear, and all the glories won, in a contest of unexampled duration and splendour.

In a future Number, we shall trace the effects of this singular Revolution upon the foreign politics of Great Britain, and recall to our readers the steps by which we have been successively led, while constantly professing the principles of non-interference, and a regard for the rights and independence of other states, to oppress and insult our oldest allies, and elevate and support our bitterest enemies; to surrender Turkey to the ceaseless ambition of Russia, exasperate Holland by the seizure for a revolutionary ally of half of its dominions, dethrone and banish the lawful monarch of Spain, and deliver over Portugal to the violence of domestic revolution, and the rapacity of foreign mercenaries. All this we shall trace out, and demonstrate, to the satisfaction of every impartial man, that if the days of disaster and ruin do at length come to England; if our enemies combine against our independence, and our national existence is destroyed; if the fleets of Europe cast anchor at the mouth of the Thames, and the jealousy of two hundred years' duration is gratified by the burning of Portsmouth and the sack of Woolwich; if we are literally reduced to slavery, and half our population starves, from the closing of every vent for its industry, it is no more than we richly deserve, for our unparalleled treachery and ingratitude to our former allies, and our insane alliance with our inveterate enemies; and that these results, how terrible soever, are the natural consequence of the political madness of the last three years, and the course of policy pur-

* *Contre Revolution de 1830. Par Sarrans le Jeune, Ancien Aîlé-Camp de la Fayette. Paris: 1834.*

Deux Ans de Regne de Louis Philippe. Paris: 1833.

sued, amidst the blind applause of an ignorant multitude, by a presumptuous, reckless, and infatuated Administration.

Wide and important as this subject is, it is not to it that we are now about to direct the attention of our readers. Another, and, if possible, a still more important field presents itself in the domestic consequences of this convulsion, and the effects upon the cause of freedom all over the world, from the temporary ascendancy acquired by democratic violence in the French capital. Here the prospect is much more consolatory; and seeing although we do, that the ultimate effect of the Triumphs of the Barricades has been to overturn, perhaps for ever, the English Constitution, and implant the seeds of ruin, both in our internal liberties and colonial dependencies, yet we are by no means sure that these disastrous consequences will not be counterbalanced to the world in general, by the settled direction which the French Revolution has now taken, and the important lesson presented to mankind, by what we may now, without presumption, say, are the evident and final results of the democratic innovations of Neckar and Mirabeau.

Experience has now enabled us to say, that nothing could be so well calculated to induce error and delusion in the human mind, to subvert all the foundations of order and morality, and precipitate other nations into the fatal career of popular ambition, as the state of France under the Restoration. It was in vain that the thoughtful and sagacious, the aged who had witnessed the horrors of 1793, and the learned who had historically made themselves acquainted with its disasters, warned the ardent and impetuous youth of the certain ruin consequent on lending an ear to the siren voice of democratic ambition. All this was nothing, while France remained a splendid monument of the glory, and, as they thought, the freedom to be acquired by revolutionary violence. The constant answer of the Liberal party over all Europe to such monitory observations was, that France had *not* suffered eventually from all the sins and guilt of the Revolution; that the extravagances

of one generation had been punished by the destruction of that generation itself; but that the cause of freedom had gained incalculably during the struggle, and that if any doubt could have formerly existed on that head, it was removed by the prosperity, tranquillity, and freedom of France under the restored monarcha. "Compare France," it was constantly said from 1815 to 1830, "as she now is, with what she was prior to 1789, and no one can doubt the incalculable benefits which she has derived from the Revolution." As France unquestionably was free and prosperous and happy during that period, it was difficult to see what answer could be made to these observations; and the philanthropic, however much they condemned the sins and violence of the Revolution, could not avoid indulging the pleasing hope, that the consequences and punishment of those offences were now over, and that centuries of freedom and glory would in France, as in England, follow the final establishment of its liberties under its legitimate monarchs. Thus the world were deluded by the justice and mildness of the Bourbon sway, into the fostering of principles, which could not fail, sooner or later, to bring it to a termination; and the temporary suspension of the consequences of revolution induced the belief, that its atrocities could be indulged in without the permanent and indelible consequences of atrocious guilt being felt by succeeding generations. The Restoration, in short, was looked upon as the last act of the drama—the termination of the piece, which, however heart-rending in its commencement, had ended well for all concerned, and constantly referred to, as affording decisive evidence, that the cause of freedom was able to purify itself of all its imperfections, and that, though revolutionary violence was to be deprecated, no lasting or irreparable injury to the liberty of mankind could be apprehended from its excesses.

All this grounded upon a false and delusive view of the moral government of mankind. Nations have no immortality; the present world constitutes at once the sole theatre of their glory, and the appropriate scene

of their punishment. How much soever the individuals who precipitate them into public delinquencies may suffer in a future state for their share in such transactions, a certain and unerring retribution also attaches in this world to the people who are deluded into such atrocities; and hundreds of years often elapse before the mysterious justice of Providence is worked out by the agency of human passion, in the punishment of the descendants of the guilty race. It was thus that the atrocious cruelty of the wars of the Roses led to the terrible despotism of Henry VIII.; the spoliation and injustice of the Reformation to the Great Rebellion and the tyranny of Cromwell: it was thus that the crying injustice of landed confiscation in Ireland has opened a wound which yet festers in the Emerald Isle, and, through it, in the whole British Empire; and that the ambition and injustice of the French under Napoleon, precipitated them on the disasters of the Russian retreat, and the terrible overthrow of Leipsic. Human passions are the scorpions with which the guilty race, or the third and fourth generation of the guilty race, are punished; the desires and opinions consequent on a great act of injustice constitute the instruments by which its iniquity is punished, and its consequences redressed.

The same universal law of nature was, unknown to us, silently, but ceaselessly operating under all the apparent tranquillity and happiness of the Restoration—while the world were dazzled by the gentleness of its rule, and the justice of its administration; while travellers were gazing only on the splendour of its edifices, and the smiling aspect of its fields; while religion seemed re-established by its solicitude, and the last wounds of the Revolution closed by its beneficence; the wild passions let loose, the frightful injustice committed, the oceans of innocent blood shed during that awful convulsion, were preparing in silence a memorable instance of national retribution. If that generation suffered the most acute anguish from the sense of national humiliation, and the repeated subjugation of its capital by foreign armies, the next was desti-

ned to feel the miseries of social warfare, and weep under the degradation of domestic tyranny. The great deeds of national injustice—the confiscation of the church, the spoliation of the emigrants, were producing their appropriate and unavoidable consequences, in the dissolution of private morals, the extinction of religious feeling, the disappearance of any middling class in society. The French clung with blind, and, we might almost say, *judicially blind* tenacity, to the revolutionary law of inheritance, till it had broken down the few considerable properties which had survived the Revolution, and left in the state only the populace of cities, the soldiers of the armies, and the peasants of the fields. In such a state the elements of lasting freedom did not, they could not exist. What intermediate body was to coerce the fury of the populace, or the encroachments of the crown; when the nobles, the aristocracy, the landed proprietors, the clergy, were destroyed? Who was to gainsay the central authority of Paris among the eight millions of landed proprietors into whom the Revolution had divided the soil of France? How, out of so vast and indigent a body, the richest of whom was scarcely worth L.50 a-year, and the majority of whom had not L.5 a-year, were the elements of resistance to the influence of Government to be found? The thing was obviously out of the question; the nation as a nation was practically destroyed; destitute of leaders, it was a vast and helpless multitude, and the Government rested entirely on the affections of the army, and of the populace of the capital. When the allegiance of these, the sole props of authority, had been destroyed by fifteen years of efforts on the part of the Liberal party, it fell to the ground, and with it the last hope of freedom to the French nation.

The stern and unrelenting despotism which has since succeeded; the vigour with which the Executive has been armed; and the repeated defeats which successive revolts of the most formidable kind have sustained, has been the subject of unmeasured astonishment to the liberal party in France! And the few sincere though deluded friends of real freedom, in

that country, were lost in wonder at beholding a Government, elevated to power on the shoulders of the populace, beat down the efforts of anarchy, with a vigour and a success to which the legitimate monarchs, who, with a constitutional rule, governed the country, were strangers. Great, accordingly, has been the disappointment, unbounded the vituperation of the Republicans of France, at the conduct of the dynasty whom they seated on the throne, amidst the smoke of the barricades. The change, however, is not only in itself perfectly simple and intelligible, but it was the necessary result of the state in which France was then placed; of the vehement passions excited during the preceding convulsions; and the absence of all restraints upon their indulgences, produced by the demoralizing effect of the triumph of revolutionary principles, in which they terminated. France, under the Restoration, enjoyed the freedom, from accidental causes, which *may* be the lot of a people who have achieved their liberation without political iniquity. She has now received the slavery which must be the destiny of those whose triumph has been stained by deeds of injustice.

We regard, therefore, the revolt of the barricades, and the establishment of a military tyranny, which has resulted from its success, as the most fortunate circumstance which has occurred, since the year 1789, to the general fortune of mankind; by the clear demonstration which it has afforded of the ultimate consequence of revolutionary violence, and the illustration it has exhibited of the certain moral retribution, which, sooner or later, in nations, as well as individuals, attends on great and flagrant deeds of injustice. The state of France is now so plain, that the blindest cannot fail to appreciate it: the moral lesson which it conveys is so obvious that he that runs may read. Ever since the mild constitutional sway—a sway of which revolutionized France was utterly unworthy—of the Bourbons was terminated, that great country has been the theatre only of the most frightful disorders; of disorders so frightful, and destruction of property so enormous, that, in utter horror at its con-

tinuance, the people have rushed headlong into the arms of absolute despotism, and now invoke the chains of arbitrary power as eagerly, and almost as unanimously, as forty-five years ago they hailed the fall of the Bastille and the rise of revolutionary convulsion. This is a tyranny, too, not like that of Napoleon, dazzling from the splendour it exhibits, bewitching from the talent with which it is accompanied—but a low-born, base, and sordid despotism, unilluminated by one ray of glory—unredeemed by one trait of beneficence—unaccompanied by one generous feeling. The people submit to it, they crouch under it, they lick the dust beneath its feet; not because they love it, not because they admire it, not because they are proud of it, but because they cannot avoid it; because the existing Government is the last link which unites France to social order; because, if it is destroyed, revolutionary convulsion, in all its horrors, must inevitably ensue. They have successively swept away all the classes, and ruined all the principles which could mitigate the severity of this despotism, or moderate the fervour of these convulsions. They have extinguished all the intermediate bodies between the throne and the peasant, save civil *employés* and military officers. They have ridiculed, impoverished, and all but annihilated the Christian religion,—the only effectual curb on the inherent depravity of the human heart. They have destroyed, in short, in the fervour of their democratic ambition, all the elements and the checks of European freedom; and fallen, in consequence, hopelessly and irrecoverably under the lash of Oriental despotism.

We love to quote the authority of political antagonists—*ceteris paribus*, we should always prefer it to that of a friend, because it is more likely to be impartial, at least on our side of the question, and is less liable to the imputation of twisting facts to meet a certain political theory. There is nothing so convincing as the truth oozing out of the mouth of an unwilling witness. For this reason, we some time ago directed the attention of our readers to the remarkable work of M. Sarrans, the aid-de-camp of La Fayette, upon the revolution

of 1830; and, in an especial manner, the curious revelations which it afforded as to the revolutionary intrigues of the first Ministers of Louis Philippe in other states, and particularly Spain, Italy, and Poland, before the bold and determined administration of Casimir Perier arose to put a period to the system of democratic propagandism.* At present, we gladly take up another work of the same author, and request our readers to follow with us the curious and interesting picture which the aid-de-camp of La Fayette, during the three glorious days, draws of the internal state of France, subsequent to the great triumph of democracy on that memorable occasion.

The general tenor of M. Sarrans' observations in his new work may be judged of from the following passage in his introduction:—

"From the 14th July, 1789, to the 7th August, 1830, France has in effect been governed by the public voice: through the Republic, the Empire, and the Restoration, through prosperity and misfortune, it has ever been the predominant party in the state at the moment which has governed. Strange, that in 1830, when the people had arrived at the highest point of civilisation and intellectual advancement; when the classes, who have nothing to lose, felt the want of laws by which every thing is preserved, arbitrary power should plunge France into a civil war, counteract all the principles of the Revolution, and conjure up time to arrest the generation which is advancing. Four-and-forty years after Mirabeau exclaimed, 'All the world should declare themselves the people, and esteem themselves happy to be allowed to do so!' a monarchy sprung from the people, turned to those who had petrified it, and said, 'If monarchy subsists only by the aid of liberty, it is to be feared that that same freedom, not being restrained within due bounds, will succeed in stifling liberty, the necessary result of republican institutions. Despotism of intelligence, the prey of ignorance, the great body of the people can

only offer to society an industry more or less limited; without reason, without intelligence, careless of the future, living from day to day, they form in the centre of society a mass ever resembling itself; constantly subjected to external influence, ever at the mercy of intrigues, capable only of achieving a little good, if chance impels it in the right direction, but of accomplishing infinite evil, ever revolving in an external circle of violence and excesses, of follies and contradiction.'"†

"As the result of the Revolution which placed the people in the possession of supreme power, I shall shew, on the one hand, the doubtful exclusion of the elder branch of the Bourbons, the abolition of the rights of double voting; the admission of all Frenchmen of thirty years of age, if duly qualified, to the National Representation; the remodelling of the House of Peers: in a word, all that the monarchy of July boasts of having conceded as an ample satisfaction for all the blood shed for its behoof.

"On the other hand, I shall demonstrate a fixed resolution, which has succeeded in exhausting every species of oppression which was possible, and openly avowing an intention to carry into execution in future what is not yet so; a government bartering for present aid and recognition the glory of forty years, and the fruit of the combats of giants. I will shew personal liberty daily violated, conspiracies and insurrections systematically organized, the national representation outraged in the person of its members, and the press more cruelly tyrannized over in a few months than during the fifteen years of the Restoration; citizens voluntarily arrested, and dragged en masse before councils of war, without the fear which deterred even Collot d'Herbois of 'demoralizing punishment;' the courts of justice in Paris resounding again with sentences of death; in fine, the constitution suspended during a period of profound peace, the ordinary tribunals trampled under foot, and the odious sys-

* See Foreign Affairs, Oct. 1832, vol. xxxii., 614.

† Deux Ans de Règne de Louis Philippe, 231—278; a work published by authority of the French government.

tem of treachery and *espionage* again elevated into a civil duty as in the Reign of Terror. I shall shew, by what a series of deceptions, despotism, under a new and more dangerous form, has succeeded in deceiving the patriotism of a large portion of the National Guard, in inducing them to support, sometimes by imaginary terrors, sometimes by servile adulation, a cause adverse to all the interests of the state, and abandon, without being aware of the desertion, all the principles of the Revolution of July: and all this, while it has never ceased to undermine in the dark this great national institution, and sap the foundation of the very power by which it was elevated to the throne." — *Introduction*, pp. 37, 38.

We do not altogether concur in the whole of this statement; we beg only that it may be recollected, that the person who thus speaks is the aid-de-camp of La Fayette, and one of the most active of the party who contributed to the Triumph of the Barricades.

"The Government of Louis Philippe," continues M. Sarrans, "boasts that it has secured peace in the interior; but how can such an assertion be credited, when your dungeons are overflowing with persons confined for political offences—when the men who have put the sceptre into your hands are sent to receive its reward under the burning sun of Africa, or in the Oubliettes of Mont St Michael—when your journals inundate the country with reports of revolts, and projects of conspiracy—when you besiege the tribunals to obtain from them fresh victims—when the National Guards of thirty-four departments have been dissolved—when entire cities have been placed under the ban of legal suspicion—and you cannot sleep but under the protection of forty thousand bayonets? Is it in the midst of such symptoms of hatred and dissolution that you boast of internal peace? Truly you are much to be envied."—Vol. I., p. 58.

"Charles X. perished chiefly in consequence of having erroneously interpreted a doubtful article in the charter against the liberty of the press. But what shall we now say to the government which, in defiance of a literal and undisputed article in

the charter, which it has sworn to observe, has torn from writers the right of trial by jury, and delivered them over to councils of war? If sixty prosecutions, instituted under the Restoration, against the press, and twenty or twenty-five convictions obtained during that long period, were among the most powerful causes in bringing about the catastrophe of 1830, what must shortly be the effect of the profligate judgments which the executive daily solicits and obtains from the tribunals, by the aid of a law bequeathed by the Restoration, and evidently repudiated by the letter and the spirit of the charter of 1830? What the result of 411 prosecutions raised, and 143 convictions obtained, against the public press, the 65 years of imprisonment, and 350,000 francs (L.14,000) of fines imposed on the periodical press of Paris alone, during the three years of the paternal government of Louis Philippe?

"Whatever may have been the license or disorders of the press since the Revolution of July, it is evident that this enormous mass of prosecutions has been raised up with no other view but to serve the purposes of a counter revolution. Prior to this era, no one has attacked with such an infernal activity the developement of public thought, the vigour of the soul. History has only recorded 168 political prosecutions to wither the memory of James II. I have carefully searched the archives of the Restoration, but I can discover nothing in their successive administrations which can be in the slightest degree compared to the outrages heaped upon the freedom of the press by the Government which owed its existence to its exertions. That freedom, the parent of all our other franchises, has been trodden under foot by the ungrateful Government of July;—whilst in England, the land of privileged classes and feudal rights, it forms part of the birthright of every citizen. There it tolerates, here it is tolerated: there it is respected, reasoned with,—here it is brutalized and slain. Here an agent of the police brings, in the most insolent manner, to the editor of a journal the rope with which he is required to strangle himself in his succeeding number, there the right of expressing one's thoughts in written compositions be-

longs of right to all the world : here a journal cannot appear, but in virtue of a deposit of 50,000 francs (L.2000) in the hands of Government. In England, a person condemned for a libel is treated with some respect, and the regard due to the possible purity of his intentions : here, one convicted of a similar offence, by a simple majority, is manacled with fetters, and thrown into the common jail of felons. In fine, the liberty of the press, such as the Government of Louis Philippe has rendered it, is a mere chimera, a perfect illusion ;—while in old aristocratic England it is literally established, and flourishing in full vigour.”—Vol. i., pp. 66—69.

This passage is very remarkable, and for nothing more than the important testimony here borne by an unwilling, and of this truth unconscious witness, to the superior establishment of the freedom of the Press in an aristocratic than a democratic society. Here we have the most violent of the French democrats pointing with envy to the long duration and perfect establishment of the freedom of the press in aristocratic England, at the very time that he is bewailing its grievous prostration, and approaching extinction, under a government established by the most complete revolutionary triumph recorded in modern times. This contrast is to the Jews a stumblingblock, to the Greeks foolishness : it is altogether inexplicable to the popular party all over the world ; but it is not only perfectly intelligible on the principles which the Conservatives support, but a necessary corollary from them. The freedom of the Press does not exist in England, in spite of its aristocratic institutions, but in consequence of those institutions. It is the weight of the peerage and the landed classes which forms the barrier against the tyranny of the Executive, not less than the madness of the people. If democratic principles obtain a lasting ascendancy in this country, and the aristocratic influence is in consequence destroyed, we may rely upon it the liberty of the press will be “brutalized and slain,” as, by their own admission, it has been by the revolutionary *régime* on the other side of the water. Is this change approaching in this country ?

We recollect Lord Durham, and the Whig prosecutions of the Press, and lament to observe the uniformity in the effects produced by revolutionary movements, under every variety of national character and political circumstances.

“The Court of Charles X.,” continues M. Sarrans, “according to the statement of the Liberal party in France, was continually the theatre of denunciations against innovators, alarms spread, at a great expense, by the ministerial journals, gloomy predictions, and all the other arts of despotic power. Certainly it was so ; but can any one deny that the monarchy of July has revived and improved upon that deplorable system, revealed in all its hideous features by public acts which can no longer be mistaken ? The incessant denunciations against the patriots of July, the alarms published in the hired journals, the libels daily spread in the streets, the diffusion of sinister predictions, constitute the chief lever by which, for more than three years, the government has succeeded in sowing apprehension in the public mind, and displacing all the interests of the Revolution. This is not a vague reproach. A host of fictitious conspiracies, of heads vainly demanded from the courts of justice, prove that at no former period was opinion more systematically assailed.

“The people have run the most terrible risks in order to efface for ever the vestiges and hypocrisy of the restoration. Well ! what has that people gained in return for so many efforts and such heroic sacrifices ? Not an abuse, a cruelty, an injustice existed under the Bourbons, which has not re-appeared with tenfold force under the monarchy of July. In the first rank of the reproaches which were addressed to the government of the restoration, were one or two acts of brutality against writers condemned for political delinquencies. In what respect is the government which succeeded it distinguished, except by the increased number of its victims, and the insolence with which they boast of their despotism, and the success with which they can make a sport of revolutions ?

“The rancour of favourites has now degenerated into open hostility

against every species of freedom. The heroes who fought the battle of the revolution are the subjects of incessant ridicule and sarcasm to a generation of valets and courtiers. The Tuileries have become the patrimony of pride and ridicule. There an aristocracy of bankers, advocates, and professors, an aristocracy destitute of nobility either of thought or descent, holds incessantly to a king without Majesty the same language which the old aristocracy held to the elder branch of the House of Bourbon. Do they think that liveries, insolence, and pride are less unsupportable in the antechambers of Louis Philippe, than in those of Charles X.?"—Pp. 75, 76.

The courtier insolence and government oppression here so energetically described, are ascribed by M. Sarrans, and all the revolutionary party of France, to the hold which Louis Philippe and the Doctrinaires got of the Government after the Triumph of the Barricades, and the art with which, by the perpetual diffusion of false or exaggerated alarms, they have succeeded in retaining in their service the armed force and the influential part of the nation. In this observation, he, as well as his whole party, are blinded by the intensity of their indignation at the present Government of France. There can be no doubt that Louis Philippe is supported by the shopkeepers, bankers, and monied classes throughout the kingdom; and though he has been obliged to dissolve the National Guard in thirty-four of the eighty Departments of France; yet it is clear, that he is cordially obeyed by the great majority of that of the capital and the principal towns in the kingdom. It is ridiculous to pretend that the alarms by which this general support of the monied classes has been obtained are fictitious or chimerical, when above a dozen serious revolts have taken place since Charles X. was dethroned, and the last was extinguished only after eight days hard fighting at Lyons, and the slaughter of above 6000 men. It is evident that the property of France is really threatened by an anarchical faction; and that nothing but a general rally of all the respectable classes round the Government, whatever it may be, can avert a

frightful catastrophe. It is the sense, the general sense of this danger, which constitutes the strength of the present Government of France; and it is precisely on that foundation, that the despotic authority, which invariably succeeds revolutionary convulsions, has in every age been founded.

"Who could have ventured to assert three years ago," says Sarrans, "that the army, the civil administration, the budgets, the police, the tribune, and the press, stilled or salaried, would not suffice for the defence of the monarchy? Yet that is the doctrine constantly avowed and acted upon by the present government. Already the liberty of the press is placed in one of its most important franchises under the direct control of the police; while the law against associations deprives individual liberty of any sort of guarantee, since it is sufficient to subject every one to arbitrary arrest and detention, that government suspects him of belonging to any association of what character soever it may be. The new government has presented to the servile chambers who have passed them, acts of the *Haute Police*, measures dictated by rage and passion, subversive not merely of the liberties acquired by the first Revolution, but even of those guaranteed by the charter of 1814. And all this is done in a period of profound peace; when France, according to the ministerial accounts, is teeming with plenty, and overflowing with industry; when the taxes are regularly paid, the altars respected, the army faithful, the national guard loyal; and yet France is bound with fetters as if the air was charged with plots, and ready to rain daggers on our heads."—Pp. 235—237.

That France, notwithstanding the ardent passion for freedom, with which a large portion of its inhabitants are animated, should have fallen under this degrading yoke, will not appear extraordinary, when the following statement of the subdivision of landed property in that country, since the Revolution, is considered. It is taken from the "*Deux Ans de Règne de Louis Philippe*," the title of which is prefixed to this article, and recently published from official sources by the Cabinet of the Tuileries.

"Erroneous politicians," says this author, "have attempted to reduce the landed proprietors of the nation to so small a number, two millions at the utmost, that it is of importance to shew how widely their calculation is at variance with the truth, and that the class of proprietors forms in truth the great majority of the nation."

"If we recur to an official document we shall find, that in the Report presented to the Minister of Finance in 1817, by the Royal Commission for investigating the *Cadastre* (general valuation of the kingdom), it is stated that there were at that period 2,278,000 separate properties enrolled in 460 cantons of the kingdom only. New returns made in 1833 have established, that the number of properties over the whole kingdom, which was only 10,083,751 in 1816, and 10,296,693 in 1826, had risen in 1833 to 10,814,779; which would imply the existence of at least TEN MILLIONS of proprietors."

"Possibly, however, the *Cadastre* may involve several properties, separately valued, which are in reality vested in one proprietor; but a sufficient allowance to all appearance would be made for this, if the number of proprietors is taken at eight millions instead of ten. Call it even six millions; this, at an average of four to a family, would bring up the proprietors of France and their families to twenty-four millions; in other words, to three-fourths of the whole inhabitants."—*Deux Ans de Républic*, 271.

Now here is a result of revolution enough to make the boldest innovator hold his breath, and amply sufficient to account for the present and apparently interminable prostration of the liberties of France. Ten millions of landed proprietors! It appears from the latest statistical accounts that the value of the present landed property of France is L.66,000,000 yearly;* this would make the revenue of each landed proprietor at an average just *six guineas* a-year! Some idea may be formed of the excessive division of landed property in the kingdom, and the great rarity of considerable for-

tunes from this single circumstance. In point of fact, the Duke of Gaeta, the learned and able finance Minister of Napoleon, states, in the valuable tables annexed to his very curious Memoirs, that the number of proprietors in France during the Empire, taxed at L.40 yearly, and upwards, was only 17,745, and those at L.20 and upwards only 58,518, while no less than 7,897,110 were taxed at the rate of L.2 each. The land tax of France was then, and is now, about twenty per cent at an average; it results therefore from these official returns, that in 1815 there were, in the whole kingdom, only seventeen thousand persons holding property to the amount of L.200 a-year, while nearly *eight millions* had property to the amount of eight pounds a-year each.†

It is utterly impossible that a representative constitutional monarchy can exist in such a country. The elements out of which it is to be composed are wanting. Who is to take the lead in such a crowd of cultivators, all labouring with their own hands, and worn down by daily and incessant toil? Wherein do the cultivators of such a country, each paying 20 or 25 per cent of their produce to Government, differ from the Ryots of Hindostan, or the boors of Russia? In intelligence, they are noways superior; in habits, circumstances, and situation, they are inferior; for their labour is as great, their surplus produce is not greater, and they want the maintenance in sickness and old age, which, in the eastern dynasties, constitutes at once the ground and compensation for servitude.

How then is a country, thus violently bereft of its landed proprietors, and all its natural aristocracy, to find the elements of stable government? We shall give the answer in the words of M. Sarrans, begging our readers to recollect, that, forty-five years ago, Mr Burke prophesied that "France in the end would fall into the government of a cabal of *bankers, attorneys, and lawyers*; and that in this Serbinian Bog all the glories of the monarchy would be swallowed up."

"The essential thing," says our

author, "for a new dynasty which is desirous to engraft itself on old principles, is to raise up out of the classes rendered uniform by the Revolution of July a *burgage aristocracy*, which, elevating itself by degrees between the throne and the people, may gradually cause the first to forget its origin, and compel the latter to abandon the principle of its sovereignty. It is towards that end that the House of Orleans marches with swift and steady steps. To replace the scutcheons of the nobility by the privileges of the custom-house or of monopoly; to substitute for the feudal supremacy of land the ascendant of monied opulence; to exchange exemption from taxation for arbitrary difference in its distribution; to extinguish the pride of historic descent by the shameful cupidity for gain; to gather round its throne all that is distinguished in finance, the exchange, or the usurer's desks; to blend this degrading aristocracy with the remains of the civil and military *employés* who have grown up under the fluctuating governments of the last forty years; and to mix up with that worn-out political aristocracy the urban notables which have risen to power since the Revolution of the Barricades—such has been its constant policy. Abolition of the principle of popular sovereignty; contempt for the classes who brought about the Revolution of July; a total oblivion of the rights of the nation, are ever foremost in its thoughts. In fine, the dynasty of July has made no difficulty in separating itself from a party, which, since the massacres of the Convention, has no longer a root left in France; but it has done so on the condition of introducing into that worn-out trunk an aristocracy of generals, bankers, and advocates; of professors and prefects; an oligarchy of fortune, which, though destitute of the lustre of descent, has not contrived the less to appropriate to itself all the advantages of the social union."—II. 228, 229.

It may easily be conceived, that a government framed on such principles can have no very cordial affection for the institution of the National Guard. Accordingly, it is admitted in the "*Deux Ans de*

Règne" by the Ministers of Louis Philippe, that this institution is inconsistent with the principles of the monarchy of July.

"There is not one link in common," says this author, "*between a republic and a constitutional monarchy.*"

"Republican institutions can never coalesce with a constitutional throne. If republican institutions surround a throne, the sound must prevail over the thing signified.

"One of the most powerful institutions for the support of a monarchy is the National Guard. To wish for still more democratic institutions, is to wish to change the essence of the Government of July, which is monarchical. From such changes must result inevitably either a dictatorship, as on the accession of Napoleon in 1799, or the dissolution of all authority, as on the overthrow of Louis on the 10th August."—*Deux Ans*, p. 317.

Indeed, so much disposed is the Government of Louis Philippe now to disavow its origin, that it deprecates every species of popular movement, and classes with the worst excesses of the populace in this way that very urban insurrection which placed itself on the throne!

"The lower classes," says the organ of Louis Philippe, "are capable of achieving but little good, but infinite evil. At Athens we behold them banishing Aristides the Just; condemning Socrates to drink hemlock, and shortly raising altars to his memory; building a palace to Maullus on the capitol, and condemning him to be cast from the Tarpeian rock; weeping Germanicus, and throwing crowns to Nero who had burned Rome; exclaiming alternately, 'Long live the League,' 'Long live the Guises,' 'Long live Henry IV.;' combating Louis XIV. in the days of the Fronde, and bowing the neck beneath that great king; bearing Marat to the Pantheon, and casting his body into a sewer; murdering the king in 1793, amidst cries of *Vive la République*, and raising shouts of *Vive l'Empereur* in 1805; overturning his statue in 1814, amidst cries of *Vive le Roi*; erecting the Barricades in 1830, and again raising them in June, 1832.

"Strange blindness in those to

whom the past will never teach wisdom! To pretend to raise with impunity the masses of mankind, and direct at pleasure their movements! Thus the Girondists, who brought about the catastrophe of August 10, never dreamt of the revolt of 31st May, which consigned themselves to the scaffold; and the Dantonists, who did all the mischief on these occasions, never believed Robespierre would arise."—II. 254, 255.

Such is the picture which the authors of, and gainers by, the revolt of the Three Glorious Days now draw of its effects; and such the lesson which that great instance of democratic triumph teaches as to its ultimate effect upon the liberties of mankind. And if M. Sarraus spoke in such strong and emphatic terms on the subject, in January, 1834, when his work was published, what would he say now, when the ruinous effects of the change have been still farther developed; when a great conspiracy has spread over all France, which led to a second dreadful revolt at Lyons, extinguished only after eight days' desperate fighting in the streets of that city, and the slaughter of 6000 men? The magnitude of the discontent excited in France by the measures of the ruling dynasty, may be judged of by the extent of the ramifications of that conspiracy, spreading, according to the statement of the French Government, over all the principal towns of the kingdom, and embracing all the discontented and ardent spirits of its vast population. The measure of the forces at the command of Government, may be estimated by the complete overthrow of that conspiracy; and the bloody revenge taken on its authors at Lyons, Paris, and St Etienne, where the principal explosions took place. The force of the insurrection was ten times greater than that of the Parisian revolt, which overturned Charles X.; it greatly exceeded that of the Parisians in the great insurrection at the cloister of St Merri, in June, 1832, extinguished only, as Sarraus tells us, by a greater military force than that which conquered Austria or Prussia at Austerlitz and Jena. But though the insurgent force is thus formidable, the resisting power has been augmented in a still

greater proportion. Marshal Soult and his bayonets are not so easily shaken off as Prince Polignac and his priests; the despotic revolutionary dynasty now installed in power, is a very different Government from the mild and constitutional rule of Charles X. Bred in public tumults—borne forward to power amidst the conflicts of democracy—it has learned how to coerce the fervour from which it sprung—it knows how to deal with the transports so long excited in its own favour. Disregarding all constitutional restraints, careless of the clamours of the press, disdaining all appeals to reason, deaf to all considerations of humanity, it drives straightforward to the single object of suppressing the insurrections of the people. Ten, fifty, an hundred defeats in prosecutions against the press, are to it as nothing; it returns with unflinching perseverance to the charge, and wears out the republican journals in the end, by the expense, the anxiety, and vexation consequent even on hundreds of victories over the power of Government. Heedless of the charge of inconsistency, it warrants the incessant violation of individual liberty; arrests every night numbers of suspected or unsuspected persons in every town of France; strikes terror universally, by the general insecurity of personal freedom; loads its jails with a multitude of victims; and when no more room is to be found in the capacious prisons of the capital, sends them down by hundreds to the Gothic towers and sea-girt walls of St Michael. Indifferent to the effusion of blood, it pursues with inflexible perseverance its relentless career. Supporting itself on the armed force of the military, it crushes with a grasp of iron all the efforts of the people for a modification of its rule; answers their cries for bread by discharges of grape-shot; and drowns their cheers for freedom by the thunder of its artillery and the clattering hoofs of its cuirassiers. Such is the Government which France has now substituted, of its own free will, without foreign compulsion, for the constitutional sway of a lenient and benevolent race of monarchs; and however much the philanthropist may regret its continuance, the statesman must admit

its justice, and discern, in its severity, the bitter but not undeserved retribution of the sins and the suffering of the Revolution.

The means by which this retribution, under the superintending rule of Providence, has been brought about; the principles which now support, and are daily adding to the strength of this revolutionary tyranny, are so evident, that they cannot fail to strike even the most superficial observer. The democratic passions, the wild schemes, the anarchical desires, excited in France by the removal of all restraint, save that of force, on the extravagance of human passion, by the successful issue of the first Revolution, have rendered the existence of a constitutional Government, or of any degree of public freedom, out of the question. The terror of the Allies alone upheld the fabric of a tempered monarchy for fifteen years after the battle of Waterloo; when it subsided, and anarchical ideas resumed their ascendancy, with the rise of a new generation the constitutional throne was overturned, and the wild passions of the Revolution again rose into action. Out of their strife, as out of the combat of wild beasts, has arisen the stern rule of the strongest; a power which openly disdains all restraint on its authority, and crushes the opponent factions by the rude arm of military force. This rule is now settled, and for ever settled over France; Mirabeau declared, in 1789, that the National Assembly would never yield to the empire of bayonets; but forty-five years of struggles have irrevocably fixed it upon their descendants. The recent elections—the great majority which the Ministerial candidates have generally obtained, in spite of the severity of the Government, prove that this feeling has become general in the influential classes; that the dread of spoliation has struck deep and universally into the holders of property; and that all men who have any thing to lose, now feel that military despotism is the only remaining barrier left between them and anarchical ruin. Such is the termination of democratic ascendancy in the first of European monarchies.

We had proceeded thus far in our review of these interesting works,

when we received the following notice of them from our valued correspondent in Paris, and we gladly stop our own remarks, to give place for his observations.

We take up this work—the production of an author who has become justly celebrated, by several most able political publications since the Revolution—to review it; but not in the controversial spirit in which it is written. It signifies little to us whether Monsieur Sarraus is right, or the work which he undertakes to confute, the “*Deux Ans de Règne*,” emanating from the Philippist government. In our view, of course, they are both wrong; and we would not give the toss up of a straw to decide the balance of right and wrong between them. Our object is different. We wish to shew the real motives and aims of the Revolution—to shew the passion that was then, and is now, working in the heart of France; how the objects of the genuine Revolutionists were defeated in a moment of surprise and terror, by a base and pedantic *coterie*; the long conspiracies of this *coterie*, which snatched the victory from the people, and gave away their sovereignty to Philippe of Orleans; and to furnish some new and important documents, and instructive scenes—all of which the volumes before us afford an opportunity of doing.

The first thing that strikes us, indeed must strike every one, is the inconsistency, the contradiction of character, between the *cause* of the last Revolution and its *result*. It is, in the first place, a mistake to believe that the *cause* of this Revolution is to be found in the Ordinances. They caused it not—they only accelerated it. The long-boarded combustibles were only ignited, and exploded. The cause of the second Revolution is to be found in the first. The French continually recur to that epoch, and so must we, to understand what they would be about. France, in fact, had never been cured of her Republican passions and Utopian views. Reason and experience had been alike unable to disenchant her. The crimes and horrors of the first Revolution proved nothing. The experiment had *manqué*—that was all; but the

conviction remained, steady and rooted, that it must and ought to be renewed. It has ever been her custom, accordingly, the moment she felt the least interval of freedom, to return with a kind of *alacrity of instinct* to that cherished epoch. Nothing could suppress this perverted bent. Not all the down-trampling power of Napoleon—not all the dazzling spells of his glory, could tread the spark of hope out of her heart, or dim its burning lustre. The downfall of that great autocrat would have been a matter of rejoicing—would not have caused even a passing regret, had she been permitted to return unmolested to the wild work of disorganizing—to her ancient orgies—in order to create something—she knew not what—which might respond to the throbbing passions that filled her veins. As to a rational practical liberty, it is evident she did not, and does not mean that, for she has had it in her power scores of times to secure it by mere modifications and ameliorations, and she has always disdained to do so; all the real liberty she has ever enjoyed has been given to her in spite of herself by foreigners. But such liberty as is really attainable appears to her weak and beggarly. She contemns details, every thing partial and gradual, and will grasp at some *transcendental whole*. This delusion, this singular *deceptio visus*, which has its base, we believe, in an infidel deduction, viz., that it is given to man to CREATE, is the mental disease inherited from the first Revolution. It was this old revolutionary *virus* which attempted to break out in 1830, and which had been fermenting and curdling in the blood during the whole Restoration. It was checked—we shall see *how*—but it still works; and like as a vase is broken by a swelling poisonous liquid confined within it, so will the present, and every other Government that may exist in France, fly to pieces—into shivers—by the mighty fermentations of this imprisoned spirit. Doubtless, the Bourbons, the Emigration, and the Foreign Intervention, which imposed them on France, were odious to her; but these were *not* the radical grievances, for they included even the epoch of Napoleon. No, no. All Frenchmen revert to the first Revolution as to

the fountain of their country's regeneration. They are not ashamed of it; they *glory in it*; they would rather blot out any other page in their history than that. Both in their conversations and publications, (with the single exception of the Bourbonists or the Emigration,) Frenchmen speak and write of their first Revolution with admiration and affection. Some may, in passing, deplore its excesses, but its *principles* have all their sympathy and approbation. They speak of it as a father would speak of a wild son, making light of his libertinism, but extolling to the stars his genius and courage, and the grand impulses of power and of virtue which hurried him through his erratic course. It is the expression of this sentiment that *would have* taken place as the result of the Three Days, if a *coterie* of political pedants, previously prepared by long conspiracy, had not stepped in, in the sudden moment of surprise, and shewed the astonished nation that it had been contending, not for liberty and France, but for the *Charte* and *Philippe of Orleans*; both of which, if not decidedly odious, were at least of very equivocal and suspicious significance. That this legerdmain trick was put in practice, Mons. Sarraus makes abundantly evident.

In order to shew this, it is only necessary to cite a few paragraphs issued from the Hotel de Ville during the Three Days. The first dated the 30th, and has the following words—"FRANCE IS FREE:—she accords to the Provisional Government merely the right of consulting her. Till she has expressed her will by new elections, let the following principles be respected:—No MORE ROYALTY:—a mediate or immediate convocation of *all* citizens for the election of deputies: * * No MORE STATE RELIGION." This placard was printed, and stuck up all over Paris, with the formal consent of the Municipal Commission. By it we may see, that the Revolutionists, decided as they were, we believe, to avoid, if possible, the excesses of the first Revolution, were firmly determined, even in the terrible moment of disorganization, to proclaim and act upon its principles, and to revolutionize radically and fundamentally. Every placard issued by the popular

Revolutionists is of the same tenor; and we regret that our space will not permit us to cite them, for their almost every paragraph contains a *principle* unequivocally republican. But what we would wish principally here to point out, is, that not one of them—and they were the earliest—speak of the *Charte*. It is evident, indeed, that it was not of the *Charte* that they thought or cared about; and we feel quite sure, that their own *national "rights of man"* was much more in the hearts of the people than a *charte*—the gift of foreigners, and therefore anti-national and odious. But the Orleans faction now stepped in. They consisted of nearly all the 221 refractory members of the Chamber of Deputies, (why they had been refractory was now revealed,) and had at the moment a good deal of popularity from their opposition (the *motive* of which also came to light) to the Government of Charles X. It was *they* who set on foot the cry of *Vive la Charte*, which, however, never extended to the streets; and for NO MORE ROYALTY substituted NO MORE BOURBON; almost simultaneously Philippe of Orleans was invited, simply to *take upon himself* the lieutenancy of the kingdom. These acts, however, did not escape the animadversion of the popular party.

Several placards were issued from their *reunions*, which were their *authorities*, condemning strongly the designation of any chief, calling for new elections, and for the appointment of Lafayette to the presidency of the Provisional Government. Thus we see the Orleanists, even from the commencement, formed a distinct party from the genuine revolutionists. But what is chiefly remarkable, is the *vagueness* of the declarations of this faction. Having caught up the word *charte*, as a convenient shield, they and their purposes are completely masked behind it. Not a single principle of liberty, not a single right or privilege, do they claim for, or guarantee to the nation, or any of its interests; though, by doing this in numerous particulars (we will only mention one, the grant of an *habeas corpus* act), they might have secured real practical, not revolutionary, liberty to France, and proved themselves to be real pa-

trioti. The *charte*, which was their grand all in all, gave the nation nothing it had not before; and they *took care*, as the event has proved, that its provisions should be as insecure and indefinite as ever. To *hide*, however, the vague generality of their professions, they were liberal in ignoble vociferations against the fallen dynasty, and in their lying laudations of the Duke of Orleans. By these declamations, which bound them to nothing, they conceived they might *safely* intimate (not expressing it) their detestation of the principles of the Restoration, and establish an emblem of their devotion to those of the first Revolution, represented, it might be imagined, in the son of *Egalité*. Many were deceived, especially by this last manœuvre, owing to which it was that Louis Philippe escaped being involved in the exclusion of the *Bourbons*; for the public lie, given out by public authority, that he was not a *Bourbon* but a *Valois*, was detected and exposed immediately. Now, does not this studious refuge-taking in generalities, this careful avoidance of all *specific* grants or pledges to the national interests, these jesuitical double-sense professions, particularly when coupled with the comment of subsequent events, prove a total want of honest conviction, at least, in the Orleans faction, and that the Revolution, in so far as they were concerned, originated and resulted in *private conspiracy*, and contemplated not—as it did not operate—any change of system, but only a change of dynasty? But even so; had Louis Philippe been called to the throne by the convoked authorities of the nation, after public deliberation, as happened to William III. at our Revolution, we should have deemed his title good. Public order might have been maintained during the deliberations by a provisional government, with Lafayette at its head, much more effectually than it was done during the first six months of Louis Philippe's reign, and that time would have sufficed. But every thing like a *national appeal* (which might have been in our minds very different from an appeal to the rabble) was shunned like a pestilence by those *very men* who were at that moment proclaiming the *sovereignty* of the very

populace. Now, one of two things, it is plain, existed: either the people were fit to be intrusted with power, or they were not. If fit, the case had occurred in which power immediately and unequivocally devolved on them; why, then, was not the exercise of it—which, if *ever*, must then have been legitimate—committed to them? But if not, what hypocritical slaves, what base, unprincipled liars, must those have been, who were at the very moment flattering the gross and pitiable ignorance of the people, by declaring their sovereignty whilst they were juggling them out of the exercise of it! We delight, we confess, in placing these wicked gamblers in the ignorant passions of the multitude, between the horns of a dilemma. Here there can be no shuffling, no getting out of the scrape. Their proud words have been brought to the test, and have stamped falsehood on their own brows. Never was the high-sounding, all-promising philosophy of modern liberalism proved so completely to be a *sham* and a *cheat*. But, perhaps, such words as *sovereignty of the people*, &c. are not to be understood so literally; they may have a double meaning; one for the initiated, and the other for the populace, whose passions are to be *exploité*. Truly we believe so—and our mingled abhorrence and contempt is ineffable!! Certainly this double meaning was fully illustrated, its literal signification was made manifest, in the result of the Three Days; the people were *flattered* and they were *cozened*. Louis Philippe was imposed upon the nation, was juggled into the throne, without the will or consent of any party but that of the *conspiracy*, of which he himself was the head. There let him remain. We have no wish that the means by which he acquired power should render it insecure; but we must nevertheless furnish a few details, which Mons. Sarrans has given us of this conspiracy, and of the hypocritical, deeply-disguised conduct of its head, during the fifteen years of the Restoration.

It is not generally known, we believe, to what a *great* extent the present King of the French was personally under obligation to the dynasty whose throne he occupies. Be it known, then, that the immense Orleans property which Napoleon

had rescued from national confiscation reverted, on the Restoration, to the crown; that the Duke of Orleans, on his return to France, had no right or title to it whatever; and that his early Jacobinism and active participation in the revolution which had brought Louis XVI. to the scaffold, to say nothing of his father's immediate agency in that act of atrocious wickedness, made the restitution of it an act of magnanimity, which he himself seems not to have expected. Louis XVIII., however, did not wait to be solicited, but at once freely conferred it on him as an *appanage*. Monsieur Sarrans describes the expression of gratitude of the Duke, and of the warmth of his devotion at this unexampled act of munificence, to have been profuse, and Monsieur de Sarrans' sources of information are unquestionable. Again, Charles X. turns this *appanage* into personal property to the Duke and to his heirs-male for ever, although he was obliged to overcome the opposition of the Chambers, and to make the carrying of this point a matter, as he expressed it to them, of personal interest to himself. Again, the Duke of Orleans had long desired most ardently to change his title of serene highness into royal highness. This Louis XVIII. had always refused; but Charles granted it to him. Nothing, he thought, was too much to repay the devotion and affection of his cousin of Orleans; and, indeed, from the warmth of his expressions of homage and gratitude, it was hardly possible to doubt of the reality of these sentiments. "You should have seen," says the author of the history of the Restoration, "his serene highness, at a royal banquet, put his hand to his heart at every toast to the King, to Madame, to the Dukes of Angoulême and Berri; many times during the dinner he would cry out *Vive le Roi*, as if overcome by a sentiment which could not wait for the moment of *etiquette* to express itself." Indeed these manifestations of the warmest loyalty were so frequent and profound, that they seem to have lulled the royal family, in spite of some circumstances which ought to have excited more than suspicion, into the most entire confidence on their affectionate cousin, which continued up to

the last moment. Now let us see how this affectionate cousin was seriously engaged. His house, his palace, the gift of his King, was the rendezvous of all the discontented of all the opponents of the government. Under the pretext and mask of a love of literature and the arts, he collected about him all who hated and meditated day and night the overthrow of his royal benefactors. Nay, more than this, he heard them quietly with acquiescence, with approbation, with encouragement, discuss the bringing about of a Revolution, similar to that of the Expulsion of James II. from England, in which he himself was to enact the part of William III. Now if there was nothing but this fact, undeniable and undenied by all parties, against Philippe of Orleans, it would stamp him as the most traitorous hypocrite that ever lived. Overwhelmed with benefits by his sovereign, and flattering and fawning upon him with all the affected sensibility of gratitude and devotion, he is at the same time giving ear to, and smiling upon, projects which are to overthrow his government, and raise himself to his throne. How mean, cowardly, and treacherous! We lose sight of the greatness of the object of ambition, in amazement at the littleness and dirtiness of the animal who is wriggling towards it. If this man has on his head the crown of a King, he has in his carcass the soul of a Judas! But let us hear Mons. Sarrazin: "From that time," says he, (this was immediately after the second restoration,) "Louis Philippe became the centre, around which the new school of the Revolution of 1688 converged; all the historical analogies which approached this period were examined and compared in the presence of his Serene Highness, who complacently listened to the reasonings of the politicians who surrounded him. Be it understood, though, that the cousin of Louis XVIII. merely mingled his wishes with the wishes of his friends in the general interest." "Then," says Mons. Capéfigue, "history, poetry, every thing, was made to bear upon the Revolution of 1688. This English idea was thoroughly canvassed. The doctrinaires cherished it as if it were to introduce order after a tempest, as a question of political philo-

sophy solved by an event; and the Duke of Orleans, without shackling himself with any engagement, well at the Court, well with the opposition, favoured all which touched upon this idea, which he cherished as the hope of a crown. If the elder branch forgot a man of letters, a popular artist, or a poet, a dedication was got up, a picture was bought; it ornamented the gallery of the Palais Royale; compromised not, and gained popularity. But did his Serene Highness go to Court? There it was nothing but expressions of devotion, for every one flattering words, condescension, hopes." In fact, even before the second restoration, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, the conduct of the Duke of Orleans had been more than equivocal. He on that occasion accompanied the Duke d'Artois to Lyons, to oppose the progress of Bonaparte, and an expression of his letter to the Duke de Freirne, in committing to him the superior command of the departments of the north, has been cited as justly suspicious: "*Je me fie,*" says he, "*à ce que votre patriotisme si pur pourra vous suggérer de mieux pour les intérêts et l'honneur de la France.*" When in London, at this crisis, it was noticed, that the *Morning Chronicle* vaunted of his never having served against France, and set him up in comparison with the elder branch of his family. But the most suspicious circumstance of his conduct at this period was the two memoirs he addressed to the Congress of Vienna, explaining the causes which led to the overthrow of the house of Bourbon in 1789 and 1814. In fact his whole conduct, and that of his partisans, seemed to contain so much *arrière pensée*, that the Duke of Wellington summoned him categorically to explain his intentions.

On the return, however, of Louis XVIII. to Paris, that sagacious but indulgent monarch received his excuses and asseverations of loyalty with a mild rebuke. "*Mon cousin,*" said he, "*vous êtes le plus rapproché des trône après Berri; vous avez plus de chances par le droit que par l'usurpation; je crois ainsi autant à votre bon esprit qu'à votre bon cœur; et je suis tranquille.*" But the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux cut him off from this chance. When it was announced to him by Madame de Gon-

taut, he broke out into such a paroxysm of rage against that lady, that she burst into tears, exclaiming, "*C'est horrible! Venez donc Mons. le Mareschal* (to Marshal Suchet), *et respondes au Duc d'Orleans.*" But in spite of this violent burst of anger, and the calumnies he was supposed, probably falsely, to spread concerning the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, he soon made his peace completely with the elder branch, and continued to conspire against them. Monsieur Sarraus gives the following fragment of a conversation between the Duke and Monsieur Lafitte, who seems to have been his chosen associate, and who perfectly idolized his future monarch. Sitting on the banker's sofa, after the usual conversation about bringing about a revolution similar to that of 1688, the Duke interposed:—"It is a dream—but let that pass—when I am king, what shall I do for you?"

"You may make me your fool—the King's fool—that I may have the privilege of speaking the truth to you—*c'est charmant.*"

And on another occasion he said, "Nations, my dear Lafitte, hate not kings, but because kings have always deceived them; nevertheless, *if you bring me to the throne*, you will be very foolish if you do not chain me." But Monsieur Sarraus also gives us an account of an absolutely planned insurrection, which was to expel the elder branch, and substitute the younger. This was to be professed to be simply a *revolution de palais*; in it we see, in all its simplicity and nakedness, the thought which the faction realized after the Three Days; it shews that their design, a change of dynasty, *had that extent—no more.* The idea of this insurrection is exhibited in the following conversation between Monsieur Lafitte and Monsieur de Talleyrand. "See," said Lafitte, "*ceci s'en va* the republic, you are hanged; the empire, you are shot. There is nothing but the Duke of Orleans; he alone can save you; will you talk about it? (No answer.) Neither you nor I can act as subalterns; to play out the game we must throw for all; officers, soldiers, operatives, all are ready. I have promised nothing, but I know all. You, I, *him.* If you speak to him the affair is finished. How?—Three millions, two regiments,

twelve thousand artisans round the Chambers; *Vive le Duc d'Orleans*—you to one tribune, I to the other, and the elder branch (*les aînés*) decamp." A look at Lafitte, read it who can. Lafitte adds, "Not a drop of blood; not a single arrest; not a shop shut; it will be an Orange revolution—I will see him." He saw and talked with the Duke accordingly, under pretext of visiting his picture gallery, gave an account of the interview to Lafitte, and kept the secret. But the revolution took not place; to make it required *three*, and they remained *two*. It has been known, that at this very moment, it was a question in council to give to the Duke of Orleans a command in the Spanish expedition, and it is reasonable to believe that he was not ignorant of this project.

We have already quoted enough, we believe, to shew the kind of conspiracy which existed during the Restoration—the single object which it contemplated, a change of dynasty; and the mere party, or rather personal advantages which it held out to its members. That it designed nothing further than this is evident from the result of the Three Days, which has accomplished nothing further; and certainly this result was carried much *beyond* the wishes of the faction who determined it, by the sheer impulse of the Revolution. The object of this faction has therefore been ever since to retrograde from the advanced post which the Revolution placed them in, in spite of themselves.

We must return once more to his Majesty of the French. It has been asserted by Louis Philippe himself, and echoed from all quarters, that he knew nothing of the ordinances till he saw them in the *Moniteur*. Now M. Sarraus controverts this assertion. He establishes that Monsieur de Talleyrand was informed on the 21st by his friend M. Ouvrand, that the ordinances were to be issued. Upon this information he hastens to Paris, not believing it; goes to St Cloud, where he becomes convinced of the truth; and, on his return from St Cloud to Paris, visits *Neuilly*, where Louis Philippe then was. This was on the 24th. That Monsieur de Talleyrand knew of the ordinances on his visit to St Cloud, is evident from his own expression, that "*his eyes were open*—

ed, and the court had gone mad." "Now," reasons M. Sarrans, "if Monsieur de Talleyrand, the friend, the confident, the hope of Louis Philippe, knew of the ordinances on the 24th, (the day on which he went to St Cloud, and then straight to Neuilly,) could Louis Philippe be ignorant of them on the 25th?" Monsieur Sarrans concludes his reasonings on this subject as follows:—"Had Monsieur the Duke of Orleans hastened to St Cloud on the 26th of July to prevent the effusion of blood, or on the 27th to stop it,—had he urged a return to the *charte*, which he loves so much, he would have acted as a good kinsman and loyal citizen. Or, if more a friend to liberty than his family, he had boldly thrown himself into the midst of the combatants, to reseize the drapeau of 1792, this had been to fulfil the duties of a great patriot, and to prove nobly his rights to the national gratitude. * * * But history will, without doubt, decide that between these two determinations there was none honourable; that to carry the same temperament into a political revolution as into a court intrigue; to pry about for intelligence, and look about for conspirators, when blood was flowing in torrents; to take care to be ready for any event, when political faith should have been proved by a total self-sacrificing devotion,—this is not to win a crown,—it is to *cheat* at the game of revolutions (*C'est tricher au jeu des revolutions*). * * * But had the Prince shewn himself on the *Place de Grève*, fighting for the triumph of the old revolutionary doctrines, what could he have gained? The crown which was brought him to Neuilly, and nothing more. Had the Revolution, on the contrary, succumbed, his two hundred millions were in jeopardy, and perhaps his head. His Royal Highness, then, was in an admirable position, between legitimacy and the Revolution, for either event. Should Paris be beaten, straight to St Cloud—should St Cloud be beaten, straight to Paris."

One more anecdote of *Louis Philippe*. Immediately after he was seated on the throne, being congratulated by a foreigner of distinction on his elevation, he replied—"True, true, but I have still three bitter medicines to purge off my stomach, *Lafitte, Lafayette, and Dupont de l'Eure*."

This was at the time when he was caressing these men with an affection altogether sentimental, and calling them, especially Lafayette, his dear friends and his protectors. *Autreste*, touching the calamitous state of France, of which Monsieur Sarrans so feelingly complains, we will tell him that in its origin it is not of a recent date, or even created or curable by Louis Philippe. France is, in fact, out of her course; out of her *providential course*. She has been out of it ever since she took all the providence she would trust in into her own hands. Ever since then, it appears as if chance had ruled over her destinies instead of Providence. No great event which has happened her has had continuance, sequence, or abiding effect. All has been sudden, violent, and apparently capricious. It seems as if the vast vacuum she had left in her mind by all which she had abolished and struck out of it, had been filled up by rushing ravaging winds. What wonder, then, that strange combinations should have been formed, jostled together with violence, with violence to part, and to give place to others? One of these strange chance-medley combinations is the alliance of republicanism and monarchy together. What *must* have ensued, has ensued; a fierce war between them. The two principles have got within each other's orbits; it is no longer possible to separate them—the one must destroy the other, and the monarchy must infallibly succumb, for it wars with the *mind* of the country. What then? This question evokes a spirit of *fear*, and on this *fear*, which counts among its votaries only the *weak* and the *supine*, rests the monarchy as on its firmest basis.

We must give one more extract from Monsieur Sarrans. It will shew completely the character of Louis Philippe's foreign policy, and also that of our own Whig Administration, beautifully illustrated in one example, from which we may say, "EX UNO DISCE OMNES." The subject is Algiers. It is known that the French Government, on undertaking this expedition, stipulated with our own Government to relinquish it after the conquest, and expressly renounced all intention of colonizing. On this subject, imme-

diately after the Revolution, and in pursuance of the express directions of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Stuart de Rothsay demanded of Louis Philippe, in an audience, if it was his intention to observe those engagements. The following was the reply of his Majesty of the French, which, Monsieur Sarrans pledges himself is faithful to the sense, if not the very words uttered on the occasion :—

“As a general rule, it is my most sincere and firm resolution to maintain inviolable all the treaties which have been concluded the last fifteen years between the powers of Europe and France. As to that which concerns the occupation of Algiers, I have most particular and powerful motives to fulfil the engagements of my family towards Great Britain. These motives are the lively desire I feel to be agreeable to his Britannic Majesty, and my profound conviction, that an intimate alliance between the two countries is necessary, not only for their reciprocal interests, but still more to the interest of the liberty and civilisation of Europe. You may, then, Monsieur L'Ambassadeur, assure your Government that mine will conform itself punctually to all the engagements taken by his Majesty Charles X. relative to the affair of Algiers. But I pray you to call the attention of the Britannic Cabinet to the actual state of the public spirit in France, and impress upon it that the evacuation of Algiers would be the signal of the most violent recriminations against my Government, which might lead to disastrous results; and that it concerns the peace of Europe not to depopularize a new-born power endeavouring to strengthen itself. It is necessary, then, that assured of our intentions, and convinced of our firm will to fulfil the promises of the last Government, his Britannic Majesty should leave us the choice of time and means.”

This is the text; the indignant comment will arise of itself in the mind of every reader. We have seen the result. Algiers is retained; and only a few weeks ago the decision of the French Government was declared in the Chamber of Deputies, both to maintain and colonize it. Holland, Belgium, Portugal,

Spain, and Algiers,—all proclaim the triumph of French policy, and open a career for French ambition, whilst they evidently are at variance, in their present positions, with all material and positive British interests. To what shall we attribute this? To the superior adroitness and skill of French diplomacy, or to the imbecility of our own? To neither; but merely to the all-absorbing *sympathy* which our Whigs feel towards revolutions and revolutionary principles. Their sympathies have betrayed them. They have drawn them inextricably into the net of French policy and merged all peculiar, separate, British views, in the universal views of their sublime philosophy; and this not distinctly, perhaps, stated to their own minds, but only through *sympathy*! Has not history taught these men that such *sympathies* are worse than downright extreme doctrines? Such doctrines, in their naked simplicity, never did any harm; it is only *sympathies* towards them which draw on and precipitate nations into destruction. The Constitutionals of the first National Assembly were men of *sympathy*; they sympathized with a republic, though they were not republicans. The Girondists, starting from a more advanced point, were only *sympathizers* too; they sympathized with a regicide, though they were not regicides. Without these *sympathizing spirits*, great evils could never be brought on a state. So our Whigs, perhaps, are not Revolutionists in the full sense of the term; they are only *warm sympathizers* with revolution, merely the base medium which revolution must travel over, and trample into the mire, in order to arrive at anarchy and ruin. These *drivelling sympathies* of our Whigs, ever since their administration, have made England, who was in a position to dictate, the dupe and cat's-paw of a bastard, hypocritical, fawning, but hostile power; and unless a speedy reaction at home prevent it, they will soon *sympathize away* all the respect and weight which England ever possessed in Europe. Admirable pilots! they see a vortex before them, and they fancy it a proof of their skill to get into it.

EDMUND BURKE.

PART XII.

THE life of Burke is singularly distinguishable by epochs. His appointment to the private secretaryship of Hamilton, his entrance into the House of Commons, his secession from the Whigs, and the loss of his son, all characterise periods from which his career assumed a totally distinct colour. He was now in voluntary and final retirement; the death of Richard Burke had scarcely more separated that lamented person from the world than it did his father. From this time the ardent and daring speculator died, and was transmuted into the calm and lofty philosopher. His language is touched by the tomb; it has the solemn dignity and pure fervour of a devotional offering. Even where it is nerved by indignation at public vice, or labours with alarm and anxiety at public danger, its character is reflective; it deals with man less as the instrument or victim of temporary party, than as the object of supreme justice. In the confusion of nations, and those wild convulsions of European polity, which whirled away all the minds which mingled in them, and perplexed all which stood aloof, Burke seemed to look upon the general collision, not only from a more distant, but from a superior sphere. He unquestionably saw with a clearer vision than any of his contemporaries the principles of the changes, and pronounced upon them with a firmer and more decisive wisdom. On looking over the productions of the day, we frequently find eloquence, and sometimes powerful anticipations of the good or evil forthcoming. But we find them flung out with the confused and mystic indecision of a pagan oracle. Burke drew his political wisdom from a higher source than the tripod where Faction sat, inflated and frenzied with blasts from the subterranean forge of revolution and treason. His oracles were the high inspiration of a powerful understanding, guided by a sincere heart, and both, at this time, elevated to clearer views even by the fatal blow

which had disunited the patriot and the man of genius from all his old connexion with the world.

But the death of his son had neither impaired Burke's actual vigour of mind, nor diminished his original interest in the concerns of the empire. With Party he never more descended into the field; but when the sound of national danger reached him in his retreat, no man was more ready to shake off his dejection, and rush to the front of the encounter alone. He had now withdrawn, during two years, from public business; he saw none of his public friends, scarcely any private society; and his chief employment was in protecting and modelling a school established within a few miles of Beaconsfield, for the orphan sons of the French emigrants. His dejection was altogether real. He was no chagrined statesman, affecting independence. He was as far from the common affectation of disdaining the honours and emoluments of society, under a real sense of their having escaped his ambition. He was, as he described himself, a broken old man, who, having ventured his last stake of human happiness in one object, and having lost it, believed that he had now nothing more to do, than to prepare to follow. In a letter, written two years after the death of his son, to a friend who proposed taking a distinguished French Noble to visit him, he declines the proposal in this language: "Alas! my dear friend, I am not what I was two years ago. Society is too much for my nerves. I sleep ill at night; and am drowsy, and sleep much in the day. Every exertion of spirits which I make for the society I cannot refuse, costs me much, and leaves me doubly heavy and dejected after it. Such is the person you come to see; or rather the wreck of what has never been a very first-rate vessel. Such a I am, I feel infinitely for the kindness of those old friends who remember me with compassion; as to new, I never see one, but such French as come

to visit the school, which supplies to me the void in my own family, and is my only comfort. For the sake of that, I still submit to see some who are still more miserable than I am."

But this great man was speedily to furnish a proof of the inherent strength of his intellect, and of the living sensibility with which he felt for the cause of England as the cause of mankind.

The war with France had been begun by the unanimous impulse of all that constituted the virtue, manliness, and public principle of England. The murder of the unhappy Louis, and the more than murder, the long and hideous atrocities which embittered the last hours of Marie Antoinette, a woman once all but worshipped by France, and deserving of every homage that could be paid to dignity of mind, and innocence of heart, had roused all England into a solemn detestation of Jacobinism; and a resolute desire to be totally separated from connexion with a people covered with blood. England had her Jacobins; but their voices were lost in the general burst of horror; rebellion hid its head for the time, and loyalty was the universal impulse of the nation. The first successes of the war justified and sustained the national feeling. The Republican armies were broken, driven within their own frontier, chased from camp to camp within that frontier. The great triple line of fortresses, which had so long been boasted of as the iron bulwark of France, the perfection of military art, and impregnable to all European force, had been penetrated and seized; the Allied armies had advanced to within ten marches of the capital, and the Jacobin government was on the point of dissolution, when some fatality, to this hour scarcely accounted for, checked the invasion, and from that hour all was disaster. In less than two years all their conquests were lost, the French armies had changed from tumultuary levies into hosts of disciplined troops of the finest order, led by daring officers, organized with the utmost skill of a military age, and guided by the genius of a man preeminent for the union of boldness and science,

the celebrated Carnot. In those disasters the British troops suffered but little; their singular gallantry saved them from serious reverses. But the ranks of the German armies were desolated, and the weight of the war was rapidly turning upon Britain. In this crisis, disaffection, the love of change, and the natural horror of the daily expenditure of human life, raised a sudden outcry against the war. Opposition, headed by Fox, haughtily taunted the Minister with the result of measures, which owed their failure only to the weakness or corruption of strangers; the commercial interest, always sensitive to public hazard, gave the weight of wealth to the rising party; and that small but fierce faction, on whose first efforts Pitt had set his heel, but which had still nurtured its unmitigable venom for the time of public evil, now raised its head again, and prepared to irritate and poison the public mind. Even in the Cabinet all was not sincere. Pitt was compelled to work with instruments tempered of metal that sometimes shivered in his hand. He had round him some men, who relied on art to supply the deficiency of their powers, and even in the highest pursuits of ambition could not forget the underhand sagacity of intrigue; well-wishers to the Minister, but not hostile to his opponent; building their political conduct on the principle that Fox might yet sit on the Treasury bench, and guarding themselves with all the dexterity of the double-minded against too resolute a devotion to the right, and placing all the virtue of statesmanship in the facility of changing the right into the wrong; adepts in moderate attachment, gentle treachery, and pledges which bound to nothing. The time was come for those men to make their bargain; and the leaning towards Opposition became palpable, in exact proportion with its growing influence. The knowledge of this progress in national shame reached Burke in his retreat, and it filled him with the indignation of a patriot and a man of honour. The prospect of a French negotiation spread before his eye only a vista of public disgrace; he could contemplate in it nothing but Ministerial disappoint-

ment and Jacobinical victory. It must have been clear to all but the wilfully blind, that France wanted every element of sound negotiation; that the perpetual change of her principles extinguished every species of rational reliance in her engagements; and that even the perpetual havoc of her factions rendered it impossible to say with which the negotiation begun was to be concluded. No European nation had ever exhibited the aspect with which France now confronted the general eye. With every feature of her visage grim with murder, her lips hurling defiance alike at earth and heaven, and her hands grasping at the plunder of every kingdom, it was not her putting on the mock costume of peace that could justify civilized empires in admitting this maniac and robber within the congresses and assemblies where law was paramount, and where provision was to be made for the interests of civilized man. The frightful rapidity with which the successive governments of the Republic had destroyed each other, had from the commencement of the Revolution constituted a most powerful answer to all proposals of treaty. In a debate, in 1793, on Fox's motion for an address for peace with France, Burke's reply was irresistible. "Let us consider," said he, in an indignant tone, "of the possibility of negotiation. Supposing that England were to send an ambassador to the Sans-Culottes Convention to make the *amende honorable*, in a white sheet, at the bar of their meeting, and, by way of approximating to their system of equality, confer that agreeable and honourable office on some nobleman of high rank, how are we sure that he would not be saluted *à la Santerre*, holding the bloody head of Louis XVI. as an example to all sovereigns?"

"Would you have him next apply to Monsieur le Brun? Unfortunately, the fellow is in jail, and it may be very uncertain whether they would consent to grant him a day rule. Would you apply to the minister Clavierre? You would then have *non est inventus* returned upon the back of the writ; for, it seems, he is not to be found. Would

you have recourse to Roland? Why, he is not only in jail, but his wife is in jail with him, and she is said to be the real minister. Apply to Brissot, who has so many friends in this country, and let your ambassador take care that he leaves his watch behind him. But here again, Brissot is in jail, bearing a repetition of that sort of misfortune to which it is to be hoped that habit has reconciled him. Pay your addresses to Egalité, and you will find him in his dungeon at Marseilles, sighing at the reflection of those hopes which he once entertained of being lieutenant-general of the crown of France. There then remains only my celebrated friend, the mild and merciful Marat, whom a negotiator might address with excellent effect, if he carried credentials from me. Such are the list of sovereigns who are to receive the submission of the British nation."

His thoughts were immediately directed to the means of counteracting the time-serving spirit, which would have laid England at the foot of her mortal enemy. This labour occupied him during the summer of 1796; and no labour of his long and active career was more magnificently productive. It appeared in the shape of the two celebrated Letters on a Regicide Peace. The former of these was on the Overtures for Peace; the latter, on the character and spirit of the French Revolution. He begins by alluding to the depression which had succeeded to the first manly feeling of the Empire. This depression strikes him as not belonging to the natural state, nor to the intelligent impulses, of the national mind. But he looks upon its existence as much the most formidable symptom of the time. "The disastrous events," he observes, "which have followed, one upon another, in a long, unbroken, funereal train; those were not the principal causes" of the disheartening view which he was compelled to take of the public condition; he "fears more from what threatened to fail within, than what menaced to oppress us from abroad," and pronounces, with combined dignity of language and philosophic truth, that, "To a people who have once been proud and great, and great

because they were proud, a change in the national spirit is the most terrible of all revolutions." On the common analogy of Nature, which is so idly adopted as proof in the instance of Empire, he has the fine and clear-sighted observation—"I am not quite of the mind of those speculators, who seem assured that necessarily, and by the constitution of things, all States have the same periods of infancy, manhood, and decrepitude, that are found in the individuals who compose them. The objects which are thus attempted to be forced into an analogy, are *not found in the same classes of existence*. Individuals are physical beings, subject to laws universal and invariable. But commonwealths are not physical, *but moral essences*. They are artificial combinations, and in their proximate efficient cause, are the arbitrary productions of the human mind. *We are not yet acquainted with the laws*, which necessarily influence the stability of that kind of work, made by that kind of agent. There is *not* in the physical order (with which they do not appear to hold *any assignable connexion*) a distinct cause by which any of those fabrics must necessarily grow, flourish, or decay. I doubt whether the history of mankind is *complete enough*, to furnish grounds for a sure theory on the internal causes which necessarily affect the fortunes of a State. I am far from denying the operation of such causes. But they are infinitely uncertain, and much more obscure, and much more difficult to trace, than the foreign causes that tend to raise, depress, and sometimes to overwhelm a community."

He then proceeds, in the spirit of an ancient sage, to expand his theorem. The passage reminds us of some of the magnificent effusions of Plato. "It is often impossible, in those enquiries, to find any proportion between the apparent force of the moral causes, and their known operation. We are, therefore, obliged to deliver up that operation to mere chance, or, more piously and more rationally, to the occasional interposition and irresistible hand of the Great Disposer. We have seen States of considerable duration, which, for ages, have remained nearly as they have begun, and can hardly be said to ebb or flow. Some appear

to have spent their vigour at their commencement. Some have blazed out in their glory a little before their extinction. The meridian of some has been the most splendid. Others, and they the greater number, have fluctuated, and experienced, at different periods of their existence, a great variety of fortune. At the very moment when some of them seemed plunged in unfathomable abysses of disgrace and disaster, they have suddenly emerged; they have begun a new course, and opened a new reckoning, and even in the very depths of their calamity, and on the very ruins of their country, have laid the foundations of a towering and durable greatness. All this has happened without any apparent previous change in the general circumstances which had brought on their distress. The death of a man at a critical juncture, his disgust, his retreat, his disgrace, have brought innumerable calamities on a whole nation. A common soldier, a child, a girl at the door of an inn, have changed the face of fortune, and almost of nature."

From thus laying down the general principles, he strikingly reverts to the case of the French monarchy. "Such, and often influenced by such causes, has commonly been the fate of monarchies of long duration. They have their ebbs and their flows. This has been eminently the fate of the monarchy of France. There have been times in which no power has ever been brought so low; few have ever flourished in greater glory. By turns elevated and depressed, that power had been, on the whole, rather on the increase; and it continued not only powerful, but formidable, to the hour of the total ruin of the monarchy. The fall of the monarchy was far from being preceded by any exterior symptoms of decline; the interior was not visible to every eye; and a thousand accidents might have prevented the operation of what the most clear-sighted were not able to discern, nor the most provident to divine. A very little time before its dreadful catastrophe, there was a kind of exterior splendour in the situation of the Crown, which usually adds to Government strength and authority at home. The Crown seemed then to have obtained some of the most

splendid objects of State ambition. None of the continental powers of Europe were the enemies of France. They were all either tacitly disposed to her, or publicly connected with her. The British nation, her great preponderating rival, she had humbled; to all appearance, she had weakened, certainly had endangered, by cutting off a very large, and by far the most growing, part of her empire. In that, its acme of human prosperity, in the high and palmy state of the monarchy of France, it fell to the ground without a struggle. It fell, without any of those vices in the monarch which have sometimes been the causes of the fall of kingdoms; but which existed, without any visible effect on the State, in the highest degree, in many other princes, and, far from destroying their power, had only left some slight stains on their character. The financial difficulties were only pretexts and instruments of those who accomplished the ruin of the monarchy. *They were not the causes of it.*"

Then comes out of the ruin the Republic, the monstrous offspring of Infidelity by Ambition, the fearful shape engendered by the Spirit of impiety and evil in its union with the gross abomination of sensual France. "Deprived of the old government—deprived, in a manner, of all government—France, fallen as a monarchy, to common speculators might have appeared more likely to be an object of pity or insult, according to the disposition of the circumjacent powers, than to be the scourge and terror of them all. But out of the tomb of the murdered monarchy in France has arisen a vast, tremendous, unformed spectre, in a far more terrific guise than any which has ever yet overpowered the imagination, and subdued the fortitude of man. Going straightforward to the end, unappalled by peril, unchecked by remorse, despising all common maxims and all common means, this hideous phantom overpowered those who could not believe it possible that it could at all exist. * * * But the poison of other States is the food of the new Republic. That bankruptcy, the very apprehension of which was one of the causes assigned for the fall of the monarchy, was the capital

on which she opened her traffic with the world. The Republic of Regicide, with an annihilated revenue, with defaced manufactures, with a ruined commerce, with an uncultivated and half-depopulated country, with a discontented, distressed, enslaved, and famished people, passing with a rapid, eccentric, incalculable course from the wildest anarchy to the sternest despotism, has actually conquered the finest parts of Europe, has distressed, disunited, and broke to pieces the rest; and so subdued the minds of the rulers in every nation, that hardly any resource presents itself to them, except that of entitling themselves to a contemptuous mercy by a display of their meanness. Even in their greatest military efforts, and the greatest display of their fortitude, they seem not to hope, they do not even appear to wish, the extinction of what subsists only to their certain ruin. Their ambition is only to be admitted to a more favoured class in the order of servitude under that domineering power."

The argument then turns on the infinite hazard which must result from following this example, in the instance of England, a State which can never be looked on as a safe dependent by France, and must therefore prepare for the most abject slavery, or the most decisive triumph. The councils of national dishonour find no echo in the lips of Burke. He presses on the empire the great truth that the only fatal defeat of nations must be inflicted by their own hands. The loss of battles and provinces are but slight wounds, the loss of public spirit is the blow at the vitals. While the public spirit is sustained in its vigour, disaster often serves but the purpose of awaking the nation to its own resources, of rousing the full vigour of the people into indignant action, of hardening the limbs and inspiring the heart; they are the blasts and casual touches of inclemency which brace the national frame, purify it of its diseased fulness, and invigorate the whole being for energies unfelt before, and duties to which it had been hitherto unequal. "While our heart is whole," says Burke, "it will find means, or make them. The heart of the citizen is a perennial spring of energy to the State. The public must never be

regarded as incurable. * * * *
 For one, I despair of neither the public fortune nor the public mind. Difficult is our situation. There is a courageous wisdom; there is also a false, reptile prudence, the result not of caution, but of fear. Under misfortunes, it often happens, that the nerves of the understanding are so relaxed, the pressing peril of the hour so completely confounds all the faculties, that no future danger can be properly provided for, justly estimated, or so much as fully seen. The eye of the mind is dazzled and vanquished. An abject distrust of ourselves, extravagant admiration of the enemy, present us with no hope but in a compromise with 'is pride by a submission to his will. We plunge into a dark gulf with the rash precipitation of fear."

He then makes a true and striking, though a quaint remark, on the principle of timidity:—"The nature of courage is, to be conversant with danger; but in the palpable night of their terrors, men under consternation suppose, not that it is the danger which calls out the courage to resist it, but that it is the courage which produces the danger. They therefore seek for a refuge from their fears in the fears themselves, and consider a temporizing meanness as the only source of safety."

He then pours out a succession of those frequent maxims which a Statesman, and, above all, an English Statesman, should assume as principles. "In small, truckling States, a timely compromise with power has often been the means of drawing out their puny existence. But a great State is too much envied, too much dreaded, to find safety in humiliation."

"If wealth is the obedient and laborious slave of virtue and public honour, then wealth is in its place. But if honour is to be sacrificed to the conservation of riches; riches, which have neither eyes nor hands, nor any thing truly vital in them, cannot long survive the being of the vivifying powers, their legitimate masters, and their potent protectors. If we command our wealth, we shall be rich and free; if our wealth command us, we shall be poor indeed. We are bought by the enemy with the treasure from our own coffers."

"Nature is false, or this is true, that

the State which is resolved to hazard its existence, rather than abandon its objects, *must* have an infinite advantage over that which is resolved to yield rather than carry its resistance beyond a certain point: that the nation, which bounds its efforts only with its being, *must* give the law to that nation which will not push the opposition beyond its convenience.

"The great resource of Europe was in England, not in a sort of England detached from the rest of the world, but in that sort of England which considered herself as embodied with Europe; in that sort of England which, sympathetic with the adversity or the happiness of mankind, felt that nothing in human affairs was foreign to her."

When we consider the period at which the following observation was written; that England was at that time merely an assistant of foreign powers in the war; and that her maritime position might have seemed to preclude her from being any thing more; it argues an extraordinary penetration to have pronounced, as "a sure axiom, that no confederacy of the least effect or duration can exist against France, of which England is, not *only* a part, but the *head*." This observation, too, shews the high importance which may belong to the councils of an individual mind. If the principle here laid down had been acted on at the beginning of the war, Europe would have been saved a thousand millions of money, and ten times the value of those millions in lives. The war would have been finished in the first campaign. England hung back as a principal; she fought only as an auxiliary. Thus involved in every disaster of her allies, without the means of repelling it, or the hope of remedy, she suffered for their corruption, their cowardice, the blindness of their projects, or the obliquity of their policy. With but twenty thousand soldiers on the Continent, her name was continually tarnished by the retreats of this handful of brave men before the countless multitudes of the enemy, or her feelings were wrung by their sacrifices in the purchase of profitless victory. By making nations principals, who were destined by nature only for auxiliaries, England placed the cause of Europe in a

false position, and finally suffered more in retrieving the defeats of those principals, than would have achieved the most signal triumph. This unhappy policy was changed at last, and, from the moment of the change, the proud course of British supremacy began. England was no longer compelled to divide her vigilance between the stratagems of her enemy, and the chicane of her allies; her native honour was not degraded, nor her vigour made impotent by lingering in the second line, while heartless and ignorant hostilities were weakly sustained in the front; her councils were no longer clogged by the weight of foreign tardiness; the field, the force, the tactic and the triumph, were her own, and all her own. From the hour when Burke's maxim became the maxim of England, her banner has waved but over a field of glory. If we are ever again to have a war for continental security, this maxim must be written in living letters on the English Cabinet; that England cannot be the auxiliary in a foreign war—that she must enter the field as a principal—that she must not for a moment consider how peace is to be made, until she has shewn that she has the power to strike an irresistible blow—that she must depend on nothing but herself, and disdaining the slack courage, penurious magnanimity, and time-serving lukewarmness, which she has always found in Continental Cabinets, and which will characterise them, until adversity shall purify or judgment extinguish their national corruptions, she must summon her whole power to the contest, throw herself into the field with that magnificent profusion and lavishing of strength which disdains to think of a reverse; and making no provision for humiliation, enter the most trivial contest with a resolve to conquer, or to be undone.

Another of the great maxims which he presses on the public mind with reiterated and resistless illustration, is, never to think of peace until we have made the enemy sick of war. For all such rash desire of peace must be so far an advance to defeat, must be only an evidence that we feel our cause sinking, and thus either issue in a truce conceded by him only to render his attack

weightier, or act as a direct encouragement to his attack, a direct discouragement to the confidence of our allies, and by a still fatal consequence, a voluntary humiliation, and anticipated decay, to the spirit of the country. This great political error Burke pronounces to be the source of all the calamities of the war. "People imagined," is his language, "that it was in our power to make peace with this monster of a State, whenever we chose to forget the crimes that made it great, and the designs that rendered it formidable. People imagined that their *ceasing to resist*, was the way to be secure. This pale cast of thought sicklied over all their enterprises, and turned all their politics awry. They could not read, in the most unequivocal declarations of the enemy, that more safety was to be found in the most arduous war, than in the friendship of that kind of being. This great, prolific error; that peace was always in our power, has been the cause that rendered the Allies indifferent about the direction of the war, and persuaded them that they might always risk a choice, and even a change in its objects. They seldom improved any advantage; hoping that the enemy, affected by it, *would make a profit of peace*. Hence it was, that all their early victories have been followed with the effects of defeat. The discomfitures of the Republic of Assassins have uniformly called forth new exertions, which not only repaired old losses, but prepared new conquests. The losses of the Allies, on the contrary, no provision having been made for such an event, have been followed by desertion, by dismay, by disunion, by a dereliction of their policy, by a flight from their principles, by an admiration of the enemy, by mutual accusations, by a distrust, in every member of the alliance, of its fellow, of its cause, of its power, and of its courage."

But, in Burke's view, the severer hazard was still, where the true strength must finally be looked for, at home. The trials of faction had remarkably failed; an insane and guilty passion for popularity had vitiated the Trial by Jury, and Government seldom dragged a criminal into Court, but to see him led out in tri-

umph by the Jury. He animadverted upon this desperate symptom of national perversion with his most pungent abhorrence. "Public prosecutions are become little better than schools for treason; of no use, but to improve the dexterity of criminals in the mystery of evasion; or to shew with what complete impunity men may conspire against the commonwealth, and with what safety assassins may attempt its awful head. Every thing is secure, except what the laws have made sacred; every thing is tameness and languor, that is not fury and faction. Whilst the distempers of a relaxed fibre prognosticate and prepare all the morbid force of convulsion in the body of the State, the steadiness of the physician is overcome by the very aspect of the disease.—'Mussabet tacito medicina timore.' The doctor of the constitution shrinks from his own operation. He doubts and questions the salutary, though critical terrors of the cauterium and the knife. He takes a poor credit even from his defeat, and covers impotence under the mask of lenity. Is all this, because in our day the statutes of the kingdom are not engrossed in as firm a character as ever? No, the law is clear, but it is a dead letter;—dead and putrid, it is insufficient to save the State, but potent to infect and kill."

Then follows one of those fine maxims which make his volumes oracular. In allusion to the necessity of perseverance, if England were to hope for success, he loftily pronounces:—"None can aspire to act greatly, but those who are of force greatly to suffer. They who make their arrangements in the first run of misadventure, and in a temper of mind the common fruit of disappointment and dismay, put a seal on their calamities. So far as their power goes, they take a security against any favours which they might hope from the usual inconstancy of fortune."

In narrating a diplomatic attempt to save the Duc de Choiseul, and some other emigrants, who had been thrown on the French coast by shipwreck, he gives a contemptuous sketch of the Jacobin sovereigns—"In the spirit of benevolence we sent a gentleman to beseech the Di-

rectory of Regicides, to be not quite so prodigal as their Republic had been, of judicial murder. We solicited them to spare the lives of some unhappy persons of the first distinction, whose safety, at other times, could not have been an object of solicitation. Not a hostile invasion, but the disasters of the sea, had thrown them upon a shore more barbarous and inhospitable than the inclement ocean under the most pitiless of its storms. Here was an opportunity to express a feeling for the miseries of war. What was the event? A strange, uncouth being, a theatrical figure of the opera, his head shaded with three-coloured plumes, his body fantastically habited, strutted from the back scenes, and after a short speech, in the mock-heroic falsetto of stupid tragedy, delivered the gentleman who came to make the representation into the custody of a guard, with directions not to lose sight of him for a moment; and then ordered him to be sent from Paris in two hours."

Among the paradoxes of politicians, one of the most favourite is, that there must be party in the State. Undoubtedly party would be essential, if it were essential to the British Constitution to give life to a body of men bound together by the single object of seizing on power; sacrificing all individual principle in the general purposes of ambition; and openly declaring all means, however degrading, false and dishonourable, to be justified by their use in urging the party into power. On this system all national considerations were to be sunk in the single object of embarrassing the Government. Every enemy of England found a ready-made advocacy in the British Parliament—every act of abomination, perpetrated by the foreign enemy, found a panegyrist in the domestic. The American rebellion, which even the rebels dared not pronounce legitimate, until it was within sight of success, was instantly adopted by the whole force of English Opposition. It was held at the fount in its peevish infancy, and baptized into rights and privileges by English faction. The English arms were repelled—the national claims were insulted—the precedent

of rebellion was established—the latent hostility of the Continent was nurtured into open war. Those were the work of party. Its defence was, that those were necessary for the embarrassment of Lord North. While every face of the honest and honourable was saddened by the clouds which then seemed to darken the horizon of England for ever, party went about the land triumphing. British victory threw them into mourning—British bloodshed only refreshed their countenances; and, in the hour when the sun of England, to the apprehensive spirit of a people inured to disaster, seemed plunging into final night, Party publicly rejoiced at the coming on of a darkness, in which the Minister and the Nation were to be bewildered together. This spirit of selfishness impregnated its whole history, down to the moment when the French Revolution again summoned the true patriotism of England to a new struggle for national existence. The first sound of foreign ruin struck into the tomb, where Party had been laid to fester during the season of national tranquillity. It instantly started up, bringing with it from that grave all its old grossness, less purged than soured by its dark repository. Every blast of crime and shame from France was a new breath in its nostrils.

Burke charged it as among the errors of the British Government, that it suffered its ears to be filled by the clamours of party; an evil, to which he traced the encouragement of the public enemies, the arrogance of French diplomacy, and the evident depression of the public mind. He then at once indignantly depicts the contemptuous attitude in which the upstart Directory receive our humiliation, and eloquently supplicates the government and the nation to rouse themselves to a sense of the necessity for principled and resolute resistance. "The Regicide Directory, on the day which, in their gipsy jargon, they call the 5th of Pluviose, in return for our advances, charge us with eluding our declarations under 'evasive formalities and frivolous pretexts.' They then proceed to tell us they will offer peace on 'conditions as moderate, as what? as reason and equity

require? No! as moderate 'as are suitable to their *national dignity*!' National dignity, I do admit, is, in all treaties, an important consideration. They have given us a useful hint on the subject. But dignity, hitherto, has belonged to the mode of proceeding, not to the matter of a treaty. Never before has it been mentioned as the standard for rating the conditions of peace; no, never by the most violent of conquerors. Indemnification is capable of some estimate; dignity has no standard. It is impossible to guess what acquisitions pride and ambition may think requisite for *their dignity*." He then bursts into a torrent of the most varied and powerful reprobation. The passage has become celebrated among the memorials of national eloquence, but its merit lies deeper in its political wisdom, and natural reason, than even in its mastership of language. It is the famous picture of a revolutionary levee. It begins with a few touches of scorn.

"The Regicides tell us 'that they will have no peace with their enemies until they have reduced them to a state which will put them under an *impossibility* of pursuing their wretched projects;' that is, in plain French and English, until they have accomplished our utter and irretrievable ruin. This is their *pacific language*. To this conciliatory and amicable public communication, our sole answer in effect is this—'Citizen regicides! whenever *you* find yourselves in the humour, you may have peace with *us*. That is a point which you may always command. We are constantly in attendance; and nothing that you can do shall hinder us from the renewal of our supplications.'" He then strikes full upon the subject, and gives the whole fierce, vivid grouping with matchless reality. "To those who do not love to contemplate the fall of human greatness, I know not a more mortifying spectacle, than to see the assembled majesty of the crowned heads of Europe waiting, as patient suitors, in the antechamber of Regicide. They wait, it seems, until the sanguinary tyrant Carnot shall have snorted away the undigested fumes of the blood of his sovereign. Then, when, sunk on the down of usurped

ponp, he shall have sufficiently indulged his meditations with what monarch he shall next glut his ravening maw, he may condescend to signify that it is his pleasure to be awake; and that he is at leisure to receive the proposals of his high and mighty clients for the terms on which he may respite the execution of the sentence which he has passed upon them. At the opening of those doors, what a sight it must be to behold the plenipotentiaries of royal impotence, in the precedency which they will intrigue to obtain, and which will be granted to them according to the seniority of their degradation, sneaking into the regicide presence, and, with the relics of the smile which they had dressed up for the levee of their masters, still flickering on their curled lips; presenting the faded remains of their courtly graces, to meet the scornful, ferocious, sardonic grin of a bloody ruffian, who, while he is receiving their homage, is measuring them with his eye, and fitting to their size the slider of his guillotine! Those ambassadors may easily return as good courtiers as they went. But can they ever return from that degrading residence loyal and faithful subjects, or with any true affection to their master, or true attachment to the constitution, religion, or laws of their country? There is great danger that they who enter smiling into this Trophonian cave, will come out of it sad and serious conspirators, and such will continue as long as they live. They will become conductors of contagion to every country which has the misfortune to send them forth. At best, they will become totally indifferent to good and evil, to one institution or another."

In his examination of the principles on which the nation must be called to support the war, he touches on the difficulties which should influence the British Minister to have recourse only to the manlier feelings of the empire. "There has not been in this century any foreign peace or war, in its origin the fruit of popular desire, except the war that was made with Spain in 1739. Sir Robert Walpole was forced into the war by the people, who were inflamed to this measure by the most leading politicians, by the first orators, and

the greatest poets, of the time. For that war Pope sung his dying notes; for that war, Johnson, in more energetic strains, employed the voice of his early genius; for that war Glover distinguished himself in the way in which his genius was the most natural and happy. The crowd readily followed the politicians in the cry for a war which threatened little bloodshed, and which promised victories attended with something more solid than glory. A war with Spain was a war of plunder. In the present conflict with Regicide, Mr Pitt has not had, nor will perhaps have, many prizes to hold out in the lottery of war, to attempt the lower part of our character. He can maintain it only by an appeal to the higher; and to those in whom that higher part is the most predominant, he must look the most for its support. * * * The weaker he is in the fund of motives which apply to our avarice, to our laziness, and to our lassitude, if he means to carry the war to any end at all, the stronger he ought to be in his addresses to our magnanimity and to our reason."

He then, with a single stroke, gives the whole character* of Walpole's policy.—"In stating that Walpole was driven by popular clamour into a measure not to be justified, I do not mean wholly to excuse his conduct. * * * I observed one fault in his general proceeding. He never manfully put forward the entire strength of his cause. He temporized, he managed, and adopting very nearly the sentiments of his adversaries, he opposed their inferences. This, for a political commander, is the choice of a weak post. His adversaries had the better of the argument, as he handled it; not as the reason and justice of his cause enabled him to manage it. * * * Some years after, it was my fortune to converse with many of the principal actors against that Minister, and with those who principally excited that clamour. None of them, no, not one, did in the least defend the measure, or attempt to justify their conduct. They condemned it as freely as they would have done in commenting on any proceeding in history in which they were totally unconcern-

ed. Thus it will be. They who stir up the people to improper desires, whether of peace or war, will be condemned by themselves. They who weakly yield to them will be condemned by history."

It has been the habit of a certain rank of political writers, to speak contemptuously of the personal services of William III., even while loudest in their praise of the Revolution of 1688. Burke amply vindicates his memory in a vigorous sketch of the war which rescued Europe from the grasp of France at the beginning of the eighteenth century. "At the period of that war, our principal strength was found in the resolution of the people, and that in the resolution of a part only of the whole, which bore no proportion to our existing magnitude. England and Scotland were not united at the beginning of that mighty struggle. When, in the course of the contest, they were united, it was a raw, ill-connected, and unproductive union. Ireland was then the heaviest of burdens. An army of not much less than forty thousand men was drawn from the general effort, to keep that kingdom in a poor, unfruitful, and resourceless subjection. Such was the state of the empire.

"The state of the finances was worse, if possible. Every branch of the revenue became less productive after the Revolution. Silver, as the body of the current coin, was reduced so low, as not to have above three parts in four of the value of the shilling. In the greater part the value hardly amounted to the fourth. It required a dead expense of three millions sterling to renew the coinage. Public credit was cradled in bankruptcy. At this day we have seen parties contending to be admitted, at a moderate premium, to advance eighteen millions to the Exchequer. For infinitely smaller loans, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of that day, Montague, the father of public credit, counter-securing the State by the appearance of the City, with the Lord Mayor of London at his side, was obliged, like a solicitor for an hospital, to go, cap in hand, from shop to shop, to borrow a hundred pounds, and even smaller sums. When made up in

dribblets as they could, their best securities were at an interest of twelve per cent. The paper of the Bank was often at a discount of twenty. * * * As to private credit, there were no, as I believe, twelve bankers' shops at that time out of London. In 1697, in that state of things, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom we have just seen begging from door to door, came forward to move a resolution full of vigour, in which, far from being discouraged by the generally adverse fortune and the long continuance of the war, the Commons agreed to address the Crown, in the following manly, spirited, and truly animated style:— 'This is the Eighth year in which your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons, in Parliament assembled, have assisted your Majesty with large supplies for carrying on a just and necessary war, in defence of our religion, and the preservation of our laws, and vindication of the rights and liberties of England.' Afterwards, they proceed in this manner— 'To shew to your Majesty and all Christendom, that the Commons of England will not be *amused*, or diverted from their firm resolution of obtaining by *war*, a safe and honourable peace; We do, in the name of those we represent, renew our assurances to support your Majesty and your Government against all your enemies, both at home and abroad, and that we will effectually assist you in carrying on the war against France.' The *amusement* and diversion they speak of was the suggestion of a treaty *prepared* by the enemy, and announced from the throne. No sighing and panting after negotiation; no motions from Opposition to force the Ministry into a peace; no messages from Ministers to palsy and deaden the resolution of Parliament, or the spirit of the nation. They did not so much as advise the King to listen to the propositions of the enemy, nor to seek for peace, but through the mediation of a vigorous war. This address was moved in a hot, a divided, a factious, and, in a great part, disaffected House of Commons; and it was carried, *ut minus contradicente*."

This strong determination of the country which coerced the House of

Commons into the adoption of the firm councils which afterwards saved Europe, was almost a providential preparation for the crisis which followed.—“When the first war, (which was ill smothered by the treaty of Ryswick,) slept in the thin ashes of a seeming peace, a new conflagration was in its immediate causes. A fresh and a far greater war was in preparation. * * * * The steps which were taken at that time, to compose, to reconcile, to unite, and to discipline all Europe against the growth of France, certainly furnish to a statesman the finest and most interesting part in the history of that great period. It formed the masterpiece of King William’s policy, dexterity, and perseverance.”

He then comes to the direct character of that policy which, under William, had been the preparative for such splendid final triumph, and which he prescribes as essential to the British Government in all instances of French war. “Full of the idea of preserving not only a local civil liberty to our country, but to embody it in the political liberty, the order and independence of nations united under a natural head, the King called on his Parliament to put itself into a posture—‘to preserve to England the weight and influence it at present had on the councils and affairs abroad. *It will be requisite that Europe should see you will not be wanting to yourselves.*”

Who can look upon the following passage without regretting that Burke did not feel it among his duties to give the world the history of the Revolution? He would thus have rescued the noblest portion of our annals from the miserable mutilation, the party narrowness, and the heavy timidity, alike of style and thought, which, in the successive attempts, have made it worse than a blank in British record. “Baffled as the King was,” says Burke, “and almost heartbroken at the disappointments he met with in the mode which he first proposed for that great end, he held on his

course. He was faithful to his object; and in councils, as in arms, over and over again repulsed, over and over again he returned to the charge. All the mortifications he had suffered from the last Parliament, and the greater he had to apprehend from that newly chosen, were not capable of relaxing the vigour of his mind. He was in Holland when he combined the vast plan of his foreign negotiations. When he came to open his designs to his Ministers in England, even the sober firmness of Somers, the undaunted resolution of Shrewsbury, and the adventurous spirit of Montague and Orford were staggered. *They were not yet mounted to the elevation of the King.* The Cabinet, then the Regency, met on the subject at Tunbridge Wells, the 28th of August, 1698; and there, Lord Somers holding the pen, after expressing doubts on the state of the Continent, which they ultimately refer to the King, as best informed, they gave him a most discouraging portrait of the spirit of the nation. ‘So far as relates to England,’ say the Ministers, ‘it would be want of duty not to give your Majesty this clear account, that there is a deadness and want of spirit in the nation universally, so as to be not at all disposed to entering into a new war. This is the truth of the fact, on which your Majesty will determine what resolution is to be taken.’ His Majesty did determine, and did take and pursue his resolution. In all the tottering imbecility of a new government, and with Parliament totally unmanageable, he persevered. He persevered, to expel the fears of his people by his fortitude—to steady their fickleness by his constancy—to expand their narrow prudence by his enlarged wisdom—to sink their factious temper in his public spirit. In spite of the people, he resolved to make them great and glorious—to make England, however inclined to shrink into her narrow self, the tutelary angel of the human race.”

MEMOIRS OF MONSIEUR DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

No. III.

WE have already furnished our readers with two articles containing copious extracts from these delightful Memoirs. In the present number we shall present them with some anecdotes and fragments which are too precious to be lost; and in a *fourth* we hope to again enrich our periodical with further portions, coming in a direct manner from Monsieur de Chateaubriand himself. We do not regret, that on the present occasion we are only able sparingly to inlay our pages with his golden sentences, for we confess we have been burning for some time to give way to the sentiments which the subject-matter of our two former articles inspired, and which the press of our extracts obliged us to refrain from. We seize therefore the present opportunity. Monsieur de Chateaubriand's is a name which inspires enthusiasm. Who can be acquainted with his career, who can have read his works, and above all, who can have perused those passages of his life, of which we have been able to catch some of the echoes, and not feel the want of rendering the homage of a full heart to such genius and such a character? We confess we cannot, and we are glad of the opportunity of disburdening ourselves of some of our enthusiasm, which, we believe—being somewhat alien from our temperament—we have caught by infection from our illustrious subject himself. But, in truth, is not his biography himself? his works himself? Never was *individual* soul impressed so vividly and so variously on every view, on every situation of humanity, as in his pages. But let us speak of the man. What first strikes us as brightly peculiar in him is that he is a *reste*, a remnant, an old Corinthian column, rearing its decorated head amid ruins, the lingerer behind of a race which has passed suddenly away from the earth, the survivor of the ancient nobility of France, the last of French gentlemen; and surely the setting sun of this calumniated race, tarry-

ing awhile above the ocean's brim, has shed its rays with intense brightness upon this their last descendant. When he makes his exit, the final exit of the French noblesse—of chivalry, of honour, of religion from France—will be accomplished. The old French nobility, even in an individual, will never again appear above the horizon; but the bright halo of glory which will settle upon his name, will shed its light upon the shades of the great family to which he belongs. He *does* belong to that family much more in mind and character than even by birth. It is impossible to identify him with any other order of men; but the moment we behold his traits and stature, we are struck with the idea, that he is left behind to vindicate the character of his injured race, and to claim for them, in his own person, that honour and distinction of which calumny and misfortune had robbed them. But another and still more singular characteristic of Monsieur de Chateaubriand is, that he is the representative as it were of all the great political transformations of the mind and history of his epoch; the Republic, the Empire, the ancient Monarchy, have all seen him an active agent, preserving a unity and simplicity of character, a real, not a mock consistency of views and principles, throughout. There is something wonderful in this multiplex existence, when we find in positions so various, in circumstances so differing and opposed, the same individual preserving his original stamp of mind unaltered; trait for trait, opinion for opinion, principle for principle, all retain, at every comparable epoch, their identical sameness of character: we have no time-serving, no expediency, no Protean forms to suit Protean times; but the warmth, energy, sincerity, and boldness of his heart, seem to have fused the outward elements of his destiny—which are generally the controllers, not the controlled—into such shapes, as it consisted with

honour—bright, strict, and inflexible—to pursue. This is *genius of moral character*. But let us now turn to his genius of mind, and open his books. Not less multifarious, not less individualized does he appear therein. The traveller, the sceptic, the believer, the poet, the Frenchman, the Royalist, the friend of liberty, the gentleman, the citizen, the soldier, the historian, the defender of fallen kings, the minister, the youth, the sage; passions, pleasures, meditations, hopes, regrets, dreams; the whole man, in all his moods, varying as the shadows cast by summer clouds, are brightly noted down. Truly has he said,—“*My works are the proofs and justifying pieces of my memoirs. What I am may be there read beforehand.*”

But now for an extract, or rather for an anecdote, for extract it cannot be called, as it is only a recollected passage. It shall be taken from some school scenes on which Monsieur de Chateaubriand seems to dwell with peculiar delight. These are related with an infantine grace, which is perfectly charming. The smallest accidents of this period are detailed minutely, as if their recollection rejuvenated—and it does in the example before us—age itself. There is a regret for all the friends of boyhood who have passed away; among others, for a noble youth named *Regile*, a Vendéan and devoted Royalist. Being prisoner at Quiberon on his parole, and seeing an English vessel approach the coast at a dangerous time, *Regile* flung himself into the sea, and, at the risk of his life, approached the vessel to give warning of the danger. The English wished to take him in, and thus ensure his escape. But this his chivalric honour forbade; he had given his parole, and preferred returning—as he did—to certain death, to breaking his word. On reaching the land, he was led out upon the coast and shot, his last words being a cry of *Vive le Roi*. Here was another example of the high spirit of the old French nobility. But to our anecdote.

At the College of Rennes, it was expressly forbidden to indulge in one of the most pleasurable pastimes of boyhood, birds'-nesting. One day, however, during a walk, a group of

merry pupils discovered a pie's nest on the top of a lofty tree. The mother pie was seen making circles about it, and then settling on the nest. But how to get at it was the question. The boys pointed at the object of their desire, and clamoured together as to who should first climb the tree. Will you, Louis? Will you, Victor? Will you, Francis? “I will,” exclaimed Francis, seeing the others hesitate; and up he climbs, higher, higher, higher, his companions gazing on. At last arriving near the nest, the mother bird, seeing the depredator, flies away. Francis plunges his hand in; there are no birds, but several eggs. Not to come down with empty hands, he seizes upon this prize, and thrust it into his breast-pocket; when suddenly a cry is heard, “*The master is coming, the master is coming.*” His young companions take fright, and scamper away. One only remains behind—“Quick, Francis, let yourself slip down; put your foot on that stump, hold fast by this branch.” At last he is fairly down, and runs away to rejoin his companions, when, Oh, horror! Oh, accident unforeseen! the eggs are broken, his waistcoat has changed its colour, the embryo birds cry vengeance against him, and the master declares he shall be whipped. In vain young Francis expostulates; in vain he begs for some other punishment; the black hole, dry bread, or two hundred verses of Horace to learn by heart. No, he shall be whipped. The master approaches to put his threat into execution, but, finding prayers in vain, the young gentleman determines to defend himself by force against what he considered, even in childhood, an indignity. He plants himself against the wall, he kicks, he strikes, he scratches, he bites, he hides himself under the bed, fortifies himself behind the wardrobe; in fact, defends himself like a young lion. At last the master, smiling, perhaps, at his defence, or admiring the sense of shame which prompts it, yields in all the forms of war, and the young culprit escapes punishment altogether.

It is impossible to conceive from this faint sketch, of the charming manner in which this anecdote is narrated.

We will now give another. It is

a perfect little romance, with its adventures, its surprises, its touching interlude, and extraordinary rencontres. We only regret that we are not able altogether to lift the veil, and give it in the words of the Memoirs themselves. The scene is England. Mons. de Chateaubriand was then an emigrant. In a retired country town, whither he had betaken himself to decipher some old manuscripts for a bookseller—then his only resource for subsistence—there lived a widow with her daughter. He makes their acquaintance, and shortly after lodges with them. During this time he breaks his leg by a fall from his horse at a hunting party, and Charlotte, the daughter, has the care of him during his convalescence. A gradual, almost imperceptible intimacy, takes place. Petrarch and Dante are read together by the maiden and her foreign guest; the monotonous days of this secluded life fly by unperceived. Meanwhile a warm sentiment of affection in one bosom, and a softer emotion in the other, has grown up, when suddenly the peace of this peaceful house is broken by these words, like a thunderclap, "*Mariam, I am married.*" Twenty years elapse, and one morning a lady dressed in black, with two children in the same attire, enter the cabinet of the French Ambassador at London. An electric recognition takes place; then the *epanouissement du cœur*, the mutual recollections, the detailed history of the last twenty years—but we must break off. It is one of the most touching episodes in the whole Memoirs.

Nothing is more interesting to mark than the first literary aspirations of a great author. It is surprising what homage, even in their earliest years,—what deferential homage, what timid respect, they render to that excellence of which they feel the seeds to be in themselves. This is, perhaps, a kind of occult selfishness. They bow down to themselves placed upon a pedestal. That is myself, say they, but myself fully developed. I have it all within me, but I cannot yet express it. And, therefore, their exaggerated wonder at those seeming magicians who can discover the workings of their own minds, and reveal them to themselves. This

may explain the trembling anxiety and admiration of Mons. de Chateaubriand—as of others—when first introduced into literary circles. We have seen him at the same age boldly present himself before the King (Louis XVI.); at first sight the familiar friend and companion of the venerable Malesherbes; and declare at his interview with Washington, that the face of a great man never troubled him; yet his Memoirs confess that he was disquieted and timid in the presence of such a fellow as Champfort, whom he has compared (he confesses ridiculously), in one of his earliest works, his "*Essay on Revolutions*," to the sages of Greece,—Champfort, whose *blue eyes darted lightning*. But there was another name, now wholly forgotten, who had still more of his wonder and respect,—Flins. And who was Flins? every one will ask, and no one can answer; but a great poet he was at that time, and called the *celebrated Flins*. "*Epimenides*," exclaimed Mons. de Chateaubriand, at that time, "has paid his tribute to Mr Flins in furnishing him with a subject for his comedy." And he has made an excellent commentary on this exclamation, in a note to his Memoirs. "Who would not believe," says he, "that he was reading one of those grotesque apostrophes which Diderot introduces in his history of the two Indias—Oh banks of Aajinga, you are nothing, but you have given birth to Eliza!"

This paper is intended as a kind of *collectanea* of scraps, preparatory to our gratifying, we hope, our readers with more complete passages. It is the *entrebâtement* between the courses. But the interest is less broken, in writing of Mons. de Chateaubriand in this manner, than it would be of any other person. There is so much soul in his every sentence; a single phrase reveals, with such a trait of light, the whole man, that we have *him* at least ever before us. Now, in this consists, in our opinion, the great charm of his Memoirs. Revelations, as far as we have been hitherto permitted to peep, he has made none; the events which he has dwelt upon are old familiar things; but himself, the exhibition of his own character, which is perhaps involuntary on his part,—the grand

theme of his eloquence has an uncommon attraction. Childhood, youth, manhood, and age,—the spring, summer, autumn, and winter of life, seem to coexist in his own person. This is singular, and may, from its great rarity, be called a *phenomenon*. The secret of it consists in one word,—*Sensibility*. We have, fortunately, the means of giving an example of this in two short extracts. The first is from a chapter of the second volume of his Memoirs, dedicated “TO THE UNHAPPY !” What a fullness of sensibility there is in the very idea of breaking off one’s personal narration to console and counsel the unhappy!

“I picture to myself,” says he, “the avidity with which the unhappy, who may read this chapter, will devour its contents. I have myself experienced the same sentiment, when, in reading our moralists, I have turned restlessly to the portions which treated of human misery, hoping to find there some consolation. I picture them to myself, again, deceived like myself, and turning to me and saying,—You teach us nothing—you give us no balm for our pains; on the contrary, you prove that they exist not. Oh! my companions in misfortune, your reproach is just. I wish, indeed, to dry your tears, but you must implore succour from a hand more mighty than man’s. Yet do not suffer yourselves to be utterly discouraged. Among many calamities there are some joys. Shall I now endeavour to shew you the blessings that may be derived from the condition even of the most miserable? Perhaps you may draw more profit from it than from all the pomp of Stoic precepts.” He then goes on with his directions. He advises the unhappy man to shun palaces, public gardens, great lights, and loud noises; to quit his shelter only at night; to imbibe tranquillity and lofty thoughts from the solemn silence and magnificence of the sky; to avoid the glaring equipage, crowded streets, and illuminated hotels, but to betake himself to some retired faubourg; and there, where he sees the feeble light of a farthing candle from some garret window, to say within himself,—“There, there I have brothers; there are hearts which throb in unison with mine. In this manner, the heart of the miserable

will become saturated with humanity, and he will be far removed in soul up above the tinsel glitter of prosperity.

The other extract shews the same temperament, the same sensitive texture of nerves; which, it is remarkable enough, constitutes the *only* species of French *genius* as distinguished from *talent*. There is a distinction between *genius* and *talent*. Though difficult to define, we *feel* it. Rousseau and Chateaubriand exhibit the *genius* of *sensibility*. We do not recollect a third name, except, perhaps, in an inferior degree, Mons. de la Martine; but of *genius* of *intellect*, *soaring strains of mind*, or *revelations of the human heart*, we do not recollect a single example. All under this cope, clever *mimickings* of *genius*, we call *talent*. But to return to our extract. It will take us once more back into the woods of America; and as we have seen Rousseau thrown into ecstasies by the sight of a periwinkle, and Sterne lamenting over a dead ass, so shall we see Mons. de Chateaubriand, but with much more genuine, and less selfish humanity, recording the emotions which the sight of a poor persecuted cow gives rise to. One day, on passing through a meadow, he saw a poor skeleton of a cow grazing peacefully. Suddenly, three men drove five or six fat cows into the same meadow, and expelled the lean one with sticks and stones. At this spectacle, our traveller was so moved and indignant, that he turned aside from his route to see the result; and here he speaks himself—“An Indian woman, in appearance as miserable as the cow itself, came out of her isolated hut, advanced towards the frightened animal, called to it gently, and offered it something to eat from her hand. The cow ran towards her, stretching out its neck, and uttering a low bellow of joy. The colonists made menacing gestures at the Indian at a distance, and she returned to her cabin. The cow followed her. It stopped at the door, when the woman stroked and patted it soothingly on the neck, and the animal shewed its gratitude by licking her hand.”

Who can read this passage without an emotion similar to that which dictated it, or without applying its

moral to human life, where the miserable are maltreated by the prosperous (the fat ones), and find only succour and sympathy from those who are miserable as themselves!

Here terminate the extracts which we are able to give on the present occasion from the Memoirs of Monsieur de Chateaubriand; but we shall subjoin a letter lately sent by him to the *Gazette de France*, 1st, because it is a strictly biographical piece, and will doubtless find a place in his Memoirs; and, 2dly, because it gives us the opportunity of furnishing the true key to the political conduct of Monsieur de Chateaubriand. This last has been mistaken. It has been supposed that he has always been animated with the mere love of opposition; that he has thrown himself continually into opposition, because it afforded him the finest occasions for the exhibition of his eloquence; that he has sought contrast, in order to appear in strong lights, and so attract the public attention and admiration. Now, in this view we cannot acquiesce. We have only to consider that Monsieur de Chateaubriand, even from the beginning of his career, has found himself, owing to the ever-changing political states of France, almost constantly in *false positions*. What then? Was he to hide his talent in a napkin; to renounce public life, and deprive his country of his services? No; by no means. This would have been to shew a sullen discontent against Providence. But he was to do what he has done: throw himself boldly into the arena, and, not being able to control events, endeavour at least to modify them, so as to bring them as near as possible to his own views of the public good. This is not serving expediency. Expediency is the having *no standard of right in one's own mind*; and consistency is having a standard (Monsieur de Chateaubriand's is *monarchical liberty*) never out of sight and pursuit, even when out of reach. Tried by this rule, Monsieur de Chateaubriand will appear one of the most consistent men that ever lived; and applied to every situation he has been in, it will shew why he must almost always have been in opposition. But

there is another and even more honourable reason for his frequent *hontades* (as they appear to mere trading politicians), and this is the principle that private honour—albeit its inspirations may be concealed totally from the world—should never yield to the public exigencies. But it is this very setting up of individual honour above all political considerations (the instances we might mention are numerous), and making the latter, multifarious as they are, bow down before the Unit, the sacred Unit, which has given to Monsieur Chateaubriand's conduct the appearance of singularity—what are we saying?—real singularity—and made many imagine that he aims at dramatic effect, merely because he will not pluck that bright gem out of the casket of his bosom, and throw it under the hoofs of a party.

The letter we subjoin will shew how this sentiment has prevailed with him, independent of all other considerations, in determining his whole conduct since the Revolution. It is as follows. It is dated 27th June, 1834:—

"SIR,—In this morning's number of the *Gazette de France*, you have the goodness to point me out for the re-elections which will take place at Marseilles and Toulon, in consequence of the quadruple nomination of Monsieur Berryer. I thank you sincerely, but I cannot accept of the proposed honour.

"At present, sir, the Colleges have terminated their operations; and in manifesting again my private opinion, I have no fear of frustrating the plan adopted by the Royalists. Discharged from all responsibility, it is permitted me to break a silence, which deference to judgments much superior to my own had imposed upon me. It has given me great pain to see a great number of suffrages uselessly lost, by being given to me. I beg, therefore, that independent electors may give in future their votes to a candidate whom no obstacle hinders from taking his seat in the popular Chamber.

"In my letter of thanks, which I addressed some months ago to the electors of Quimperle, I declared my firm resolution of refusing the oath of allegiance. Neither my position nor my principles have since changed.

Fortunate *fusillades*, innocent massacres, persuasive butcheries, benign domiciliary visits, liberal prosecutions of the press, little budgets of a million and a half dexterously juggled through, have not converted me. Success is often a bad reason. I shall not go to meet it. I shall never wait for victory to engage myself with a party. As—thanks be to heaven—I am not a king, nothing obliges me to recognise what I despise.

"My discourse in the Chamber of Peers, my declaration to the son of Madame the Duchess de Berri, have traced a rigorous circle around me. I will not procure to the only government which, during the course of the Revolution, has thrust me within the gates of a prison, the pleasure of hearing me pronounce an oath of fidelity. Still more, sir, either *with an oath or without an oath*, I do not believe I have a right to participate in the labours of the present legislature. It would be easy to give my reasons; but they would lead me to *St Pelagie*, and I wish to enjoy my liberty for the cause of the liberty of France.

"Think not, sir, that, wedded to sentiments and theories, I am one of those troubadours and dreamers who regard not times and events. I neither sing nor misreason. I know very well, that in social transformations, individual resistances, honourable to the individuals themselves, are vain against facts. Every opinion that is not lodged in an assembly which gives it power, informs it with a will, and furnishes it with a tongue and arms, dies impotent or frenzied. In the present state of the world, it is, and always will be, by legal or illegal bodies that revolutions are, and will be, brought about.

"I am, then, far from disapproving of the policy which leads the Royalists to the elections. I think, on the contrary, that they do well to enter into the contest, and to defend, by the authority of their characters, the general interests of France; but, attached to the new monarchy by liberty, I hold to the ancient monarchy by honour. After all that I have done during the last four years, an oath would place me far beyond all the oath-takers by profession. I have no wish to be opposed to myself, or to be beaten in the morning with my

discourse of the evening. If I have any weight, it is in the public esteem, and I believe myself to have merited this esteem. I should lose it by denying myself, and not accomplishing my sacrifice to the end.

"It is because I remain faithful to legitimacy and misfortune, that I have a right to love liberty so much better than a republican. I will not desert my two altars. Some think, that, in pronouncing my oath, I could destroy it by an energetic protestation; that I could say, *Gentlemen, I swear, and I do not swear*. I do not understand this; but certainly if I slew my oath, my oath would in turn slay me. After this mock thrust, we should remain both on the field of battle, and the party would not be equal. I venture to flatter myself that my life is worth more than that of an adversary so dishonoured.

"I conclude, by offering my sincere gratitude to the electors, who, in the different Colleges, have deemed me worthy of their suffrages. My native city knows that I am devoted to her with the respect of a son, and the sincerity of a Breton. She has given me a proof of her maternal attachment in consenting to receive my ashes. She has granted me the only place I have demanded of her. Others will represent her better in the general council of the country."

We have already instituted a short comparison between Monsieur de Chateaubriand and Monsieur de Talleyrand. We find, since, that the same idea has struck a French periodical writer of great merit, Monsieur *Jules Janin*; and as his comparison seems to be strikingly just, and to set the two characters by contrast in their most prominent light, we shall finish this article by transcribing it.

"Chateaubriand is the heir of Bossuet, the preserver of the religious principle; Talleyrand, the heir of Voltaire, who has never bowed down but to doubt. The one regards the past with a view to the future,—the other holds to the present, as the sole master of the future; the one an enthusiast, and convinced—the other an ironist, and always ready to be persuaded; the one eloquent in the tribune, and in his books—the other eloquent nowhere but in a *tête-à-tête* in his arm-chair by the

corner of his fire; the one a man of genius, and who proves it—the other, one who has made all the world believe him a man of intellect; the one full of love and humanity,—the other less of an egotist than is believed; the one good,—the other less wicked than he would wish to appear; the one advances by bounds and springs, impetuous as thunder or a torrent,—the other limping, and always arriving first; the one shews himself, whilst the other hides, speaks when the other is silent—the other arriving at the nick of time, hardly ever seen, hardly ever heard, but everywhere present, who sees

all, knows all; the one intelligent by his heart, the other intelligent by his head; the one a gentleman among the people, the other a gentleman among gentlemen; the one has partisans, enthusiasts, admirers—the other has only confidants, flatterers, relations, and valets; the one always young, the other always old; the one always beaten, the other always victorious; the one the victim of ruined causes, the other the hero of causes triumphant; the one will die, no one knows where—the other will die as a prince in his house, with an archbishop by his bedside.”

O. D.

FALL OF EARL GREY.

At length the hour of retribution, to part at least of the Administration, has arrived. Earl Grey, the author of the Reform Bill, the adored of the populace, the most popular of the popular, the idol of the people, is OVERTHROWN BY ITS EFFECTS! He has shared the fate of Necker, Lafayette, La Fitte, Vergniaud, Roland, Danton, and all his predecessors in the path of Revolution. He is overturned by the work of his own hands. He has fallen the victim of the passions which he let loose, and the political anarchy which he introduced. In the same venerable spot where he overturned the constitution; in the same tapestried chamber, where he stood up to consummate the triumph of the populace over the Crown, the Nobility, and the property of the kingdom, he himself has been compelled to stand up to announce his fall, and bewail his inability to carry on the government of the State! The laws of nature are unchanging in their operation; political passion still produces its wonted effects: History is not an old almanac, but the faithful mirror of the future reflected in the images of the past; those that destroy a nation's weal are the first to be destroyed by what they themselves have done.

We have uniformly predicted, for the last three years, that the first victims of the Reform Bill would be its own authors, and that, sooner or later, *every person who was accessory*

to the introduction of that fatal measure, would be destroyed by its effects: and already the leaders and ablest portion of the Ministry who introduced it, have sunk under its consequences. One heave of the Revolutionary earthquake has overthrown Mr Stanley, Sir James Graham, Lord Ripon, and the Duke of Richmond; the next has precipitated Earl Grey from the helm. O'Connell and the Irish Catholics, whom he laboured for thirty years to introduce into Parliament, have destroyed their chief benefactor: the Great Agitator, who, after pleading guilty in Dublin to a serious charge, was allowed to escape, and rewarded for his Reform exertions by a silk gown—who has since been admitted into the secrets of the Cabinet, and honoured with the confidential communications of the Irish Secretary, has been the immediate cause of his overthrow! What a memorable instance of poetical justice! what a complete exemplification of the eternity of the laws of the moral world! How providential that the destroyer of the British Constitution has lived to taste the bitter fruits of his reckless ambition; that he has remained in power till compelled, in his own person, to feel the irreparable injury he had done to his country; and been overturned, like all his predecessors in the same insane career, not by external violence or political animosity, not by

the hatred of enemies, or the desertion of friends, but the extravagant passions and revolutionary desires of his supporters, by those for whose sake he had broken down the noblest monument of political wisdom that ever existed upon earth, and at last been swept away by that revolutionary flood which has rushed in at the vast breach which he so assiduously laboured to effect in the bulwarks of the Constitution!

We do not say this in the spirit of exultation, how natural soever such a feeling would be in those who have witnessed the destruction of the old Constitution of England, and recollect the almost insane adulation with which Earl Grey and his administration were loaded, while engaged in that great work of destruction. We do it in order to mark the progress of the revolutionary movement in which we have now for nearly four years been involved; and, if possible, to deduce from passing events, since all appeals to history are vain with the Movement party, such lessons of wisdom as may illustrate the real tendency of their career. We are aware of the utter futility of all such endeavours with the great body of persons of that way of thinking, as they never either study history, or read political disquisitions adverse to the interests of their own party; but still some part of the seed which is scattered may fall in good soil, and produce fruit, some sixty fold and some an hundred; and to all persons imbued with Conservative principles, the illustrations of their justice which the recent Government afford is so striking, that those who shut their eyes to it would not be converted though one rose from the dead.

It is in vain to attempt to conceal the obvious fact, that it is the Reform Bill, and the vast acceleration which it gave to the cause of revolution, which has overturned the Grey Administration. It was first weakened, no doubt, and severely weakened, by the secession of Mr Stanley and the Conservative Whigs. But what compelled that able body to relinquish office at a time when it obviously hazarded the existence of their party? What but the "constant and active pressure from without" of which Earl Grey has so

feelingly complained, and which at length has driven him from the helm even of a Whig Administration? It was the heaving up from below—the menacing demands and incessant clamour of the Ten-Pounders, and their delegates in Parliament, for the substantial fruits of Reform, of which they had so long been defrauded, which compelled the late Cabinet to commence the work of spoliation, and introduce clauses into the Irish Church Bill which were obviously of a revolutionary character. It was by that measure, and by the wretched subterfuge of issuing a Commission to enquire into the condition of the Irish Church, despite the countless folios on the same subject with which the table of the House of Commons groaned, which alone procured for Ministers a respite from the fierce assaults of the revolutionary party. But their concessions instantly brought them into collision with the Conservative part of the Whigs, both in Parliament and the Cabinet. Extraordinary and inexplicable as it may appear, nothing can be more certain than the fact that that party not only exists to a considerable extent, but that it embraces many of the ablest men in the country. In defiance of all the dictates of prudence, and all the lessons of history, they resolutely maintained and acted upon the opinion, that Reform could be conceded without inducing revolution, and that so far from endangering, it would strengthen the remaining institutions of society. Of the soundness of that opinion posterity will probably entertain but one sentiment; but in the meantime nothing can be more evident than that it was at least sincerely entertained, since the persons who held it resigned office and power, when they were called upon by the democratic party in the State to commence in good earnest the work of spoliation. When will they restore the bulwarks against revolutionary violence, which they so long and strenuously laboured to subvert, and at length succeeded in overthrowing?

Earl Grey has been overthrown by the next heave of the revolutionary monster, whom he armed with the formidable weapons of political

power. It is in vain to say that the fall of Earl Grey's Cabinet was owing merely to its own divisions. No doubt it was; but what were these divisions owing to? Nothing but the "constant and active pressure from without," which impelled the popular, or revolutionary part of the Cabinet, into concessions to the democratic portion of the Legislature, which the aristocratic or conservative portion could not submit to, and therefore it was that it fell to pieces. The Coercion Bill only brought to light the principles of disunion, which had long existed in the Cabinet as in the country, and which the Reform Bill had impregnated with a deadly virus. It was the collision between Conservative and Revolution which blew the Government up, and in the explosion Earl Grey was overturned.

What was the immediate cause of the resignations, according to the shewing of the late Ministers themselves? Simply this. The session began with a strong, but not unmerited, animadversion on the Irish agitators, as the worst enemies of their country, which Ministers put into the King's mouth in the opening speech. The "constant and active pressure from without," however, the fruit of their darling Reform Bill, soon reduced Ministers to such a state of weakness, that they were fain to purchase a respite even of a few weeks from their democratic allies, by an accommodation, how discreditable soever, with their overbearing leaders; and, accordingly, Mr Littleton, the Irish Secretary, with the knowledge and authority of Lord Althorp, enters into a confidential communication with the great Agitator, the object of which is to convince him that his hostility is misdirected, and that if the Coercion Act was renewed, it would be without the clauses which were deemed so obnoxious to that gentleman and

his supporters, and that his support, or, at least, diminished hostility to Ministers for the remainder of the session, would be rewarded by a signal concession to the democratic principle. To this negotiation, it appears, Earl Grey and the aristocratic portion of the Cabinet were strangers, and they still adhered to the opinion, which experience has now abundantly verified, that the Coercion Act, or some measure as efficacious, was absolutely indispensable, to prevent that infernal agitation, of which Ireland has so long been the victim, and the cessation of which, during the last twelve months, had produced such admirable effects over its whole surface. When the renewal of the Coercion Act was brought under discussion, a majority decided, and decided rightly, that it should be renewed in substantially the same form as before, and another year's repose be given to the people from the blasting agitation of their democratic leaders. But this resolution exposed Lord Althorp, Mr Littleton, and the truckling portion of the Cabinet, to the charge of inconsistency, and even a suspicion, though as to them ill-founded, of bad faith in their previous dark and ambiguous negotiations with the Agitators; and, though they could get over this, and were prepared to press the Coercion Act as it stood, so long as their reluctance to renew the measure was buried in the secrecy of the Cabinet deliberations, yet they could not stand the indignation and scorn of the public, when the whole mystery was revealed in the declamations of O'Connell, and exposed in the cutting and pointed sarcasms of Sir Robert Peel. The result, coupled with the rapidly increasing number of the minority in the House of Commons,* proved fatal to the Ministry; and they resigned the helm, not in consequence of any hostility from the Conservatives, who, for a year past, had been the

* It had risen from 96 who voted with Sir R. Peel against Mr D. Harvey's motion regarding pensions, to 173 on Lord Chandos's motion touching agricultural distress; and this increase was the more alarming that it had been gradual, and accompanied by a rapid desertion of their friends—the well-known sign of a falling Ministry. Forty members are understood to have joined Mr Stanley in resisting ulterior measures of spoliation; and on the last division against Lord Chandos, the Ministerial majority was only sixteen.

main support of their sinking Government, or any unusual calamity which had befallen the country, but solely from the effect of the divisions consequent on the great revolutionary measure, which they used the whole weight of the Prerogative to force upon the country.

Judicial blindness, or the wilful delusion of faction, can alone fail to perceive in these events the operation of general causes, and the merited punishment of political delinquencies. The collision in the Cabinet was the result of the great collision of opinion in the country; the weak and discreditable negotiations of Lord Althorp and Mr Littleton with those whom they had just made their sovereign denounce as the worst enemies to their country, the subtleties to which a weakened and falling government were compelled to have recourse to stave off destruction at the hands of those very persons whom they had made such unheard of, and unhappily successful exertions to establish in power. It is O'Connell and the Reformers who have ruined them; O'Connell, for whose admission into the Legislature they contended almost yearly for five-and-twenty years; the Reformers, to intrench whom in power, they have overturned the English Constitution. When the Duke of Wellington, three years ago, asked Earl Grey, "If this bill passes, I wish the Noble Earl at the head of the Administration would shew us how he proposes to carry on his Majesty's Government?" his obstinacy, blindness, and bigotry, were the subject of vituperation by the whole liberal press, and shallow reforming politicians of the day. The event has proved, however, that his words were prophetic; all the popularity acquired by that great concession to democratic power, has not been able to save its authors from its natural effects; and it has been the destiny, and the deserved destiny of Earl Grey, to be compelled to exhibit, in his own administration, an example of the fatal weakness which it implanted in the Government of the country, and in his own

person an instance of the punishment which it brings upon its selfish and reckless authors.

Earl Grey is fond of quoting Napoleon as a political authority; and in many of the sayings of that great man, there is to be found more condensed political wisdom, than in any modern author excepting Lord Bacon. Let us hear in what light he viewed Parliamentary Reform, and Irish agitation; to carry through which were the grand objects of the first two years of the Noble Earl's Administration, as to stop the effects of them has been the almost exclusive objects of the two last. "If you had conquered England," said O'Meara, "would you have attempted to unite it to France?" "I could not," he replied, "have united two nations so dissimilar. I intended, if I had succeeded in my projected descent, to have abolished the Monarchy, and established a Republic instead of the oligarchy by which you are governed. *I would have separated Ireland from England, the former of whom I would have made an independent Republic. No, no—I would have left them to themselves after having sown the seeds of Republicanism in their morale.*"* To ruin and extinguish England; to subject it to a fate worse than that of being a province of France, he deemed it enough to separate Ireland, "and sow the seeds of Republicanism in its morals." And how he would have sown these seeds he has told us in another place. "I would have allowed the House of Commons to remain; but would have introduced a GREAT REFORM. I would have published a proclamation, declaring that we came as friends to the English, and to free the nation from a corrupt and flagitious aristocracy, and restore a popular form of government."† These expressions come, let it be recollected, from a most unexceptionable source, the testimony of an unwilling witness; from O'Meara, himself a strenuous advocate of the popular cause. The same opinion is expressed in his own Memoirs, and in various passages of *Las Casas*. To prostrate and paralyze Eng-

O'Meara, I. 469.

† Ibid. I. 430.

land; to reduce it lower than the condition of a province of France; to annihilate its weight in the scale of nations; it was enough, in Napoleon's opinion, to "sow the seeds of Republicanism in its bosom, by the publication of a *great reform*." British firmness and intrepidity—the councils of Pitt, the arms of Wellington, have saved us from this wretched degradation at the hands of the greatest and most inveterate of our enemies. But that which Napoleon strove in vain to do, Earl Grey has done. That irreparable weakness, disunion, and degradation, which our enemies could not impose, our own Government, seconded by our own madness, has succeeded in imposing. "England," said Lord Burleigh, "will never be ruined but by its own Parliament." Earl Grey will descend to posterity as the leader of that faction in the State, which successfully wielded the power of Parliament to overthrow the Constitution, and through it effect the ultimate dissolution of the British Empire.

And yet such is the blindness of political infatuation, that Earl Grey, while standing up to announce his fall, actually took credit to his Government for "having settled the great question of Reform." Settled the great question of Reform! Why, an hundred years hence it will be time enough to say that that question is settled; that the ultimate effects of that portentous change have been developed by the hand of time. But let us take a slight retrospect of his administration; and endeavour, not in the spirit of political animosity, but in the sober sadness of historical investigation, to trace the effects of the vast changes in our internal situation and external relations, which have taken place during the period of almost four years that he held the reins of government.

That considerable discontent, and a restless desire for change, existed when the Duke of Wellington left the helm, accompanied by an alarming increase of rural incendiarism, the natural result of the contagion of the Triumph of the Barricades, is indeed certain; but the great thing was, that the Constitution remained

entire; and, therefore, any errors of policy that might have been committed, or any defects in internal situation that might exist, were open to revision, alteration, or amendment in the Legislature. Nothing was hopeless, because Parliament remained unchanged; and the powers of the Constitution had been proved by experience to be capable of surmounting a crisis far more perilous than that which then existed. Is there any man who will *now* assert that the situation and prospects of the Empire remain the same? Is there any one capable of reasoning on political subjects, excepting the placemen in Parliament, or their hired supporters in the Treasury journals, who will assert that the condition of the country is not now all but hopeless? If not,—if the seeds of prosperity, union, and happiness remain,—in the name of God what has overturned the Government of Lord Grey, and what occasions the avowed, and all but insurmountable difficulty of arranging his successors? Is it external danger? According to the account of the Liberals, the peace of Europe has not for years been so thoroughly established. Is it the House of Peers? They have not passed one vote hostile to Ministers this session. Is it the resistance of the Conservatives? They amount only, it is said, to a small minority; they are the wretched remnant of a worn-out faction, incapable, on their own admission, of carrying on the Government. Is it the weakness of the Reform Party? They compose, according to their own account, nine-tenths of the country. Is it domestic suffering or misfortune? On the contrary, such is the natural elasticity of Great Britain, and the tendency to prosperity, under any thing approaching to a Conservative rule, that during the two last years of Earl Grey's Government, when the efforts of Ministers were directed to check the Movement, the public revenue has steadily increased, and the effects of former revolutionary movements were evidently suspended. Then what in nature has overturned them? Their own divisions? Aye, and more than their divisions; the causes which created these divi-

sions; the fierce advances of the Revolutionary spirit which spurned at farther restraint, and openly sought the adoption of those measures of spoliation and anarchy which the Conservatives uniformly prophesied would follow the passing of the Reform Bill; which its supporters uniformly maintained were in no degree to be apprehended.

The whole efforts of Earl Grey's Administration, since the passing of that measure, have been directed to prevent or suspend its effects—a vain attempt, which has at length led to their overthrow, and will, it may be safely prophesied, lead to the successive dissolution of every administration formed out of the Reform party, until either by the triumph of the Revolutionists, we are at once involved in the horrors of anarchy, or, by the success of the Conservatives, a final stop is put to the farther inroads of Revolutionary ambition. It is this which constitutes the enormous, the unspeakable danger of the internal changes which the Reform Bill has introduced. A vigorous, efficient Government has been rendered impossible. The House of Commons possesses the exclusive command of the Supplies, and the House of Commons is now returned and governed by such a numerous, jealous, and changeable body of electors, that no reliance can be placed on them for any length of time together. No Government has any chance of long obtaining its support, but one which goes on with the movement; and no statesman worthy of the name, but what must soon perceive that to do so, is unavoidable to run the nation upon shipwreck. It is this state of things which has, in all ages, been the cause of the excessive weakness of the Executive, which constitutes so marked a stage in the revolutionary fever. Ahead, right ahead, is a frightful line of breakers, over which the ocean boils with incessant fury, distinctly visible from the elevated position of the helmsman—behind is a clamorous excited crew, incessantly urging the setting of the sails in such a manner, as must lead the vessel directly upon them! To avoid so frightful a catastrophe, the officers long strive to turn the vessel a little to one side

or another, but it is all in vain. Their attempts only bring themselves into obloquy. They have been the leaders of the mutiny, and cannot coerce its fury.

In contemplating the long catalogue of ruinous effects which have resulted from the one revolutionary organic change of Earl Grey's Administration, not only of the Executive, but the Legislature, and the ruinous degradation of the character and usefulness of Parliament, which has resulted from the change. We were told by Lord John Russell and the Whigs, that the precise circumstance which rendered the Reform necessary, was to restore Parliament to the confidence of the country, and render it really a mirror of the feelings and wishes of the people. Has it effected this object? Is the present House of Commons so much more independent and patriotic than those which preceded it? Is the confidence of the people, or of any portion of the people, reposed in the Legislature which the Ten-Pounders have returned? Are the Conservatives satisfied with them? Are the Revolutionists satisfied? Are the friends of the Church of England their supporters? Are the Dissenters to be relied on, in the event of a general election?—The truth cannot be concealed. The House of Commons possesses the confidence of none of the great parties in the nation, and all dread a dissolution, from the doubtful nature of the result with which such a measure would be attended upon their own fortunes, and those of the country.

Is this obloquy, into which the House of Commons has fallen, deserved? In part it is; in part it is not. Much, no doubt, is to be ascribed to the heated state of the public mind, at the time it was assembled, and the extravagant expectations formed of the admirable effects which might be expected to result from the adoption of the principle of self-government by the Reform constituencies. But much, also, is to be ascribed to the measures and conduct of Parliament itself. It is impossible to deny, that no Legislature, in the memory of man, has been assembled, in which it is so difficult to get

through real business, and in which useless or inflammatory debate occupies so large a portion of the time which should be devoted to the public service. We do not blame individuals for this; it is institutions which form men. If the present House of Commons contained the vigour of Chatham, the fervour of Fox, the learning of Grenville, the brilliancy of Canning, the greatness of Pitt, the result would be the same. Dependence on jealous, conceited, ignorant, popular constituencies, is the radical evil; the necessity of consulting the wishes, and bending to the caprices of the multitude, the circumstance which utterly paralyzes all consistency or decision of character. Democratic ambition, and the objects sought after by democratic ambition, are so utterly at variance with the first interests of mankind, that the statesman who has taken the pledges which the multitude require, finds himself, if he has any foresight at all, committed to a course which must speedily lead to his own and their destruction. His whole object, therefore, after he has got into the chapel of St Stephen's, is to evade the pledges he has given to get there. Duplicity, vacillation, and shuffling, therefore, are inevitably forced, in a certain degree, on the most upright: they find that, if they pursue a straightforward, consistent, and really useful course, their course in Parliament will speedily close. You might as well look for real greatness, or elevation of character, among the courtiers of an eastern despot, as the representatives of popular constituencies. Flattery, sycophancy, fawning on the ruling powers, must, in the long run, characterise the one as the other. There is no master so imperious—there is no mistress so jealous, as a multitude of Ten-Pounders. Is a Member of Parliament independent, manly, consistent? they respect him; perhaps they fear him; certainly they will dismiss him. They fly to the reckless, the unprincipled, the selfish; the fawning, the servile, the ambitious, are their natural prey. Ever praising independence, they ever choose the dependent; ever lauding consistency, they select only the vacillating.

The talents requisite to gain their suffrages are not those which will ultimately benefit, but those which will speedily flatter them; the one thing needful is not ability in conduct or eloquence in debate, but skill or jesuitism in the taking of pledges, and dexterity in avoiding their performance. No doubt there are still many upright and able men among the popular representatives, but their number is small; and after a few general elections the race will be extinct. When consistency, decision, statesmanlike firmness, are found in the seraglio of Constantinople, or the saloons of the Tuileries, they will be found in the representatives of the great urban constituencies, but not till then. We have no individuals in view in these observations; we speak of the tendency of existing institutions, not of the state to which Parliament has yet arrived.

The execrable system of "rotation in office," the genuine offspring of democratic jealousy, is also another evil of the very first magnitude, which has been entailed upon the Constitution by the great innovation of Earl Grey. Knowledge or skill in public affairs are not acquired in a day; they are not gained by intuition, but are the slow result of a lifetime devoted to the study and the practice of public affairs. But how are such habits to be acquired by the majority of the present House of Commons? The moment that the representatives of popular constituencies become independent consistent men, the moment that they are beginning to be really initiated in the difficult and intricate science of government, they will become obnoxious to the Ten-Pounders, and be displaced by them for others, mere tyros in the knowledge of a statesman, but greater adepts in the art of popular flattery, and louder professors of the agreeable doctrine of popular infallibility. There is, in truth, but one science of government, and that is, the due and prudent maintenance of Conservative principles; and so completely is this the case, that the most violent democrats that ever existed have uniformly become imbued with Conservative principles when they reached, and had some time held, the helm of affairs; and their fall is generally

owing to the indignant desertion of their democratic supporters, who, seeing such a change in their conduct, ascribe it to the corruptions of power, not the force of conviction. Hence it is that such a perpetual change, not merely of administration, but of legislators, ensues during the progress of every revolutionary movement; that so rapid a succession of popular favourites and demagogues takes place; that as soon as a man, in such times, begins to be initiated into the knowledge of a statesman, he is forthwith supplanted by new and more successful candidates for popular favour: and that amidst incessant eulogies upon the growing lights of the age, and intelligence of the people, less real ability, knowledge, or virtue, is brought to bear upon the fortunes of the State, than in the lowest period of aristocratic or monarchical subjection. The excessive cupidity, ignorance, and servility of the French Chambers, during the four years that the Directory, that is, the Revolutionary Executive, were at the head of affairs; and the enormous corruption, profligacy, and selfishness which pervaded every branch of the public service under their Government, were but the indication of a stage which never fails to supervene in the democratic fever; that is, the period when the first burst of popular talent has been discarded, cast down, or destroyed, by the rotation of office, and jealousy of the people, and nothing remains but the servility, profligacy, and corruption which is to be found in inexhaustible profusion in the urban multitudes, who, in such times, rapidly rise to political supremacy. We do by no means say that this is as yet the character of the English House of Commons; doubtless many representatives of the good old times are still to be found there, and the debasing influence of democratic ascendancy has not yet been long enough felt to obliterate entirely its ancient character; we only remark, that such is the tendency of the institutions which Earl Grey deems it the greatest glory of his Administration to have forced upon the country. It is daily said by the democratic press, that the Reformed Parliament is the

most selfish and servile which has ever sat in English history; we by no means concur in thinking so, and are decidedly of opinion, on the contrary, that, considering the character of the majority of the new electors, and the circumstances under which it was assembled, the only surprising thing is, that it has withstood so well the many causes of evil operating within its bosom; but if it, or succeeding Parliaments, should hereafter become such, it is no more than might, on principle, be expected, or than the experience of history in every age would lead us to anticipate.

The revolutionary journals, amidst all their declamations upon the endless felicity to be anticipated from democratic ascendancy, betray in their unguarded moments a secret consciousness of the deplorable specimen of such a system which the Reform Parliament has exhibited. They tell us, that Lord Althorp is of inestimable importance; that his temper, good sense, and sterling virtues, were of incalculable value in bringing into something like order 658 representatives of the people; and that if his services are withdrawn, no other leader, even of his party, could manage the House of Commons!—What! Is it really come to this, that the fortunes of England repose on a single individual, and that individual Lord Althorp? We thought society was thenceforward to repose on the base of the pyramid; that individual talent or ascendancy were to be of little importance, amidst the masses of talent which general freedom would bring to bear upon the fortunes of the State; and that, by the continual intermixture of popular energy and virtue, a permanent antidote was to be provided against all the evils which afflict society. Whence this extraordinary necessity of one man, amidst so many and such perennial fountains of public felicity? Napoleon Bonaparte may have been necessary to Imperial France; but we never yet heard that Mr Pitt or Mr Fox, Lord Chatham or Lord North, Mr Burke or Mr Canning, were indispensable to free and constitutional Britain. Is it come to this, that the representatives

of the Ten-Pounders, the lights of the age, the quintessence of political wisdom, ability, and eloquence, cannot manage the affairs of the State, if one man of moderate abilities is taken from them? Is the Reformed House of Commons a den of wild beasts, which will tear each other in pieces, if their keeper is removed? If not, what, in the name of common sense, makes that one man so indispensable? The truth cannot be concealed: the Reformers are terrified at the work of their own hands; they dread the democratic ascendancy, which their frantic innovations have rendered so powerful; and they cling with terrified fondness to the man who has hitherto contrived, by good temper and moderation, though with hardly any talent, and but little information, to throw oil upon the troubled waters of their fearful Legislature.

If such has been the result of the great internal innovation, which will ever form the grand characteristic of the late Administration, what shall we say to its other internal colonial and foreign changes? What of the perilous, and but for the undue ascendancy given by the Reform Bill to urban constituencies, uncalled for and sudden emancipation of the West India Negroes? Is there any man alive, capable of understanding the circumstances, who can contemplate, without alarm, the ultimate results of that prodigious change? Is there any one hardy enough to assert that the condition of the slaves, ten years after their liberation on 1st August, 1834, will not to all appearance be incomparably more wretched than it now is; and that that disastrous change may not in the interim have dissolved our naval superiority—in other words, our national independence? Can any man predict the consequences of the opening of India to direct British legislation, and the removal of that important barrier which the East India Company has hitherto formed between that splendid distant possession, and the passions or interested legislation of the parent state? But Earl Grey seems utterly insensible to the present dangers and ultimate consequences of these immense changes; and he gravely talk-

ed, in the House of Peers, of having "settled" the Reform and the East and West India Questions, as if a century must not elapse before the real effects of these vast changes could be fully developed.

And has the administration of Earl Grey been so very peaceable and tranquil as to warrant the belief that these changes are to be attended with no danger in all time to come? Has he forgotten the terrible insurrection in Jamaica, produced by the extravagant speeches of his party, during the contested elections of 1830, extinguished only after a frightful infliction of private suffering among these deluded victims of democratic ambition, and a loss of £4,000,000 sterling to the parent state? Does he suppose that we have forgotten, or that history will forget, the conflagration of Bristol, and the sack of Nottingham, and the chasing of two hundred deluded democrats into the flames of its burning squares, by squadrons of cavalry? Has he forgotten the convulsed state of the country during the elections of 1831—the brickbat and the bludgeon openly wielded by the partisans of Government, and the Ministerial press daily exhorting the people to assault and beat down the Tories, if they ventured to shew their faces at the poll? Has he forgotten the attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, by a Reform rabble in the streets of London? and the melancholy spectacle of many executions at Bristol and Nottingham, following the very measures which the infernal revolutionary press had recommended? Has he forgotten the open and avowed coercion of the House of Peers, the overthrow of the independence of the hereditary branch of the Legislature, and the passing of a vital organic change in the Constitution, with the threat of eighty new Peers, compelling the retirement of a majority of that body? If he has forgotten these things, we can tell him history will not forget them, and that they will form the prominent and ineffaceable feature of his Administration; and yet such is the force of political infatuation, that the falling statesman actually recounted the exploits of his Government, and was loud in its ap-

plause, at the very time that he was chased from the helm by the vehement passions which he had brought to bear upon the Government, and the unruly interests to whom he had given an overwhelming power in the Legislature.

And what shall we say to the foreign policy of the noble Earl's Administration? This is a subject which it is impossible to approach without the most intense feeling of national humiliation. Earl Grey succeeded to the helm, when England was the first country in Europe. He left it, if not the weakest, at least the most degraded. Without external compulsion, or national calamity; without the overthrow of our armies, or the defeat of our navy; while yet invincible in arms, and undimmed in renown, we have at once sunk to the lowest point of degradation. At the dictation of France—of France, whom we have conquered, and whose fleets we have swept from the ocean—we have consented to barter our fair fame, and abandon our steadfast policy; to assault our ancient allies, and support our irreconcilable enemies; to partition Holland, which stood by our side in the field of Waterloo, and revolutionize Portugal, which joined us in hurling back the Invader from the rocks of Torres Vedras; to dethrone the Monarch, alike supported by legal right and popular choice in Spain, and establish a French fortified post in the Papal territories. All this has been done, without any conceivable motive, or any visible compulsion, excepting that arising from the sympathy of Revolutionists with each other all over the world. Nor is this all. Not content with bending the knee to revolutionary violence in Western, we have sunk before Imperial ambition in Eastern Europe: we have cast off Turkey, which turned to us, nothing doubting, for aid, in the moment of her distress, and counselled her to apply to the Czar for protection; and the consequence has been, the overthrow of all our influence in the Levant,—the conclusion of an alliance, offensive and defensive, between Russia and Turkey,—the closing of the Dardanelles to all other European vessels—their fortification un-

der Russian officers, so as to bid defiance to all the efforts of Western Europe,—and the converting the Euxine into a vast and capacious Russian harbour, where her fleets may rest and increase in safety, and acquire all the skill requisite for seamanship, without being accessible to a single shot from the British navy. These woful results, too, have ensued without any external calamity; without one overthrow in war, or one defection of an ally; without any necessity, excepting that of bending to the dictates of a revolutionary party at home. The crisis in the East occurred when we were engaged in beating down the people of Portugal and Holland; when the flag of England, and the Tricolor, were waving together at the mouth of the Scheldt; and we had not a man, or a guinea to spare, to rescue the Dardanelles from the fangs of Russia. Government, in consequence, counselled the Sultan, by their own admission, to throw himself into the arms of Russia: he had no alternative but to do so, or be dethroned by the Pacha of Egypt; and the closing of the Dardanelles, and annihilation of British influence in the East, has been the consequence.

The nation is so intent on domestic changes,—the pressure of danger at home, to all the great interests of the State, is so violent, that we cannot appreciate the woful, the ruinous effects, which these unparalleled vacillations of policy have had and will have, not only on our external influence, but our national character. When foreign nations see a country suddenly abandoning all its former policy, breaking through all its ancient treaties, assailing its steadiest allies, and leaguings with its oldest enemies, what are they to think either of the people or the Government which has been guilty of such flagrant inconsistency? The total forfeiture of foreign respect, the desertion of friends, the contempt of enemies, universal derision and obloquy, must attend such monstrous and unaccountable conduct. De Witt said to Sir William Temple in 1676, that "the conduct of England, since the democratic troubles began in 1642, had been so inconsistent,

that no reliance could be placed on its continuing any course of policy whatever for two years together;" and the foreign measures of our days have even gone farther in political tergiversation and degradation—have equally betrayed the inherent vacillation and weakness of democratic institutions. Both were the days of French alliance and Dutch hostility, of desertion of allies, and leaguings with enemies, of democratic contests at home, and contempt and infamy abroad. Both were the days on which the enemies of England dwell with delight, which its friends contemplate with shame; and both were attended with consequences so disastrous, as have been, or will be, felt to the latest generation.

What the future measures or conduct of Government will be, whether Lord Melbourne's administration will rival Earl Grey's in its disastrous effects on domestic security and external respect, it is impossible to foresee; but, without pretending to the gift of prophecy, this much may confidently be predicted, that being founded on the principle of revolutionary concession, and preceded by the overthrow of the former Government by the Great Agitator, it will sink deeper in the slough of democratic degradation, and will continue and accelerate that disastrous movement which the Reform Bill has now indelibly, it is to be feared, imprinted upon the British empire. It will be blown up in the end, in all human probability, if not sooner terminated, by the same cause which proved fatal to that of Earl Grey; "the constant and active pressure from without," produced by the Reform Bill, will force it into measures which the few Conservative Whigs which it contains cannot go along with; they will retire, and be succeeded by more thorough-paced innovators, until at last the root-and-branch men have got a complete ascendancy, and a Revolutionary Administration, with all its consequent horrors, is, amidst the transports of the Ten-Pounders, fairly installed in irresistible sovereignty.

Its first step augurs but ill as to its future character or measures. Lord

Melbourne has introduced the Coercion Act, *without the three first clauses*,—in other words, without the whole strength and efficacy of the measure; without what Lord Grey himself tells us is the most important part of the Bill: although that Noble Lord, not a fortnight ago, was part of a majority in the former Cabinet which decided, that without these clauses that bill would be *perfectly nugatory*, and that the safety of Ireland imperatively required their re-enactment. O'Connell has defeated the Administration. The man whom the Cabinet denounced as the greatest enemy to his country at the commencement of the session, before its close has found the Government quite submissive to his demands! Earl Grey, albeit well accustomed to humiliation, revolted at such degradation. Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, are content to hold on in office, under the disgrace of such an overthrow from such a man! Not many weeks have elapsed since Marquis Wellesley wrote from Ireland, in a confidential communication to Lord Grey,—“These disturbances have been in every instance excited and inflamed by the agitation of the combined projects for the abolition of tithes and the destruction of the Union with Great Britain. I cannot employ words of sufficient strength to express my solicitude that his Majesty's Government should fix the deepest attention on the intimate connexion, marked by the strongest characters in all these transactions, between the *system of agitation and its inevitable consequence, the system of combination, leading to violence and outrage; they are, inseparably, cause and effect*; nor can I (after the most attentive consideration of the dreadful scenes passing under my view), by any effort of my understanding, separate one from the other in that unbroken chain of indissoluble connexion.” And in a few weeks thereafter a Government is content to accept office on the condition of omitting the clauses which have been found most important in suppressing these outrages, and restoring the murders, conflagrations, and anarchy, which the system of agitation has invariably given rise to in that

unhappy island ! It steps into office on the condition of adopting a measure at the dictation of the Great Agitator, which will probably revive the atrocious and frightful crimes which his measures formerly produced in that country, and which the former Coercion Bill had in so surprising a manner extinguished. Violent outrages had declined *three-fifths* since the Coercion Bill was passed ; in the county of Kilkenny they had declined from 1560 to 330 annually ; and a Ministry accepts office on condition of dropping the most important parts of that necessary measure, and, it is to be feared, restoring those frightful atrocities ! Wretched as was the degradation which we ever anticipated for Government from the effects of the Reform Bill, we never expected to see so speedy and lamentable a prostration.

We say this without imputing any blame to the present Ministers for their abandonment of these clauses, or any wish to throw discredit on them on that account. We have no doubt they could not have carried the clauses prohibiting public meetings in the House of Commons ; because the revolutionary party found such agitation necessary to carry on the attack on the Irish Church, which it is at this moment their chief object to overturn. We fully sympathize with the justice of the appeal made by Lord Melbourne to the House of Peers, when he conjured them to recollect in what a situation the country would have been, if, when the Conservatives were not prepared to take the helm, the Whigs had, from an obstinate retention of these clauses, been forced to abandon it. But the point we rest on is this—What shall we

say to the Constitution, which compels Government to abandon measures of proved efficacy and admitted utility, and surrender a nation to outrage and disorder, in order to procure a respite of hostility from a revolutionary party, who aim at the subversion of a particular part of the public institutions ? What to the men who, for party purposes, wielded the whole force of the prerogative, to reduce to such a pitiable state of weakness, the once firm and glorious Constitution of England ?

One only circumstance affords a ray of hope amidst this unparalleled clinging to office on the part of Ministers, and woful weakness in the Executive. It is the firm and dignified conduct of the Conservatives in declining any coalition with such men, and standing aloof, when the divisions of their antagonists gave them the fairest prospect of resuming the reins of power. Such conduct is worthy of the illustrious characters which they bear. To have coalesced with any part of the Melbourne Cabinet would not only have compromised their character, but ruined their usefulness, and destroyed the last hope of their country. It is by steadily resisting *all* revolutionary measures that political integrity can alone be preserved in troubled times such as the present ;—it is by a total change of system alone that a nation afflicted with the revolutionary fever can be righted ;—it is when the majority of the nation have been brought by suffering to see that such a change is necessary, that a stop can alone be put to the principles of ruin with which that malady is attended ;—it is by the men who have ever resisted its progress, that the cup of salvation can alone be administered.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LXVII.

XPΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΑΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΑΚΩ ΔΕΗΤΙΑΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'Tis right for good winebibbing people,
Not to let the jug pace round the board like a cripple ;
But gaily to chat while discussing their tipples."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE—*The Shepherd's Study—Altrive—The SHEPHERD seated at Dinner
—Time, Six o' Clock—AMBROSE in waiting.*

Enter, hurriedly, NORTH and TICKLER.

SHEPHERD.

What for keep ye folk waitin' in this way, sirs, for denner ? and it past sax ! Sax is a daft-like houre for denner in the Forest, but I'm aye wullin' to humour fules that happen to be reseedin' in my ain house at hame. Whare were you—and what hae ye been about ? No shavin' at least—for twa sic bairds I dinna remember haen witnessed sin' I was in Wales—towards the close o' the century—and they belanged to twa he-goats glowerin' owre at me frae the ruins o' Dolbaldron Castle. Tak your chairs—ye Jews. Moses ! sit you on my richt haun—and, Aaron ! sit you on my left.

[*NORTH and TICKLER sit down as commanded.*

NORTH.

'Tis the first time in my life that I have been one moment behind the hour.

SHEPHERD.

I believe't. For you can regulat your stammack, like a time-piece. It gangs as true's a chronometer—and on board a ship you could tell by't to a nicety when she would reach ony particular port. I daursay it's correck the noo by the sun—but I aye mak Girrzy bate the girdle twa three minuts afore the chap o' the knock.

TICKLER.

Bate the girdle ?

SHEPHERD.

Aye, just sae, sir—bate the girdle. I used to hae a bell hung on the bourtree at the gable-end—the auld Yarrow kirk-bell—but it got intil its dotage, its tongue had the palsy, its cheeks were crackit—and pu' the rape as you wou'd, its vice was as pair's a pan's. Then the lichtning, that maun hae had little to do that day, melted it intil the shape o' an airn icicle, and it grew perfectly useless—sae I got a drum that aince belonged to the militia, and for some seasons it diverted the echoes that used to take it aff no amiss, whether braced or itherwise—but it too waxed auld and impotent, and you micht as weel, for ony music that was in't, hae bate the kitchen-dresser wi' the lint-beetle—sae I then got a gong sent owre frae India frae your freen' and mine, Dr Gray—God bless him—and for a lang, deep, hollow, trummlin', sea-like, and thunderous soun', it beat a' that ever was

heard in this kintra—but it created sic a disturbance far and wide, that, sair again' my wull, I had to shut it up in the garret.

NORTH.

Wherefore, James ?

SHEPHERD.

In the first place, it was sae like thunner that folk far aff couldna tell whether it was thunner or no; and I've kent them yoke their carts in a hurry to carry in their hay afore it was dry for stacking, fearin' a plump. Ae Sunday the soun' keepit a' the folk frae the kirk, and aften they wou'd-na ventur' on the fuirlds, in dread o' a sudden spate frae a water-spoot. I learnt at last to bate it mair gently; but then it was sae like the soun' o' a bill afore he breaks out intil the bellow, that a' the kye in the forest grew red-wud-mad; sae then I had to tak' to batin' the girdle—an idea that was suggested to me ae day on the swarmin' o' a tap-swarm o' a skep o' bees in the garden—and I fin' that on a clear day sic as this, when the atmosphere's no' clogged, that it answers as weel's either the kirk-bell, the drum, or the gong. You wou'd hear't ayont the knowe, sirs; and was na't bonny music ?

ARCADES AMBO.

Beautiful exceedingly.

SHEPHERD.

If her I needna name had been at hame, there wou'd hae been a denner on the table wordier o' my twa maist esteemed and dearest freens—but I howp wi' sic as we hae—without her mair immediate yet prospective care—you will be able to mak a fenn.

NORTH.

Bread and cheese would be a feast with the Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

Deed it wud be nae sic thing. It's easy to speak o' feastin' on cheese and breed, and butter and breed—and in our younger days they were truly a feast on the hill. But noo our pallets, if they dinna require coxin, deserve a goo; and I've seen a barer buird. Mr Aumrose, lift the lids.

[Mr Ambrose smilingly lifts the lids.

NORTH AND TICKLER (*in delighted wonder*).

Bless us !

SHEPHERD.

That's hotch-potch—and that's cocky-leeky—the twa best soops in natur'. Broon soop's moss-water—and white soop's like scalded milk wi' worms in't. But see, sirs, hoo the ladle stawns o' itsell in the potch—and I wush Mr Tickler cou'd see himsell the noo in a glass, curlin' up his nose, wi' his een glistenin', and his mouth waterin', at sicht and smell o' the leeky. We kilt a lamb the day we got you: letter, sir, and that's a hind-quarter twal-pun' wecht. Ayout it's a beef-stake poy—for Geordy Scougal slaughtered a beast last market day at Innerleithen—and his meat's aye prime. Here are three fules—and that ham's nae sham, sae we sail ca' him Japhet. I needna tell ye yon's a roasted green-guse frac Crosslee—and neist it mut-ton-chaps—but the rest's a' ggemm. That's no cat, Tickler—but hare—as you may ken by her lugs and fud. That wee bit black beastie—I wuss she mayna be wizen'd in the rostin'—'s a water-hen; the twa aside her are pease-weeps—to the east you may observe a leash o' grouse—wastwards ho! some wild dyeucks—a few pints to the south a barren pair o' patricks—and due north a whaup.

NORTH (*helping himself to a couple of flappers*).

“O' a' the airts the wund can blaw

I dearly loe the west,

For there the bonny dyeucky lies,

The dyeuck that I loe best.”

SHEPHERD.

But you maunna be expeekin' a second and thir'd coorse. I hate to hae denner set afore me by instalments; and, frae my no havin' the gift o' prophecy, I've kent dish after dish slip through my fingers in a succession o' coorses, till I had feenally to assuage my hunger on gratins they ca'

parmesan. Sir George Warrenner will recollect hoo I picket them aff the plate as if I had been famished, yet frae first to last there had been nae absolute want o' vittalls. I kept aye waitin for the guse; but nae guse o' an edible kind made its appearance, and I had to dine owre again at sooper in my ain hottle. That's a sawmon.

AMBROSE.

There is somebody at the door, sir.

SHEPHERD.

Let him in. (AMBROSE opens the door, and enter *Clavers, Giraffe, Rover, Guile, and Fang.*) It's the dowgs. Gentlemen, be seated.

[*The Canine take their seats.*]

NORTH.

"We are seven."

SHEPHERD.

A mystical nummer—

NORTH.

The Pleiades.

TICKLER.

"And lend the Lyre of heaven another string."

SHEPHERD.

I ken, Mr Tickler, ye dinna like dowgs. But ye needna be feared, for naue o' them's got the hydrophoby—accep it may be Fang. The cretur's been verra snappish sin' the barommator reached ninety—and bat a goslin' that began to bark—but though the goslin bat him again, he hasna yet been heard to quack ony, sae he's no muckle mad. You're no mad, Fang?

FANG.

Buy—wuy—wuy.

SHEPHERD.

His speech's rather affeckit. He used to say—how—wow—wow.

TICKLER (*siddling away nearer the Shepherd*).

I don't much like his looks.

SHEPHERD.

But, dear me! I've forgotten to help you—and hae been eatin' and talkin' awa' wi' a fu' mouth and trencher, while baith o' yours is staunin wide open and empty—and I fear, being oot a' day, you maun be fent.

TICKLER.

Say grace, James.

SHEPHERD.

I said it, Timothy, afore I sat down; and though you twa wasna in, it included you, for I kent you wadna be far aff; sae it's a' richt baith in time and place. Fa' tae.

TICKLER.

If you have been addressing me, my dear sir, never was there more needless advice. A more delicious duckling—

NORTH.

Than Fatima I never devoured.

SHEPHERD.

O, ye raubiautors! Twa wild dyeucks dune to the verra dowps! I intended to hae tasted them mysell—but the twa thegither wou'dna hae weched wi' my whaup.

TICKLER.

Your whaup?

SHEPHERD.

You a Scotchman and no ken a whaup! O, you gowk! The English ca't a curly.

TICKLER.

Oh! a curlew. I have seen it in Bewick.

SHEPHERD.

And never in the muirs? Then ye needna read Booick. For to be a naturalist you maun begin wi' natur', and then study her wi' the help o' her chosen sons.

NORTH.

After duckling I like leveret.

SHEPHERD.

Sae I see.

TICKLER.

And I grouse.

SHEPHERD.

Now, sirs, I beseech you, dinna 'peach. It's three weeks yet till the Twalt, and if Finlay at Selkirk heard o' our haen ggemm to denner—and me, too, no haen yet taken oot the leesense—I sou'd be soommoned afore the Exchequer, and perhaps sent to jail. I'm no feared o' your 'peaching—but dinna blab—thank heaven, Gurney's no here—

SMALL VOICE.

Sir ?

SHEPHERD.

Safe us ! there he is—cheepin' like a moose in the closet. Mum—mum—mum. It's mirac'lous the cretur bein' here—for when you druv' up yestreen there was only you twa in the fore pairt o' the gig—and Ambrose sittin' ahint.

NORTH.

'Twas a dog-cart, my dear sir, and Short-hand was among the pointers.

SHEPHERD.

I wush they had worried him—he haunts every house I visit like a ghaist.

TICKLER.

And a troublesome guest he is—

SHEPHERD.

Haunin' doon a' oor sillinesses to immortality. But what think ye, sirs, o' thae pecks o' green peas ?

NORTH.

By the flavour, I know them to be from Cacara-bank.

SHEPHERD.

Never kent I a man o' sic great original genius, wi' sic a fine delicate taste. They're really sae. John Grieve kent ye was comin' to Altrive, and sent me owre baith them and thae young potatoes. You'll be delighted to see him the morn in Etrick-kirk—for I hae na kent him lookin' sae strang and fresh for a dizzen years—oh ! there's naething for ane ony way invalidish like the air o' aunc's native hills ! And then sic a season ! He's out in the wee gig wi' Wallace, or the close carriage wi' Big Sam, every day ; and on Tuesday, when he nodded to me wi' a lauch out o' the window, it did my heart gude to see his face amaist as bricht as it was the day we three first brak bread thegither in my lodgings, in the screw-stair-case, as you used to ca't, aneath the North-brigg. Confoun' thae great big stariin' New-Buildings—in spite o' our freen John Anderson's shop—for they hae soopit awa' Anne Street frae the face o' the earth—

NORTH.

But not into oblivion.

SHEPHERD.

Na, na. Mony a spat exists in the memory—in the regions o' the heart—visib'le nae mair to man's unregardin' een ; but hoo saft, hoo bricht, hoo lown they lie there, a' ready to rise up at the biddin' o' a thocht, and then to sink waveringly awa' back again intil their ain mysterious stillness, till frae our melancholy fancy they utterly melt into mist.

TICKLER.

Come, Mr Hogg, do tell us how you got the game ?

SHEPHERD.

It was no my blame. Last Saturday, that's this-day-week, I gaed out to the fishin', and the dowgs gaed wi' ine, for when they're left at hame they keep up sicca a yowlin' that folk passin' by might think Altrive a kennel for the Duke's jowlers. I paid nae attention to them, but left them to amuse theirsells—Claverse and Giraffe, that's the twa grows—Fang the terrier—and Guile and Rover, collies—at least they ca' Rover a colley, though he's gotten a cross o' some outlandish blood, and he

belongs to the young gentlemen at Thirlstane, but he's a great frien' o' our Guille's, and aften pays him a visit.

TICKLER.

I thought there had been no friendship among dogs.

SHEPHERD.

Then you thoctt wrang—for they aften loe ane anither like brithers, especially when they're no like ane anither, being indeed in that respect just like us men; for nae twa human beings are mair unlike ither, physically, morally, and intellectually, than you and me, Mr Tickler, and yet dinna we loe ane anither like brithers?

TICKLER.

We do, we do, my dearest shepherd. Well?

SHEPHERD.

The troots wudna tak; whup the water as I wuid, I cudna get a lowp. Flee, worm, mennow, a' useless—and the water, though laigh, was no laigh enouch for guddlin'.

TICKLER.

Guddlin'?

SHEPHERD.

Nae mair o' your affekit ignorance, Mr Tickler. You think it fashionable to be ignorant o' every thing vulgar folk like me thinkworth knawin', but Mr North's a genteeler man nor you ony day o' the week, and he kens brawly what's guddlin'; and what's mair, he was ance himsell the best guddler in the sooth o' Scotland, if you excepted Bandy Jock Gray o' Peebles. He cou'dna guddle wi' Bandy Jock ony mair than lowp wi' Watty o' the Pen, the Flyin' Tailor o' Ettrick.

NORTH (*laying down his knife and fork*).

I'll leap him to-morrow for love.

SHEPHERD.

Wheesht—wheesht. The morn's the Sabbath.

NORTH.

On Monday then—running hop step and leap, or a running leap, on level ground—back and forward—with or without the crutch—let him use sticks if he will—

SHEPHERD.

Wheesht—wheesht. Watty's deed.

NORTH.

Dead!

SHEPHERD.

And buried. I was at the funeral on Thursday. The folk are taukin' o' puttin' up a bit monument to him—indeed hae asked me to indite an inscription. I said it should be as simple as possible—and merely record the chief act o' his life—"HIC JACET WALTER LAIDLAW OF THE PEN, THE CELEBRATED FLYING TAILOR OF ETTRICK, WHO BEAT CHRISTOPHER NORTH AT HOP STEP AND JUMP."

NORTH (*resuming his knife and fork*).

Well—fix your day, and though Tweed should be in flood, I will guddle Bandy Jock.

SHEPHERD.

Bandy Jock'll guddle nae mair in this warld. He dee'd o' the rheumatiz on May-day—and the same inscription, wi' little variation—leavin' out "hop step and jump," and inserting "guddlin'"—will answer for him that will answer for Watty o' the Pen.

TICKLER.

'Pon honour, my dear sir, I know not guddlin'.

SHEPHERD.

In the wast they ca't ginnlin'.

TICKLER.

Whew! I'll ginnle Kit for a pair of ponties.

NORTH (*derisively*).

Ha, ha, ha!

SHEPHERD.

I've seen Bandy Jock dook doon head and shouthers, sae that you saw

but the doup o' him facin' the sun, aneath a bank, and remain for the better part o' five minutes wi' his mouth and nostrils in the water—hoo he contrived to breathe I ken not—when he would draw them out, wi' his lang carrotty hair a' poorin', wi' a troot a fit lang in ilka haun, and ane aiblin aughteen inches atween his teeth.

TICKLER.

You belong, I believe, Mr Hogg, to the Royal Company of Archers.

SHEPHERD.

What connexion has that? I do; and I'll shoot you ony day. Captain Colley ance backed Bandy Jock again' a famous tame otter o' Squire Lomax's frae Lancashire—somewhere about Preston—that the Squire aye carried wi' him in the carriage—a pool bein' made for its accommodation in the floor wi' air-holes—and Jock bate the otter by fifeteen poun'—though the otter gruppit a sawmon.

TICKLER.

But, mine host, the game?

HEPHERD.

Do you no like it? Is't no gude? It surely canna be stinkin'? And yet this het weather's sair compleened o' by the cyuick, and flees will get intil the Safe. I gie you my word for't, howsomever, that I saw her carefully wi' a kuife scrapin' oot the mawks.

TICKLER.

I see nothing in the shape of maggots in this one.

SHEPHERD.

Nor shall ye in this ane—(*forking it*)—for I see that though I'm in my ain house, I maun tak care o' mysell wi' you Embro' chaps, or I'll be famished.

TICKLER.

But, mine host, the game?

SHEPHERD.

That cretur Fang there—him wi' the slicht touch o' the hydrophoby—'s the gleggest at a grupp o' ggemm sittin', in a' the Forest. As for Rover, he has the nose o' a Spanish pinter, and draws and backs as if he had been regularly brak in by a dowg-breaker, wi' a dowg-whup on the muirs. On my way up the Yarrow—me wi' my fishin'-rod in my hawn—no put up—and no unlike the Crutch—only without the cross—Rover begins snokin' and twinin' himsell in a serpentine style, that aye denotes a strang scent—wi' his fanlike tail whaffin'—and Fang close at his heels—when Fang pounces on what I thoct micht pruve but a tuft o' heather, or perhaps a moudiewarp—but he kent better—for in throwt it was the Auld Cock—and then whurr—whurr—whurr—a covey o' what seemed no far short o' half a hunder—for they broon'd the lift; and in the impetus o' the moment, wi' the sudden inspiration o' an improveesistreecky, I let fly the rod amang them as if it had been a rug. It wounded many, but knocked down but three—and that's them, or at least was them—for I noo see but ane—Tickler haen taken to his share the Auld Cock.

NORTH.

And the ducklings?

SHEPHERD.

Ca' them flappers. A maist ridiculous Ack o' Parliament has tried to mak them ggemm—though it's weel kent that tame dyeucks and wild dyeucks are a' ae breed—but a thoosan' acks o' Parliament 'll never gar me consider them ggemm, or treat them as ggemm, ony mair than if you were to turn out a score o' howtowddies on the heather, and ca' them ggemm.

TICKLER.

Pheasants.

SHEPHERD.

I ken naethin' aboot feesants, accepp that they're no worth eatin'.

NORTH.

You are wrong there, James. The Duke sends me annually half-a-dozen, and they eat like Birds of Paradise.

SHEPHERD.

Even the hen's no half sae gude's a hen. But for the flappers. A' the five dowgs fan' theirsells a' at aince in amang a brood on a green level marshy spat, where escape was impossible for puir beasts that cudna yet flee—and therefore are ca'd flappers. It wud hae been vain for me to try to ca' the dowgs aff—sae I cried them on—and you never saw sic murder. The auld drake and dyeuck keep't circling round—quack—quack—quack—ing out o' shot in the sky—and I pitied the puir pawrents lookin' doon on the death o' their promising progeny. By gude luck I had on the sawmon—creel—and lookin' round about—I crammed in a' the ten—doon wi' the lid—and awa' along the holms o' Yarrow as if I was seleckin' a stream for beginnin' to try the fishin'—when, wha sud I meet but ane o' his Grace's keepers! Afore I kent whare I was, he put his haun aneath the basket, and tried to gie't a hoise—but providentially he never keekit intil the hole—and tellin' him I had had gran' trootin'—but maun be aff—for that a lassie had been sent to tell me that twa gentlemen frae Embro had come oot to Altrive—I wushed him gude day—and tuke the fuird. But my heart was lowpin', and I felt as if I was gaun to fent. A sook o' Glenlivet, however, set me a' richt—and we shall hae the lave to sooper. I howp poussey's tasty, sir?

NORTH.

I have rarely ate a sweeter and richer leveret.

SHEPHERD.

I'll thank ye, sir, to ca' the cretur by her richt name—the name she gaed by, to my knowledge, for many years—a Hare. She hasna been a leveret sin' the King's visit to Scotland. I hope you dinna sin' her teuch?

NORTH.

Not yet.

SHEPHERD.

You maun lay your account wi' her legs bein' harder wark than her main body and wings. I'm glad to see Gierzzy hasna spared the stuffin'—and you needna hain the jeel, for there's twa dozen pats o' new, red, black, and white, in that closet, wi' their mouths cozily covered wi' pages o' some auld lowse Nummers o' Blackwood's Magazine—the feck o' them belangin' to twa articles, entitled, “Streams” and “Cottages.”

NORTH (*wincing*).

But to the story of the game.

SHEPHERD.

The witch was sittin' in her ain kale-yard—the preceese house I dinna chuse to mention—when Giraffe, in lowping owre the dyke, lowped owre her, and she gied a spang intil the road, turnin' roun' her fud within a yard o' Clavers—and then sic a brassele a' three together up the brae! And then back again—in a hairy whirlwind—two miles in less than ae minute. She made for the mouth o' the siver, but Rover, wha had happened to be examining it, in his inquisitive way, and kent naething o' the coorse, was comin' out just as she was gaen in, an' atween the twa there ensued, unseen in the siver, a desperate battle. Weel dune witch—weel dune warlock—and at ae time I feared frae his yelpin' and yowlin' that Rover was gettin' the warst o't, and micht lose his life. Auld pookies cull' sair wi' their fore-paws—and theirs is a wicked bite. But the outlandish wolfness in Rover brack forth in extremity, and he cam rushing out o' the siver wi' her in his mouth, slakin' her savagely, as if she had been but a rattan, and I had to chock him aff. Forbye thrapplin' her, he had bit intil the jugular—and she lost sae meikle bluid, that you hae eaten her the noo roasted, instead o' her made intil soop. She wou'd hae been the tennerer o' anither fortnicht o' this het weather—wi' the glass at 92 in the shade o' the Safe in the Larder—yet you seem to be gettin' on—

NORTH.

Pretty well—were it not that a sinew—like a length of catgut—from the old dame's left hip, has got so entangled among my tusks that—

SHEPHERD.

You are speakin' sae through your teeth as no to be verra untelligible. Let me cut the sinny wi' my knife.

[*The Shepherd operates with much surgical dexterity.*]

NORTH.

Thank you, James. I shall eat no more of the leveret now—but take it minced at supper.

SHEPHERD.

Minshed! ma faith, you've minshed it wi' a vengeance. She's a skeleton noo, and nae mair—and let's send her in as a curiosity in a glass-case to James Wilson—to meet him on his return frae the Grand Scientific Expedition o' thae fearless philosophers into the remotest regions o' Sutherland, to ascertain whether par be par, or o' the seed o' sawmon. We'll swear that we fand it embedded in a solid rock, and it'll pass for the young o' some specie o' antediluvian yelephant.

TICKLER.

Clap the skin upon it—and tell James that we all three saw it jump out of the heart of the trap.

SHEPHERD.

A queer idea. Ambrose, bid Girrzzzy gie ye the hare-skin o' that auld hare that's noo caten intil a skeleton by Mr North.

[Exit AMBROSE, and enters with the hare-skin.

NORTH.

Allow me to put it on.

[NORTH seems much at a loss.

SHEPHERD.

Hoot! man. The skin's inside out! There—the lugs fit nicely—(the SHEPHERD adroitly refurs Puss)—and the head—but there's a sair fa'in' aff everywhere else—and noo that it's on—this unreal mockery is mair shocking than the skeleton. Tak it awa—tak it awa, Mr Awmrose—I canna thole to look at it.

NORTH.

Stop, Ambrose. Give it me a moment.

[NORTH lends it a legerdmain touch after the style of the late celebrated Othello Devaynes of Liverpool, and the witch, in point of activity, apparently not one whit the worse of having been eaten, jumps out of the window.

OMNES.

Halloo! halloo! halloo!

[Clappers, Giraffe, Rorer, Guile, and Fang, spring from their seats, and vanish—Fang clearing the sill as clean as a frog.

TICKLER.

Now, Ambrose, down with the window—for, though my nose is none of the most fastidious, we have really had in every way quite enough of dogs.

SCENE II.—The Arbour in the Garden—MR AMBROSE, assisted by GIRRZZZY, arranging the Table and Seats.

Enter MR HOGG, MR NORTH, and MR TICKLER.

NORTH.

I have read, my dear Shepherd, of the melancholy life you have long led at Altrive, in a cold, damp, comfortless, empty house, hidden by gloomy hills from the sun, and with hardly enough of heaven's light to warm the lichens on the weather-stained walls.

SHEPHERD.

Some that said sae meant well, as you ken, sir, but were sair mista'en—ithers meant ill, and merely lee'd; but whatever I may owe to my fellow-creturs—and amang them, mair especially to my kintramen—wicked should I be were I no humbly gratefu' to Heaven for a' its mercies. O' this world's gear I hae but little—but I hae a mine o' contentment within my ain breast, that's mair productive than a' the mines o' Potosi and Peru. There hae been times when I had to draw deep on the materials there, but I rejoiced to find that they were inexhaustible—

NORTH.

“transcending in their worth
The gems of India, nature’s rarest birth.”

SHEPHERD.

True that I’m getting rather auld—but I’m no frightened at that thocht—only sometimes penny aboot them that I shall ae day hae to leave behind me in a warld where my voice will be mute. But what’s singular to my case in that? You needna look at me, my dear sir, wi’ a wat ee—for mine ain are dry—and for ae tear I shed on wee Jamie’s head I shower down ten thousand smiles. The holiest affections o’ natur’, sir, as weel baith you and Mr Tickler kens, may grow into habits. Noo it’s no a maitter o’ prudence wi’ me—nor yet o’ feelosophy—for I hae little o’ either—but it’s a duty o’ religion wi’ me, sirs, to encourage a chearfu’ disposition throughout a’ ordinar hours, and in a’ the mair serious and solemn, which, though like angel-visits are neither short nor far atween, hope, faith, and resignation—knowing that in His hands are the issues of life and death.

NORTH (*cheerfully*).

THE WIFE AND WEANS.

TICKLER (*with a glowing countenance*).

God bless them all.

SHEPHERD (*laughing faintly*).

They’ll be tauld o’ this toast. They’re a’ happy the noo in Embro—perhaps takin’ a walk on the Calton Hill—na, they’ll be drinkin’ tea wi’ that excellent man, Dr Crichton, in Stockbrigg. You ken him, sir?

NORTH.

I do, my dear James, and he is an excellent man—and knows well his profession. Perhaps we had better be drinking tea too.

SHEPHERD.

Sae I think we had. I see Mr Awmrose walkin’ among the flowers, and puin’ a posy. I’ll cry till him. Mr Awmrose, tak’ awa’ a’ thir things, and bring the tea-tray.

NORTH.

Stop—don’t disturb Love among the roses.

TICKLER.

Nor yet has Molly put the kettle on.

SHEPHERD.

Weel—weel—we can wait for an hour or twa—but I see Mysie milkin’ the kye—wull ye ha’e a drink o’ milk frae the pail?

TICKLER.

New milk sits ill on old porter.

NORTH.

I shall take a bowl before going to bed.

SHEPHERD.

No you. Gin it were placed on a chair at the bedside, you might skim aff some o’ the ream—but nane o’ the milk wou’d wat your whiskers, (safe us, whatna baird!) and there would be a midnight feast for the rats.

TICKLER.

What! are you infested with rats?

SHEPHERD.

Sair. We ha’e the common house rat—and the water-rat—and the last o’ the Norways. Except theirsells there’s nae Norways in the Forest—perhaps in all Scotland.

TICKLER.

I request to have Fang for my bed-fellow.

SHEPHERD.

What? and him wi’ a’ touch o’ the phoby?

TICKLER.

Well, then,—Clavers or Giraffe.

SHEPHERD.

The grews? You’re welcome to them baith—but, mind you, dinna

meddle wi' them when they loup up on the tester—for grews that are growin' grey about the muzzle are gay surly—I micht say savage—in their slumbers—and I ken this, that gin you offer to shove Clavers aff you, he'll no content himsell wi' a growl—sae tak' tent, afore you try to gather up your feet, to row yoursell weel up in the claes—for he can bite through three ply o' blankets.

TICKLER.

I shall get the sofa brought down here, and sleep in the arbour.

SHEPHERD.

The arbour's a circle o' five feet in diameter—and you sax feet five inches lang even yet—I remember you nearer seven—and you shoud' hae considered, afore speakin' o' the sofa, that your head is noo just touchin' the wicker-wark o' the croon o' the bower, and your feet on the gravel walk in front o' the door. The sofa itsell's no abune five feet and a half, and the best bed's no lang aneuch—but Girrzy had the sense to tak' out the fit-brodd—only mind no to ding doon the wa' by streekin' yoursell out in a dream at the dead o' nycht.

NORTH.

“The dowie holms o' Yarrow!”

SHEPHERD.

In theirsells they're no dowie—but as cheerfu' as ony ever sang ower by the laverock—and mony a linty is heard liltin' merrily in the broom. But Poetry and Passion changed their character at their ain wild wull—tauld the silver Yarrow to rin red wi' lover's bluid—and ilka swellin' turf, fit for the Fairies' play, to look like a grave where a human flower was buried! Sic power has genic transfigurin' a' nature in its grief!

NORTH.

Write you no songs now, James?

SHEPHERD.

Nane! Isna five hunder or mair sangs anew? I shanna say ony o' mine's are as gude as some sax or aught o' Burns's—for about that nummer o' Robbie's are o' inimitable perfection. It was heaven's wull that in them he shoud' transcend a' the mennisingers o' this world. But they're too perfectly beautifu' to be envied by mortal man—therefore let his memory in them be hallowed for evermair.

NORTH.

A noble sentiment.

SHEPHERD.

At least a natural ane, and flawin' frae a heart elevated at ance and purified by the sangs o' ane, let us trust, noo a seraph.

NORTH.

Peace to the soul of the Poet.

SHEPHERD.

Peace and glory that fadeth not away! His sins were a' born o' his body—that is dust—and if they tainted his immortal soul—and oh! wae's me! mournfully and mysteriously I fear that sair did they sae—what's the mornin'-dew or the well on the mountain to what has washed out a' thae stains—and made it purer noo than even the innocent daisy that on this earth—aye, even when tolin' at his wark at ance like a slave and a king—his kindled heart changed into a flower o' heaven!

NORTH.

I wish Allan Cunningham were with us.

SHEPHERD.

And sae maist fervently do I.

TICKLER.

And I.

NORTH.

Some of Allan's songs, too, James, will not die.

SHEPHERD.

Mony a bonnie thing dees—some o' them, as it wou'd seem, o' theirsells, without ony thing hurtin' them, and as if even gracious Natur', though loath, consented to allow them to fade awa' into forgetfulness; and

that will happen, I fear, to no a few o' baith his breathins and mine—but that ither's will survive, even though Time shou'd try to ding them doon wi' his heel into the yird, as sure am I as that the nicht-sky shall never lose a single star till the mornin' o' the Day o' Doom.

NORTH.

Ramsay, Fergusson, Bruce, Burns, Hogg, Cunningham——

SHEPHERD.

. Pollok.

NORTH.

Aye, Pollok, a gifted spirit. All born "in huts where poor men lie." Lift up, O Scotland! all thy hills to heaven! Let loose thy cataracts from all thy cliffs! Let dash all thy sea-lochs flowing and ebbing from thy heart—and in encircling thunder let the multitude of thy isles rejoice!

SHEPHERD.

At this hour, sac sweet and solemn, my filial love prays for the eternity o' a' images o' peace. Pure be the sunshine as the snaw on the bonny breist o' Scotland, and may the ages, as they roll along, multiply the number o' her honoured graves! Still may she be the land o' freedom, and genius, and virtue, and religion!—And see, sir, hoo the evening sun is bathin' a' the serene circle o' thae hills in a mair verdant licht—for there's a communion between the heart o' Nature and the hearts o' her worshippers, and if you want her face to look beautiful, you have but to let rise within you a gentle feeling or a noble thocht.

TICKLER.

I hear you, my dear Shepherd, even with my deaf ear—just as I hear music with it still—though along the streets mail-coaches, which I suppose are rattling, seem going at the rate of twelve miles an hour, even over the unmacadamized causeway, as noiselessly as if they were hearses moving slowly upon snow.

SHEPHERD.

Nae man need be ashamed o' sic a compliment as that—and oh! sir, but I'm happy to hae you at last sittin' aside me in the arbour.

NORTH.

I think, my dear sir, you used the term *minnesinger*. Are you a German as well as a Greek scholar?

SHEPHERD.

Much about it. I hae glanced owre Goth in the original—I mean his *Fast*—and read a' the English and what not translations o' him, baith in verse and prose—and o' the hale tot, I like far best Mr Hayward's prose version. Yon's a poem!

NORTH.

I am no great German scholar myself, James—but the language is gradually lightening up before my eyes——

SHEPHERD.

Like the *Mars Ignotum* before the een o' a navigator in a ship sailin' intil the dawn.

NORTH.

Good again. I would give the world my idea of Faust, were it not that about Goethe the world is mad.

SHEPHERD.

The mair reason to set her right—to bring her back to her senses. She's no in a state o' idiocy? That's hopeless.

NORTH.

Goethe's idolators—mind ye, I exclude Thomas Carlisle and Hayward, and all minds of that order and stamp—are of course not Christians, and use a heathenish lingo worse than the unknown tongue.

SHEPHERD.

There's nae harm in ony unknown tongue—sic as Tam Stoddart's—but nae punishment's owre severe for them that swear they're respeckin' their mither's, a 'the while they're murderin't—and flout in your een a wab o' words, like gaudy patchwork shue'd for the bottom o' an easy arm-chair by an auld wife.

NORTH.

It is declared by all great and true German scholars, that the poem of Faust in execution is as perfect as in conception magnificent, and that Goethe has brought to bear on that wonderful work not only all the creative energy of a rare genius, and all the soul-searching wisdom of a high philosophy, but likewise all the skill of a consummate artist, and all possible knowledge and power over his native speech. His was the unconfined inspiration from above, that involuntary moves harmonious numbers; and his the regulated enthusiasm from below, that enables the poet to interfuse with the forms of earth the fire of heaven.

SHEPHERD.

A noble panegyric.

NORTH.

Not pronounced by me, but by the voice of Europe.

SHEPHERD.

But ye hæe na borrowed the words?

NORTH.

Not that I know of—and they are too feeble for Faust. To shew such a work an English Poem would require—whom? Not twenty boys—however clever, or better than clever—but one man of mature mind, and that mind of the highest order—a mind that “with sweepy sway” could travel through the shadowy into the illimitable—and distinguish and command the phantoms of beauty and of grandeur rising up from the “unapparent deep.”

SHEPHERD.

Micht Byron?

NORTH.

No.

SHEPHERD.

Shelley?

NORTH.

No—imperfectly, and but in part.

SHEPHERD.

Wordsworth?

NORTH.

No—no—no. Wordsworth's world is not Goethe's world—the Wordsworthian star, like that of Jove itself, “so beautiful and large,” is not like the star Goethe. Both are the brightest of the bright; but the breath of peace envelopes the one, with “an ampler ether, a diviner air”—at its height, the other often looks troubled, and seems to reel in its sphere, with a lurid but still celestial light.

SHEPHERD.

Puir, puir lassie!

NORTH.

Aye, James, had Ophelia been in her place, she would have been Margaret.

SHEPHERD.

And Hámlet Fowst?

NORTH.

Nay; in comparison with that Prince of the Melancholious, Faust is little better than a fantastic quack doctor.

SHEPHERD.

Are ye no unsaying a' you've said—for is na he Getty's hero?

NORTH.

I said “in comparison.” That comparisons are often odious, I know—but then only when made in a spirit of detraction from what shining by itself is glorious; the idolators of Goethe set him above Shakspeare—not by declaration of faith—for they durst not—but virtually and insidiously—for they either name not the Swan of Avon, or let him sail away down the river of life, with some impatient flourish about the beauty of his plumage, and then falling on their foolish faces before Faust, break out into worship in the gabble of the unknown tongue. Shakspeare!

“Creation's heir! the world—the world is thine.”

SHEPHERD.

There's a tawk in Mr Hayward's notes o' the hidden meanin' o' muckle or the maist o' Fowst; but for my ain pairt I hae nae misgивen' about either the general scop and tendency o' the wark, or the signification o' ony o' its details. It's a' as clear's mud.

NORTH.

Mr Hayward is too rational a man—I use the epithet in its best sense—to believe that a great Poet would purposely wrap up profound meanings in mysterious allusions to be guessed at in vain by the present purblind race, but to be deciphered and solved by a wiser generation not yet in embryo in the womb of time. What Goethe in his old age may have said or done, all who admired the great Poet in his perfect prime should forgive or forget; and vast though be the Edifice, the architect planned not “windows that exclude the light, and passages that lead to nothing.” Deep the Gothic niches, and gloomy the long-withdrawing galleries, and dismally on their hinges grate some of the doors, and difficult may they be to open;—but self-fed lamps of “naphtha and asphaltic yielding light” are pendent from roofs “by their own weight immovable and steadfast,” and though he who wanders there will meet with ghosts, and witches, and misbegotten hell-cats, and imps, and fiends, and the devil himself, yet, without muttering *Ave Maria* or *Paternoster*, let him not fear but that, with no other guide or guardian but his own conscience, he will be able to find his way out into the open light of day, and more blessedly beautiful because of all those glimmering and shapeless terrors mingled with radiant tendernesses ruefully wading through a perplexing mist of tears, he will again behold high over head the not unapproachable peace of heaven, which seems then descending half way to meet the holy seeking to soar homewards on a spirit's wings.

SHEPHERD.

Are you hearkenin' till the sage, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

I hear a murmur as of a hive of bees.

SHEPHERD.

Soun' without sense—but pleasant withal, for sake o' the indefinite and vague hum o' happiness o' that countless nation a' convenin' and careerin' roun' their queen.

NORTH.

Articles have been sent to me on Goethe, chiefly on the Faust—some not without talent—but all, except one, leaving on my mind the unpleasant impression of their having been written by prigs.

SHEPHERD.

What's a prig?

NORTH.

You might as well ask what's a sumph. There are nuisances in this sub-lunary world, almost as undefinable as unendurable, and to no class of them ought the eye of the literary police to be more rigorously directed than to that of prigs. They greatly infest our periodical literature, and are getting bolder and bolder every day. For their sakes should be revived the picturesque exposure of the pillory, and the grotesque imprisonment of the stocks.

SHEPHERD.

Try the pump.

NORTH.

'Twould be a pity, after Pindar's panegyric, so to use the element of water—nor could I find it in my heart, James, looking at his head and handle, so to humiliate the pump.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir, but I would like fine to see a fule tarred and feathered—for though my imagination's no that unveevid, and can shape to itsell maist absurd and amusin' sights, it has never been able to satisfy my mind wi' an adequate representation o' the first start frae the barrel o' an enormous human blockhead, changed intil a bird—nae wings, nae tail, neither a cock

nor a guse, but an undescribable leevin' and lowpin' lump o' feathers frae Freezlan', in fear, pain, and shamefacedness, uttering strange screechs and scraughs, as down along lang lanes o' hootin' spectators, the demented phenomenon, aye keepin' to the gutter, and aften rinnin' foul o' the lamp-posts, faster far than a cur wi' a kettle till his tail scours squares and streets o' cities, and then terrifyin' the natives o' the kintra, bent on suicide, as if he were a drove o' swine possessed by a legion o' deevils, rushes intil the sea.

TICKLER.

The Atlantic Ocean. I admire the Americans for the ingenious and humane invention.

SHEPHERD.

Yet they're no sae original in their poetry as micht hae been expected, and predicted, frae their adoption o' sic a punishment.

NORTH.

Prigs are of opinion that the present age has not eyes to see into the heart of Goethe's poetry, which will lie hidden in its mysteries for a thousand years. Nay, 'tis pitiable to hear such cant even from critics of considerable and not undeserved reputation, who, at the same time, would pucker up the lines at the corner of their mouths and eyes——

SHEPHERD.

Crawfeet.

NORTH.

——were you to question their clear and full comprehension of the character and condition of Macbeth, Othello, Hamlet, and Lear. The worthy, weak, well-meaning, commonplace, not ill-fed, and decently dressed European and American publics and republics must wait for a few centuries before they can hope to gain sight of more than some glimmerings of the glory enshrined in the genius of a certain German charlatan, known by the name of Goethe, who used to strut about in his prime and in his decay all bedizened with gaudy gewgaws, given him by the prince of a petty principality, to mark his admiration of the manager of a provincial theatre, whom the Dog of Montargis drove from his box into private life—though a real living flesh-and-blood dog—a Newfoundland or St Bernardine, as humane as sagacious—while the jealous and jewelled bard's own canine fancy was in comparison a cross-bred cur and a mangy mougrel, whom Charly Westropp of the Westminster pit would have despised, and his famous Billy the rat-killer worried till he could not have been brought in time to the scratch, nathless he were the Dog of Hell!

TICKLER.

Court and theatre of Weimar!

SHEPHERD.

Ma heed's a' in confusion—and what is your real judgment o' Gutty, as you ca' him, is ategither ayont ma comprehension.

NORTH.

Of all schools of poetry and criticism, James, the most contemptible is the Oracular.

SHEPHERD.

That's just what I was gaun to say. Naeboddy can wi' truth say that I hae a bad temper, though it's sometimes rather het and short——

TICKLER.

Like gingerbread not yet cool from the oven.

SHEPHERD.

——but the instant I discover that the awthor o' ony poem that I may happen to be tryin' to peruse, is either takin' pains to conceal his meanin' or his want o' meanin'—and the first is the warst, for weakness is naething to wickedness—than I fin' ma face growin' red, and a chockin' in ma throatt, as if I were threaten'd wi' a stroke o' the apoplex, and, risin' in a passion, I dash the half-witted or deceptious cretur's abortive concern wi' sic a daud on the floor, that I've kent it stot up again on till the table, and upset the jug.

TICKLER.

Hoo! hoo! hoo! My dear James, you're first-rate this evening.

SHEPHERD.

If I werena, I wud hae a queer look in sic company—for a' Lunnon cou'dna produce three sic first-rate fallows as noo, unknown to the hale warld, are sittin' in the Shepherd's Bower in the heart o' the Forest! What's that stirrin'? Gurney abint the honeysuckles! I wush he was deed. But he's no ane o' your folk that dee. He'll see us a' oot, sirs, and then he'll publish the owtobiography o' a' Us Three, first piecemeel in Maga, and then ilka ane by itself, in three vols. crown octavo, gettin' a ransom for the copy-rights.

NORTH.

The greatest sinner of the oracular school was Shelley—because the only true poet. True poets admire his genius, but, in spite of love and pity for the dead, they disdain the voluntary darkness in which he perversely dallied with things of light that should never have been so enshrouded, and according to the command and law of nature should have been wooed, won, wedded, and enjoyed in the face of heaven.

SHEPHERD.

I consider mysell a man o' mair than ordinar genie, and of about an average understaunin', and haen paid sic attention to the principles o' poetry laid in the natur' o' things, as ane canna weel avoid doin' wha engages with life-warm and life-deep and life-lang luve in the practice o' the maist heavenly delichtfu' o' a' the divine arts, I canna bring mysell to accuse mysell o' ony thing rash nor unreasonable-like in declarin' that to be doonright drivellin' nonsense, which, though expressed in words, and printed in gude teep, and on gude paper, in a byeuck, either bound or in buirds, by day or by nicht, by coal, cannle, lamp, or sunlight, continues to lie afore ma een in shoals o' unintelligible syllables o' which a' you can safely assert is, that they seem as if they belanged, however remotely, in some way or ither, to the English tongue.

NORTH.

Poor Shelley would turn on his face in his coffin——

SHEPHERD.

Oh! remember—remember, sir, that his drowned body was burnt on the sea-shore!

NORTH.

I had forgot it.

“ Custom lies upon us with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as death.”

Buried in the grave! In the Christian world so disposed is the dust of the disembodied spirit, and I dreamed not of the dismal smoke of Shelley's funeral pyre.

SHEPHERD.

But what was you gaun to say?

NORTH.

That the worst dishonour done to his memory is the admiration in which his genius is held by feebles, and fribbles, and coxcombs, and cockneys.

TICKLER.

And prigs.

SHEPHERD.

And sumphs.

NORTH.

Their imitations of their oracle—who did indeed often utter glorious responses from a cloudy shrine all at once, and not transiently, illuminated from within by irrepressible native light—are better nonsense-verses than I ever knew written by men of wit for a wager. For unconscious folly in its own peculiar walk can far surpass the wildest extravagance of wit—perfect no-meaning can be perpetrated only by a natural numbskull, and is beyond the reach of art.

SHEPHERD.

Leigh Hunt truly loved Shelley.

NORTH.

And Shelley truly loved Leigh Hunt. Their friendship was honourable to both, for it was as disinterested as sincere; and I hope Gurney will let a certain person in the City understand that I treat his offer of a review of Mr Hunt's London Journal with disdain. If he has any thing to say against Us or against that gentleman, either conjunctly or severally, let him out with it in some other channel, and I promise him a touch and a taste of the Crutch. He talks to me of Maga's desertion of principle; but if he were a Christian—nay, a man—his heart and head too would tell him that the Animosities are mortal, but the Humanities live for ever—and that Leigh Hunt has more talent in his little finger than the puling prig, who has taken upon himself to lecture Christopher North in a scrawl crawling with forgotten falsehoods. Mr Hunt's London Journal, my dear James, is not only beyond all comparison, but out of all sight, the most entertaining and instructive of all the cheap periodicals, (the nature of its plan and execution prevents it from all rivalry with the Penny Magazine edited by my amiable, ingenious, and honourable friend, Charles Knight;) and when laid, as it duly is once-a-week, on my breakfast table, it lies there—but is not permitted to lie long—like a 'pot of sunshine dazzling the snow.

SHEPHERD.

I gied vent to what shall ever seem to me to be a truly Christian sentiment, at the last Noctes. It was something to this effect—that, for my part, I desired naething sae earnestly as to see the hale warld shaking hauns.—Hollo! hollo! hollo!—Rover! Rover! Rover!—Fang! Fang! Fang!—Lend me the Crutch, sir—lend me the Crutch! For if there be na the twa stirks brocken intil the garden, and scamperin' through the second crap o' green peas! O! the marrowfats!—the marrowfats are a' ruined—

TICKLER.

"Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore."

[*The Shepherd, armed with North's crutch, Tichler with his gold-headed cane, and Mysie with a rung, attack the stirks, and drive them out of the garden of Altrice.*]

SHEPHERD.

Camstrairy deevils!

NORTH.

I could have thought them red deer.

SHEPHERD.

And sae they are. I gied three pun' the piece for them at St Boswells, and they've done mair mischief in a fortnicht about the place, than thrice that soom wou'd repair. Ane o' them, only yesterday, ate twa pair o' wursted stockins aff the hedge; and I shou'd na hae cared so muckle about that, had na the ither, at the same time, devoord a pair o' breeks.

NORTH.

Such accidents will happen in the best-regulated families. But we must not allow this sally of the stirks to put an end to our literary conversation.

SHEPHERD (*Rubbing his face with his small red pocket handkerchief*).
Hech! I'm a' sweatin'.

TICKLER.

Goethe! Faust! Give me Pope and any one of his epistles.

"Search then the ruling passion; there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere,
Priests, princes, women, all consistent here!
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and phantom stands confest.

* * * * *

And you, great Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
Such in those moments as in all the past—

'Oh! save my country, heaven!' shall be your last."

What truth, force, conciseness, correctness, grace, elegance and harmony!
But Pope was no poet.

NORTH.

The passage is worthy of admiration, and is a fair specimen of the best style of the Nightingale of Twickenham. I suspect, Mr Tickler, you have misquoted him—if not, “consistent” should not have been repeated. Pray, is it quite correct to say that “a clew unravels?” If it be—yet “the prospect clears” seems to me an image that has no connexion with a labyrinth and a clew. I shall not quarrel with Wharton—but he is somewhat abruptly introduced—and since “he stands confessed,” will you have the goodness—from Pope—to tell us what really was his character?

TICKLER.

Poo! verbal hypercriticism is my contempt, sir.

NORTH.

Well, then, let us dissect the doctrine. The idea here intended to be inculcated is, that the only way of understanding the character of any man is to discover his Ruling Passion, and that this will then serve as a key to explain all the peculiarities which have arisen under its influence.

TICKLER.

Just so.

SHEPHERD.

Preeceesely.

NORTH.

Now, Mr Hogg, that the strong influence of any strong principle will extend itself through the mind, and discover itself in many unexpected results, is undoubted, and it is one important fact which has to be born in mind, in the philosophy of human nature.

SHEPHERD.

That’s grand soundin’ language, the feelosophy o’ human nature.

NORTH.

But it is a very small part of that philosophy, James; and when it is represented to us that the consideration of such a passion is to enable us to understand human character——

SHEPHERD.

And a’ its outs and inns——

NORTH.

—— a false and inadequate representation of the truth is made. Such a passion is not the essence of the character. It is a single part of it, that has grown to unnatural strength; and it would be much more true to say that by such a passion the character is disguised, than elucidated.

SHEPHERD.

That’s capital. Mr Tickler, he can tawk you blin’.

NORTH.

In such cases, Mr Hogg, it usually happens that the passion which is thus strong and over-ruling, exhibits only a temporary state, or disorder, if it may be so called, of the mind. It shews not its permanent character, but one which has been induced by casual circumstances fostering certain feelings to excess, and which altered circumstances might perhaps repress, reducing the whole mind to its natural and proper equipoise.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler, do you hear that? That’s a poser.

NORTH.

The true nature of men is to be understood by penetrating through their passions which appear, while we witness their operation, to absorb all other faculties, and by discovering what the powers are which lie concealed under them, and which, even though they should appear for a time to be dormant, are yet alive and ready to be awakened by a touch, and to leap forth.

SHEPHERD.

Profoonder than Pop.

NORTH.

What can less resemble our actual experience of the world than this description of human character by single despotic passions?

SHEPHERD.

Like sae many rams at the head o’ sae many flocks o’ sheep.

NORTH.

Why, there are great numbers of mankind, in whom it would be absolutely impossible to point out any such governing and overpowering principle of action.

SHEPHERD.

And deevilish clever chieles and gude Christians, too.

NORTH.

Men in whom the elements of nature are more balanced, and in whom natural feelings appear to arise to the occasion that requires them—but nothing is seen of one superior desire absorbing all other affections and interests.

SHEPHERD.

The maist feck o' mankind——

NORTH.

A great part of men adopt for the time the passion of their profession.

SHEPHERD.

And thus we a' smell o' the shep.

NORTH.

Now, Tickler, while to many men no ruling passion can be assigned, and many appear to be, for a time merely, strongly actuated by that with which their situation furnishes them, observe with respect to those in whom strong passion does arise from their own mind, and for a time does possess and rule over them, how even then different passions will hold alternate ascendancy. As one in whom the passion of renown has great force, and has seemed alone to have the government of his life, may suddenly become absorbed in the passion of love, and forget entirely those purposes for which alone he seemed to live; shewing in the most marked manner how little this notion of a permanent ruling passion is founded in nature. Joanna Baillie has exemplified this in *Count Basil*.

SHEPHERD.

I never read no plays but Shakspeare's—and them no aften—for there's no a copy o' him in the house.

NORTH.

Besides, where such a passion actually exists, and takes this constant lead of the mind through life, it is to be ascribed not to the mind alone, but to the situation concurring with the passion, and raising it to a degree of strength beyond nature. Passion itself would not be permanent.

SHEPHERD.

I howp no.

NORTH.

But the situation to which a man is engaged may be so; and in that—believe me—is found the seeming permanence of the passion.

SHEPHERD.

I'll believe ony thing. (*Yawning.*)

NORTH.

For it calls forth the same day, by day, nourishing it, and fixing it as habitual in the mind. Yet even in such cases it will appear at last, when some change of circumstances breaks up the bondage in which the mind has been held, that this permanent habit is broken up with it, and other strong natural principles re-assume their native strength.

SHEPHERD.

As it is richt they should do.

NORTH.

But there are arguments of a still more important kind, Mr Hogg, connected with the refutation of this theory.

SHEPHERD.

Theory! It's nae theory—it's but a bit sophistical apogthegm.

NORTH.

For the fact is, that such a ruling passion is incompatible with that state of mind which ought to be desired, with its sound and healthy condition. The vigour of the mind is supported and nourished by the alternation of its passions. When exhausted with one, it recovers its force and alacrity by

giving itself up to the influence of another. Its thoughts, its understanding, its whole moral nature, are filled and replenished by the variety of affections with which it is thus made acquainted. But a single passion taking possession of it, binds it down, narrows it, confines it in ignorance, destroys its moral power, by substituting one usurping affection for that whole variety of feelings which are proper to the human soul, which are its excellence, and its happiness.

SHEPHERD.

Puir Pop! Puir bit Poppy! Why, sir, sic a ruling passion's a doonricht disease.

NORTH.

Its effect upon the mind, if it is permanent, without vehemence, is to confine it within narrower and narrower limits, to withdraw it from the natural freedom and enlargement of its being, to make it partial, servile, destitute of knowledge of itself or others. If it is permanent, and at the same time vehement, it overpowers and deranges the other faculties, and in its ultimate excess, reaches that state of entire and utter derangement, which includes even physical disorder of the structure of the human being, and becomes either imbecility or madness.

SHEPHERD.

I could select a dizzen cases in pint.

NORTH (*with much animation*).

Is it not evident, then, Mr Tickler, that there cannot be a greater absurdity, in endeavouring to establish philosophical canons fit for the judgment of human character, than to propose as one of the fixed conditions and appearances of the mind, a state which, in all its degrees, is adverse to the proper excellence and strength of that mind, and in its utmost degree is its highest disorder, and finally its destruction?

SHEPHERD (*shaking TICKLER in vain*).

This is real sleep—there's nae pretendin' here, sir—your eloquence has overpoored him, and he has ta'en refuge frae discomfiture in the land o' nod.—(*Aside*)—Faith I'm gettin' rather droosy mysell.

NORTH (*with increasing animation*).

There have at times been men of great character who have devoted themselves wholly to some great object which has occupied their thoughts and purpose for their whole life; and in some sort this might be said to be a ruling passion, since their lot was so cast that that one great desire became justly the preponderant determination of their will while they lived—such as Clarkson and Howard.

SHEPHERD.

Wha?

NORTH.

But how unlike is this to the description of human nature by ruling passions! Even in these great men, high as their purpose was, it must be supposed that their full moral nature was in a certain degree warped by the exclusive desire with which they pursued these objects. These objects were in truth so great, that for them it was worth while to sustain, to a certain degree, such an injury of their moral nature. And it must be added, that if their minds were in some degree warped, they were in a much greater degree exalted by the dignity of their purpose.

SHEPHERD.

Wha were they? I wush you would tell me wha they were. An anecdote or twa wad relieve the pressure on the brain o' your fine feelosophy, and lichten the lids o' ma een.

NORTH (*with enthusiasm*).

But before we compare with these any of the ordinary pursuits and situations of men, let it be recollected how peculiar these situations were: that these men were contending single against the abuses and crimes of a nation, or of the world. Less than the entire life and powers of an individual human being would have been unequal to such a contest. And other instances there are no doubt more obscure, though not less virtuous, in which single men have striven, and do yet strive, against the vice and cor-

ruption of a whole generation. In all such cases, this paramount object demands, and must have, all the powers of the mind. But only in such instances which are necessarily rare, can the mind justly be given up to a single purpose. It is evident that extraordinary strength of character, and intensity of desire, and faculties of great vigour, are necessary to the adoption of purposes of this description. How rare such a union.

SHEPHERD.

Go on, sir.—(*Aside*).—O dear me! but I wush he was dune!

NORTH.

The ruling passion, then, my dear James, you see, so far from giving any insight into its deeper composition, does, in fact, express what lies at the mere surface of character.

SHEPHERD.

That's just what I was sayin'.

NORTH (*with an air of triumph*).

What, I would ask, is the knowledge imparted of the real character of a man in public station, and of high rank in his country, such as Lord Cobham was, by telling us that he was a strenuous patriot? The place in which he stood, and not the urgency of his own peculiar feelings, required of him to take his part in the public affairs of his country. And who will pretend to say, that in knowing the simple fact that Lord Cobham was one of the distinguished patriots of his day, he can tell, whether that patriotism arose from that ardent zeal for the welfare of human beings, which is one principle of our nature—or from a proud imaginative attachment to the majestic land of which he was the son, which is another,—or from the stern independence and inflexible integrity of an upright and honourable mind placed by circumstances in the midst of public life, and thus in unavoidable opposition to what there might be of corruption and selfishness at that time in the administration of the affairs of his country?

SHEPHERD.

Hear! hear! hear!

NORTH (*rising and resting on the crutch*).

These and other original grounds in the mind itself, may all, with equal probability, be supposed as the cause of the patriotism of such a man; as long as his patriotism is the only known fact of his character. In this instance, then, it is evident, that the objection I advanced is true, namely, that what is called a ruling passion, often shews merely an effect produced by the emergency of the situation in which a man is placed, rather than any thing of the original and characteristic constitution of his mind. The utmost we can be said to know in such a case is the spirit of his conduct, but nothing of that which, in speaking of character, it is our object to understand, namely, the peculiar form under which human nature was exhibited in that individual human being, or the source from which his conduct sprung.

SHEPHERD (*resigning himself without further struggle to sleep*).

OH!

NORTH (*with great self-complacency*).

Upon this view of the subject I am induced to say, in conclusion, Mr Hogg, that it appears to me that the theory or doctrine, by whatever name we may call it, which holds up the *ruling passion*, as that which explains and exhibits in its strongest light the individual character, does, while it undertakes to set before our observation what is deepest in the composition of the mind, in fact mark out only what is most superficial. It shews us not in what manner the mind is framed, it shews us not the great elements of power which are joined together in its composition, neither the peculiar character nor the principles of its strength; but it directs our attention exclusively, and as if the whole of character were comprised in this, to some seeming outward form and aspect, which, under the pressure of circumstances, external and accidental, the mind has been constrained to assume.

TICKLER (*asleep opposite the SHEPHERD*).

OH!

NORTH (*cultingly on taking his seat*).

So little of real truth and instruction may there sometimes be, gentlemen, in an opinion, which, under the name of philosophy, gains attention by the grace with which it is recommended to notice, and obtains something of sanction and currency, by that which is its essential falsehood, namely, the substitution it makes of what is obvious to sight for that which lies most hidden from observation, and the flattering facility which it therefore seems to afford to the commonest observers and slightest reasoners, for understanding those subjects which are more than sufficient for the efforts of the most searching sagacity and the profoundest thought.

SHEPHERD (*in his dreams*).

Soho! Soho! Soho! I see her een aneath the brent broo o' the knowe.

NORTH (*in mixed anger and amazement*).

Hogg?

SHEPHERD (*starting up*).

Halloo! halloo! halloo! Weel dune Clavers! That's it, Giraffe! A wrench—a turn—he's moothin' her—he's gruppit her—but Clavers wunna carry—fetch her here, Giraffe—and I'll wear her fud in ma hat. But I'm sair blawn.

TICKLER (*in his dreams*).

Razor-strop not worth a curse—razor like a saw—water lukewarm—soap sandy from scrubbing the stair—blast the brush!

NORTH.

A madman on my right hand, and an idiot on my left!

SHEPHERD (*recovering his senses, and rubbing his eyes*).

Sae, by your ain accoont, sir, you're something atween the twa. Our freen Dr Macnisch has speculated wi' great ingenuity on the cause o' dreams in his Philosophy o' Sleep. Wull he tell me what for I was haunted by that hare, and no Mr Tickler, wha devour'd her stoop and roop? Ilac dreams, then, nae connexion wi' the stammack?

NORTH (*drawing himself up proudly*).

Really I did not know, gentlemen, that my conversation had been so soporific.

SHEPHERD.

Conversation! Ca' ye't conversation to deliver a treatise on the fawse theory o' the ruling passion, a' divided intil separate heeds, and argufied back and forrit again, twa peacefu' folk like me and Mr Tickler, wha never open'd our mouths till we fell asleep? In place o' bein' angry you shou'd gie us baith the maist unqualified praise. As for mysell, I stood it out langer nor ony ither man in the Forest. If you had but seen the faces I made to keep mysell wauken, you wou'd hae thocht me a demoniac. I keepit twitchin' my upper lip, nose, and cheeks, like the Lord Chancellor—

NORTH.

What shall the world say, my dear Shepherd, is his ruling passion?

TICKLER (*broad awake*).

"That clue once found unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest!"

NORTH.

A Reform Ministry! The Lord High Chancellor of England giving himself the lie night after night on the Woolsack—

TICKLER.

In presence of the Peers, whom he loads with insult—

SHEPHERD.

And in hearing o' the hale kintra, who wonder that there is nae wisdom even in his wig.

NORTH.

I have always admired the man; and the world, I verily believe, will pardon in him almost any aberration—but that from the straight line of honour and truth. The name of Henry Brougham will be eminent in the history of England; and the great champion of the Education of the People is worthy to hear that name given by the gratitude of his compatriots to the first new-discovered star.

SHEPHERD.

That's glorious.

NORTH.

Much—much—much—I repeat it—will be forgiven to one who nobly aspired—and in sincerity—by the power of intellect to become a moral benefactor of the race.

SHEPHERD.

But slichted na he religion?

NORTH.

No, James—no man with such a mind—in many of its qualities so grand—did ever yet slight religion. Into Natural Theology his various science must have shewn him strong streaming lights—and let no one dare to say that, with a heart so accessible, he is not a Christian. I desire that he may live long—and that the nation may mourn in grateful sorrow over his grave. Almost all our great have been good men; and such epithets may—I devoutly hope—be duly inscribed in his monumental epitaph.

TICKLER.

Amen.

SHEPHERD.

Amen.

NORTH.

But never—never may that be—if he pause not in his wild career—and recede not from the present paths of his reckless—shall I say, his unprincipled ambition?

SHEPHERD.

I'm a simple shepherd, sir, and therefore shall be mute. If I hae said ony thing unbecoming, I'm sorry for't; but what matters a few silly words frae a lowly son o' the Forest!

NORTH.

A thousand times more matter the thoughts and feelings of lowly sons of the Forest, than all the flatteries that have been wafted to his stool from the dark dwellers in city-lanes, on the breath of disease and corruption.

TICKLER.

Popularis auro! how fetid the pestilential smell!

NORTH.

How unlike his bearing to that of the Red-Cross Knight! He would have died to save his silver shield from slightest stain—and if self-inflicted, how bitterly had it been rued! His lips he would have wished to wither in death ere touched by falsehood's mildew, breathed on them from his own wavering heart—he would have held his words holy as his thoughts—for what are words but thoughts embodied in air—and yet imperishable—for once uttered and heard, they are your only immortals—deny them, and they come flying against you on all the winds—*via triquetra*—that will tear your liver like vultures—or, if you will it so, flying to and fro in the sunshine, will gather round your head when living, and when you are dead round your tomb, like doves, messengers of peace, and love, and glory, whose bright plumes time shall never touch with decay, nor all the storms of this world ruffle or bedim.

SHEPHERD.

That's beautifu'—but methinks you're speakin', in sic eemagery, no o' politicians, but o' poets.

NORTH.

Of statesmen. Their instruments may be mean—but their ends how mighty! In legislating for England now, they legislate for the whole world hereafter—and shall the Spirit of the Age suffer in her service, from the lips of her most eloquent minister, at once reckless, and systematic, and flagrant, in the face of day, a violation of truth?

TICKLER.

"Rest—rest, perturbed spirit!"

SHEPHERD.

But he canna rest! Oh, that he would but tak Mr North's advice!—for

like a' the rest o' the warld, great and sma', nae dout Lord Chancellor Brougham reads the *Noctes*. Had we him sittin' here, for ae hour, we'd convert him—divert him—frae the path intil whilk he has by some evil demon been deflected frae the richt line o' his natural career—and giein' him a shove, send him spinning awa in his ain axis like a planet through the sky. But haw! haw! haw! haw! haw!

TICKLER.

What the deuce now?

SHEPHERD.

Lord Althropp—Lord Althropp—Lord Althropp! My sides are sair.

NORTH.

Laughable indeed, James.

SHEPHERD.

Then dinna girn sae gruesomely—but join me in a guffaw.

OMNES.

Ha, ha! haw! ha, ha! haw!

SHEPHERD.

It's an hysterical creesis in a nation's calamity, when the King, and the Commons, and the People, (but no the Peers,) wou'd have a' resigned their situations—the King his throne, the Commons their seats, and the People their kintra, unless Lord Althorp had been persuawded to condescend to continue to remain Chancellor o' the Exchequer, and yet him for a' that universally allow'd to be an Oxe!

TICKLER.

There has been no such political appointment since Caligula made his horse consul.

SHEPHERD.

I'm nae great Roman historian—but I dinna see't mention'd in thae learned articles, "The Cæsars," that the consul either imposed or defended a tax on mawte. In ae thing, I hae nae doubt, he ackit like Lord Althorp.

TICKLER.

Eh?

SHEPHERD.

He left open the Corn Question.

TICKLER.

The consulship was a sinecure.

SHEPHERD.

And the Nag himsell on the Ceevil List.

TICKLER.

For past services.

SHEPHERD.

O' various kinds to the State.

TICKLER.

As how?

SHEPHERD.

Mair especially for workin' a great improvement on the Imperial Cavalry.

TICKLER.

His Lordship, more indirectly, has equally improved the breed of cattle—of long horns.

SHEPHERD.

I think I see him—the Consul—stannin' in his stall, high-fed at rack and manger, and on mashes, forbye, wi' his mane nicely platted, and ribbons on his tail. But in a' his consular pomp, he's no sic a wonnerfu' animal to the imagination as Lord Althropp.

TICKLER.

His Lordship is not without a certain share of small abilities.

SHEPHERD.

Sae the newspapers say—but under a Lilliputian bushel he cou'd easily hide his licht.

TICKLER.

His Lordship owes a debt of endless gratitude to the press. Not that the gentlemen of the press flatter him on the score of talents—for with one voice they unanimously and harmoniously proclaim him the weakest Chancellor that ever got his head into Exchequer.

NORTH.

Yet in the Owl they see a Phoenix.

TICKLER.

And as if they were all knaves themselves, lift up their hands in admiration at sight of an honest man.

NORTH.

Your severity, Tickler, is unjust; yet the editors, who have joined in that senseless cry, have indeed fairly subjected themselves to such imputation. There is not a more contemptible term in the language, in its vulgar colloquial misuse, than the term—honest; for it denotes a stupid man with a fat face—low brow—heavy eyes—lips that seem rather to have been afterwards sewed on to the mouth than an original feature—chubby cheeks—double chin—large ears—and voice——

SHEPHERD.

"Timmer-tuned—tempered by the beetle." But ye dinna mean to say that's a pictur' o' Lord Althropp?

NORTH.

No—I do not. I know better what is due to a nobleman and a gentleman. But I do mean to say that some such sort of application of the term "honest" has been unconsciously made in the case of his Lordship—to his political character—by many of his admirers. They extol his good-nature.

SHEPHERD.

In the Forest a gude-natured man means a quate, useless boddy, hen-peck'd at hame, and cheated abroad, and for whom every excuse is made when he's seen no verra weel cled at kirk or market, on the grun' o' his wife's no bein' contented wi' wearin' the breeks, unless she gets haud o' the best pair, in which she sits in velvet. That's a gude-natured man in the Forest, but he may be a different character in the House o' Commons, mair especially when the Leader there, wi' a seat o' coorse in the Cabinet, and, to croon a', Chancellor o' the Exchequer!

NORTH.

In Smithfield his Lordship's character is without a stain. But, to speak plainly, as a Minister of the Crown, he is the most dishonest that ever received, returned, reaccepted, and retained the seals of office.

SHEPHERD.

The maist dishonest!

NORTH.

Yes! Steeped to the eyes in dishonour—yet all the while superstitiously believing himself "the noblest work of God."

SHEPHERD.

Tak time to cool, sir. Though I canna say your face is ony way distorted—which it aye is when you're in a passion—nor that your vice trumles—which it aye does when about to be left to yourself—yet your words are viciously cuttin'—and the sharper the edge because a' the while you're sheerin' him doon, you're as cool, calm, and collected in your manner as a cucumber.

NORTH.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is often called candid, for stammering out the most blundering admissions to crafty querists, cunningly ensnaring him to commit himself on the most important points, which he, good easy man, has not the sense to think points of any importance at all—mumbling "Yes," when, in common prudence, to say nothing of pride, it should have been "No."

SHEPHERD.

And "No," when it should hae been "Yes." Eh?

NORTH.

He afterwards sees his errors, that is when he is insultingly told of them, and then he again falls back on his character for candour, and frankly, that is foolishly, confesses that he had said more than he meant, or the reverse of what he meant—and the crafty, having so far obtained their object as to make him ridiculous, and consequently powerless, cry hear ! hear ! hear ! and the morning papers are next day filled with honest eulogiums on honest Lord Althorp, who looks next evening in his place as well pleased as a fozey turnip after a shower.

SHEPHERD.

You'll please me, sir, by mentionin' shortly a few dizzen instances o' his dishonesty.

NORTH.

I could mention five hundred—but

“Lo ! in the lake soft burns the star of eve,
And the night-hawk hath warn'd your guests to leave,
Ere chilling shades descend our leafy tent.”

SHEPHERD.

Ae dizzen.

NORTH.

What has the entire system of the Whig Government been from first to last, but a complicated and ravelled web of falsehood ? Almost every clause in the Reform Bill, as it now stands, enacted a measure, which every man in power, (Lord Grey excepted, and Lord Durham, when Mr Lambton,) who could wag a tongue or hold a pen, however impotently, had all their political lives resisted and scorned. The Reform we have now got they had continued for many years to denounce as revolution, in speeches, pamphlets, books, without beginning, middle, or end ; and the Bill they at first proposed to bring in was founded on principles of conservatism, which almost all moderate men might have in much approved. Wellington and Peel themselves would not have objected to them, though they had too much sense to introduce, as Ministers, at such a crisis, any Reform at all. Whether they were wrong or right is not the question—the question is, were the Whigs honest men—and the answer has been given by the voice of the country, radicals and all, that they were, politically speaking, knaves—and conspicuous among them, with his enthusiasm for the tri-color, was my Lord Althorp.

SHEPHERD.

But will ye no alloo a man to eat in a few o' his words, sir ?

NORTH.

No ; a very few indeed, eat in, are sufficient to choke an honest man. But the Whigs re-ate all they had ever spewed on Reform—nor seemed, James, to scunner at the half-digested gobbets.

SHEPHERD.

Coorse.

NORTH.

Does the Shepherd believe that Lord Althorp in his heart loved and admired—as he said he did—the Political Unions—composed, according to Lord Brougham, of the philosophical classes of Brummagem, and bright with the scientific splendour that holds all the great manufacturing towns of England in perpetual illumination ?

SHEPHERD.

Na.

NORTH.

He is not so simple.

SHEPHERD.

And yet, to my cost, I'm simple eneuch.

NORTH.

Once seated in places of power, the Whigs were not slow to denounce Political Unions—which were good, they said—and constitutional for purposes of national agitation to carry the great measure, but bad and unconstitutional, they had the audacious ingratitude to declare, after Reform

had established a liberal Government, for then that it was time for the Philosophical and Political Unionists to resume their aprons—and that the smith must thenceforth be contented to “stand at his anvil—thus, with open-mouth, swallowing a tailor’s news.”

SHEPHERD.

I canna be angry for lauchin’.

NORTH.

Place himself was degraded into a newsmonger—the very tailor who had invited himself, at the head of a kindred deputation, to a conference with the Premier, to shew him how he should cut his cloth—with what suit he should lead—what measures adopt for the use and ornament of the body politic—while a number of Jews remained at the bottom of the stair, with bags in which to carry off the State’s old clothes.

SHEPHERD.

You’re real wutty, sir, the nicht.

NORTH.

But did my Lord Althorp, or any other of the time-serving, place-seeking Whigs, ever explain to the Political Unions on what principle they were either encouraged or denounced? The kind of crisis at which they were a blessing—the kind of crisis at which they became a curse? To have done that even slovenly would have required an abler and an honest man. But his ability and his honesty were on a par, and far below par—and now stand at zero.

SHEPHERD.

I never saw Mr Tickler listenin’ sae attentively before—and yet he’s no asleep.

NORTH.

That no connexion could be imagined to subsist between Political Unions and Trades’ Unions, is even yet, James, the Whig cry. They have fed, do feed, and will feed one another; and thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands of poor men have rued, do rue, and will rue, the base arts of their betrayers, the Whigs, who, in the lust of power and place, seduced them to uplift the banners of sedition, misnamed of patriotism by tyrants who changed freemen into slaves, by first pretending to knock off from their limbs fetters that were never forged, and then grinding their very faces in the dust, and shipping some of the misguided wretches, now not only useless but dangerous, to expatriation and death.

SHEPHERD.

A Psalm-singing Methody or twa wha had taken and administered unlawfu’ oaths, and some half-dozzen ne’er-do-weels, wha might hae been stappin’ doon about this time frae the tredd-mill.

NORTH.

All the reasonings of the Liberals against Combination Laws were false, foolish, and futile, as I proved a few months ago, in a paper which the impartial press declared conclusive and unanswerable; and the severities which the Government inflicted, legal as they were, were shocking to the sense of justice, seeing that they came from the hands of men who had selfishly laboured to spread wide the delusion under which those poor ignorant creatures sinned and suffered.

SHEPHERD.

Was na Lord Melbourne then Home-Minister?

NORTH.

He was, and the more shame to him; but my honest Lord Althorp had been a far more flaming reformer than he, and should have shewn some bowels of compassion to the poor, who, I fear, are now the greatest part of the people. Such cruelties—tender mercies according to the Whig creed—soon cease to be remembered by the rich and noble—for though the revengeful Whigs have long memories for the slightest injuries done to themselves, the best among them have memories even shorter than their wits for the sufferings of others, and, with all their cant and slang about secondary punishments, prefer them to the capital, because, barba-

rous as they often are, the nation does not shudder at their infliction—"out of sight out of mind,"—and hard-hearted philanthropists can thus transport for life as many wretches as they choose; nor have they left to themselves even the privilege of remission, so that hundreds are now annually separated for ever from all they hold dear, for crimes which used justly and humanely to be punished and expiated, and perhaps repented, by a year's imprisonment.

SHEPHERD.

You're expawtlatin' ower a wide field. I wuss you wou'd be mair personal on Lord Althropp.

NORTH.

I am never personal. I have said enough to shew you, my dear James, that that Statesman cannot be honest, who leads the House of Commons as a Member of the Cabinet of such a Government.

SHEPHERD.

Then they're a' dishonest thegither, and why single out his Lordship?

NORTH.

I never singled him out. I see him singled out to my hand as the only man among them who deserves the epithet, honest; and am, therefore, to presume that there is something peculiar in his character and conduct, distinguishing him from all the Ministers with whom he acts in concert—and pray, will you, who have a fertile fancy, favour me, who am a matter-of-fact man, with a conjecture what that peculiarity may be, made plausible by "a round unvarnished tale" of one honest deed he has performed, or one honest word he has uttered, since he began to draw his salary?

SHEPHERD.

That's no fair—for he may hae dune and said a thousan', though I never happen'd to hear o' ane.

NORTH.

In not one instance, regarding taxation, has he acted a plain, open, straightforward, bold, and intelligent part. Either he has never once happened to know what he intended to do, or never once chosen unequivocally to declare it. Irresolution is bad enough—but equivocation is insufferable; and our Chancellor of the Exchequer is the Equivocator of the Age. There are the Taxes on Knowledge, as they are called—*videlicet*, newspaper stamps. Did he promise to modify, or reduce, or take them off entirely, or did he not? That the Equivocator hummed and hawed, and was unintelligible, I grant; but, as usual, he said enough to commit himself with the vendors of that most useful of all commodities, knowledge; and it was mortifying, humiliating to them to find that they had been cajoled and deceived by Honesty personified. But that was a trifle—for no honest man could belong to the present Ministry after the prosecution of the *True Sun*, and pride himself at the same time on being not only a friend, but a champion of the press. "Might not a Government be justified in prosecuting for sedition the editor of a newspaper whose offence was the same that had been committed by a Peer and a Commoner in their places in Parliament?" Some such question was put lately to the Lord Chancellor by the Attorney-General, and the answer was "No!" The wily Attorney was outwitted by the bold Chancellor. In the well-known circumstances of the case he thought he had his Lordship on the hip; but the stalwart man of the people (alas! alas!) flung the 'rejected of Dudley, and the accepted of Edinburgh, (we are a proud people, the Scotch,) across his knee, and the head of "plain John Campbell" rebounded a yard from the sod.

SHEPHERD.

I'm amazed, and yet I hae nae idea—no the least in the world—o' what you're speaking aboot. Gang on.

NORTH.

Baron Smith is one of the best beloved men in all Ireland. The Protestants adore him—

SHEPHERD.

That's wrang. They should leave that to the Catholics.

NORTH.

All the virtuous Catholics regard him as their friend but O'Connell hates and fears him, and sought to sacrifice the character of the stainless sage on the altar of his unfeeling ambition.

SHEPHERD.

Ambition's no the word.

NORTH.

It is not. Honest Lord Althorp good-naturedly joined the conspiracy against the venerable patriarch, and candidly instigated a reformed House of Commons to drive him with disgrace from the Bench. Mainly by his influence—for he is all in all in that high-minded assembly—a vote was passed for that useful, honourable, and upright purpose; and candid, conciliating, conscientious, high-minded, and warm-hearted, true English nobleman, Lord Althorp, looked at the House with a blandness of physiognomy which she must have been either more or less than human to resist, and received from her in return one of her most subduing and subservient smiles. But in this instance, his Lordship had prevailed over the virtue of the House at what is called a weak moment—for a few nights after she rejected his addresses, and left him in the lurch, for one who was not troubling his head about her—the self-same aged gentleman whom she had meditated to unwig—verging on three-score and ten—even Baron Smith—but though he treated her courteously, he declined having any thing to do with her—so she again returned to the embraces of the grazier.

SHEPHERD.

That was far waur than his equivocation about stamps. The ither was a trifle.

NORTH.

His behaviour, and that of all his colleagues, to Mr Sheil—a man of genius and virtue—all the world knows, was such as in private life would have shut against them the doors of all gentlemen's houses, even in Coventry. Still honest Lord Althorp not only held up his head and shewed his face, but became, on that pitiable exposure, more candid than ever, and while he apologized, gloried in his gossip. He was in reality, though not aware of it, about as dignified a personage, and in as dignified a predicament, as a dowager in a small tea-drinking town, convicted, on her own reluctant confession, of having circulated a *fama clamosa* against a virgin spinstress, of being nearly nine months gone with child.

SHEPHERD.

What'n a simillie! It was rash in the dowager to say nine months, for had she said sax, the calumniated lassie would hae had to wait three afore she cu'd in ony way get a safe delivery—either o' the charge or the child. Wha was she? and what ca' they the sma' tea-drinking town?

NORTH.

You know, Mr Hogg, that the sin charged against Mr Sheil was that of having thought one way and spoken another, on a question deeply affecting Ireland—the Coercion Bill. In Parliament he had been, as was to be expected, one of the most eloquent and indignant denouncers of the tyrannical, and unconstitutional, and insulting, and injurious, and unnecessary injustice of that measure.

SHEPHERD.

Injurious injustice! Is that correct?

NORTH.

Quite correct in grammar. Out of the House he was accused of having declared it to be all right, and that the state of Ireland demanded it. So shocked and horrified was the moral sense of honest Lord Althorp by the idea of such ultra Irish violation of all honour and all truth, that he lost his head, and avowed his inability to conceive a punishment adequate to such an unheard-of crime. In the event of the conviction of the accused, he hinted, that if the House was not found too hot for him, he would probably be found too hot for the House. Mr Sheil seemed standing on the

brink of expulsion—and it was supposed that he meditated going out with his evil conscience as an unsettled settler to Van Diemen's Land.

SHEPHERD.

Was Mr Sheil married?

NORTH.

Yes—not long before, to a very beautiful and accomplished woman, and that aggravated the hardship of his case—for to a bachelor a trip even to Botany Bay is a mere amusement.

SHEPHERD.

I forget the result o' the enquiry—for I never recollect any thing noo I read o', unless it has had the gude luck to happen centuries ago.

NORTH.

Lord Althorp prayed Mr Sheil might have a safe deliverance—

SHEPHERD.

O the hypocrite! Pretendin' that he didna credit a calumny o' his ain creatin', and invokin' heaven to shew that he was a leear, in an eye-upturnin' prayer!

NORTH.

You misunderstand me—he did not create the calumny, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

Then wha did?

NORTH.

Nobody cares. The candid Chancellor of the Exchequer persisted in believing it to the last—clung to it after it stank like a dug-up cat—sulkily retracted his belief—said something for which Mr Sheil would have shot him but for the Sergeant-at-Arms—looked big and small—bullied—explained—explained again—apologized—begged pardon—and expressed what a relief it was to him to see Mr Sheil honourably exculpated and acquitted of a charge, of which, had he been guilty, his Lordship, laying his hand on his heart, and looking as impressively as nature would allow, was free to confess that he must have been lost for ever to that society—to that country of which he was now one of the brightest ornaments—brighter than ever, because of the passing away of the black cloud that had threatened to obscure or strangle its lustre.

SHEPHERD.

I'll be hanged if Lord Althropp ever said any sic word.

NORTH.

James?

SHEPHERD.

Sic words never flowed frae a mouth like yon. But you've, nae doot, gien the sense, and made him speak as if he was wordy—which he never will be—o' sittin', and noo and then venturin' on a bit easy remark, at the Noctes.

NORTH.

Now, my dear James, mark—for I know you are no *quid nunc*—and read little about what is passing in London—else had I not spoken a single syllable of politics in the still air of this beautiful arbour—Honest Lord Althorp has been convicted—and has confessed it—of the same crime charged against Mr Sheil—with circumstances of aggravation, that, were I to tell you of them, would, to your simple mind, be incredible.

SHEPHERD.

My mind, sir, 's at ance simple and credulous—I can believe any thing—a' the gude that tongue o' man cou'd tell o' a Tory, and a' the ill that the tongue o' deevil cou'd tell o' Whig—sae there's nae occasion to dwell on the incredible circumstances o' aggravation—they are a' true as gospel.

NORTH.

Mr Sheil, I said, James, is a man of genius—a fine-eyed, fine-souled son of Erin. Had he been a hypocrite—a traitor—I would have bitterly lamented it, and blushed for the form I wore.

SHEPHERD.

You would hae had nae need to do that, even though Mr Sheil had been a black sheep. Considerin' your time o' life, the form ye wear's verra im-

posin'; as for your countenance it is comely—and I'm no surprised Mrs Gentle considers you a captivat' cretur.

NORTH.

We must not too coldly scan even the principles of patriotism. They may be such, carried to excess, or flying off oblique, as we cannot approve, even though we can comprehend them within our sympathies; but to fall away from them in faintness of heart is pitiable—to desert them is shameful—to fight openly against them execrable—but insidiously to betray them—

SHEPHERD.

Is damnable—O' that honest Lord Althropp thoct guilty Mr Sheil—but you dinna say that he himsell has committed that verra sin?

NORTH.

He could not commit that very sin—for he is not Mr Sheil. But he committed it as far as nature would suffer Lord Althorp. That Coercion-Bill, which he thought *ought* not to be passed, he consented to make pass through Parliament!

SHEPHERD.

That seems the converse o' the charge against Mr Sheil—and if I ken the meanin' o' the word conscience, confoun' me gin' it's no a thoosan' times waur.

NORTH.

A million times worse.

SHEPHERD.

I'm sorry for him—in what far-away hole, puir fallow, can he be noo hidin' his head? I howp in baith senses that he's resigned.

NORTH.

He has ousted Earl Grey—

SHEPHERD.

What?

NORTH.

And honest Lord Althorp is the most popular man in England.

SHEPHERD.

Then England may sink intil the bottom o' the Red Sea. Na—she maunna do that, for she wud drag Scotland alang wi' her—and then fare-weell to the Forest!

NORTH.

You can have no notion, James, of the despicable intrigue by which honest Lord Althorp ousted the Premier.

SHEPHERD.

He maun be desperate angry.

NORTH.

He does not appear so, but his son and son-in-law have resigned.

SHEPHERD.

Which was right, for even a Whig, setting selfish considerations aside, doesna like to hae advantage ta'en o' his ain father. Hoo O'Connell, frae what ye hae hinted, maun be crawin'!

NORTH.

Lord Althorp secretly commissioned Mr Secretary Littleton to sound, consult, conciliate, and truckle to the Agitator. O'Connell and Littleton had a blow-up, and abused each other like pickpockets. The cat was let out of the bag, and began not only to mew, but to hiss and fuff and prepare her paws for serious scratching—there was a regular row in the Lower House, and a very irregular one in the Upper. Earl Grey declared his entire ignorance of the shameful and slavish submission of honest Lord Althorp to the Big Beggarman—and, would you believe it, James, a question has arisen, and has been debated with much acrimony, whether or not, by such proceedings, the Premier was betrayed?

SHEPHERD.

He shou'd just hae gaen to his Majesty, and said, "Sire! Lord Althropp is a fule, or warse, and has been playing jookery-paukery wi' that chiel O'Connell, through ane o' your Majesty's understrappers, and the twa thegither hae brocht the Ministry intil a mess. I maist respectfully ask your

Majesty what your Majesty wou'd wush me to do? Here are the Seals." His Majesty wou'd immediately hae said, "Yearl! kick Lord Althropp to the back-o'-beyond—carry ye on the Coercion-Bill—for it's necessary to the pacification o' Ireland—put the Seals in your pocket, alloo me to ring the bell for your cotch—and write me in the mornin' hoo things are lookin' in the Upper House." I ken that's what I wad hae dune mysell had I been King—and frae a' I hae heard o' his Majesty sin' he sat on the throne, and when he walked the quarter-deck, I'm as fairly convinced that he would hae supported Yearl Grey, as that, supposing me a proprietor o' laun', I wad hae discharged on the spat ony servant o' mine, whether lad or lass, that had been detected plottin' again' my head greave, which would, in fack, hae been plottin' again' his master, and therefore deserved to be punished by dismissal—whether wi' wages and board-wages up to the Term or no, wad hae been a question to be reserved for future consideration—but assuredly, without a character. (*Starting up*). Mercy on us, whare's Tickler?

NORTH.

Who?

SHEPHERD.

Didna Mr Tickler come oot wi' ye frae Embro?

NORTH.

Mr Tickler? I have not seen him for some months. There is a coolness between us, but it will wear off—and—

SHEPHERD.

Only look at him, sir, only look at him—yonner he's helpin' Mysie to let out the kye!—That's a bat.

NORTH.

The gloaming—what a beautiful word—gives a magical character to the stillness of the Forest—and the few trees seem as if they were standing there in enchantment—human beings reconciled to the thrall of vegetable life—and breathing the dewy air through leaves, whose delicate fibres thrill to the core of their quiet hearts. One star! I ought to know where to find the Crescent. Not so bad a practical astronomer—for there is the Huntress of the silver bow, just where I expected her—and in all that region of heaven there is not a cloud.

SHEPHERD.

Let's in to sooper. This is Saturday night—and you'll read the family a chapter. Lean on ma arm, or rather let me lean on yours, for you're the younger man o' the twa—no in years—but in constitution—and you'll be famous in history as the modern Methusalem,

[*They enter the house.*]

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FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

CHAP. VIII.

How Buckram bamboozled the Schoolmaster, and how the Devil got among the Tailors.

WHILE these rare doings were going on at the Yorkshire Stingo, you may easily suppose Gray and his fellows were not over easy in their minds. Little had the wise-acres thought, when they were hand in glove with Dick and his crew, during the grand racket about the old lady (rest her soul), and were breaking down John's enclosures to let them into the house, that these worthies would so soon be doing their best to elbow them out in return. But now they began to have an inkling of that matter, and Gray, poor old noodle, who had once offered the long odds that he would break Dick's scone any day in the twinkling of a walking-stick, came to be of opinion this was not so easy a feat. Since the business of the sash windows, he saw plainly that Dick was not a fellow to be trifled with; that he had a pestilent long memory for old promises; and that even if he did succeed for once in kicking him out of the yard, ten to one but he would meet him there again the next day, with a plaster over his crown, and seemingly never the worse. So, although he could willingly have given him a dose of ratsbane, he thought it better to put a fair face on the matter for a time, in hopes

he might catch Dick tripping some day, and be able, with the assistance of Dragon, to turn him neck and heels out of the house. But things were brought to a pass somewhat sooner than had been expected, in consequence of one of Buckram's crotchets, as ye shall hear.

John had long had a village-schoolmaster on his estate, a very respectable man, and a relation of Martin's; Martin, and he were always together, and much good they did among the tenantry. The schoolmaster taught his scholars reading out of the Bible, arithmetic out of the book of Numbers, and generally flogged them to a psalm tune; so that, on the whole, a well-behaved, orderly set of fellows they were; who feared God and honoured the king, loved their landlord John, worked hard, and grumbled little. But Buckram, who knew there could be no fishing except in troubled waters, determined to raise the waters; so, as the shortest way of gaining his end, he one night got the schoolmaster, who had a high opinion of his learning, into his own room after dark, and plied him, as he was well able to do, with strong liquors and hard words, till what between gin and geology, ale and algebra, rum and religion, he so bothered his

brains, that the man was never himself again. From that moment Buckram had him under his thumb: he began to get a deboshed look and carbuncled nose; he was seen of an evening with Carlile, and Taylor the devil's chaplain; if you called for him at the school, you were sure to be told he was abroad, and where was this, think ye, but at the Free and Easy, where he and Buckram had set up a catch club under the pretext of diffusing knowledge among the vulgar. And a precious free-and-easy rakehell's concern it seemed to be; you might say, sing, swear, swill, or smoke what you liked—'twas liberty-hall in that respect; but over the chimneypiece was this regulation, written in Buckram's broad fist, with a burnt cork. "No religious conversation allowed here on any account whatsoever. Any member not complying with the above rule to forfeit twopence." A fine school, you will say, this was for the school-master. As for teaching from the Bible after this, 'twas a thing he would not hear of. "Ods bottoms," quoth he, "do you think all my scholars go to Martin's old rickety church? Haven't I Dan's son, and Jack's brother, and Levi the Jew's nephew, besides some half dozen Gentiles that are of no religion at all? No, no! no traps for tender consciences in my school. Teach 'em all alike out of the Times; that suits all tastes. Father Abraham's no authority with us, I can tell you—and as for St Paul, why—we'll talk of that anon!"

The upshot of this was, that, in a little while, most of the young men of the neighbourhood were in a fair way to the devil. More orchards and hen-roosts were robbed in a month than had formerly been pilaged in a year; bastards became as plenty as blackberries; Bibles were sold for blue ruin; the only use they made of reading or writing was to enable them to forge a bill or counterfeit a bank note; and nothing would go down but debating societies and pothouse clubs, where the workmen met daily to damn their masters, and drink, as they said, to the confusion of useful knowledge. This had served its turn admirably while Buckram and his friends were trying to turn John's house inside out, and

so for a time Buckram and Gray and Allsop would laud and magnify these greasy villains, and tell them they were the very salt of the earth, and that they must stick together and fear nothing, and so on. But now when they had got themselves snug, as they thought, and began to long for a little peace and quietness, by way of a change, these meetings and spoutings began to be less pleasant, more especially when they happened to come in for their share of any abuse that was going. It was still worse when the fellows, who, from always meeting together, began to discover their own strength, took it into their heads they would have more money for less work, and determined to strike, as they said, for a rise of wages. Of these the tailors were the fiercest, for they formed themselves into a marching regiment, which they called the Devil's Own, met at the Goose and Shears, began to practise the manual and platoon exercise, paraded the streets of the county town, with a *Sans Calotte* banner; and not only would not work a stitch themselves, but if any body offered to do a job for his master, 'twas odds but he got his head combed down with an oaken towel, or his eyes anointed with sulphuric acid incontinently. Every thing was fairly at a stand; no work to be had for love or money. This Buckram himself began to learn to his cost, for, happening to want a new coat, he dropped in upon his old friend Cabbage at the Cross, and told him he must have a new coat forthwith, for the old one had been too often turned, and he wanted one consumedly. "Lord love ye, Master Buckram," said Cabbage, "I could not make a coat for ye at this moment, if you were my father. I think there be the devil among the tailors for my part;—not a stitch to be had under five shillings a-day—and all along of your unchristian clubs, and pagan meetings in ale-houses. What's to come of it I know not—but as to your coat, why, you must just turn it once more—'twill never be noticed." Just at that moment in came Allsop, his buckskin breeches all besmeared with dirt beyond redemption, having got an ugly fall, as he said, in a turn-up with Tipperary Dick, whom he had called

a false loon, in the servants' hall. He too wanted a pair of new galligaskins sadly, but received the same answer. It was the same with all the rest of them. Every man was put to his shirts; but none was so much taken aback as that lackadaisycal wittol Protocol, who, though as old as sin, was always trying, by the assistance of paint and patches, to look young and debonnaire, and generally went among his fellow-servants by the nickname of Cupid. He was fairly at his wit's end, having to sneak about the house for a fortnight in an old shabby sad-coloured doublet, buttoned up to the throat to hide the rents in his nether raiment, and looking as haggard and miserable as a scarecrow. He was so anxious, indeed, about his wardrobe, that he would fain have had Cabbage to give in to the fellows at once, and take them back on their own terms. But though Cabbage was but a tailor, he had the spirit of a lion in him. He said the eyes of the whole of Europe were upon him; that he would hold out to his last goose rather than give in; and that it was the duty of all honest men rather to walk about in a buff jerkin of nature's making, than give any encouragement to such a pack of extortioning villains.

Seeing Cabbage's resolution, Buckram, Allsop, and the rest, took heart also, and determined to stand by him, till they had starved the journeymen into their senses. So being told one morning that the Devil's Own intended to have a grand review, and to march down to John's house to present a round-robin demanding more wages, they sent betimes to Moses, the old clothesman, bought up his whole stock, dressed themselves in the most decent habiliments they could find, and piled the rest into a clothes' press. When the tailors, who had collected their whole strength for twenty miles round, came marching down to the house, Buckram stopped them at the gate, and told them they could only let in one man at a time. So when the nine tailors had got in, "Snip," says Buckram, "you are cursedly mistaken if you think to frighten us into your terms. Look at this doublet now—match me that if you can! Saw ye ever such a pair

of breeches as those of Allsop's? Why, they're everlasting. And look ye here,"—pointing to Cupid, who had arrayed himself in an old brocade dressing-gown—"there's a fancy of a surtout for you; neat, but not gaudy, as the Devil said when he painted his tail pea-green. And there," shewing him the remainder of Moses' wardrobe in the press—"there are clothes that will last to the day of judgment. So now you may make threadpapers of your petition, or cut it up into measures if you will;—for nothing you get here, I promise you." When the tailors saw that even Protocol had brought his mind and body to wearing old clothes, their courage failed them, and they walked home crest-fallen enough. It came now to be a question which had the longest purse; and as Cabbage was well to do in the world, having stitched to some tune already, he fairly starved the whole regiment of snips into submission, till, after living a month at the rate of half a cabbage a-day per tailor, they gave in, and were fain to return to work at sixpence a-day less than before.

So this storm blew over; but it had shewn Gray so completely the predicament he was in, and the perilous consequences of the encouragement he had given to these pot-house politicians, that he set about snubbing Dick and all his old friends in every manner of way. He did not as yet just venture to talk of turning them out; for though he knew he might reckon on a helping hand or foot in that manner from Arthur and Bobby, he thought it not so clear, but that, in the confusion about the door, Arthur might make a mistake, and kick him out along with them; so he contented himself at present with calling him names, and now and then dashing a basin of dirty water about him—sneering at all his plans, or enticing him occasionally to make a speech, that he might set all the servants a laughing at him—which, as Dick was no orator, was no difficult matter. When Dick reminded him that he had promised to make the quartern loaf a penny less, he offered to make affidavit 'twould be the ruin of John's baker if he did. On another occasion, when Dick, who had

a fellow feeling in the matter, proposed that John should give up the custom of flogging his under servants now and then, as was his wont, Gray and his friend Hoby, though they had cried out against it as a most heathenish Mahometan cruelty till they got into place, both got up and swore the world could not go round on its hinges if John did not flourish his horse-whip occasionally, and that the exercise did his constitution a deal of good. Poor Moses, the old clothesman, whom they had at one time encouraged to roar and bellow for his rights, as he called them, with the other vagabonds, having been decoyed into the servants' hall by one Grunt, who pretended to be his friend, they shewed him up stairs to the upper servants' room, with a great appearance of civility; but when he had got there, they allowed the upper servants to spit on his beard, clap a ham under his nose, and turn him out of the premises amidst the laughter of the whole bery. Not much better was their treatment of Obadiah, who had wrought them such good service in the matter of Quashie, and on many other occasions. Obadiah came posting up one day to the house all the way

from the north country, thinking that he had nothing to do now but ask and have, and that both Jack's and Martin's tithes, which were what he had been all along driving at, were at his service. He was quite surprised, when he came in, that Gray did not shake him by the hand as usual; and Buckram, though 'twas but a week before that they had met at the Free and Easy, fairly turned his back upon him, and pretended not to know him. "No, no," said Gray, after hearing him out, "as to marrying and burying, do as ye will; but as to meddling with Martin's tithes, no one shall touch the hem of his surplice with my will." And Buckram, who by this time had mustered up brass enough to look his old friend in the face, fairly told him he thought Martin was worth a dozen of him, and that but for Martin, the country would be overrun with canting hypocritical field-preachers, or cut-throat fellows, who neither feared God nor devil; and between the two, Obadiah fairly found himself hustled out of the door—his lank candlegrease locks absolutely standing on end with consternation at the sudden turn which matters had taken.

CHAPTER IX.

How Manley threw up his place, and told Allsop a mouthful of his mind, when he tried to juggle Martin's brother with the Pea and Thimble.

BUT it is time to tell ye something now of Allsop's tricks. Every body had thought him, as he was, a perilous fool all along, but at first folk gave him the credit for being an honest ass, who never saw his way till he ran his head against the post. "No great headpiece," they would say, "Master Allsop, but an honest fellow enough, as times go." And so, for a time, if Master Allsop had chosen to say the moon was made of green cheese, he would have found some that were ready to swear it upon his word. But the truth was, a more shuffling knave was rarely to be met with, particularly since he began to consort with that Papist fellow Dan, of whom ye have heard something before, and will hear more hereafter, who taught him the doctrine of mental reservation, with

other jesuitical tricks. From that time it was impossible to trust a word he said, or almost to get a plain answer to a question. If you asked him what he intended to do about the sash windows, he would say with a grave look, That shall be as God pleases: If you thought you had him fast by asking him, what's o'clock? he would answer it depended upon circumstances: If he learned that any thing was brewing, he would send for you to his room, treat you to a glass of the best, tell you a thousand plans he had for putting John's matters in better order; and just beg you to give him a little time to set all right. Then, when he had gained his end, he would rise up in the servants' hall, and swear he had forgotten every thing about it, or try to cram down your throat that you

must have been in liquor at the time, and had misunderstood him. The truth was, he took care not to be understood, for he would talk such a roundabout incomprehensible jargon, that he had always some backdoor to shuffle out by, when taken to task for what he had said.

Then another famous trick in which he excelled, was in handling the pea and thimble. He would decoy you into his room, Buckram acting as his confederate, on pretence of holding the stakes, and then say, "I'll lay you a tester, now, you don't tell under which thimble the pea is;" and if you were rash enough to take the bet, so cleverly did he shift and manœuvre, that, watch him as you would, for the soul of you, you never could get sight of the pea, or the colour of your money again. But with all his twistings, and turnings, and sleight of hand, his tricks began to be pretty well smoked among the servants, till at last they gave him the nickname of Honest Allsop, because they all knew him to be a most unparalleled knave.

Indeed, he began to be so notorious for his double-dealing, that the under servants, though not over nice of late, could not help occasionally letting him know their mind a little, especially after the turn-up with Tipperary Dick, whom he tried to kick when down, but who got up again, and made Allsop go on his marrowbones before all the servants. But Allsop hit on an exquisite device for keeping the fellows quiet, at John's expense, without which, indeed, he could not have kept the head of the table in the hall for a fortnight. Whenever any one proposed some plaguy alteration about the house, or reminded him of some old promise which he was not inclined to perform, his way of stopping their mouths was this:—He would order an enquiry into something else, and send five or six of the fellows who grumbled loudest, into a room by themselves, with plenty of the best from John's larder and cellar, telling them they need be in no hurry, but enjoy themselves, and make up their report on the subject at their leisure. Thus, in one room you would find half a dozen fellows nodding over as many pots of porter, who would tell you they were over-

whelmed with the fatigue of making out a list of the candle-ends used in the house, and separating the wax lights from the tallow. In another, you would drop in upon the like number, as merry as crickets, at Beggar my Neighbour, but all the while pretending to be very busy making up a return of John's dirty linen, distinguishing the shirts which had been worn one day from those which had been worn two, and so forth. There was one party set to gossip over John's workhouse; and another, his Justice of Peace Court. Nay, Allsop went the length of sending a pack of his hungry hangers-on on a roving commission all over the county, telling them to knock at every man's door with his compliments, and ask him for a look of his title-deeds, which some were foolish enough to shew them, though others more wisely slapped the door in the vagrants' faces. And when all this would not do to quiet them, he would think nothing of appointing another set of fellows to watch the first; the former to do nothing, to wit, and the latter to help them.

You will ask how he contrived to make John swallow all this, and truly I can hardly help laughing to think of it, though 'twas no laughing matter to the poor squire. If John, as he sometimes did, began to grumble and hesitate a little when Allsop told him to put his name to any paper he brought with him, "O, very well, Master Bull," he would say, "'tis no matter—I'll leave it with you for a moment just to look it over and think about it." So knowing, that of all things in the world, John hated quack medicines, down he would run to Buckram's room, who constantly kept a large store of them, which he distributed gratis—take out some half-a-dozen boxes and phials, and brandishing a syringe, and accompanied by Buckram, who had a monstrous fancy for seeing a man take physic, step up stairs with them to John's room. There he would spread them before him on the table, duly ticketed and labelled, in this fashion: "Cartwright's Annual Pills—none are genuine," &c.; "Dan's Poor Irishman's Friend—one dose is enough;" "Hum's Universal Mixture—when taken, to be well shaken;" "Groat's Essence of Black Balls—N.B. Poi-

son;" and so forth, till he had covered the table with bottles of all kinds, round, square, long-necked, wry-necked, black, blue, green, and grey. And though both Allsop and Buckram knew that poor John's constitution had been almost shaken to pieces by the infernal dose of Russell's purge, which they had administered to him about two years before, they had the cruelty to practise upon his nerves still farther, telling him that there were still many pestilent humours lurking about his vitals, and that if he did not give way in the proper quarter, and follow any regimen they prescribed, he must toss off one or more of these incomparable medicines immediately. Whereupon John, whose face generally grew as white as a sheet whenever he saw any of these detestable phials put upon the table, and who would as soon have swallowed Satan bodily, as put one of the nauseous draughts to his lips, would resign himself to his fate with a sigh, and put his name to the paper which Allsop held out for him, be it bill, bond, receipt, mittimus, or what it might.

By all this truckling and treating, Allsop contrived to get on pretty well with the under servants; for, though they laughed in his face now, whenever he talked of his conscience, he had the loaves and fishes at his disposal, and that was enough. If he ever spoke of giving up his place, which he sometimes did, when he wanted to carry a point, they would get up a round-robin immediately, imploring him to stay, and begging Squire Bull not to part with him on any account, for that he never would meet with such another servant again. And then Allsop would pretend to blubber a little, and say he could not find it in his heart to part from them. But the more honest among them, and even some of his own fellows, who now saw through his roguery, were determined they would no longer sit at the same table with him. And so they only waited for a fair wind to enable them to part company.

They had not long to wait for this, as ye may believe. Ever since Dan, with his crew, had got into the house, their whole thought had been how best to get hold of Martin's bro-

ther Patrick's living; and though the drubbing which Gray had administered to them, and the watch he kept up on the other side of the pond, had cooled their courage for a time, they were too knowing to lose sight of their aim. By hook or by crook, they were resolved the thing should be done. Dan, who was as wily as the devil, knew how to make himself useful to Allsop at times, and at others would browbeat and bamboozle him so thoroughly, and at last got so completely the upper hand of him, that he scarcely dared, for the soul of him, refuse any thing that Dan ventured to ask. For instance, Dan had the modesty to propose, that John should put the estate on the other side of the water under a separate steward—meaning himself; and although everybody laughed at the proposal as a bad joke, Allsop allowed him to talk about it for a whole week in the servants' hall, stopping all the other business about the house. Then although, for the sake of appearances, he would sometimes pretend, before the servants, to give him a slap in passing, when he said any thing grossly impertinent, (which he did every day, taking care, at the same time, to tell the servants he had sworn upon the Holy Poker never to fight,) he took special care to lay it on as gently as if he had been flogging himself for a penance;—you would often meet them of an evening whispering and colleaguely together in a dark corner; and somehow or other it was always observed, nothing could take place in John's private room, but Dan was always the first to get hold of it, and send a copy of the news to the county newspaper.

All this the better part of the servants were much scandalized at, particularly Manley, who had hated Dan and his Irish crew from the first, and, indeed, seldom lost an opportunity of letting him know it. When Dan began with his rigmarole speeches, Manley would sit down opposite to him, throw his legs on the table, and treat him to a full front view of his posteriors; and once, when Dan let out a little of his mind, as to cheating John's creditors,—which he said he thought would serve them right, for having

fattened upon the Squire so long,—Manley got up, and gave him such a drubbing, that although, as they say, he had been three times dipped in the Shannon, and had had his forehead rubbed with a brass candlestick to boot, he was so thoroughly ashamed of himself, that he sneaked away, and was not seen again about the hall for some days.

At last, seeing that the affair as to Patrick's tithes was not going on quite so fast as he expected, Dan made his appearance one morning in Allsop's room, as he was shaving; and says he, "Look ye, Master Allsop, 'twasn't for nothing, I can tell you, that I, and Tipperary, and the rest of us, lent a hand to help you in, and unless you set about this business of Patrick's in good earnest, and that speedily too, perhaps we may lend a hand to help you out again." Allsop, in his usual way, tried to put him off, by telling him he should have patience; that Patrick was an elderly gentleman now, and would die some of these days, and then every thing might be managed smoothly. But Dan, who knew his man, was not to be fobbed in that way; he told him, with a sneer, that it was not Patrick's dying that he wanted, but his living, and that the living he would have, and that incontinently. "Well then," said Allsop, "if it must be so, you know I can't just do the thing openly, for Patrick has many friends in the house, who would not like to see him robbed in broad daylight; but let us once get our hand to his pocket, and it shall go hard but we'll get to the bottom of it by degrees, so we'll begin with an enquiry into his cash-account, so as to shew them what a mint of money he makes. I'll take care there sha'n't be too many of Martin's friends in the list, and if we can once get matters that length, it is but a legerdmain trick or two, and we'll make Patrick and Dan change places, in the plucking of a pigeon."

Dan would rather have done the thing openly, but knowing that Allsop could do nothing except in a sneaking underhand way, and guessing that if the matter came to the ears of Manley, and the more honest of Allsop's fellows, there would be a blow-up, he agreed to

the plan. So next day he gets a fellow to stand up at commons in the hall, and began to abuse poor Patrick as an indolent purse-proud parson, and to propose that Patrick should be put on short allowance forthwith, and his surplus rents given to Father O'Flannigan for the benefit of his Papist congregation. Then up gets Allsop with a grave face, and says he, "It seems to me, my masters, 'twould be hard on Martin's brother to be so sharp on him. Mayhap, after all, he mayn't have more than a decent livelihood, poor man, so let's deal gently with him; let's have an enquiry into his ways and means first, then we shall see better how the land lies. And talking of that, I may as well mention, that I have advised John already to send down some half dozen friends of mine across the pond for that purpose — by the by, here's the list;" and so, after fumbling a while in his breeches pocket, he pulled out a paper with the names. They were such as ye may suppose; not a clergyman or a friend of Martin's or Patrick's in the whole gang, but as thorough-going a set of desperadoes as you would meet with at Donnybrook fair. At that moment, up gets Manley with a look of astonishment, and swore he never heard a word of the matter, as indeed Allsop had taken good care he should not. "And suppose it should turn out," said he, "that Patrick may have a little more money than he needs to keep soul and body together—what then? It neither comes from John nor from you. 'Tis his own, I take it, as it was his father's before him; so what good, pray, is to come of this damnable Spanish Inquisition of yours?"—"O," said Allsop, "'tis time to think of that, you know, when we see how the thing stands—'tis merely for the sake of information in the meantime. Perhaps, if Martin finds he has more than enough, he may make a present of the balance to John; or what say ye to settling the matter between him and O'Flannigan at once, by a game at thimble-rigg? If Martin guess wrong, then Martin loses; if Martin guess right, then O'Flannigan wins." So he was beginning to pull the

thimbles out of his waistcoat pocket, for he had always a supply about him, and to call for Buckram, as usual, to hold the stakes, when Manley, who could stand this no longer, cried out, "Blood and wounds, but this is really too much! Ye haven't the courage to rob the poor man outright, but ye would cheat him behind his back. Ye pitiful, sneaking, petty-larceny thimblerriggers as ye are—chopping here, changing there,—but always the man's done, and money's gone in the end. I have done with you. Mind your pockets, gentlemen," cried he to the servants, buttoning up his own, and crossing to the side of the table

where Bobby sat, who shook him heartily by the hand, and wished him joy of a good riddance. "And now," added he, "that I can unburden my conscience, may I be crucified if I ever dealt with such a dishonest, shuffling, good-for-nothing crew, in my life. Gray's an old noodle; Buckram a double-distilled knave; Allsop half knave and half fool; Johnny is a mixture of knave, fool, and noodle, all in one. I may well cry *peccari* to think I ever sat at the same table with such like, or winked at your rogueseries so long. So now, thank heaven, I leave ye, and my hearty curse go along with you. Amen."

CHAP. X.

How Allsop and Buckram decoyed Gray out of the House, and then slapped the door in his face.

ONE would have thought that Manley's giving up his place, and this drubbing which he had given his old confederates before all the servants, might have made Allsop ashamed of himself, if any thing could; but no, in for a penny, thought Allsop, in for a pound. So he coolly pocketed the thimbles, and tried to brazen the matter out, pretending there was no loss, and that things would go on all the better without him. "A blundering jackanapes, forsooth, who could talk you an hour by Shrewsbury clock, but who was always landing you in some quagmire or other in the end. And even as to talking, wasn't little Ap-Rice his match any day?—so he wished Bobby much good of him." And instead of being cured, by this dressing he had got, of his shuffling tricks, and back-door col-leagu-ing with Dan and Dick, he only got worse and worse since the exposure, till at last it was plain to be seen that he was ready, as Dick used to say under the rose at the Three Stripes, to go the whole hog when wanted.

But for this purpose it was necessary to get rid of Gray, who, having some remnant of conscience about him, was vehemently scandalized at his proceedings, and particularly at the way in which Allsop, by cogging

the dice, marking the cards, nicking the halfpenny, and other gambling tricks, used to bilk such gudgeons as he could decoy into playing with him. At first he would stand by and look on while Allsop shuffled the cards, and Buckram kept the green-horn in talk; but when he saw Allsop slipping the ace of trumps into his sleeve, and Buckram making signs with his fingers to shew what was in the other's hand, he got ashamed of his company and walked away. Besides, as I told you already, he was now as much afraid of Dick and his crew, and hated them as cordially, as he had formerly bepraised and beslobbered them; the damnable pressure from without, as he called it, which he had met with at the Ten-bar-Gate, when they threw the porter in his face, and the other affray about the sash-windows, had given him a quietus, and having either more sense or more conscience, and perhaps a small sprinkling of pride withal, he could not lower himself, as Allsop did, to truckle to Dan and Dick, but maintained they must be kept at the staff's end, and that if they were not, the devil would be to pay presently, and no pitch left for the purpose. So, instead of winking at Allsop's base confederacy with Dan, he lost no opportunity of rating him for having any thing to say to such a

fellow; and swore he would sooner give up the books at once, than keep them, as Allsop seemed willing to do, at Dan's will and pleasure.

Nothing had enraged Dan so much as the rap over the knuckles which he got when Gray sent the policemen round by the pond, and dispersed the riot which he and Tipperary had kicked up. Gray, as I told you, had stationed a watchman on the premises ever since, along with the house-dog Dragon, and had given him strict orders, that if he found two fellows together in the street after dark, he should lay hold of them at once, and send them to the roundhouse. And the watchman did his duty so well, that Dan, with all his cunning, had never managed to get up a riot there again. Often and often had he come sneaking round in the dusk of the evening, and looked over the wall, but seeing a notice, "Spring guns set in these premises," and fancying every minute he saw a blunderbuss pointed at his head, he was glad to decamp, without doing any farther mischief than robbing a hen-roost or two, or lodging some small shot in the hinder quarters of a bum-bailiff. Dan saw, that, till he could get the watchman removed, and collect a mob in the streets as before, there was no chance of gaining his ends, which were to blow up Patrick into the air, pulpit and all, set O'Flannigan in his place, and get the management of the estate into his own hands, when John might go whistle for his rent. So he never ceased bothering Allsop to do his best with John to get the dog muzzled, and the watchman removed altogether—or, if that could not be, to give him directions to sit quiet in his watch-box, and pretend to snore, or sing God save the King, so as to drown the noise, if he saw any of Dan's friends meeting in the street, or any other rogue-ry a-brewing.

Allsop had every inclination in the world to humour Dan, but he knew he could not dare to speak to Gray on the subject, who had made up his mind. But having some ends of his own to serve at the time, he sends down Littledone to Dan—"Tell what lies you like," said he, "by word of mouth, only don't commit yourself in black and white.

Give him your word of honour, but take care of your bond—that's my plan." So down goes Littledone to Dan, and tells him he might count on the thing as done; that he would answer for Gray; and that though the watchman, for form's sake, must remain and call the hour as usual, he would take care he should not leave his box, come what might. "As for the dog," added he, "you may hocus him with a dose of laudanum if you have a mind." Dan was overjoyed at this, and that very night down he went to the pond, and was beginning boldly to clamber over the wall, and call to O'Flannigan to help him up, when bang went the watchman's blunderbuss, Dragon made a rush towards the spot, the slugs came whistling past Dan's ear, and down he dropt, frightened to death, into the ditch. Ye may conceive in what a towering passion he was when he got up and saw himself so bewrayed with filth. "Thunder and turf," said he, "but I'll make that lying knave, Allsop, suffer for this," said he. So up he marched straightway to John's house, and finding Allsop, Littledone, and some of the servants together, he opened a volley of abuse against them, enough to make your hair stand on end, for having deceived him, and plotted to take away his life.

"You're a liar," cried Littledone.

"Then there's two of us, by the holy poker," said Dan, "and one rogue into the bargain. Didn't you tell me that Dragon would be muzzled forthwith, and that Watchee would be snoozing in his box, or singing All's Well as I passed?"

Littledone confessed he might have said something to that effect, though he quibbled a little about some points, but laid the blame on Allsop. Allsop again admitted he had sent Littledone to humbug Dan, but then said he, "Didn't I give you special orders not to commit yourself? Did I get up all that story about muzzling Dragon, and making Watchee sing All's Well, quotha? No, no, 'twas all a pestilent invention of your own; so since you've put your foot in the trap, you may get it out the best way you can." Then turning to Dick, he told him it was no fault of his, 'twas all Gray's cursed obstinacy; but that if he

would be pacified for a moment, and give him half an hour's talk in his own room, he thought he could hit on a scheme which would rid them of the old noodle by and by, and Dan, after some growling and grumbling, said, for this once he would trust him, and agreed to shake hands with Allsop again.

The truth was, that Gray, having scented out somehow or other the plot which was going on between Dan and Allsop, had opened upon Allsop that blessed morning, and told him his mind roundly about his mean underhand dealings with so notorious a sharper, telling him, that while he lived Dan should never have his will, and that instead of removing the watchman from the pond, he was rather thinking of covering the wall with broken glass, setting steel-traps in the avenues, and ordering down a constable to help him, with orders to give any man a salute with small-shot, who might be seen skulking about the premises under suspicious circumstances; and Buckram, who was beside at the time, and always chimed in with Gray before his face, though he often laughed consumedly at him behind his back, swore that instead of two, ten would be needed if they could afford it, and even snubbed Drum, who had begun to mutter something about the hardship of preventing men from going at night after their lawful business. But while he said this, he winked to Allsop, who winked to him again, for he knew that Buckram and Dan understood each other, and that Buckram had, at Dan's instigation, actually written a letter to John's steward on the estate, old Marcus O'Well-sly, in Greek, Latin, Phœnician, or old Irish, and other heathen tongues—for he often wrote in this piebald fashion—to get him to make affidavit that he could guard the premises without either dog, watchman, or blunderbuss.

No sooner had Gray, after ending this lecture, walked out of the room, than Allsop, who had been biting his lips all the time, opened his mind to Buckram, as one who he thought was likely to go all lengths, having been bred a lawyer, and who, he knew, had long been hankering after Gray's place. He told him that matters had come to such a pass, that be-

tween them they must get Gray turned out by hook or by crook, and asked Buckram whether, in that case, he would have any scruples of conscience about giving in to this precious scheme of Dan's, and sending the watchman about his business.

"Lord love you, man," said Buckram, "how could you ask such a question? when did you ever find me stand upon trifles? What did I study Burn's Justice for, think ye, if I could not say one thing to-day and unsay it the next? There is my hand, so—that's settled. But now let's see how we can best manage to send old Foozle about his business. He's been often talking about it, poor noddy, so 'tis doing him a charity after all. I have it. You shall write him a letter, telling him that after this row with Dan you can't think of keeping your place longer, and as Gaffer has a notion that you know his ways, and that he can't well keep the books without you, ten to one but *he* gives up his place too. Then you and he shall walk gravely out at the front door; and make as if you had bid good-by to us, for good and all; but as soon as the door is shut, trip up his heels as if by accident, and run round by the back of the house. Sheepface and I will hold the back-door open for you till you can get up stairs again into your office—and then to with the door in his face, and all's snug."

The tears came into Allsop's eyes, but it was with laughing at this notable device for leaving his old friend in the lurch, which, he said, was better than any legerdemain trick he ever tried; and forthwith he went up to his room, and with the assistance of Buckram, set about writing a most pitiful letter to Gray, telling him, how he had shaken hands with John for the last time, and bidding him farewell, for he was going down to his relations in Northamptonshire; saying, that he was sorry that now all the labour of the office would fall upon Gray's back, but wishing him a better assistant, and so forth. 'Twas penned in a way that would have deceived a saint, and accordingly the bait took with poor old Gray, who forthwith came down to Allsop's room, whom he found busy packing his knapsack, whimpering sadly, and telling him, that

so long as he had stuck by him, old as he was, he would not have minded if he had held the ruler and red ink a little longer, but that since Allsop had made up his mind to go, they should go together. Then he stepped into the parlour and bade farewell to John, telling him, that this time he was going in good earnest; and though John had little cause to like him, such was the kindly nature of the old Squire, that he almost felt sorry to part with him, particularly as he did not very well see who was to fill his place. So having strapped their knapsacks on their backs, they both walked out of the door, Allsop taking the lead, Buckram standing in the passage with his handkerchief at his eyes, and many of the other servants turning out to shake hands with them as they passed. No sooner, however, had the door been fairly shut behind them, and they were beginning to get into the avenue that led to the north road, than Allsop turned sharp about. "Bless me," said he, "how could I be so stupid? I quite forgot that I had left my copy of the Complete Grazer in my writing-desk. Just wait a moment, will you, and I'll be with you again in the twinkling of a—bedpost." And so saying, he made a hop, step, and jump to the back-door, where he was received by Buckram and Sheepface with shouts of laughter, leaving poor Gray parading up and down in front of the house waiting him. He walked up and down for a long time, thinking it vastly odd that Allsop did not make his appearance, till at last happening to cast up his eyes to the office window, which was open, whom should he see there but his quondam friend Allsop looking as portly as a prize ox upon a plat-

form, with the ruler in his hand, and the quill behind his ear, as if nothing had happened, and Buckram, with an infernal grin on his countenance, peering over his shoulder!

"Hilloah!" cried Gray, putting on his spectacles to make sure work of it, "what devilry is all this? Can that be Allsop, eh? By the Lord, it is. What! didn't you swear you would never put pen to paper again in John's office; and didn't I cut my stick along with you for no other reason? and now there you are again in statu quo?"

"Oh, very true," cried Allsop, "but I changed my mind. I thought better of it, and came back again."

"Harkye, Gaffer," said Buckram, "as to your pretending to keep the books any longer, 'tis all gammon, as you know; but it shall never be said I am the man to turn an old friend out of doors without a penny in his purse. Come round to the back-door quietly, without making a fool of yourself there before the windows, and you shall have the key of the privy to keep, with sixpence a-day to yourself, and the run of the pantry."

'Twould have moved you to pity to see how bitterly Gray cried when he saw that he was choused by these ungrateful villains. 'Twas hard, he said, to be so treated in his old age by fellows who, but for him, would never have feathered their nests as they had done, and who, he thought, should have been ready to run his errands any day, with peas in their shoes, at a moment's notice.

"Oh, for that matter," said Buckram, drawing in his horns, and shutting down the window, "let every one take care of himself—as the jack-ass said when he danced among the chickens."

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

"Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will."
Second Part of Henry VI.

I MUST either have been weaker, or the opiate stronger than the doctor expected, for it was near midnight before I awoke. Although still very low and faint, I felt much refreshed and invigorated. For some time I lay enjoying the coolness of the night air, and listening to the chirping of the crickets, in the crevices of the lofty roof. There was not the smallest noise besides to be heard in the house, and every thing without was equally still. At my bedside, on the right hand, there stood a small old-fashioned ebony table inlaid with mother-of-pearl, with several phials, a bottle of wine apparently, and glasses on it, an open book, the leaves kept down on one side by a most enticing uncut pineapple, and a large brown wax candle burning dimly in its tall massive silver candlestick. A chair of the same substance and antique character, and richly carved, was set beside this table, over the high perpendicular back of which hung a seaman's jacket, and a black silk neckerchief, as if the wearer had recently been reading beside me, and very possibly watching me. I listened—all continued silent, and I turned, but still with great pain, towards the open window or balcony that projected into and overhung the neighbouring thoroughfare. The moonlight streamed through the casement, and with a sensation of ineffable pleasure, I gazed on the bright stars beyond, deep set into the dark blue sky, while the cool night breeze, charged with the odour of the pine-apple, breathed gently, and, oh! how passing sweetly, on my feverish temples!

From the pain experienced in moving, I only turned half round, and therefore lay in a position that prevented my seeing more than the upper part of the large window; but I gradually moved myself, so as to lie more on my side. "Heaven and earth, there he is again!" My heart fluttered and beat audibly. My

breathing became impeded and irregular, and large drops of ice-cold perspiration burst from my forehead and face; for there, with his head leaning on his hand, his arm resting on the window-sill, and motionless as the timber on which he reclined, his beautiful features upturned towards the pale cold moon, and full in the stream of her mild effulgence, sat the apparition of young Henry de Walden! I tried to speak, but my breath failed, and a sudden giddiness came over me. "I am gone at last," thought I. "I know what his coming twice betokens—Henry, I will soon be with you!"

* * * * *

I had fainted away. When I again opened my eyes, I was so dizzy and confused, that I did not know where I was. My wound was giving me great pain, and I turned round with difficulty on my other side, towards where the table stood. Believing that I was fast dying, and that I should soon be "a thing immortal as itself," I did not even start now when I saw the same figure seated at the table, apparently reading. "The third time," thought I—"it should be so—it should be so—Heaven receive my repentant soul!"

At this moment the door opened, and another figure, dressed like a seaman, slid into the room. As he approached the table, the apparition of the young midshipman slowly lifted its head, and peered into the darkness. Apparently it could not make out what approached, for the ghost now took up the snuffers, and snuffed the candle as scientifically as if it had been bred a scene-shifter.

"Confound these old-fashioned snuffers, the spring is broken!"

My eyes opened at this, wider, I believe, than they had ever done before, and my ears tingled. "What a speech from an inhabitant of the other world!" thought I.

"Oh! is it you, Joe Peak?" quoth the handsome spectre; "why do you

steal in and startle one so, you little villain? Hush—off with these heavy shoes of yours, and come and sit down, will ye?”

Master Joey, who I knew was in the body as yet, at any rate, now came forward into the light, and drawing a chair, sat down fronting the apparition.

“Well, Henry, my lad, how is the skipper—better?”

“A good deal—if that old French medico has not poisoned him outright with laudanum. He has slept since twelve at noon—and what’s the hour now, Joey?”

“Gone eight bells—so go and turn in, De Walden, and I will take my spell here.”

“Thank you, and so I will. But here, take a glass of vin-de-grave;” and to my great wonderment, the spectre and the man of flesh hobbled and nobbed together, with all the comfort in life. “Have you seen Lennox this afternoon?”

“Yes, I saw him about eight o’clock,” said Peak; “the alcalde has given up all the money that was taken from”—here he nodded towards me—“when he was stabbed by the ragamuffin he had sleeched.”

“If ever I set foot within a gambling-house again,” thought I,—but finding myself their topic, I lay still, and listened attentively.

“How very extraordinary,” continued Joey, “that Lennox, on his way from Mr M——’s to the wharf, should have stumbled on the little man, with the ruffian in the very act of rifling him.”

“Why, he did not rifle me,” said I, faintly. They both started, and looked towards me. “He did not rob me, for I distinctly recollect his starting off when he stabbed me.”

“Ay, sir, that was to see if he had been sure in his blow—for Lennox came on him after he returned, just as he struck his stiletto into you the second time, as you lay on the ground, and after having with the speed of thought seized the *bolsa* with the doubloons.”

“Wounded me twice! Upon my honour,” said I, fumbling in my bosom, “and so he has—the villain.”

Mr Peak continued—“From the marine’s account, he himself had a tough job of it, for if he had not got

hold of the knife, that had dropped during the scuffle, he would have been done for, in place of having finished the bravo.”

“Finished the bravo! Is the man who wounded me dead, then?”

“Not yet, sir,” continued Mr Peak. “But he cannot live, I hear—Lennox made sure work of it. He told me himself, that in his desperation he passed the knife into him until his thumb was stopped by his ribs—none of your back blows, but a straight thrust—a regular pig-butcher’s slide, sir.”

“Pig-butcher’s slide! how classical! If he had not deserved it,” said I, “I would have been sorry that a fellow-creature’s blood had been shed even in my defence.”

“No, no,” quoth De Walden, “it was, more properly speaking, in Lennox’s own defence; for the villain, not content with killing you, as he thought he had done, and robbing you besides, would most assuredly have served the poor Scotchman the same way, if he had not been beforehand with him.”

“But where is Lennox?”

“The town-guard, who had heard the row, came up just as he had mastered his opponent, sir; and the poor fellow, with great discretion, made no attempt to escape, so he is now a prisoner, along with the wounded man; but he is quite cool and collected, and, the moment you can give your evidence, there is not the smallest doubt but he will be instantly released.”

“And yourself, De Walden—by what miracle do I see you here?”

“By next to a miracle indeed, my dear sir,” said he, smiling; then, with an altered countenance, he continued—“The worst amongst us, sir, is yet not a fiend—no human heart is altogether evil—and I owe *my* life to the very man who tried to take *yours*—to the fellow who stabbed you, sir. But I am forgetting myself altogether—you must take your draught again, sir, and to-morrow forenoon you shall know all. In the meantime I must entreat you to take some rest if you can, and I will go and turn in.”

“I say, De Walden, what is that dropping there?”

“You are always making slops

Joe," said the other, as he rose to go away; "why, what *have* you spilt next?"

"Spilt," rejoined Peak, "hand me the light, for, by the powers, I believe that the captain himself is *spilling*,—if not quite entirely *spilt*—see here."

True enough; the wound in my breast, which, although not deep, the knife having been stopped by the bone, was lacerated, had burst out afresh either from my motion or *emotion*, and a black stream now trickled over the sheet that covered the red-leather mattress of the quatre on which I rested, and fell tap-tap on the floor.

"Run, run, De Walden—call the doctor's assistant—he sleeps in the next room," cried little Peak.

In a moment the Spaniard was with us without his clothes, but *with* his bandages and lint, and as the operation was a very simple one, I was soon put to rights again; but I took the hint, and asked for no more information that night. De Walden now rose and wished me good-night, saying, as little Peak took charge of the deck, "You are to call Mrs Gerard at daylight, Joey—so clap a stopper on your jaw, you little villain, and don't speak one word, *even if he desires you*."

"Pah, you be hanged, De Walden," quoth Joey.

So, satisfied and thankful for what I now *did* know, and in the hope of learning *all* to-morrow, I took the draught, turned on my sound side, and slept in Elysium.

* * * *

Next morning, when I awoke, the sun had already risen, and shone cheerily through the open casement. Several black female domestics were busy setting the room in which I lay in order, and a middle-aged respectable-looking white woman, employed in sewing, now occupied the chair in which the ghost of De Walden sat the previous night, while busied in the ethereal occupation of eating pine-apple and drinking vin-de-grave.

Seeing I was awake, she spoke—"I hope you feel yourself better this morning; you have had a very quiet night, sir, Mr Peak says."

"Thank you—I do feel wonder-

fully refreshed this morning. Pray, are you one of the family?"

"No, sir; I am the wife of the captain of the American brig, whose crew you saved from perishing of thirst."

"What! are you the poor woman whom I found in the cabin with her child?"

"I am, sir, and I hope Heaven will reward you for it. My husband has been here often, sir, to enquire after you. His vessel is consigned to Mr Duquesné, sir; how happy he will be to find you so much better, when he calls at dinner-time to-day!"

"How came it that I was carried into this house—Mr Duquesné's, I believe—a Frenchman, from the name?"

"You were wounded close to it, sir, and your servant, thinking you were dying, requested the guard who had taken the man who stabbed you, to allow you to be carried in here; and I thank Heaven, captain, that you have fallen into such good hands, and that I have had it in my power to be of some use to you, as a sick-nurse."

To let the reader behind the curtain without more palaver, I shall bring my log up to the present speaking, in three words or so:—Mr Duquesné, in whose hospitable mansion I now lay badly wounded, was a French merchant of high repute in Havanna. He was a widower, and had an only daughter, Sophie, the beautiful brunette that I had seen hanging over De Walden at the easel. The manager of his New York establishment, an American gentleman of the name of Hudson, whose son was a lieutenant in the Yankee frigate anchored in the port, was at this time, with his wife and daughter, on a visit to him, having come down in the man-of-war. Mr Hudson had a twofold object in this visit, first, to arrange some mercantile transactions with his partner; and secondly, to take possession of a large coffee property, that he had lately inherited in right of his wife.

Sophie Duquesné and Helen Hudson were bosom friends, according to the rule observed in all similar cases; and as for the gentlemen of the family, Mr Duquesné, the papa,

was a stout but very handsome man, apparently about fifty. He did not, in the most remote degree, fall in with one's notions of a Frenchman; verily I would have sworn he never had eaten a frog in his life. He was punctiliously well-bred, spoke English tolerably, and Spanish perfectly well; and, under Providence, I have to thank him that I am now inditing this authentic record. Had I been his own son, he could not have had me more tenderly cared for. Mr Hudson was a tall, sallow person, with a good dash of the Yankee in his outward man, and a little flavour of the same in his accent and phraseology; but an upright merchant, well read in the literature of the day, a tolerable linguist, and more liberal in his opinions than most of his countrymen. He had travelled a good deal on the Continent, and had spent three years in England, partly for his wife's health, and partly for the education of his only daughter, Helen. But his wife was, without exception, one of the most ladylike persons I ever beheld. She was an heiress of one of the best families in Philadelphia, and in her youth had been a beauty; even now she was an exceedingly fine woman, very tall, with fine dark hair and eyes, and a most delicate complexion. Her smile was absolutely irresistible. "But, Master Benjie, let us have a small view of Miss Helen Hudson, whom you have taken so much pains *not* to describe."

"All in good time, *mon ami*—all in good time; but here comes De Walden."

"Good-morning, captain—you seem much better; Mrs Hudson has Doctor Delaville's permission to offer you some coffee and toast this morning."

"Well, do you know, I think I could eat it."

Breakfast was accordingly brought, and I made a deuced good one. Excellent coffee, bread most beautiful, all the concomitants delicate in the extreme; even the cool water in the small porous earthen jar that flanked a magnificent red snapper, was an unspeakable luxury. The very privilege of grasping the dewy neck of the little vessel, in the act of helping yourself, was worth a Jew's eye.

"So, Master De Walden, shake

hands, will ye, that I may be certain you are really flesh and blood; and tell me how came it that you were not drowned, my lad, when you fell overboard on the bar?"

"The only way that I can account for it, my dear sir," said the handsome young fellow, laughing, "is, that I suppose I am fated to a drier death," ("I would not hear thine enemy say so," quoth I;) "however, my tale is easily told:—"

"You remember, sir, that I was standing close beside you, when you were jamming the Spanish schooner on the reef?"—I nodded.—"I got a regular souse, and must have sank some way, but I never lost my recollection; when I rose amidst the breakers on the bar, I found myself in the very thick of the wreck of the schooner, and close to me, three poor devils clinging to her mainboom, with the sea breaking over them every moment. One of them presently parted company and disappeared; and finding that the spar was anchored by the topping lifts and boomsheet to the hull of the vessel that had swamped, part of which as yet held together, I left it, and struck out for a large piece of wreck, apparently several deck planks, kept together by part of two beams, when the deck had blown up. I reached it, and found two men already on it,—one of them a Spaniard, the other an Englishman, as he instantly addressed me in English, in answer to some sudden exclamation of mine, on first clambering on to the planks. My surprise at this was great, and so was his, I make no doubt; but the unruly surge was more surprising than all, for another sea rolled over us, and the Spaniard alone remained. The next moment I saw my countryman struggling in the water close to me, but so weak that it was clear he must instantly sink if not succoured. As I looked, a piece of a sweep, belonging to the schooner, surged against me, and nearly drove me off my perch; I caught it, and shoving the blade to the drowning man, with some danger of being unroosted myself in the attempt, it reached him: he held on, and I got him once more on the planks. He was a gruff savage, however, and scarcely seemed to relish

my saving him at all at first. He had been stunned, forsooth, by a blow on the head from a piece of floating wreck, when he sank, or he could *easily* have resumed his place on the spar again, without my assistance; and I daresay he said true, only I did not much admire his manners in the declaration; indeed, I soon perceived that his physical endurance and bodily strength were greatly superior to mine. Both of us saw—as for the third of the trio, he appeared almost dead from fatigue or fear, and we could get no assistance from him either by advice or labour—that unless we could get the piece of the wreck we clung to out of the broken water, we must inevitably be washed off and perish. With one accord, we therefore contrived to hold up the blade of the sweep, so as to expose the flat of it to the land-wind, and in a few minutes we had the inexpressible delight to find that we had slid out into smooth water. Cold comfort, you will say, to find ourselves drifting out to sea, on so frail a conveyance; but the escape from immediate impending death made one of us, at least, most thankful to Heaven for the chance of escape, however slender, thus presented to us, although my judgment told me at the same time, that it would prove, in all human likelihood, nothing more than a reprieve, and that none of the longest. When the day broke, the breeze, as you may remember, shifted and blew on shore again, where, by the aid of the sweep blade, once more we landed about noon, faint from hunger and thirst, I don't know which was most violent, and fatigue. The seaman I had saved was a large and exceedingly powerful man, with immense whiskers, and his strong but very handsome features bronzed almost black by the sun. His limbs were beautifully moulded, and he had the chest and neck of a Hercules; both he and the other poor creature, who came ashore more dead than alive, were dressed in white trowsers, and shirts made of some blue cotton stuff, and wore the long Spanish knife stuck through red silk sashes. 'What is to be done now?' said I to my new friend; but he by this time had got his wits about him, and pretended that he did not understand me, con-

fining himself to Spanish in his reply. 'Now, that won't do, my good sir,' I said; 'you spoke as good English on these planks there as I do, and you understood me well enough when I called to you to lay hold of the blade of the sweep, when'—

" 'I was drowning, you would say, young gentleman,' interjected he of the sash and stiletto. 'It is very true I am an Englishman, and you will find me not ungrateful, although, Heaven knows, the life you have preserved is no boon to'—he checked himself and proceeded—'But it is lucky for you that you have made a friend of me, for otherwise, although you have escaped the perils of the sea, you could not have eschewed the certain death that would now await you, from those you must mingle with, were it not that I am here to ward it off.'

"And time it was indeed for him to make some demonstration in my behalf, for the half-drowned devil, that we had been the means of saving between us, by getting the wreck to shore, now began, like a wasp that you have picked out of a honey-pot, to look at me very ominously, and to fumble with his long knife. My protector, noticing that I shrunk behind him, for I was altogether unarmed, immediately said something sternly to his companion in Spanish; and the other continuing to grumble, he made a sudden snatch at his knife, and cast it from him as far as he could into the sea.

" 'Now, young gentleman,' said my preserver, 'I don't care who you are, although I conceive I am not wrong in surmising you to be a midshipman of that infernal felucca that has been the cause of ruining me and my hopes; but, notwithstanding, if I can help it, you shall come to no harm; so lend a hand, let us have a search for water—there must be some herabout in the crevices of the rocks above high-water mark, brackish though it may be—and I will try to pick up some sea-birds' eggs. Antonio!' shouted he, in a voice of authority, to the other man who had hung astern, 'venga el fuego.'

"By this time he had several pieces of driftwood in his hand, and having secured the flint and steel which the Spaniard had in a small bag, that he

carried at his waist for lighting his segar, he put them in his pocket; and the comely personage who had taken a fancy to scour his steel in my brisquet, and I, separated to look for water. It was not long before I succeeded, and setting up a shout, my two allies were soon beside me. The Englishman now spread the tinder on the rock, where the hot sun instantly dried it. He then struck a light, and taking half a dozen wild sea-fowls' eggs out of the net bag that he usually wore his hair in, we roasted them, and found them deucedly fishy, but palatable enough, under the circumstances, and having drank of the water in the crevice, we immediately proceeded, much refreshed, towards the bank of the river, where I had so unceremoniously parted company the previous night.

"I cannot tell with what bitterness of heart I turned as we left the beach, and, shading my eyes with my hand from the intolerable glare of the glass-like sea, beheld the felucca and frigate communicating in the offing. I felt like a criminal under sentence of death, and the time of execution close at hand. But I had no alternative. Escape was utterly impracticable; and, making a merit of necessity, I endeavoured to assume an air of confidence in my fierce-looking guide, although, Heaven knows, I was inwardly shrinking from him with instinctive abhorrence.

"When we arrived at the shore of the river, we found a group of five negroes, who were apparently watching the motions of the vessels out at sea. They and my conductors communed together in bad Spanish for a minute. I could not well make out what they said, but it evidently related to some more of the schooner's crew having been saved, and presently we did see three miserable half-drowned-looking creatures shove out from beyond a small headland of the river above us, in a canoe, and paddle into the stream, with an intention, apparently, of crossing to the other side; but the tide was by this time too strong for them, weak as they were, and was setting them fast down on the bar.

"My English companion, seeing them in doubt whether to put about

or push across, hailed. This made them lie on their paddles to reconnoitre us. They seemed instantly to make him out, and, with a shout of recognition, they pulled as rapidly as their exhausted state would let them towards us, until they floated in the dead water under the bank, within pistol-shot. But the sight of me seemed to stagger them a bit.

"*Quien es, quien es el muchacho?*"—(Who is he—who is the youngster?)—said one of them.

"One of the crew of the felucca that fell overboard when the schooner went to pieces on the bar."

"But are you sure there are no more of the English villains on shore, captain?"

"Quite certain—not one;—so approach, will ye, and take us off.—But they still hung in the wind, until my protector, losing temper, sung out, with a ferocity in his tone and manner that made me start, 'You cowardly hounds—you beasts—what do you fear? You see the coast is clear—that there is no one near us. One *cuchiludo* [blow with a knife], and the boy is dead at my feet.' Still they seemed irresolute, and, finding it bad policy to threaten men he could not reach, he tried the other tack, and turned to the man beside us. 'Speak, Pedro, and tell them I say true.'

"The man, who had as much reason to dread being left alone on the shore as we had, instantly did so, and presently they took us on board, and with our aid the canoe was safely taken across, and subsequently up the river; so that, by the time the night fell, we were again at the ruins of the house that was burned in the attack, and abreast of the polacre brig, that lay sunk where we had left her.

"I shall remember until my dying day the fierce looks of the survivors of the polacre's crew, who we found employed in getting up a temporary roof of palm branches over a corner of the ruined building, while I saw that it was by no means certain that the person who had promised me protection would be able to keep his word.

"As the night fell, a large fire was lit in the centre of the open space where the Fetish temple stood, soon

after which several negroes, and three white Spaniards, joined us. I soon gathered from their conversation that they belonged to a large slaver that lay farther up, and having heard the firing on the previous day, they had descended as scouts to ascertain the cause; but seeing the polacre sunk in the stream, and the conflagration on the opposite bank to where they were, they had waited until now before they ventured across, and until they had been assured by a native canoe that the British force was entirely out of the river.

"Information as to their intentions was every thing to me, so I determined to conceal my knowledge of Spanish, slight though it might be, and as I looked round the circle at the desperadoes and savages, on whom the large fire cast a bright glare, I endeavoured to appear calm and collected, and to avoid fixing my eyes on the speaker, whoever he might be, although, God knows, I drank in every word I could make out, while my alarm fearfully construed many that I did not understand.

"By this time it was quite dark, and my new associates having made a full meal on goat's flesh and yams, a large jar of Spanish brandy was produced, and each man had a portion served to him by one of the black fellows, who walked round the circle with a small drinking cup, hollowed out of a gourd or calabash, followed by another dingy, more than half-naked devil, carrying a larger vessel of the same kind, full of abominably bad water.

"The Englishman now stood up in the centre.

"Jose Ribas,' said he, in a steady determined tone, gracefully yet firmly poising himself on his right leg, and stretching out his right arm, while his left hand rested easily on his hip, as he addressed a very handsome young Spaniard, who sat on the ground nearly opposite to me, 'you know, and all here know, that to give you a chance of weighing the polacre, as well as to revenge your injuries, and the loss of your comrades, I attacked the felucca, and in consequence was lost on the bar.'—He paused—'Yes, you see the whole surviving crew of the Santa

Anna before you, in these four men and myself; and you need not be told, that in consequence of the wreck of my schooner, I am a ruined man—don't force me to become a *desperate* one. You are now, Jose Ribas, commanding officer of the Maria, in consequence of poor Isedoro Ladron's death, and you also know that you have not hands left of your own to run her out to Havana. Now, I will join you with my people here, on one condition.'

"You must join us on any condition,' grumbled several of the white Spaniards. 'We shall not go to sea with Jose Ribas as our captain, unless you are with us. He is *uno muchacho*, [a mere boy;] so name your condition, captain; he *must* and shall subscribe to it at once.'

"Then it is simply this—this young Englishman saved my life when I was sinking—ay, after he had fallen overboard from his own vessel, and had nothing between himself and death but the plank he clung to. He saved *my life*!—You know, since the coast now swarms with enemies, that you will need *my help*—you know it.'

"Si, si—es cierto, cierto."

"Then this young Englishman must neither be injured, nor left amongst the savages here. He *must* go with us. Ay, you may threaten, but *it is* the price of my services.'

"Suddenly they all appeared to acquiesce.

"So here, give me another knife.'—He crossed them—(Hlanlet, thought I)—'Swear by the blessed Mary, the patroness of your polacre, that it shall not be your fault if he be not safely landed at Havana.'

"But he will inform on us to the comisionados [commissioners] at Havana when we get there.'

"He will not,' rejoined he fiercely—'He *shall* not.' Then turning to me—'Young gentleman, bear me out; your life depends on it. Promise you will in no way bring them into trouble if you can help it.'

"I did so.

"There, he promises, and I will be answerable for him that he keeps his word—so swear.'

"They took the oath, and each one of the white Spaniards, the survivors of the two crews, now reduced to twenty-three, shook hands

with me, and kissed the crossed blades, and from that moment we were as cordial as pickpockets.

"Shortly after we all lay down to sleep, with the exception of one of our party, who stood sentry until relieved by another.

"About twelve at night I awoke. The moon was shining clear and bright overhead, and sparkling in the clustered dewdrops that hung thickly on the laurel-like bushes around us, and dropped from the overhanging trees in showers of diamonds, at every swell of the passing night-wind.

"The buzz and murmur, indescribable to one who has never heard it, of the myriads of living things, crickets, and lizards, and insects, and night-flies, of innumerable varieties, blended with the moaning of the river, as it rushed in the distance; while the loud croak of the tree-toad, and the whistle of a large lizard, would for a moment gush out from the lulling monotony, clear and distinct, like a louder night-cry above the declining hum of a distant city.

"There was something touchingly melancholy in the aspect of nature, and as I gazed on the ferocious brigands that lay around me, the mild light floating over their brawny and half-naked figures, and glancing on their knives and arms, and perceived that they all slept, gently, as so many inoffensive and innocent children, could I forget they were men like myself?

"But there was one there who did not sleep—it was the Englishman who had taken me under his protection. He was sitting about three fathoms apart from the men, under the shadow of a wild tamarind-tree, whose small elegant leaves, shaped like those of the sensitive plant, were not sufficient to prevent the moonlight struggling through them, and falling in flickering beams on his face, which I could notice he turned upwards towards heaven. His lips moved, and he withdrew one of his hands on which he had leant, as he sat on the ground, and clasped both on his bosom; and several bright drops chased each other across his face, but whether they were dew-spangles, that the breeze had shaken from the tree above, or tears of repentance for a

mispent life, can only now be known to that Almighty Being who searcheth the heart. Hush! he has knelt. Is he praying? For a minute his attitude was one of deep devotion: his hands were clasped under his chin, and his head was bent towards the ground. Presently he clasped both hands on the crown of his head, and bent forward as if there had been a weight crushing his temples to the earth. I could see his chest heave, and heard him sob audibly; and two of my senses must have deceived me, or I *now* heard several large tears drop with a tiny tap, tap, amongst the withered leaves, and sparkle as they fell in the pure moonlight. Anon a wreath of white mist floated up from the river, and obscured the moon. The noxious exhalation was like to suffocate us, as it gradually settled down so thick, that every thing seemed magnified and dim as when seen through a winter's fog in England. 'Ay,' said he bitterly, as he raised his head, and dropped his hands by his side, 'we have had none of the fen-damp the whole night, until this moment; but what other answer to *my* prayers could I look for?'

"One of the men here awoke. He started like a guilty thing, and drawing his large cloak over his shoulders, he cast a rapid and suspicious glance around him, and lay down once more—whether to sleep or not, I cannot tell.

"The day broke, the sea-breeze set in, the sun shone cheerily, even on that dreary river's bank, and rolled off the heavy fog-bank that had overlaid us like a damp cold shroud in the night, and all was bustle again.

"Another slaver came down the river this forenoon. Her water-casks were instantly had on deck, and bunged tightly, and at low water stowed away in the stranded polacre's hold, and secured just under the beams, along with the whole of her own, similarly prepared; so that when the next tide made, and flowed into her, she floated, and was towed by the boats of both vessels into one of the numberless muddy creeks, that opened like so many dirty lanes from the river on each side; at the ebb, she was hove down by the stems of two large

trees, and careened. It was found that the shot fired into the hold, which had sunk her, had only damaged two planks of the larboard streak.* These were soon removed, and substantially replaced; and within a week she was again at anchor in the river, with wood, water, and provisions on board, and all ready to receive her cargo of slaves.

"The Englishman, during the whole of this period, was the prime mover. His energy and skill astonished me; and I was often surprised how the Spaniards submitted to his reckless, nay, savage way of knocking them about, but a look was always sufficient to check their grumblings. At length every thing was ready for a start—the slaves taken on board, and secured—and both vessels, the brig that had assisted us, and the polacre, dropped down to within two miles of the bar, ready for sea.

"I confess I did not perceive so much suffering among the poor kidnapped savages as I expected. Few of them seemed to regret leaving Africa; in fact, the bitterness of parting from home and friends was over with most of them, as none were natives of the coast; and as they had been badly lodged, and worse fed, on shore, with the agreeable variety of being decimated every now and then as a sacrifice to the Fetish, the comparative improvement of their condition on board—so far as the supply of their animal wants, and a sound sleep, went, even although the last was taken in a crowded hold, savouring of any thing but otto of roses—seemed to render them more joyous than I had seen them while cooped up in the depôts on the river's banks. It is true, that in consequence of our attack, the cargo was by no means so large as it would otherwise have been, so the poor creatures had more room.

"We sailed, and kept well away to the southward, for two reasons; first, to steer clear of you, and, secondly, to fall in with the breeze, which is stronger at this season of the year in that direction than more northerly. In both objects we succeeded, for we arrived here a week before you, and must therefore have escaped the calms and light winds that baffled you.

"We fell in with several vessels

in our voyage, all of which we out-sailed but one. It was an English eighteen-gun brig, that beat us fairly going free, and kept way so well with us on a wind, that the captain beat to quarters, piped the hammocks up, triced up the boarding nettings, and saw all clear for action. He had continued very kind to me throughout the voyage, giving me a cot in his own cabin; but he was, notwithstanding, morose and melancholy, seldom mixing much even with his own officers; on the occasion of our being chased, however, his eye lightened, his brow smoothed and expanded, and his whole features expressed a joy, mixed with the sternest determination, that I had never seen them wear before. And this increased as our chance of escape diminished; for when he finally saw that the sloop was fore-reaching on us, and most probably would weather us next tack, he became absolutely frantic with delight, and walked rapidly about the deck, laughing and rubbing his hands, to the unutterable surprise of the trembling crew, who were grouped at quarters, staring one moment in fear and dread at the enemy, who was jamming them up in the wind, and the next at their extraordinary captain.

"'What can he mean?' said they—'he will be hanged if we are taken—he runs more risk than we do—what cause of joy can he have?' No one could answer the question.

"The Englishman had trained, as carefully and fully as time would admit during the voyage, about fifty Corromantee negroes, the bravest race of all Central Africa, to the guns, and he now suddenly desired them to be piped on deck, and sent to quarters. Jose Ribas, the superseded mate of the polacre, demurred to this, and the innumers amongst the crew increased.

"'Why bring the negroes on deck, captain?' said he—'our game is to confine our endeavours to trying to escape, and not to fight; you must be aware that we have no chance with that English sloop of war down to leeward there.'

"The man he spoke to, at this turned round on him with the most withering and hellish expression of countenance that I ever beheld. 'I did not *ask* to command this

polacre—you know I did not—but now since I have taken that unsought for task upon me, it is not in a moment like the present that I will resign it; so forward to your station, Jose Ribas,' he sung out loud and savagely, as he drew a pistol from his belt, and cocked it, 'or, by the God that made me, I will send this bullet through your cowardly heart.'

"The man slunk away forward, holding up the palm of his hand to the side of his face, as if he had expected to be fired at, and thought he might thereby ward off the bullet. I saw that the devil within him was fairly roused, although the demoniacal mirth, formerly exhibited, now gave way to a stern composure, that seemed to awe the rough and boisterous crew over which he held control, into the most abject submission. They immediately got the trained slaves on deck, and there were the piebald groups, half-clad whites, and entirely naked blacks, clustered round the guns, more frightened apparently for their captain than the enemy down to leeward. The polacre carried twelve eighteen-pound medium guns, a description of cannon between a carronade and long gun, much in use amongst the contraband slavers; but she was pierced for twenty. Both vessels were on the starboard tack, so it was the larboard guns that in the present instance were cast loose. After the captain had carefully taken the bearings of the brig, by a compass that he had placed on the capstan, he made one or two quick turns fore and aft on the quarterdeck, with his hands behind his back, and his eyes fixed on the deck, as if he were finally making up his mind what course to pursue.

"The brig has hoisted an English ensign and pennant, sir,' said one of the crew. He took no notice of the man, who immediately slunk away to his gun again.

"Are the guns double-shotted?' at length said he, without discontinuing his walk, or raising his head.

"No,' said Jose Ribas.

"Then double-shot them instantly.' It was done. 'Now, get the two long guns aft, and train them through the stern chase ports, and get two of the larboard guns over

to windward.' This command was equally promptly obeyed, although the broadside next the enemy was thus disarmed of three guns, to the surprise and great dismay of the Spaniards, who did not seem to know what to make of his tactics, and, privateer fashion, began again to grumble in their gizzards. 'Silence, men, secure the guns to leeward there, and over to the starboard guns, do you hear—quick.' In an instant, the grumbling ceased, and the command was obeyed. 'Boatswain, call away the sail trimmers, and see all clear to let go every thing by the run, when I give the word to shorten sail.'

"By this time a squall was roughening the sea to windward, and presently white crests began to break amidst the dark water. He jumped on one of the guns, and took a long steady look in the quarter from whence he seemed to expect the wind to come, shading his eyes from the sun with his hand. The sloop at this moment fired at us, and every hand on deck but himself looked out anxiously to see where the shot dropped. He never moved. Another puff of white smoke from the sloop, and this time the bullet struck the water close under our mastingale, and recoiled along the sea across our bows. Seeing we were within range, the sloop of war now let fly her whole broadside; and presently several ropes that were taught enough before, were streaming out like pennants, but no serious damage was sustained.

"We were, if any thing, lying closer to the wind than our antagonist, but she was going faster through the water, and had forereached on us so far as to be before our beam by this time. The squall was now very near us, and neither vessel had taken in sail, but it was evident that this must soon be done, as we were lying over so as to bury our lee guns in the water, and both vessels were tearing through it like smoke, the water flashing up and roaring at our bows.

"The captain was still standing on the gun, one moment looking at the squall, the next casting his eyes upwards, to see how the spars stood the strain, and now, at the very moment when the strength of the former

struck us, he jumped down, seized the helm, and jammed it to windward. 'Ease off the lee braces—round in the weather ones,' pealed through his trumpet. 'That will do—let go nothing—keep all fast!' The masts were bending forward like willow wands—the backstays like iron rods. I expected to see the lighter sails fly out of the bolt-ropes every moment, if indeed the masts did not go over the side.

"The squall was now so thick, that we could not see our antagonist; but I noticed that the captain had carefully kept his eyes on her, so long as he could distinguish her, and glance earnestly at the compass when she disappeared amidst the thick weather. We had now bore up dead before the wind, and were running, so far as I could judge, directly for the brig.

"In another minute, we dimly discovered, first the stern and afterwards of our antagonist, and then the whole hull, in the very thickest of the squall, but scarcely visible amongst the white spray and drift. She was now under her reefed topsails and courses, but still on the same tack. We flew down towards her like lightning, hands by the topgallant and topsail halyards, with an intention apparently of shaving her stern. 'Surely these brigands won't have the audacity to rake her,' said I to myself, 'seeing she can beat them going free.' As we approached, the brig, foreseeing our intention, kept off the wind also; but we were too quick for her, and were now, as she was in the very act of wearing, within the chuck of a biscuit of her taffarel. By this manœuvre, it will be seen that our strongest broadside, viz. the starboard one, was now opposed to the enemy. 'Fire!' sung out the captain, in a voice that made me start again. Heaven have mercy on me! I could hear the shot smash, and rattle, and tear along the sloop's deck, and through her hull, but nothing came down as she wore round. The squall now came thundering down at its height. 'Let go all the halyards by the run,' was the next word, and down came every sail in the polacre on deck, leaving nothing for the gale to impinge on but the naked masts and hull, as from her rig she

had neither tops, nor top-hamper of any kind. By this the brig was also before the wind, and busy clewing up every thing but her foresail; but the squall struck her before the foretopsail could be got in, and, crash, the mast went close by the cap. 'Bring the polacre to the wind now, my lads. Helm a-starboard, Jose Ribas—that's it. Hoist away a shred of that staysail aft there—you have it;' and by this manœuvre the polacre was in a minute hove to on the larboard tack, in which position she instantly began to blaze away, from her two long stern chase-guns, at the brig, by this time half a mile to leeward, repairing damages. The weather now cleared as suddenly as it had thickened when the squall came on, and we kept close by the wind until the evening, when we lost sight of the brig, and at nightfall again bore up on our course.

"I was seized with fever two days after this, but nothing farther occurred to the polacre worth recording, until we arrived at Havanna on that day fortnight. When we anchored, I was still very weak, and unable to leave my hammock, which, as before mentioned, was slung in the captain's cabin. On the day after we arrived, the slaves were all cleaned, and had on deck, and people set to purify the hold, and get every thing in order, preparatory to a sale of the poor devils, which was to take place that afternoon.

"I could hear a number of voices wrangling on deck in Spanish, French, and English; and after a while the captain came down to the cabin, followed by several of his customers, whom he had invited to take refreshments, precisely as a horsedealer treats his after a good day's sale. There was a Frenchman, two or three Spanish planters, and an American gentleman, in the party. The first and last, happily for me, proved to be Mr Duquesné, the master of the house we are in, and his partner, Mr Hudson, who good-naturedly enquired of the captain which of his officers it was who lay sick in the hammock. He at once told them what he knew of me; the tale was romantic enough to engage their curiosity; and Mr Hudson, with a friendliness that I never can forget, kindled

possibly more warmly in consequence of his son being of the same profession in the American navy, asked my leave to have me conveyed on shore to lodgings. I thanked him, with tears in my eyes; and by the time he returned for me at nightfall, I had contrived to get myself dressed as decently as I could—my whole apparel, by the way, consisting of my trowsers, and shirt, and a piece of a red silk sash bound round my waist—and to crawl on deck to await his coming.

"At length he came alongside, and enquired if I was ready. I said I was, and turned to thank the captain of the polacre; but although he had been on deck the moment before, he was now nowhere to be seen. One of the people said he had gone down to the cabin, and I accordingly asked him to give my compliments, and say that I would be happy to thank him for his kindness before bidding him good-by; but the man came to the gangway, and told me that the companion hatch had been locked from within, and that he dared not open it. 'Very odd sort of person,' thought I; but as I had no inducement to press my attentions upon one who had given me so broad a hint to be off, I stepped into the boat, in which I encountered Mr Duquesné himself, who, on perceiving that I was so much better than he expected, and that there were no bad symptoms about me, would not hear of my going to a lodging-house, but insisted on accommodating me with an apartment in his own.

"I was a good deal perplexed when I was presented to Mrs Hudson and her daughter, and apologised for my piratical appearance, as I made my obeisance with my broad-brimmed *chapeau de paille* in my hand, and my red silk sash round my waist. 'Why, Mr de Walden, I must get my boy William,' (the young American officer you saw, sir, at the monte-table,) 'to rig you, as he calls it; for you are certainly, there is no denying it, rather a suspicious-looking character at present,' said she with a smile, and the most engaging and motherly kindness; but it was too near the truth to be comfortable, and I blushed deeply. 'Never mind, Mr de Walden, it was no speech of mine—Mademoiselle Sophie it was who has

already christened you 'the young brigand.'"

At this part of De Walden's story I looked up—"And pray *who* is Mademoiselle Sophie, who is so ready with her soubriquets?"

He blushed like a rose—"Why, sir,—that is—she is Mr Duquesné's only daughter, sir; you may have seen her."

"I think I have, and I see something else, too," said I, significantly.

"That same evening," he continued, resuming the thread of his discourse with great celerity, as if desirous of getting me away from observing his confusion, "one of the servants, as we were drinking coffee, brought me a sealed packet, that, from its weight, seemed to contain money. I opened it—it covered ten doubloons, with these words written in a bold hand, 'From an out-cast, whose heart, although seared to the world, is warm towards Henry de Walden.—From one who has been liberally rewarded by the owners of the polacre, and can spare it.'

"'Very absurd and romantic,' said I.

"'Nothing so absurd in ten doubloons, my good boy, I calculate,' quoth Mr Hudson, scanning my outward man scrutinizingly.

"'Pray, Mr Duquesné, will you be kind enough to ask who brought this?'

"'The man who brought it was dressed like a Batabano smuggler, sir,' said the servant at whom his master had made the enquiry.

"'Is he below?'

"'No, señor; he said it required no answer, and did not wait.'

"I did not much like receiving this alms at the hands of my fierce ally; but, under all the circumstances, I thought it prudent to pocket the affront, without giving farther offence by endeavouring to search out a man who evidently had no desire to be found; and, publish it not, I was deucedly in want of a new suit of sails, as you may guess, which I had no means of compassing otherwise, short of borrowing from my kind friends. I never met the man who had befriended me afterwards, until the night you were wounded, when I saw him in the custody of the town guard, faint and bleeding. I have been several times

to see him in prison, but he is more morose and severe even in his weak state than ever he was at the strongest; and although he cannot prevent me seeing to some little comforts that his state of body, and the rules of the prison, permit him to enjoy, still he has never once thanked me; and from his total disregard of all that the surgeon enjoins, he seems to have made up his mind to die.

"I have now told you all, sir, and here comes your riotous friend, Mr Listado, to see you. I hear his laugh on the stairs."

* * * * *

And a devil of a noise did this said Mr Listado make. He rattled up the staircase, from side to side, like a grape-shot in a carronade, banging against the heavy balustrades on one hand, and thundering against the wall on the other, and speaking and laughing and shouting, apparently, to half-a-dozen persons below in the vestibule. At length the door was dashed open, and in swung the gentleman with his flaunting gingham coat and potato face. "Brail, my darling, how goes it, my little man? Enough of monte you have had for a while, I guess. But, heaven love me, man, we must have you made fit to receive company; you are to hold a levee presently, do you know that? This will never do, the birds of the air might build in your beard—ah, I have it;" and he straightway hid him to the window that overlooked the street, which he threw open, contriving to perform all his operations with the greatest possible quantity of noise.

"I have it," said he,—"here is little Pepe Biada's shaving-shop right over against old Pierre Duquesné's domicile, there next door to Pablo Carnero, the ham and jerked beef-man, so I'll hail Pepe.—Pepe!" bawled my troublesome friend,— "Pepe Biada—trae su navaja [bring your razor, you villain] pour shavez un gentilhomme, oficial de la marina Englee;" and here he grimaced, and made believe to soap his chin and shave his beard.

My bed had this morning been moved nearer to the window, for the sake of the fresh air, and I could see, from where I lay, the little Spanish barber, who was apparently very deaf, sitting in his

little shop. He kept turning his ear first one side, and then another, in a vain attempt to make out what was said, as Listado shouted to him, straining over the balcony as far as he could, in his endeavour to make him hear—"Navaja y jamon—navaja y jamon—para afeitar—that is, pour cortar la barba, that is, cuttibus the beardo of this young fellow."

Here the little withered anatomy of a barber seemed to comprehend him, and thereupon, with a knowing look, repeated the telegraphic motions of Monsieur Listado, rubbing his chin, and going through the motion of shaving.

"Si, si," roared Listado, "that is it—navaja y jamon"—literally, a razor and a ham. Possibly honest Listado—who, with all his ability, never could compass Spanish, because, as he said, he had previously learned French, and thus spoke a hash of both—had mistaken the Spanish word *jamon* for *jabon*, the latter meaning soap.

Little Pepe first grinned, and then, as Listado persisted, he stepped into Carnero's shop, and seizing a ham, held it up to his face, as if he were rubbing his chin on it, and then laughed, like to fall down where he stood.

Listado at this flew into a great rage—"Abortion chico, mas monkey que homo, yo te mataras—vous sera tue—si vous twistibus your damned ugly mug at migo"—

"Bueno—bueno," roared el barbero, seeing that nothing would do but the veritable ham and razor—"quedas quieto, yo los traere, Don Lorenzo"—(Laurence was Listado's name)—then aside, "ave Maria, que diablo quere este loco, con navaja para cortar jamon?" (What the deuce can this madman want with a razor to cut ham?)

But as Listado was a liberal fellow, and well known among the brown trades-people, the little barber was in my room in a minute, made his solemn bow at the door, with a large tortoiseshell comb stuck in his grey pelucca (wig), and his little silver basin and towel under his arm—his soap-box and razors in the one hand, and, lo! a capita! New York ham in the other.

"Pelukero—que vas hacer con

este plerna de puerco?" "You infernal wigmaker, what are you going to do with that leg of pork?"

"What am I going to do with it? did you not tell me to fetch a ham—*jamón*?"

"Yes," replied Listado, "and there it is in your soap-box, you bothersome little periwigmaker—there," striking the utensil out of his hand up into the air, and cleverly catching it again, when he seized the soap-brush and stuck it into Pepe's open mouth—"that is better than tooth-powder for you, Pepe, my darling."

"Ah!" cried little Pepe, laughing and sputtering—"I see—I see—you me has pedido para jamon, queriendo jabon—ha, ha, ha!" "You have asked me for ham when you wanted soap."

He at length set to work, and having shaved and trimmed me, I had my wound dressed, and Mrs Gerard acting the part of nurse, having previously got my clothes on shore, and, with womanly kindness and care, had them all washed, and nicely repaired, I had my bed made and sprinkled with Cologne water, and was soon lying on the top of it, arrayed in one of Mr Duquesné's splendid flowered nightgowns, with a silk handkerchief bound round my head, and another in my hand, moistened with fresh lavender;—the windows were thrown open—the room thoroughly ventilated—the floor sprinkled with the aforesaid Cologne water—and there I lay in state, like a grandee's wife in the straw, wonderfully refreshed, and quite fit to receive company.

At this moment, in slid my worthy medico—"Good-morning, captain—good-morning—you are make de killing preparation to massacre all de young lady, I see. Ah, Monsieur Listado, your most obsequious—how you are, Monsieur Listado?"

The latter bowed his acknowledgments, and made a hop, step, and skip towards the door, knocking chairs and tables about in his way, at a devil of a rate—"Oh dere, he makes de much noise as usual—Monsieur Listado, dis is one sheek room—you hear me?"

But the Irishman was by this time out of the room, hailing those below, with stentorian lungs, from the

uppermost landing-place; the echo of his voice, and their replies, sounding loud and hollow, as they were reverberated from side to side of the lofty staircase.

"Dicky Phantom, mount and ascend, you small villain."

A tiny "Ay, ay, sir," floated up from beneath, and I heard a gradually increasing tap-tapping on the stair, as of a cat shod with walnuts, and the sound of suppressed girlish laughter. There was then a halt called, apparently, and I heard the rush of female footsteps, and the rustling of light dresses, along the passage, and presently a bustle in the boudoir already mentioned, as of the placing of music stools. The next moment, a harp was struck, and three voices, two female and one male, accompanied by the instrument, which was struck skilfully and boldly, pealed along the lofty rooms in most exquisite concord.

"Heyday—why, Listado, my lad, what is all this?" But he remained perdue without, and in came Master Dicky Phantom, with his little drawn cutlass in his hand, mounted on the sheep, followed by Sergeant Quacco, as his squire.

The music ceased; Listado again made his appearance, and I received poor Quacco's congratulations, and little Dicky's caresses.

"Oh, captain," said the little fellow, "Miss Hudson make me very happy, I call her mamma—does she make you happy too, captain?"

"I have not seen her, my boy," said I, with a funny sort of sensation about my brisket—how sentimental! for I rather was prepared to like her somehow; "but for her kindness to you I am very grateful."

Here Listado, who had returned, and seemed to be clumsily practising a step in the balcony, stumbled, and fell headlong over a Spanish chair, in an absurd sprawling fashion, like a large frog. I started, and he burst into a loud laugh, while the pet-lamb wheeled about so suddenly, that little Dicky was thrown with a bang on the floor, and began to cry, when in rushed two girls, and Mrs Hudson, followed by De Walden, Mr Hudson, and old Mr Duquesné himself.

"There is a scene in a play for

you," said I to myself, quite bothered and confused, as I wagged my head at this one, and nodded to another, and salaam'd with my fins, with all the grace of a wounded turtle, to a third.

"You, Monsieur Listado," chirped Doctor Delaville, like to die with laughter, for the Patlander had chosen to keep his position on the floor, with his head sticking through below the arm of the chair—"you make several, many noises sometimes."

"Me!" shouted Listado. "Lord, doctor, I am noiseless as a cat. I am velvet, doctor, as you know, in all my ways, walkings, and habits—velvet entirely, doctor—and dumb as a humming-bird, as ye all know. Why, I have been compared to a shred of gossamer floating on the calm summer air, by Helen Hudson there."

"Oh, I forgot—de ladies never will hear noising against Monsieur Listado; so my good manner shall make me agree wid dem, and say what dey say—dat is, you are quiet as von hooracan, and more gentle as de wild beas, bear you call. Ah, you make no sound more as de tunder—Ah ha!"

"Now you are in your senses again, mon cher medico. Miss Hudson, Mademoiselle Sophie Duquesné—Captain Brail of His Britannic Majesty's seventy-four gun-ship, the Midge—Captain Brail, Miss Hudson, and Mademoiselle Duquesné—Speak, Benjie, and let them know you've a tongue in your head, you spalpeen."

I made my acknowledgments to the kind-hearted people, who, after remaining long enough for me to get a look at them individually, withdrew, and left me alone with De Walden.

"She is a very pretty girl, that young French lady, De Walden."

The youth had steeled himself by this time I saw, and was not to be caught again.

"Very, sir—a beautiful figure—but you seemed to notice Miss Hudson more particularly, sir."

There was a slight smile played for an instant on the handsome fellow's countenance, and vanished again, as he resumed his reading.

"Hem,ahem—the breeze is deuced

strong," said I. "Do me the favour to shut the blind, De Walden—beg pardon for all this trouble."

He did so, and I gained the advantage I aimed at, which was, to darken the room so as to render it impossible for any change in one's beautiful complexion to be seen.

"Why, I scarcely noticed the little lady, do you *know*, De Walden?"—He certainly seemed not to have known it—"She is a nice little person—rather too petite, however, for my taste, and not very sylphlike; a fine skin, certainly, and beautiful hair—but then her high nose—and her eyes are not very good either—much too small and light—besides, she is shortsighted."

De Walden's smile shewed *he* was not at any rate.

"And as for eyebrows, why, the superb arch of Miss Duquesné's is infinitely finer, and beats them hollow—her neck and throat tolerable, certainly; and the kindness of her manner!—why, she comports herself like a little matron beside a sick-bed; and the way she handles little Dicky!—didn't *you* notice it, De Walden? No wonder he called her mamma, poor little fellow."

"Did you ever hear her sing, captain?"

"No, unless it was her voice I heard but just now in the other room."

"You guess rightly. Miss Duquesné sang the second to her first. Two voices never did in this world blend so sweetly."

"Ah!" said I, fearing he was again cruising too near me, "the pipe was good enough—liquid and musical-glass like; but Miss Sophie Duquesné's—that was a voice indeed—so deep for a woman, so clear, so full-bodied."

"Pray, sir," said De Walden, archly, "are you speaking of the qualities of London porter, or Mademoiselle Duquesné's voice?"

I looked at the young midshipman; and, darkened as the room was, I saw the rogue laughing heartily in his sleeve.

"You seem to have noted a good many of Miss Hudson's peculiarities, however, my dear sir, considering you paid so *little attention* to her, and had so short a time to take your observation."

"I don't know," said I. "Has she been often in my room since I was wounded, for I have dreamed of such a being, I will not deny?"

A low "Hush" was here breathed from the boudoir. De Walden gave an intelligent nod, and I became suddenly afflicted with deafness, and overtaken by a fidgety fit, so I asked him to assist me to change my position, as it was becoming uneasy, and we both with one accord hauled our wind on the other tack.

"But whose was the male voice that joined so beautifully in the song?"

"Mr Listado's, sir."

"Moin—moy voice—oh Lord'—said some one in subdued Tipperary in the next room.

"Come," said De Walden, laughing aloud, "no eavesdropping, if you please."

"Pray, Mr De Walden," said I, "did you perceive the earthquake early this morning? How peculiar the sensation—how undefinable the mysterious noise preceding the shock!"

"I did, sir. We have had several slight shocks lately here, but no one seems to mind them. I was afraid it would disturb you, sir."

"Why, it did so, certainly, but I soon fell asleep again."—A long pause.—"No appearance of Gazelle yet, *Mister* De Walden?" resuming the stiff formula of the quarterdeck, to rub out, as it were, any little familiarity that had passed.

"No, sir."

"Surely she might have been round, although I have no objections to her staying out, until I am up and fit for my duty again. Have you heard any thing more of Lennox?"

"I went to the prison to see him last night again. He is looking very ill and pale, poor devil, but does not complain. The jailer again told me, that the moment you were strong enough to make your deposition before the *Juez*, he would be discharged."

"And the desperado who wounded me?"

"Why, he has been better, and worse, several times, sir. His uncontrollable temper throws him back, while the strength of his constitution does wonders. He was not expected to live over the second day, but, to the surprise of the surgeon of

the prison, he rallied astonishingly, and was in fact getting well until yesterday, when Lennox was taken into his room to endeavour to identify him, since which he has been much worse, and the scene must have had a strong effect on Lennox himself."

"As how?" said I.

"Why, you know, captain, that he is an extraordinary creature; that, in fact, he is crazy now and then, as he says himself, and certainly he conducted himself last evening more like a lunatic than a sane person."

The doctor had retired with the ladies, and now returned for his hat and cane.

"My dear doctor, do you think it would do me any harm to be moved the length of the prison to-morrow in a litter? I am very desirous to see one of my people, who is confined there for stabbing the bravo who waylaid me."

"I know all about dat, captain. To-morrow shall be too soon, very, but next day, may be."

I thanked him, and determined to wait patiently until then.

The intervening period was one of great comfort and happiness to me, and over and over again I blessed Heaven for its mercy, in throwing me amongst such kindly people. Oh, who can appreciate the tenderness of woman's attentions, like the friendless sufferer, who has languished amongst strangers in a foreign land on a bed of sickness?

Two or three days elapsed, during which I rapidly got better; so that on the fourth I was enabled to walk, with the support of De Walden's arm, to the prison, in place of being carried on a litter.

When we arrived, we were shewn into the room where Lennox was confined; it was about four in the afternoon of a very hot, sultry day. The marine was sitting in his frock and trousers, with his back towards us, looking out through the iron bars of the unglazed window, that commanded a long street, and fronted the west. The creaking of the rusty lock, and clanking of the chain and bolt, that secured the door of the lofty apartment, did not disturb him; he merely, as he sat with his legs crossed on the small wooden chair, and his clasped hands on his knee,

slightly nodded his head, but without turning his face, and said—"Come in."

"Well, Lennox," said De Walden, "here is Mr Brail at last. You were not beginning to lose heart, were you?"

On this the poor fellow rose and confronted us. There was a sad change in his appearance since I saw him; he was pale and wan, and there was an unusual feverishness about him, and an unsettled sparkling of his eye, that, from what I previously had known of his history, but too clearly indicated, that his reason was more unsettled than usual.

"I am very grateful for this visit, captain," said he at length, without directly answering Mr De Walden. "I am glad to see you so far recovered, sir, but you look thin and pale yet—this will soon disappear, I hope—I trust it will soon disappear." Here his voice sank into an unintelligible murmur, and his eye fell, as if he were repeating the words, without being conscious of their meaning—as if he had been *maundering*, to use his own phrase.

"Well, I have no doubt it will, and I have good reason to believe that you will be soon quite well too, Lennox; so get ready. I presume you know you are to appear before the *Juez* this afternoon, where you will instantly be released, I am told. Mr De Walden and I are waiting for you."

He said nothing, but stooped down to gather some clothes that lay on a low pallet in the corner of the room; which having tied up in a bundle, he lifted his hat, and stood in the middle of the apartment ready to go. His *oddness*—it was not sullenness of manner, I knew—surprised me a good deal; but I said nothing, and the jailer now turned to conduct us into the court, where the judge was waiting to take my depositions. We had advanced ten or twelve paces along the dark stone passage, when Lennox, who was bringing up the rear, suddenly turned back, without speaking, and entered his prison-room, shutting the door very unceremoniously after him, and thereby depriving us of every particle of light where we stood.

"Hillo," said De Walden—"Master Lennox, this is not over and above civil."

"El marinero ese es loco, capitan," "That sailor is mad, captain," quoth the jailer.

"Mad or not, I will see if I cannot make him mend his manners," said I, as I returned with the young midshipman, groping for the door. We found it on the latch, and pushing it open, saw our amigo coolly seated in his chair, looking out of the window, in precisely the same attitude as when we first entered. "Now, sir," said I, really angry, "will you favour me with a reason for this most extraordinary conduct—this indecent behaviour to your superior officers? I am willing to make great allowances for your *infirmary*, as you call it, but this is a little too much on the brogue, my fine fellow." I had moved round in front of him by this time. He had dropped his eyes on the ground, with his hand pressed on his forehead; but in an instant he rose up, endeavouring to hide the tears that were rolling over his cheeks.

"Will you and Mr De Walden listen to me for five minutes, captain, before we go into court?"

"I scarcely am inclined to humour you in your absurdities, Lennox; but come, if you have any thing to say, out with it at once—make haste, my man." Seeing he hesitated, and looked earnestly at the jailer—"Oh, I perceive—will you have the kindness to leave us alone with the prisoner for five minutes?"

"Certainly," said the man—"I shall remain outside."

The moment he disappeared, Lennox dropped on his knees, and seemed to be engaged in prayer for some moments; he then suddenly rose, and retired a few paces from us. "Gentlemen, what I tell you I have seen, you may possibly ascribe to the effects of a heated imagination; nevertheless, I will speak the truth. The man who wounded you, captain, and now lies in the last extremity in the next room, is no other than Mr Adderfang, the villain who through life has been my evil genius. Ay, you may smile incredulously; I expected nothing else; but it is true, and even *he* shall, if he can speak when you see him, confirm what I have told you. Do you not see the palpable intervention of an overruling Providence in this, captain?"

Here I encounter, against all human probability, in a strange country, with the very fiend who drove me forth, broken-hearted and deranged in mind, from my own! It is not chance, gentlemen—you will blaspheme," continued he impetuously, "if you call it chance—one from the dead has visited me, and told me it was not chance." His eye flashed fire as he proceeded with great animation and fluency—"Captain Brail, do not smile—do not smile. Believe me, that I speak the words of truth and soberness, when I tell you that *she* was *here* last night, as certainly as there is a God in heaven to reward the righteous and punish iniquity."

I let him go on.

"I was sitting, as you saw me, in that chair, sir, looking forth on the setting moon, as it hung above the misty hill-top, and was watching its lower limb as it seemed to flatten and lose its roundness against the outline of the land, and noticing the increasing size of the setting globe as the mist of morning rose up and floated around it, when I heard a deep sigh close behind me. I listened, and could distinguish low moaning sobs, but I had no power to turn round to look what it was. Suddenly the window before me became gradually obscured, the dark walls thinned and became transparent, the houses and town disappeared, and I was conscious, aye, as sensible as I am that I speak to you now, Mr Brail, that I saw before me my own mountain lake, on the moonlight bank of which I last parted from *Jessy Miller*.

"The setting moon seemed to linger on the hill, and shed a long sickly wake on the midnight tarn, that slept in the hollow of the mountain, bright and smooth as if the brown moss had been inlaid with polished steel, except where a wild-duck sailed over the shining surface, or the wing of the slow sailing owl, flitted winnowingly across, dimming it for a moment, like a mirror breathed upon. I was sitting on the small moss-grown cairn, at the eastern end; the shadow of the black hills was cast so clearly in the water, that you could not trace the shore of the small lake, nor define the water line beneath the hazel bushes, and

the stars were reflected in another heaven scarcely less pure than their own. I heard the rushing of the burn over its rugged channel, as it blended with the loch, and the melancholy bleating of the sheep on the hill-side, and the low bark of the colleys, and the distant shout of the herds watching the circular folds, high up on the moor, when I felt a touch on my shoulder, and, glancing down, I saw a long pale female hand resting on it, as if a person was standing behind me; it was thin and wasted, and semitransparent as alabaster, or a white cornelian stone, with the blue veins twining amongst the prominent sinews, and on the marriage finger there was a broken ring—I saw it as clearly as I see my own hand now, for the ends of the small gold wire of which it was composed stood up and out from the finger. I kenned weel who was there, but I had no power to speak. The sigh was repeated, and I heard a low still voice, like a distant echo from the hill-side, although I had a fearful conviction that it was uttered close behind me, inarticulate at first, but presently it assumed a composed but most melancholy tone—yes, *Mr Brail*, so sure as there is a God above us, *Jessy Miller*—yea, the dead spoke in that awful moment to the living."

"Oh, nonsense, man," I said; "really you are getting mad in earnest now, *Leunox*; this will never do."

He paid no attention to me, but went on—

"'Saunders,' it said, 'I have come to tell you that him ye ken o'—he wha crushed my heart until it split in twain—he wha heaped the mools on my head, and over the child I bare him—will also help you to an early grave.' The hand on my shoulder grew heavy as lead. 'He has meikle to answer for to you, *Saunders*, and I have mair; and to me he has—but I mauu dree my weird.' Here the voice was choked in small inaudible sobs, blending with which I thought I heard the puling as of a new-born baby, when a gradually swelling sough came down the hill-side, like the rushing of the blast through the glen, and the water in the placid loch trembled in the waning moonbeams

like that in a moss-hag* when a waggon rolls past, and the hitherto steady reflection of the stars in it twinkled and multiplied as if each spark of living fire had become two; and although there was not a breath out of heaven, small ripples lap-lapped on the pebbly shore, and a heavy shower of dew was shaken from the leaves of the solitary auld saugh that overhung the northern bank of the wee loch, sparkling in the moonlight like diamonds, and the scathed and twisted oak stump on the opposite hill that bisected the half-vanished disk of the pale moon, as she lingered like a dying friend looking his last at us, shook palpably to and fro, and a rotten limb of it fell, and the solid earth of the cold hill-side trembled and heaved, as if they who slept in the grey cairn beneath had heard the summons of the Archangel, when, lo! the dead hand was withdrawn with a faint shriek, like the distant cry of the water-hen, and I turned in desperation to see—what? a thin wreath of white mist float up the hill-side, and gradually melt into the surrounding darkness. And once more I was seated where you now see me, with that rusty stanchel clearly defined against the small segment of the pale moon, that still lingered above the horizon. The next moment it was gone, and I was left in darkness.”

“All a dream, Lennox; all the produce of your heated imagination. There was a slight shock of an earthquake last night at the time you mention, just at the going down of the moon, and that was the noise you heard and the tremor you perceived, so rouse yourself, man. Adderfang, if it really *be* him, from all accounts, is dying, and you will soon be safe from *his* machinations, at all events.”

He said nothing more—whether my arguments had convinced him or no, was another thing—but we all proceeded to the room where the judge was waiting for us, and my declaration immediately freed poor Lennox; after which we were requested to accompany the officers of the court, who, along with their interpreter, were proceeding to the

wounded man's room, to take his dying declaration.

The daylight had entirely failed by the time we reached the cell where Adderfang lay. We were met at the door by a Carmelite priest, who appeared in great wrath, and muttered something about a “*Here-tico condeñado*.” We entered. It was an apartment of the same kind as the one in which Lennox had been confined, and had a low pallet on one side, fronting the high iron-barred window. From the darkness I could merely make out that some person lay on the bed, writhing about, apparently in great pain. A candle was brought, and we could see about us. It shone brightly on the person of a tall bushy-whiskered desperado, who lay on the bed, covered by a sheet, groaning and breathing very heavily. I approached; his features were very sharp and pale, his lips black, and his beard unshaven; his eyes were shut, and his long hair spread all over the pillow.

He appeared to be attended by a slight, most beautiful Spanish girl, apparently a fair Mulatto, who was sitting at the head of the bed, brushing away the musquittoes, and other night flies, with a small bunch of peacock's feathers, with the hot tears trickling down her cheeks, and over her quivering lips, until they fell on her distracted and heaving bosom. But she was silent; her sobs were even inaudible; her grief was either too deep for utterance, or the fear of disturbing the dying moments of her lover made her dumb.

“O, Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!”

Hearing a bustle in the room, Adderfang now spoke, in a low and interrupted voice—it was in Spanish.

“Padre, do not persist—I do not want your services—you cannot smooth my pillow—do not therefore try to strew more thorns there—Heaven knows they are numerous enough, and sharp enough already.”

* The pit in a moor from whence peats or turf have been taken.

"Can this be the villain who stabbed me?" said I, somewhat moved.

The poor girl at this stooped down, and whispered something into his ear.

"Ah!" said he, "I had forgot—I had forgot; but your tears scald me, Antonia—hot—hot;" and with a sudden effort, as if ashamed to evince how much he was suffering, and a fierce energy, he controlled the twitching of his feverish limbs, clasped his hands on his bosom, and opening his blood-shot eyes for the first time, took a steady survey of us. He then glanced to the jailer.

"This is the captain of the felucca, who was stabbed by you," said the Spaniard. He nodded. "This is the English marine Lennox, who came up with the guard and took you prisoner."

I could not help remarking, when Lennox was introduced to him, that the wounded man smiled bitterly, as much as to say—"I know *him* but too well, and he has fearful cause to know *me*. Mr Brail," said he, (I had to stoop to catch his words, he spoke in so low a tone,) "I am aware of the object of this visit—it is all proper. Let the escribano there get his paper ready; I shall make short work of the confessional."

The man sat down. Adderfang again shut his eyes, and seemed for a few moments to be gathering his thoughts about him; at length—

"I acknowledge that I stabbed the English lieutenant Brail, and robbed him afterwards; and that the English marine, Lennox, acted nobly and honourably in coming to the assistance of his officer. He was the man who wounded me. There you have it all; engross it, and I will sign it."

As if desirous of being heard distinctly, he had, as he pronounced these words with difficulty, in detached sentences, raised himself on his left arm, and now, as if exhausted, he fell back with his head on poor Antonia's lap. There was a long pause.

"But why," said the Juez at length—"why did you waylay Mr Brail?"

"For two reasons," replied the dying bravo; "first, because I harboured revenge for the destruction of my vessel by him on the bar of the

African river; secondly, because he took my last stiver from me at the gaming-table."

"Evil motives both, my son, to be entertained by any, but especially by one standing on the threshold of eternity. Let me send for a priest, that he may shrive you, and probably, with God's blessing, induce you to repent before you go hence."

I turned to look at the person who spoke. He was a tall and very dark Spaniard, his age might have been sixty, and his short and scanty hair was of a silver grey. He was plainly dressed in black, and sat at a small table, and opposite to him the escribano, or notary, with his paper before him, and pen ready wet with ink.

"It is of no use, and I will not," said Adderfang; "besides, if I am any thing at all, I am a Protestant—and as the tree falls, so must it lie—it is a part of my creed—*creed!*" he here interjected to himself with great bitterness—"my *creed!* whatever it may be of yours, and I feel that all the roots that knit me to the earth have already parted, save one; therefore, let me die, if not in peace, at least in quietness."

He stopped to take breath, and when he proceeded, it was in a voice even more weak and trembling than before.

"Yes, Heaven knows, villain as I have been, that they have all snapped *but one*"—and he caught the hand of the poor girl, and tried to place it on his heart, but his strength failed him. She wept aloud at this unexpected burst of feeling, and the contagion of her tears extended even to the stony heart of the wounded man himself. The iron had at length entered into his soul, and what the retrospect of his own ill-spent life—what the intensity of his present agony, and the fearful prospect before him through eternity, could not wring from him, now flowed at the sight of the poor girl's misery, as if his bosom had been a tender woman's. He wept aloud.

"Yes—my evil courses have but too justly estranged all my kindred from me; one friend has dropped off after another, until, in the prime of life, after having squandered a handsome patrimony, and having been educated as a gentleman, with

every thing around me that ought to have made me happy, to this have I come at last!" He groaned heavily. "You see before you, Mr Brail, not a *fiend*, but an *everyday villain*—a man not naturally wicked—one who did not love evil for evil's sake, but who became the willing slave of his passions, and held no law, human or divine, in reverence, when they were to be gratified. Ay, Thomas Adderfang, here you lie on a death-bed from violence—from a wound sustained in the act of stabbing and robbing another, to gratify revenge, and the paltry desire of repossessing money squandered at the gaming-table, and with the certainty that, if a miracle interposed, and you recovered, your life would still be taken on the scaffold. Ay, here you lie," continued he with increasing energy, "without one soul in the wide world to say God bless you, or to close your eyes when you are gone, but my poor Antonia here."

Here the poor girl's anguish became uncontrollable, although she could not have understood what he said, and she threw herself on the bed, in such a position, as to give her paramour great pain; a shudder passed over his face, and he endeavoured to turn himself round, so as to gain an easier position. In the action the wound in his side burst out afresh, and presently a dark puddle coagulated on the sheet at his right side. The doctor of the prison was in immediate attendance, and applied styptics to staunch the bleeding; all the time he sermed in a dead faint—he made no movement, and when the wound was dressed, and he was replaced on his bed, I did not know, as I bent over him, whether the spirit had fled or not.

Lennox, with the judge's permission, now took one of the candles from the table, and held it to his face—he still breathed. But in the silence within the room, I perceived that the weather without began to grow gusty and boisterous; I could hear the rain lashing against the wall of the prison, and the blast howled round the roof, and threatened to extinguish the candle. The freshness of the night wind, however, reanimated the sufferer in a wonderful degree; and when I rose, with an intention of closing the

shutters, to prevent the rain beating through on his face, as he lay propped up on the poor girl's bosom, fronting the narrow aperture, he had strength enough to ask me, in a low husky voice, "to leave it open, the coolness and moisture revived him."

Lennox now spoke—"Mr Adderfang, I have come on purpose to say that I"—his voice faltered, and he leant against the wall for a brief space—"to say that *I forgive you*—ay, as freely as I hope God will forgive me at the last day. Give me your hand, Mr Adderfang, and say you forgive me also, for having wounded you."

The dying man shrunk from him, and drew his hand back—"No, no, Saunders, you cannot be sincere, you cannot have forgotten *her* injuries, you cannot have forgiven your own."

"Yes," said the poor fellow solemnly, "I have prayed for many a long year that I might be able to forgive you—even *you*; and my prayer has been heard at last. Oh, if you would even at the ninth hour appeal to the same merciful Being, might he not shew his mercy to your dying soul?"

"I cannot—I cannot pray," said Adderfang, as impetuously as his weakness would let him—"I cannot pray—I have never prayed, Saunders—oh, would to God I had! would that I could redeem but one short week! But it would be of no avail," groaned he, in a low altered tone—"all has been foreordained—I have been the slave of an irrevocable destiny—I could have acted no other-wise than I have done; and if there be a hereafter, and a God"—

"If there be!" said I,—"Heaven have mercy on you, Mr Adderfang, and turn your heart even now in your extremity."

"Oh! Mr Brail, I know myself—I am quite conscious of my inherent wickedness—the damning conviction is burned in on my heart, that even if I were to recover, I should again fall into the same courses—I am quite certain of it; so why appeal to the Invisible"—he paused, and gasped for breath—"why insult Heaven with vain promises of amendment, which I could not, and would not keep were I to survive?"

why play the hypocrite now? why lie to God, when"—here he put his hand to his side, as if in great suffering—"when, if there be such a Being, I must, in all human probability, appear before him in half an hour, when no lie will serve me?—But let me do an act of justice—yes, call the priest"—he now spoke in Spanish—"call the priest. Rise, Antonia, and kiss me; you are another victim"—he groaned again—"I promised you marriage before I wove my web of deceit round your innocent heart—you have often prayed me to remember that solemn promise since you were ensnared, and I have as often laughed you to scorn, or answered you with a brutal jest—I will accede to your request now, call the priest, let him be quick, or death will prevent"—He swooned again.

Presently the venerable friar, without any trace of his anger at the previous rejection of his services, was at his bedside. I never shall forget the scene. It was now quite dark, and the two large brown wax tapers were flickering in the current of air that came strong through the window, and stirred the few hairs of the venerable Juez, who sat at the table. The lights cast a changeful glare on his face, and on that of the old priest who was standing beside the pillow of the dying man, dressed in his long dark robe, with a cord round his waist, supporting a silver crucifix that glanced in the light, and on the tall form of the beautiful Spanish girl, that lay across the bed, her stockingless feet covered by a neat grass slipper, and on her pale olive complexion and fine features, and her hair plaited in three distinct braids, that hung down her back, intertwined with black ribbon, and sparkling in her large black swimming eye, and on the diamondlike tears that chased each other over her beautiful features and swelling and more than half naked bosom. Lennox and myself were standing at the foot of the bed; De Walden was leaning on the back of the escrivano's chair, with his face so turned as to see that of the wounded man, who lay still as death, the yellow light shining, by fits, full on his sunburnt complexion, and unshaven

chin, and strong muscular neck, and glancing on the clotted curls, that matted in the perspiration wrung from his forehead by intense suffering.

He gradually recovered. The priest signed to Antonia to rise, and I took her place on the bed; he placed her hand in that of Mr Adderfang, who looked steadily and consciously at him, but he could not speak. The service proceeded, the gusts without increasing, and the rain lashing to a degree that almost drowned the old man's voice. Adderfang being unable to repeat the responses, merely acknowledged them by nodding as the service proceeded; at length, when it was asked of him, "Do you take this woman to be your wife?" he made an effort, and replied distinctly, "Yes."

Ha—what is that? A flash of lightning—a loud shriek echoed through the room, loud above the rolling thunder—and then a convulsive giggle—something fell heavily on the floor—the wind howled, the lights were blown out—"Ave Maria purissima—sancta madre—soy ciego—soy ciego!" "Holy Mother of God, I am struck blind—I am struck blind!" The unfortunate girl had indeed been struck by the electric fluid, and was now writhing sightless on the floor; we endeavoured to remove her, but she had got her arms twined round the foot of the bed, and resisted all our efforts. "Dexa me morir cerca mi quirido Thomas—ah Dios! dexa me morir aqui." Lights were immediately procured, and the shutters closed; and there lay Adderfang, apparently quite sensible, but glaring round him, like a wounded tiger. I never can forget the bitter smile that played on his haggard features, like the lurid glare of a stormy sunset. I turned away and shuddered, but curiosity compelled me to look at him again. He shook his head, as his eye caught mine, and pointed upward, as if he had said—"You see the very heavens league against me." He then signed for some cordial that stood on the table; having drank it, it revived him for a minute almost miraculously. He again shed a flood of tears, and, sobbing audibly, clasped his hands on his bosom and prayed aloud. Yes, the assassin, the libertine, the

seducer, for a short minute bent meekly as a child before the storm of his sufferings!

"Oh, Almighty God, whose laws I have so fearfully contemned, hear my prayers for *her*—hear the prayers of one, who dare not pray for himself."

A low growling thunder-clap had gradually rolled on from a distance as he proceeded, but, when he got this length, it roared overhead in a series of loud reports, as if a seventy-four had fired her broadside close to us, shaking the dust from the roof and walls of the room, and making the whole prison tremble, as at the upheaving of an earthquake. He ceased—and the noise gradually grumbled itself to rest in the distance, and again, nothing but the

howling of the tempest without was heard.

"The voice of the Almighty," at length he said, speaking in short sentences with great difficulty, and in a low sigh-like voice,—"yea, the sound of my condemnation—Heaven rejects, and will not hear my prayers. I am ruined and condemned here and hereafter—palpably condemned by the Eternal while yet on earth, body and soul—body and soul—condemned"—He ceased—a strong shiver passed over his face—his jaw fell; and Lennox, stepping up to him, closed his eyes—stooped his cheek towards his mouth to perceive if he still breathed—then holding up his hand, he solemnly said—"He hath departed."

EDMUND BURKE.

(CONCLUSION.)

As the moralist may come to the volumes of Burke, for a perpetual repertory of the principles of his science; as the orator may delight himself with the ceaseless vividness of a mind which diffused light around it, at every movement; and as the man of generous feelings may learn, from the benevolence which makes its way through all the natural irritations and anxieties of a powerful spirit immersed in the very tempest of political life, what dignity may be given to ambition by personal virtue, so may the British statesman be taught by the last counsels of this great political philosopher, the solid interests of a country and constitution which no man had ever more profoundly studied, more boldly served, more sincerely loved, or more triumphantly defended.

It is remarkable as a historical lesson, if it were not still more remarkable as a political warning, that Burke uniformly laid it down as a principle of our foreign relations, that we should watch France with perpetual vigilance, and protect Holland with the most confiding amity. On this policy he grounds the safety alike of England and of Europe; and for its soundness he quotes the example of the greatest names

of English statesmanship, in the period of the most trying struggle ever sustained by the empire. Holding up King William to the admiration of posterity for his persevering wisdom and unshaken courage in pursuing this high policy, he forcibly declares, that, "in spite of the ministers, who staggered under the weight that his mind imposed upon theirs, he infused into them his own soul, he renewed in them their ancient heart, he rallied them in the ancient cause." To accomplish this result had been attended with formidable difficulties. The public mind, oppressed with the sense of frequent failure, and the public purse, exhausted with the expenditure of a long war—both required to be reinstated. But if the question of the utility of a kingly government could ever have been disputed in England, it was decided by the services of William. His knowledge of foreign politics, his keen insight into the ambition of France, his powerful foresight of the consequences that must inevitably follow French victory, to the liberties of all nations; and even his sudden and singular possession of the secrets of national prosperity in a country so new to him as England, constituted the King not merely the

first man in rank, but the first in *council*; not merely the head of the Government, but the Government. On the head of that individual might have rested the whole question, whether within those twenty years, there was to be an independent State in Europe; whether Europe was to be more than an immense dungeon, and France the holder of the chain.

The national understanding was first appealed to, and the people were gained. Thus their representatives were rendered more capable of adopting the wisdom of the royal councils. William was equally active abroad. The fortunate, or rather the providential circumstance of his being a native of Holland, gave him irresistible influence in a country, where the slightest defection would have hazarded the fate of Europe. "Under the influence of William, Holland had rejected the allurements of every seduction, and had resisted the terrors of every menace. With Hannibal at her gates, she had nobly and magnanimously refused all separate treaty, or any thing which might for a moment appear to divide her affection or her interest, or even to distinguish her identity from England. Having settled the great point of the consolidation (which he hoped would be eternal) of countries made for a common interest, and common sentiment, the King, in his message to both Houses, calls their attention to the affairs of the States-General. The House of Lords was perfectly sound, and impressed with the wisdom and dignity of the King's proceedings. In answer to the message, which was narrowed to a single point, the danger of the States-General, the Lords opened themselves at large. They go far beyond the demands of the message. They express themselves as follows:—"We take this occasion further to assure your Majesty, that we are sensible of the great and imminent danger to which the States-General are exposed. And we perfectly agree with them in believing that their safety and ours are so inseparably united, that whatsoever is ruin to the one, must be fatal to the other. We humbly desire your Majesty will be pleased not only to make good all the articles of any former treaties to

the States-General, but that you will enter into a strict league, offensive and defensive, with them, for their common preservation; and that you will invite into it all princes and states who are concerned in the present visible danger, arising from the union of France and Spain."

The answer concluded with the words—"Not doubting but, whenever your Majesty shall be obliged to be engaged for the defence of your allies, and *securing the liberty and quiet of Europe*, Almighty God will protect your sacred person in so righteous a cause; and that the unanimity, wealth, and courage of your subjects, will carry your Majesty with honour and success, through all the difficulties of a just war."

The Commons more tardily, but with equal effect, seconded the royal determination, and "went so far as to fix the three great immovable pillars of the safety of England, as they were then, are now, and *must be, to the end of time*. They asserted, in general terms, the Necessity of supporting Holland; of Keeping united with our allies; and of Maintaining the liberty of Europe. * * * * Under the British union, the union of Europe was consolidated, and it long held together with a degree of cohesion, firmness, and fidelity, not known before or since, in any political combination of that extent. Just as the last hand was given to this immense and complicated machine, the master-workman died. But the work was formed on true mechanical principles, and it was as truly wrought. It went by the impulse it had received from its first mover. The man was dead, but the Grand Alliance survived, in which William *lived and reigned*. That heartless and dispirited people, whom Lord Somers had represented, but two years before, as dead in energy and operation, continued this war, to which it was supposed that they were unequal in mind and in means, *for nearly thirteen years!*"

From this grave statement, Burke, like an orator filled with a proud sense of the merit of his cause, breaks out into a glowing peroration.

"For what have I entered into all this detail? To what purpose have

I recalled your view to the end of the last century? It has been done to shew that the British nation was then a great people; to point out by what means they came to be exalted above the vulgar level, and to take that lead which they assumed among mankind. To qualify us for that preeminence, we had then a high mind, and a constancy unconquerable; we were then inspired with no flashy passions, but such as were durable, as well as warm; such as corresponded to the great interest which we had at stake. This force of character was inspired, as all such spirit must ever be, from above. Government gave the impulse. As well may we fancy, that, of itself, the sea will swell, and that without winds the billows will insult the adverse shore, as that the gross mass of the people will be moved, and elevated, and continue by a steady and permanent direction to bear upon any one point, without the influence of superior authority, or superior mind."

He now rushes on through his subject, dispensing great maxims of government, and as he glows with the rapidity of his course, pouring out passages of the richest eloquence, fiery sparkles from his chariot wheels. Thus, of the war, he pronounces, "That it was made, if ever war was made, to touch all the great springs of action in the human breast. It ought not to have been a war of apology. The Minister had, in this conflict, wherewithal to glory in success; to be consoled in adversity; to hold high his principle in all fortunes. If it were not given to him to support the falling edifice, he ought to bury himself under the ruins of the civilized world. All the arts of Greece, and all the pride and power of Eastern monarchs, never heaped upon their ashes so grand a monument." He then turns with fine rebuke upon individuals who had talked frivolously of "trying war for a year or two, and then voting for peace. * * * * As if war were a matter of experiment! As if you could take it up or lay it down as an idle frolic! As if the dire goddess that presides over it, with her murderous spear in her hand, and her gorgon at her breast, were a coquette to be flirted with!

We ought, with reverence, to approach that tremendous Divinity, which loves courage, but commands counsel. War never leaves, where it found a nation! * . * * * Peace may be made as unadvisedly as war. *Nothing is so rash as fear.* The councils of Pusillanimity rarely put off, what they are sure to aggravate, the evils from which they would fly."

He then loftily and wisely deprecates the attempts of the feeblers adherents of the Ministry to make the war popular, by reference to commercial advantages. "Never can a vehement and sustained spirit of fortitude be kindled in a people by a *war of calculation*. It has nothing that can keep the mind erect under the gusts of adversity. Even where men are willing, as sometimes they are, to barter their blood for lucre, to hazard their safety for the gratification of their avarice; the passion which animates them to that sort of conflict, *like all the other short-sighted passions*, must see its objects distinct and at hand. Speculative plunder; contingent spoil; future, long adjourned, contingent booty; pillage, which must enrich a late posterity, and which possibly may not reach posterity at all; those, for any length of time, will not support a mercenary war. The people are in the right. *The calculation of profit in all such wars is false.* On balancing the account of such wars, ten thousand hogsheads of sugar are purchased at ten thousand times their price. The blood of man should never be shed, but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity, the rest is crime."

The French republic has passed away; but its history is not obsolete while its principles exist. It is at this hour the model of government, if the confusion and disruption of all order can deserve the name, to the whole vast disturbing faction of Europe. Jacobinism has been crushed for the time, but its malice evades the power of human institutions. The body may have been gibbeted, but even on the scaffold it only diffuses the wider contagion. Mr Alison's animated and able history of

the French Revolution thus entitles him, not merely to the merit of a powerful painter of a time, when gigantic crimes startled Europe, and when fiends seemed to have usurped the place of men, but to the still higher merit of setting before the national eye the shape of a danger, which to see, must be, with all rational and religious minds, to shun. Burke's memorial of that terrible crisis is but a fragment, yet it displays with wonderful force the fearful character of the Evil. The whole length is still in the rock, yet the visage is brought out with the impetuous stroke of a Michael Angelo.

"France has constructed her Republic on *three* bases, all fundamentally opposite to those on which the communities of Europe are built. Its foundation is laid in Regicide, in Jacobinism, and in Atheism. * * * I call a commonwealth regicide, which lays it down as a fixed law of nature, and a fundamental right of man, that all government, not being a democracy, is a usurpation; that all kings, as such, are usurpers; and, for being kings, may and ought to be put to death, with their wives, families, and adherents. The commonwealth which acts uniformly upon those principles, and which, after abolishing every festival of religion, chooses the most flagrant act of a murderous regicide treason for a feast of eternal commemoration, and which forces all her people to observe it; this I call *Regicide by Establishment*.

"Jacobinism is the revolt of the enterprising talents of a country against its property. When private men form themselves into associations for the purpose of destroying the laws and institutions of their country; when they secure to themselves an army, by dividing among the people of no property the estates of the ancient and lawful proprietors; when a State recognises those acts; when it does not make confiscations for crimes, but crimes for confiscations; when it has its principal strength, and all its resources, in such a violation of property; when it stands chiefly upon such a violation, massacring by judgments, or otherwise, those who make any struggle for their old legal government, and their legal possessions; I call this *Jacobinism by Establishment*.

"I call it *Atheism by Establishment*, when any State, as such, shall not acknowledge the existence of God as the moral governor of the world; when it shall offer to him no religious or moral worship; when it shall abolish the Christian religion by a regular degree; when it shall persecute with a cold, unrelenting, steady cruelty, by every mode of confiscation, imprisonment, exile, and death, all its ministers; when it shall generally shut up, or pull down, churches; when the few buildings which remain of this kind, shall be opened only for the purpose of making a profane apotheosis of monsters, whose vices and crimes have no parallel among men, and whom all other men consider as objects of general detestation, and the severest animadversion of law; when, in the place of that religion of social benevolence, and individual self-denial, in mockery of all religion, they institute impious, blasphemous, indecent theatric rites, in honour of their vitiated reason, and erect altars to the personification of their own corrupted and bloody republic; when schools and seminaries are founded at the public expense to poison mankind, from generation to generation, with the horrible maxims of this impiety; when, at length, wearied out with incessant martyrdom, and the cries of a people hungering and thirsting for religion, they permit it only as a tolerated evil; this I call *Atheism by Establishment*. When, to those establishments, we add the *Correspondent System of Manners*, no doubt can be left on the mind of a thinking man concerning their determined hostility to the human race."

From this profound and hideous exposure of the principles of revolution, this stern and scientific dissection of its frame, he reverts to the aid furnished to its fatal progress by the poison of national manners. His remarks on the influence of those powerful instruments of good and evil are true; but he too rapidly drops their history. "Manners," he observes, "are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by

a constant, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them. Of this the new French legislators were aware. Therefore, with the same method, and under the same authority, they settled a system of manners, the most licentious, prostitute, and abandoned, that was ever known; and at the same time, the most coarse, rude, savage, and ferocious. Nothing in the Revolution, no not to a phrase or a question, not to the fashion of a hat or a shoe, was left to accident. * * * * No mechanical means could be devised in favour of this incredible system of wickedness, that has not been employed. The noblest passions, the love of glory, the love of country, have been debauched into the means of its preservation and propagation. All sorts of shows and exhibitions, calculated to inflame and vitiate the imagination, and pervert the moral sense, have been contrived. They have sometimes brought forth five or six hundred drunken women, calling at the bar of the Assembly for the blood of their children, as being royalists or constitutionalists. Sometimes they have got a body of wretches, calling themselves fathers, to demand the murder of their sons; boasting that Rome had but one Brutus, but they could shew five hundred! There were instances in which they inverted and retaliated the impiety; and produced sons who called for the execution of their parents! The foundation of their republic is laid in moral paradoxes. *Their patriotism is always prodigy.* All the instances to be found in history, whether real or fabulous, of a doubtful public spirit, at which morality is perplexed, reason is staggered, and from which affrighted nature recoils, are their chosen and almost sole examples for the instruction of their youth."

One striking evidence of the intention of the French republicans, the legislation of the rabble, to degrade and subvert the whole system of morals, was exhibited in the universal encouragement to the total degradation and extinction of marriage. "Other legislators," says Burke,

"knowing that marriage is the origin of all relations, and consequently the first element of all duties, have endeavoured, by every means, to make it sacred. The Christian religion, by confining it to the pairs, and by rendering that union indissoluble, has, by these two things, done more towards the peace, happiness, settlement, and civilisation of the world, than by any other part in the whole scheme of Divine wisdom. The direct contrary course has been taken in the *Synagogue of Antichrist*—I mean in that forge and manufactory of all evil, the Sect which predominated in the Constituent Assembly of 1789. Those monsters employed the same, or greater, industry, to desecrate and degrade that state, which other legislators have used to render it holy and honourable. By a strange uncalled for declaration, they pronounced that marriage was no better than a common civil contract. It was one of their ordinary tricks, to put their sentiments into the mouths of certain personated characters, while they theatrically exhibited at the bar of what ought to be a serious assembly. * * * * The practice of divorce, though in some countries permitted, has been discouraged in all. In the East, polygamy and divorce are in discredit, and the manners correct the laws. In Rome, while Rome was in its integrity, the few causes allowed for divorce amounted in effect to a prohibition. They were only three; the arbitrary was totally excluded; and accordingly, some hundreds of years passed, without a single example of that kind. When manners were corrupted, the laws were relaxed; as the latter always follow the former, when they are not able to vanquish them."

From this view of the principle, he gives the statement of the practical effect. It is perhaps one of the most extraordinary instances in the history of moral disorder. "I have before me the Paris paper, corresponding to the usual register of births, marriages, and deaths. Divorce, happily, is no regular head of registry among civilized nations. With the Jacobins, it is remarkable, that divorce is not only a regular head, but that it has the post of honour. It occupies the first place in the list. In the first three months of

the year 1793, the number of divorces in that city amounted to 562! The marriages were 1785. So that the proportion of divorces to marriages was not much less than *one to three*; a thing unexampled, I believe, among mankind. I caused an enquiry to be made at Doctors' Commons, and found that *all the divorces* (which, except by special act of Parliament, are separations, and not proper divorces) did not amount, in all those Courts, and in a *hundred years*, to much more than *one-fifth of those that passed in the single city of Paris in three months!*"

He then sums up the charge. "It appears as if the contract which renovates the world, were under no law at all. With the Jacobins of France, vague intercourse is without reproach; marriage is reduced to the vilest concubinage; children are encouraged to cut the throats of their parents; mothers are taught that tenderness is no part of their character, and that to demonstrate their attachment to their party, they ought to make no scruple to rake with their bloody hands in the bowels of those who came from their own."

But the annals of rabble sovereignty are to be written in still blacker characters. All that could combine impurity with outrage had been already exhibited. The next step was the combination of all that could revolt the senses, with all that could shock the feelings, the combination of disgust with horror. "To this list," Burke, in shame for human nature, adds, the practice of *cannibalism*. "By cannibalism, their *devouring*, as a nutriment of their ferocity, some part of the *bodies of those whom they murdered*; their *drinking the blood of their victims*, and forcing the victims themselves to *drink the blood of their kindred, slaughtered before their faces.*"

The general result of these frightful mixtures of ferocity and festivity; this sanguinary revel on things which nature abhors; this poisoning of every natural appetite, to poison every natural sensibility; this demon feast of wild scoffing, mad sport, and godless abomination, was the total overthrow of the public mind. If ever a whole nation was bedlamite, France was mad. The whole and the sole business of the people was blood-

shed. The mob of Paris were not to be beguiled of an hour's *ennui* but by sights that make the frame of man shudder, and his eyes abhor the light of day. The scaffold was the great festival, the national entertainment, to attend which the population rose from their beds, and to dream whose novel atrocities on the morrow, the nation laid their heads on a contented pillow. Murder made the single exhilaration of French existence. This, too, was part and parcel of the Jacobin receipt for proselytism. It was no accidental burst of ambitious vice, no sudden and unruly divergence from the rough road by which the Jacobin principles were to travel to supremacy, no wild blaze of the explosive materials which the policy of the legislature of rebellion would have used gradually, and modified into regularity of ruin. The system was, to turn all into explosion; to inflame every furious propensity of the degenerate heart of man into its fullest fever; to scorn consequences, however instant and appalling, and to think only of means, however costly and wrought of public misfortune; to make the axe the virtual instrument of all change, and make all change for the purpose of all evil, a general and irretrievable overthrow of society from its foundations. Those things will not be believed by posterity but on such high evidence as is furnished by the pages of Burke. And those pages thus become important to the last hours of mankind, as the record of those vehement plagues which may be stored up in the human passions. For this great use they will be immortal, and be worth their immortality, whatever change of language, whatever decay of taste; whatever barbarism of the national mind, impressed by poverty, revolt, or chains; whatever bitter business of national life, may absorb, or paralyze, all sense of philosophical thought, of the captivation of the noblest oratory, or of the manliest knowledge and direction of the motives of man; and thus Burke's intellectual honours may moulder away, yet still his *facts* will be in existence for the wisdom of the future. The catacomb and the corpse will be there, when the temple that once stood

above them is swept away in the tempest, or covered with the weed and the sand.

To render the people *profligate*, and keep them perpetually employed in hurrying from one display of profligacy to another, to make France drunk with licentiousness, was a settled rule of the Jacobin government. "While courts of justice were thrust out by revolutionary tribunals, and silent churches were only the funeral monuments of departed religion, there were no fewer than nineteen or twenty (*twenty-eight*) theatres, great and small, most of them kept open at the public expense, and all of them crowded every night. Among the gaunt, haggard forms of famine and nakedness, amidst the yells of murder, the tears of affliction, and the cries of despair, the song, the dance, the mimic scene, the buffoon laughter, went on as regularly as in the gay hour of festive peace. I have it from good authority, that *under the scaffold of judicial murder, and the gaping planks that poured down blood on the spectators, the space was hired out for a show of dancing dogs!* * * * * * The habits of Paris had no resemblance to the finished virtues, or to the polished vice, and elegant, though not blameless, luxury of the capital of a great empire. Their society was more like that of a den of outlaws upon a doubtful frontier; of a lewd tavern for the revels and debauches of banditti, assassins, bravoës, smugglers, and their more desperate paramours, mixed with bombastic players, the refuse and rejected offal of strolling theatres, puffing out ill-sorted verses about virtue, mixed with the licentious and blasphemous songs proper to their brutal and hardened course of life."

Repelling as is this picture of depravity, Burke might have gone further still, and heightened the picture by the contrast of the depravity with its purpose. It was to build thrones for a succession of obscure and miserable villains that all human order was to be thus cast into confusion. The purpose was not founded, nor capable of being founded, in any of those dazzling generalities which daring and excitable minds have so often mistaken for virtue. It was

not for the glory of their country, for the establishment of renovated law, for the clearance of the national soil from the old encumbrances of feudalism. All this had been done by the first wave of the national hand. All that could have obstructed the path of France to the temple of guiltless freedom had vanished like an apparition, at a word. But it was only when the work of wisdom was done, that the work of overthrow began; it was only when the King had taken the lead in breaking the few relaxed and time-worn fetters of France, that they discovered his criminality; it was only when the constitution was complete, that the revolutionary torch was kindled, and the populace was hurried on, bewildered by its blaze, in a riotous bacchanalian revel of vice and fury, to fire at once the palace and the temple in which their liberty had been but just proclaimed and consecrated.

The purpose of the Revolution from this hour was totally selfish and sensual. The Dantons, Heberts, Marats, and Robespierres, were totally incapable of the commonest degree of self-denial that belongs to the commonest patriotism; their object was personal power, as the price of personal luxury, and their instrument was the guillotine. The sincerity of their villainy would have scoffed at the supposition that the power of their country was the prize for which they swam through such an ocean of blood. It was solely that they might revel in the full feast of the senses, wallow in the wealth of rapine, and dissolve in the grossest corruptions of the lowest voluptuary, that those crimsoned epicures drained the arteries of France. The hideous licentiousness of their private hours is not to be disclosed, without doing more offence to morals than its disclosure could do homage to justice. But if the memory of its details be best consigned to the tomb, with the remnants of the regicides themselves, the character of their lives is still worth being remembered for its moral. There let nations see the full amount of rabble patriotism; in the portraits of those arrogant, selfish, and bloody seekers after pleasure, the true countenances of those flatterers of popular vanity who make

a profession of public virtue. Let them mark also, in the furies of their career, in their contempt of public feelings, in their crush of public rights, in their wild, lavish, and implacable love of the sights and sounds of public misery, the natural consummation of a character which begins by political hypocrisy, which is found flinging itself on its knees in the mire before the populace, which stoops to the infinite meanness of praising the ignorant for their knowledge, the headlong for their judgment, the foolish for their wisdom, the mean for their elevation, the prostitute for their virtue, and flattering the rabble only to cheat the nation, pronouncing the politicians of the streets to be the legitimate guides of empire, swindle themselves into power. To this extent, even the example of the French regicides is convertible into use. It gives us the natural consummation of the candidate for popular supremacy. If the restraints of other times and lands are still too strong for the full embodying of his ambition, it shews us the shape which that ambition tends to assume. We see in the disposal of the train the course of the conflagration; it may operate as a summons to lazy security, to trample on the dragon's eggs, when we see the breadth of wing, and venom of fang, to which they may be incubated. In this feeling we may endure even to uncover the grave of the atheist and the murderer, and comparing the matured horrors of the physiognomy of revolution, with the features of pretended patriotism, the regicide with the demagogue, guard ourselves against the measureless folly of being deluded by professions, flattered out of our common sense, and seduced into the absurdity of believing that the political liar, the sycophant of the mob whom he hates, the craver for that authority which he affects to scorn, the influencer of every ignorant impulse of rabble passion, the hypocrite in all things but his contempt of religion, can require any thing but power, to give the evil of his miscreant nature full play, and sacrifice the peace of an empire to the triumph of his lust of possession.

To the plea put forward with insolent pertinacity by Jacobinism in

England, that, whatever might be the ebullitions of French freedom, England must regard the Republic as a legitimate authority, Burke replies with overwhelming truth, and in his richest flow of conception, that republican France was not France; that it wanted all the old true constituent principles of the country once regarded as capable of entering into the social system; that France was eviscerated of all the nobler organs which once gave it a European existence, and was filled in their place with nothing but brute qualities, perverted powers, and instincts of evil. Nothing could be more indisputable. With all its good extinguished, and all its evil infuriated, France was no more France, than a human being transformed into a tiger would be worthy to retain the name of man. The change in nature justifies, and commands, a change in all the external relations of society. France sailing in the common fleet of nations, whether freighted with the rich commodities of peace, or armed with the furniture and munitions of war, was a noble vessel, entitled to the full benefit of the laws of peace or war. But what jurist, in all the extravagance of liberality, would extend those laws to the fireship; France turned into the conveyancer of death, her whole freightage pregnant with ruin, and amassed, laid, and primed, for the express purpose of ruin, a floating pile of incendiarism, lying at single anchor, to be let loose on all within reach, and whose slightest touch was conflagration? Burke states the case on the broadest principles. "It is a question not between France and England. It is a question between *property and force*. *The property of the nation is the nation!* They who massacre, plunder, and expel the body of the proprietary, are *murderers and robbers*." This bold assertion of the principle on which the whole existence of civilized nations depends, was the true answer to the sycophancy that then and now adulates the rabble as the true foundation of power. On the large scale of public concerns, which constitutes the object and the grounds of all rational government, property can be the only quality under which the *nation* can be contemplated. Property in the subject is the only security to the State, for

either the ability, the knowledge, or the subordination of the subject. Mere personal integrity, important as it is to the individual, is essentially too personal and indistinguishable to form an object to the statesman's eye, which must take in the whole horizon of national character; mere intellectual superiority must be rare: thus, though no man will justly compare wealth with the personal possession of moral excellence, learning, or genius, yet those incomparable qualities are, by their nature, unfit to classify mankind. But, in a general sense, the acquisition of wealth implies them all. It may be the fruit of individual crime, or the gift of chance, in a single case; but in any large mass of mankind, the acquisition of wealth is necessarily bound up with industry, intelligence, and integrity. As the possession of wealth implies obedience to the laws, an indisposition to public hazards, and, if not a zeal of loyalty, a reluctance to traffic in rebellion, it constitutes what, to the legislator, is the very highest qualification in all that he manipulates, a moral security against the ruinous appetite for political change. Thus it is that *property* becomes the natural, social representative of all that forms the national vigour, worth, and capability of enjoying the benefits and retaining the solid shape of a regular community. Thus it is that democracy, which always depreciates the power of property, to elevate the power of the populace, is essentially wrong. Thus it is, that affecting to make undiscovered talents, humble integrity, and disinterested love of the public good, its idols, it actually degrades them from their true rank, and, by extinguishing the property which has been ordained by nature to be the true nurse, the active introducer, the vivid stimulant, and general pledge of them all, prostrates the whole moral and intellectual ability of the nation before brute force. Democracy establishes, that the fact of being born gives a claim to political power; that having two legs and two arms is a sufficient plea for the seizure of the State; and in all instances, that where force can prevail, its triumph is legitimate. Overleaping at once the whole system of gradual approach to that

height, on which it requires so long and mature a training to stand without turning the brain; breaking down all the gates and barriers at which, by the old and wise regulations of public experience, the aspirants for public distinctions must shew their passports, and give account of themselves; it only turns ignorance into presumption, and power into tyranny. This was its career in France, and it will be its career in every land where the democratic principle is predominant; but a distinction must be drawn between a republic and a democracy. The republic may have all the institutions of a monarchy. The American government is as much monarchical at this hour as the British, in all but the name. The power of the President is, virtually, as unshackled as that of the King of England. Neither of them can act but by his ministers. The President is a King for five years; the King a President for life. But the hazard which menaces all republics is, that they tend to vitiate into democracies. Their acknowledged deference for the mere multitude, the gross error of suffering *numbers* to be an element of legislation, and the perpetual necessity imposed on the members of the legislature to flatter the passions, exaggerate the consequence, and solicit the caprices of the populace, naturally deliver them, bound hand and foot, to the tyranny of the rabble. The simple American principle of election, one representative for every forty thousand human beings, must rapidly render the mere rude population masters of the government, propagate a race of demagogues, and render popular delusion the only quality of the representative, as physical force is the only requisite of the represented. The result must be either the total abolition of the due and salutary influence of property in the state, or a civil war of property against rapine. The only security for a settled government, or national progress, must lie in the direct contrary; in declaring political privileges, as in England, to be not a *natural right*, but a conventional reward; in holding forth the power of election to the legislature, not as the result of being born, in which merit or demerit can have no place,

but as the result of superior intelligence, industry, and character; or, as the chief indication and fruit of them all, of a certain acknowledgment of those qualities,—in the possession of *property*. Thus had England, in her days of wisdom, established her constitution. The right of voting for the member of Parliament was given to the workman who had served his apprenticeship with credit, to the man who had earned, by long residence and character, the freedom of the borough, to the son of the freeman, to the man by whom it had been purchased by his money, by the respect of his townsmen, by his office, or by eminent public services. In nearly all instances, it was in the declared shape of an equivalent for some real or conceived merit, which marked the individual from the mass of the community. The practice, of course, sometimes deviated. But the principle was fixed; and until it was abolished by the Act, which, retaining a nominal qualification of property, actually made *numbers* the arbiter of the House of Commons, was the great maxim by which English liberty was raised to the most unexampled elevation, without the disturbance of English tranquillity.

"The French democracy," Burke insists, with still increasing force of logic and boldness of illustration, was not to be disguised under the pacific and commonplace name of a victory of party over party. "It was a destruction and decomposition of the whole society, which never can be made *of right*, by any faction, however powerful, nor without terrible consequences to all about it, in both the act and the example. Mere locality does not constitute a body politic. Had Cade and his gang got possession of London, they would not have been the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council. The body politic of France existed in the majesty of its throne, in the dignity of its nobility, in the honour of its gentry, in the sanctity of its clergy, in the reverence of its magistracy, in the weight due to its landed property in the several bailliwages, in the respect due to its movable substance represented by the corporations of the kingdom. All those particular *molecules*

united, form the great mass of what is truly *the body politic* in all countries. *Nation* is a moral essence, not a geographical arrangement. France, though out of her territorial possessions, exists; because the sole possible claimant, the proprietary, and the government to which the proprietary adheres, exists. The regicides in France are not France. France is out of her bounds, but the kingdom is the same."

But he renders the reasoning at once clearer and more impressive, by bringing the subject to our own shores. He supposes the fury of revolution to have been let loose in England instead of France; George the Third to have been the sacrifice instead of Louis the Sixteenth; our Royal Family destroyed; the great body of the clergy massacred, or robbed of all, and transported; and then asks, and with irresistible force, would any man in his senses pronounce their murderers and robbers who remained behind, to constitute the English nation?

"Let us suppose," he exclaims, in language pathetic and powerful, "that the Christian religion, in all its denominations, were forbidden and persecuted—the Law totally, and in all its parts, destroyed—the Judges put to death by revolutionary tribunals—the Peers and Commons robbed, to the last acre of their estates, massacred if they staid, or obliged to seek life in flight, exile, or beggary—that the whole landed property should share the same fate—that every military and naval officer of rank, almost to a man, should be placed in the same description of confiscation and exile—that the principal merchants and bankers should be drawn out, as from a hen-coop, for slaughter—that the citizens of our greatest and most flourishing cities, where the hand and the machinery of the hangman were not found sufficient, should have been collected in the public squares, and massacred, by thousands, with cannon—if three hundred thousand others should have been doomed to a situation worse than death, in noisome and pestilential prisons,—in such a case, is it in the *faction of robbers* that I am to look for my country? Would this be the England that I, and even strangers, admired, honoured,

loved, and cherished? Would not the exiles of England alone be my government and my fellow-citizens? Would not their places of refuge be my temporary country? Would not all my duties and all my affections be there, and there only? Should I consider myself as a traitor, and deserving of death, if I knocked at the door and heart of every potentate in Christendom, to succour my friends, and to avenge them on their enemies? Could I, in any way, shew myself more a patriot? What should I think of those potentates who insulted our suffering brethren; who treated them as vagrants; and could find no allies, no friends, but in regicide murderers and robbers? What ought I to think and feel, if, being geographers instead of kings, they recognised the desolated cities, the wasted fields, the rivers polluted with blood, as the honourable member of Europe called England?"

The condition of the emigrant noblesse and clergy of France had already excited strong commiseration in England, in some degree through Burke's personal zeal, and the high influence which his character enabled him to exert upon the opulent and noble classes. It was to the honour of this country, and it may have been no slight element in her preservation, that her charity to those unhappy people was boundless, and that public subscription, private benevolence, and the protection of Government, were instantly and incessantly extended to the whole multitude, who, though strangers in language, alien in faith, and almost irreconcilable in manners and feelings to the English mind, were recognised by the nation as sufferers in the cause of loyalty and honour. Fortunate for those who took refuge under the wing of Britain. But the state of the emigrants in the continental kingdoms was of a different order. Those kingdoms, from their very constitution as absolute monarchies, were incapable of rendering the broad, fearless, uncalculating generosity of the British empire. Despotisms may be wise, vigorous, and successful, but their whole generosity must arise from the caprice of the sovereign. Where the people have no voice, and thus personal

emotion cannot impel the national councils, all must be cold, severe, and selfish. Cabinets never feel. The immediate circumstances of the Continental Cabinets, too, were delicate. The power of France in arms was tremblingly acknowledged; her power in conspiracy was still more tremblingly feared; and where every King was compelled, by heavy losses in the field, and perpetual disaffection among his subjects, to think of the hour when he might be compelled to beg peace on his knees at the footstool of the fierce Republic, it became a matter of serious consideration to what extent benevolence to the emigrants of France might be extended. That this consideration would not have been entertained a moment by England, free, fearless, and trained by Protestantism to religious toleration and personal charity, is unquestionable. That it was a vulgar, imperfect, and impure policy in the monarchs of the Continent, is equally unquestionable. No nation was ever a loser by its humanity; no national councils were ever the more bewildered by raising themselves from the misty and earthward speculations of self-interest to the nobler principles that come from above. No national resistance was ever the more withered by throwing its shield across the unfortunate, and gallantly bestriding the fallen in the cause of virtue and allegiance. The general conduct of the Continental sovereigns to the corps of Condé, in this sense, deserved the indignant reprobation of the great orator. Still filling up his powerful outline with a pencil dipt in English sorrows, he holds the history-piece of shame and unmerited suffering up to the eye of Europe. "In that condition (the exile and confiscation of the leading ranks of this country), what should we think of Sweden, Denmark, or Holland, or whatever power afforded us a churlish and treacherous hospitality, if they should invite us to join the standard of our king, our laws, and our religion; and, after all this, taking advantage of our deplorable situation, were to treat us as the vilest of mercenaries? What would be our sentiments, if, in that miserable service, we were not to be considered either as English, or as Swedes,

Dutch, Danes, but as outcasts of the human race? * * * Should we not obtest Heaven, and whatever justice there is yet on earth? *Oppression makes wise men mad: but the distemper is still the madness of the wise, which is better than the sobriety of fools!* The cry is the voice of sacred misery, exalted, not into wild raving, but into the sanctified frenzy of prophecy and inspiration! In that bitterness of soul, in that indignation of suffering virtue, in that exaltation of despair, would not persecuted English loyalty cry out, with an awful, warning voice; and denounce the destruction that waits on monarchs who consider fidelity to them as the most degrading of all vices; who suffer it to be punished as the most abominable of all crimes; and who have no respect but for rebels, traitors, regicides, and furious negro slaves, whose crimes have broke their chains!"

He now remonstrates, with equal and generous vehemence, against the royal impolicy of this desertion. "Would not this warm language of high indignation have more of sound reason in it, more of real affection, more of true attachment, than all the lullabies of flatterers, who would hush monarchs to sleep in the arms of death? Let them be well convinced, that if ever this example should prevail in its full extent, it will have its full operation. While kings stand firm on their base, though under that base there is a sure-wrought mine, there will not be wanting to their levees a single person of those who are attached to their fortune and not to their cause. But hereafter none will support a tottering throne. Some will fly, for fear of being crushed under the ruin, and some will join in making it. * * * This example *we* shall give, if, instead of adhering to our fellows in a cause which is an honour to us all, we abandon the lawful government and lawful corporate body of France, to hunt for a shameful and ruinous fraternity with this odious usurpation that disgraces the human race. And is their example nothing? It is every thing. Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn in no other. The war is a war against that example. It is *not* a war for Louis XVIII., nor even for the property, virtue, and

fidelity of France. It is a war for George III., for Francis II., and for all the dignity, property, honour, virtue, and religion of England, of Germany, and of all nations."

It could scarcely be conceived that the steady opposition given by a man of the eminence of Burke to republicanism, should have escaped the wrath of those whose principles, if they deserved the name, he so triumphantly trampled. The whole body of sectarianism in England, always eager to tamper with the constitution, and always hostile to monarchy, were furious at the sound of his name; and scarcely a week passed in which some penurious little pamphlet from some bitter polemic was not launched at him; to be, before the week was over, forgotten. But patriotic wrath could speak out in France more fearlessly of retaliation. One of the orators of the Republic is still on record as exclaiming, "The moment is not yet arrived in which may be seen at the bar of the Revolutionary Tribunal that Orestes of the British Parliament, the *madman* Burke, the insolent Lord Grenville, or the plotter Pitt. But the moment is arrived, in which the public have summoned them to the bar of their opinion. The moment is arrived in which they are consigned to the detestation of all nations, whose anathemas they so richly deserve; scourges of the earth, and vultures preying on the vitals of the people, they have failed not to scatter their crimes and their gold to distract a nation which they despaired of being able to conquer." The orator then proceeded in the true strain of Jacobin justice, "Soon shall they be laid prostrate before the Man of Liberty, from which they shall rise only to mount the scaffold that awaits them, and to expiate by their deaths the evils in which they have involved the human race."

The Letters on the Regicide Peace were welcomed by the empire with acclamation. Their eloquence, animation, and beauty, were largely acknowledged by the public taste, but the soundness of their views produced the more important effect of conviction upon the public understanding. They satisfied every rational mind of the dishonour and hazard of attempting to form treaties with men profligately ostenta-

tious of a contempt for all good faith, bound by no personal principle, stained with blood shed in violation of all principle, and hourly wreaking the most remorseless vengeance on each other. The "Letters" cheered the national spirit to renewed resistance, and by pointing out the path of honour, led it into the path of safety.

A slight, but very impudent trans-action, connected with those papers, occupied the public attention for a moment. A bookseller of the name of Owen, who had published the "Letter to the Duke of Bedford" for the author, had been also intrusted with the MSS. of the "Letters on a Regicide Peace." On his being called on to account for the produce of the former work, he had the effrontery to say that it had been *given* to him. This Burke distinctly contradicted; but after some further dispute, weary of the matter, and unwilling to be seen involved with a fellow of this order, he gave up the question; but, of course, desired him to return the MSS. of the Letters on the Regicide Peace. Owen, having succeeded by his effrontery in one instance, now tried how far it might succeed in another; and actually sent the MSS. to press for his own behoof, in direct defiance of Burke's indignant prohibition. This, however, stretched the expedient too far. An injunction was obtained, and the sale of the work was stopped accordingly. Owen vented his wrath in some impotent scribbling against "Edmund Burke the pensioner."

To those who doubt altogether the power of political foresight, and look upon the great statesman as only the more successful guesser, it is unimportant to remark on the views of Burke as to the nature, results, and even the duration of the war. To those who are anxious to know how far dependence may actually be placed on human sagacity, the operation of that sagacity in his instance, may afford a cheering confidence in the councils of eminent men.

It is observable, that the three leaders of opinion evidently adopted three separate lines of character with reference to the French war. Fox viewed it, as a partisan—Pitt, as a politician—Burke, as a philosopher. Fox, sanguine in all his feelings, and

captivated by the popular spirit in France, pronounced that resistance was absurd, if not impossible. Pitt, confident of the resources of England, and relying on the strong self-interest of the continental powers, was satisfied that resistance was not merely possible, but would be triumphant; that the struggle would be brief, and that the bankruptcy of France would rapidly extinguish the Revolution. Burke's conceptions differed from those of both; and as laid down in the Letters on the Regicide Peace, so early as 1796, were these:—That the war would not only be violent, but protracted; that it was essential to ultimate success; that the French territory should *not* be held forth as the object of any partition or spoliation by the Allies; that it was essential to distinguish, in the allied hostilities, between the Government and the Nation, and to declare against the Jacobin faction, as separate from the people; that it was essential to the conduct of the war to attack France on her own territory, in the first instance, by giving the aid of a British army to the Vendée; that it was impolitic to employ troops and fleets in reducing West India islands, while the French faction were suffered to overrun the Continent; and that England, possessing in Great Britain an actual force of 200,000 troops, and in Ireland of 80,000, with an unrivalled navy of 500 ships of war, had but to choose on what part of France she desired to make a resistless impression.

It is evident from those data, that Burke saw into the future with a clearness which would have made his councils invaluable to the empire. All the errors of the war arose from a neglect of those views, as all its successes arose from their adoption in its later years. It was only from the time when England directed all her efforts against the territory of France, threw a powerful body of troops upon the Continent, made her militias the nursery of her regular soldiery, and instead of wasting her fleets on sugar island expeditions, employed them to sustain her invasions, that she began to prosper. It was only when, by her example, her Allies adopted the determination to engage France on her own soil, to disclaim all partition, and to declare that the war was *not*

against the nation, but against the ambition, perfidy, and tyranny of her Government, that the Allies first learned the true road of the march to Paris.

From this period, Burke's health visibly declined. For some years he had totally retired into the country; and though country life has its pleasures and advantages, yet for an individual of studious habits, it may be the least conducive to health of body or activity of mind of any that can be selected. Its pleasures are for the sportsman, its advantages for the farmer. The man of study requires exercise and conversation. The former he can scarcely ever urge himself to seek, and the latter he can as seldom hope to find. It is only in large cities that we can fully indulge in either. The extraordinary labours of his Parliamentary life had tended to shake Burke's constitution; and when the stimulus of the time was lost, and his mind was additionally oppressed by that deep and singular sorrow in which it had been plunged by the death of his son, his whole frame sank into premature infirmity. Party malice was of course alive on the occasion; he had driven too many Jacobins into insignificance, and had awed too many of the powerful, to be left to close his momentous and patriotic career in tranquillity. Rumours were spread of his wanderings of mind, until the question was, whether his state was more that of fatuity or frenzy. This was one of the evils to which his resolution of retirement exposed him. The rumours at length assumed so defined a shape, that his friends in London became anxious; and one of them, a man of consequence, went to Beaconsfield to ascertain the truth. He found Burke looking feeble, but without any deficiency of that ardour and intelligence which so habitually animated him in conversation. In the course of the interview, in which the politeness of the guest had avoided all mention of his object, Burke brought incidentally from his desk some fragments of the "Letters on the Regicide Peace," which he was then writing. Those, at least, were satisfactory proofs of the surviving vigour of his intellect. Like the great Greek tragedian who

was charged with a similar decay, and who, throwing his last work before his judges, gained the day, the great English statesman, altogether unconscious of his friend's purpose, instantly put an end to all doubts of his preeminent capacity.

One of the stories which had peculiarly gained credence, was, that he was reduced to such a state of mental alienation, as to wander round his grounds, making harangues to the cattle, and even weeping over them. This exaggeration was found to have been raised on the following natural and affecting circumstance. The horse which his son had generally rode, and which was now growing old, had ever since its master's death been suffered to run loose in the park, and was kept from all kinds of labour. Burke's good-natured habits extended to every thing, and all his cattle were tamed by his kindness. But one day when he was walking, in his usual melancholy musings, he saw the old horse come close to him, look at him for a while, and then quietly lay its head on his bosom. The recollections of his dead son, and the apparent feeling of the poor animal, together overpowered him, and falling on its neck, he burst into a flood of tears.

But common report reaches all men by too many channels, to have been completely excluded from Burke. He knew that he was charged with at least political insanity. This he always treated with the lightness it deserved. "Some part of the world," he said one day to a relative, "the Jacobin part of it, think, or affect to think, that I am mad. But believe me, the world, twenty years hence, will, and with reason too, think, from their conduct, that *they* must have been mad." Such is the bitterness of party; or rather, such is its folly. For those rumours were chiefly propagated at the moment when he was giving proofs of his genius, scarcely rivalled by himself, and not merely of his genius, but of his indefatigable research,—and not merely of his research, but of that deliberate, clear, and profound insight into public affairs, that philosophy of politics, which above all establishes the evidence of intellectual solidity. He had but just before scourged the

arrogant coxcombery of the Duke of Bedford; and if ever public punishment was inflicted with the dignity of a judge, and the keenness of an executioner, it was in the flagellation of that noble espouser of the "majesty of the people." He was in the act of sending forth to the world the matchless Letters in which all the fires of his mind blazed for a beacon to Europe. The trumpet was at his lips which marshalled the dejected hopes of England, and roused the broken faculties of Continental resistance, to a struggle for the rights of human nature. He was at that moment bringing down in his hand from the Mount and Oracle of moral and political wisdom, covered with clouds and darkness as it was, to every eye but his own, the great principles of national and universal security; and it was then that the rioters and feasters, the apostates from the ancient homage, and the bowers down to the impure, fabricated, and brute image of French Jacobinism, were loudest in their affected contempt for his mission and understanding. Yet there were manlier judgments even among his political opposers. A criticism, attributed to Sir James Mackintosh, pronounced the "Letters" to be among the most distinguished works even of their author—possessing "the same vast reach and comprehension of view—the same unbounded variety of allusion, illustration, and ornament, drawn from every province of nature and science—the same unrivalled mastery over language—the same happy power of relieving the harshness of political dispute by beautiful effusions of sentiment, and of dignifying composition by grave and lofty maxims of moral and civil wisdom—the same unlimited sway over the human passions, filling us, at his pleasure, with indignation, with horror, or with pity. There is nothing ordinary in his view of a subject. He is, perhaps, of all writers, the one of whom it may be said, with the strictest truth, that no idea appears hackneyed in his hands, no topic seems commonplace, when he treats it. When the subject must (from the narrowness of human conception, which bounds even the genius of Burke) be borrowed, the turn of thought,

and the manner of presenting it, are his own. The attitude and drapery are peculiar to the master."

Fox, in all the violence of public opposition, had the candour to acknowledge and admire the singular foresight of Burke. He often expressed his wonder at the truth of his predictions in the successive phases of the Revolution and the war. A nobleman of his party was once observing, that Burke's extraordinary declarations on the struggle with France would be looked on by posterity only as the effusions of a brilliant lunatic. Fox replied, that "whether insane or inspired, fate seemed determined to make him an uncommon political prophet."

One character of his prediction was uniform, and in it he had the further peculiarity of being alone. From the beginning, he pronounced that the war would be desperate, dangerous, and *long*. Those who remember the predictions of Fox, who pronounced that France, having taken up arms only for liberty, would scorn to retain them for conquest; and those who alike remember the strong anticipations with which England, for some years, hailed the commencement of every campaign, and the sanguine speeches with which the most distinguished members of Government almost pledged themselves to immediate national success, will do honour to the powerful penetration, which, avoiding the errors at once of revolutionary confidence, and of precipitate triumph, led his step through the dimness and difficulties of the future. To an observation on the probable success of the negotiations at Lisle, as the direct step to the close of the Revolution—"The close of the French Revolution, indeed!" exclaimed Burke. "The Revolution at an end! Why, sir, it is scarcely begun. As yet you have heard only the first music. You may see the actors by and by. But neither you nor I can expect to see the fifth act of the play." It is equally remarkable, that he alone pointed to the coming of the shadow which the iniquitous partition of Poland threw over the fortunes of the Continent. Opposition had, of course, made it a theme, and flourished in metaphor on the atrocities of despotism. But Opposition had already rendered itself

impotent on the subject, by openly resisting the efforts which Mr Pitt had made to check the grasping ambition of Russia. The resolutions moved by Mr Whitbread, which we have already given in one of these papers, and which were the boast of the party, unquestionably emboldened Russia to commit that act of consummate rapine. If the seizure of Oczakow, whether important or not as a fortress, had been forbidden by a British fleet, on the just plea that it was an infraction of the rights of nations, Russia would never have dared to commit the gigantic and bloody spoliation of Poland. "Hereafter," said Burke, on the march of the Russian armies, "the world will have cause to rue this iniquitous measure, and *they* most who *were* most concerned in it." Vienna twice captured, the long and bitter slavery of Prussia, the ravage of Russia and the conflagration of Moscow, were the answer to the prediction.

His opinions during the progress of the war were equally sound, and at variance with both the Cabinet and Opposition. Fox pronounced peace the only panacea. Pitt pronounced a war of finance the only way to triumph. Burke pronounced peace with Jacobinism to be ruin, embittered by insult. To the hopes of a war of finance, he loftily replied by asking, where was the bank of the Saracens in their conquests, what was the credit of the paper money of the sands of Arabia? In an incomparable picture of the duties of a great Minister, he calls upon the Government to enlist, not the interests of a class, but the feelings of a nation. "In so holy a cause, it was presumed that the Minister would have opened all the temples; and with prayer, with fasting, and with supplication, (better directed than to the grim Moloch of regicide in France,) have called upon us to raise that united cry, which has so often stormed Heaven, and, with a pious violence, forced down blessings upon a repentant people."

He still perseveres in his principle of making the war an appeal to the higher sentiments of the nation, finely saying,—“Never was there a jar or discord between genuine sentiment and sound policy. Never, no, never, did Nature say one thing and Wis-

dom another. Nor are sentiments of elevation in themselves turgid and unnatural. Nature is never more truly herself, than in her grandest form. The Apollo Belvidere is as much in nature, as any figure from the pencil of Rembrandt, or any clown in the rustic revels of Teniers. Indeed, it is when a nation is in great difficulties, that minds must exalt themselves to the occasion, or all is lost. Strong passion, under the direction of a feeble reason, feeds a low fever, which serves only to destroy the body that entertains it. But vehement passion does not always indicate an infirm judgment. It often accompanies, and actuates, and is even auxiliary to a powerful understanding; and when they both act harmoniously, their force is great to destroy disorder within, and to repel injury from abroad. If ever there was a time that calls on us for no vulgar conception of things, and for exertions in no vulgar strain, it is the awful hour that Providence has now appointed to this nation. Every little measure is a great error, and every great error will bring on no small ruin."

A feature of all distinguished minds is activity; and Burke's retirement to the country only added another topic of interest to his circle of practical and benevolent studies. Agriculture had long been a favourite contemplation, though it may be presumed that, in his case, as in that of philosophers and scholars in general, the profits of farming were not among his rewards; but it gave him a large insight into the condition of the peasantry, whose claims he always vindicated against the selfish clamour of the towns. The threat of a scanty harvest had alarmed the nation, and Parliament teemed with projects of a maximum of prices, of wages, &c., and of purchasing grain to be laid up in public granaries. Burke boldly defied the popular voice. "The cry," said he, "of the people in cities and towns, though, unfortunately, from a fear of their multitude and combination, the most regarded, ought, in fact, to be the least attended to on this subject; for citizens are in a state of utter ignorance of the means by which they are to be fed, and they contribute little or nothing, except in an infinitely circuitous manner, to

their own maintenance. They are '*fruges consumere nati.*' They are to be heard with respect and attention upon matters within their province, that is, on trades and manufactures; but on every thing that relates to agriculture, they are to be listened to with the same reverence which we pay to the dogmas of other ignorant and presumptuous men.

"If any one were to tell them that they were to give in an account of all the stock in their shops, that attempts would be made to limit their profits, or raise the price of the labouring manufacturers upon them; or recommend to Government, out of a capital from the public revenues, to set up a shop of the same commodities, in order to rival and keep them in reasonable dealing; they would very soon see the imprudence, injustice, and oppression of such a course, and they would not be mistaken. * * * A greater and more ruinous mistake cannot be fallen into, than that the trades of agriculture and grazing can be conducted on any other than the common principles of commerce,—namely, that the producer should be permitted, and even expected, to look to all the possible profit which, without fraud or violence, he can make; to turn plenty or scarcity to the best advantage he can; to keep back or bring forward his commodities at pleasure; to account to no one for his stock or for his gain. On any other terms, he is the slave of the consumer; and that he should be so, is of no benefit to the consumer."

This rational political economist, rational in a science which, in the hands of our philosophers of the day, is only a grave confusion of ideas, the formality of nonsense, ridicules the idea that Government can provide for popular wants. "The first thing that Government owes to us, the people, is *information*; the second is *coercion*; the one to guide our judgment, the other to regulate our tempers. It can do *very little positive good* in this, or perhaps any thing else." On the other hand, no man was more above the popular sycophancy which disfigures the reputation of so many public men; he spoke as plainly to the peasant as to his lord. "The labouring people," said he, "are poor, only because they are numerous. Numbers, in

their nature, imply poverty. In a fair distribution among a vast multitude, none can have much. That class called the rich is so extremely small, that if all their throats were cut, and a distribution made of all that they consume in a year, it would not give a bit of bread and cheese for one night's supper to those who labour."

He is always contemptuous of the sentimental language adopted in speaking of the humbler classes. "The vigorous and laborious class," said he, "have lately got from the *bou ton* of the humanity of this day the name of the '*labouring poor.*' We have heard many plans for the relief of the '*labouring poor.*' This pulling jargon is not as innocent as it is foolish. In meddling with great affairs, weakness is never innoxious. Hitherto the name of poor, in the sense in which it is used to excite compassion, has not been used for those who *can*, but for those who *cannot* labour, for the sick and infirm, for orphan infancy, for languishing and decrepit age. But when we affect to pity as poor those who must labour, or the world cannot exist, we are trifling with the condition of mankind. It is the common doom of man that he must eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, that is, by the sweat of his body, or the sweat of his mind. If this toil was inflicted as a curse, it is, as might be expected from the Father of all blessings,—it is tempered with many alleviations, many comforts. Every attempt to fly from it, and to refuse the very terms of our existence, becomes much more truly a curse, and heavier pains and penalties fall upon those who would elude the tasks which are put upon them by the great Master of the world. * * * I do not call a healthy young man, cheerful in his mind, and vigorous in his arms,—I cannot call such a man *poor*. I cannot pity my kind, as a kind, merely because they are men. This affected pity only tends to dissatisfy them with their condition, and to teach them to seek resources where no resources are to be found,—in something else than their own industry, frugality, and sobriety."

The career of this illustrious patriot and philosopher was now about to close. A general feebleness of the frame broke him down, and, from the beginning of 1797, his existence was

merely a struggle with dissolution. In February, he was carried to Bath, for the benefit of the waters; but they were soon found ineffectual. In a letter to one of his friends at this time, he says, "My health has gone down very rapidly; and I have been brought hither with very faint hopes of life, and enfeebled to such a degree, as those who had known me some time ago would scarcely think credible. Since I came hither, my sufferings have been greatly aggravated, and my little strength still farther reduced; so that, though I am told the symptoms of my disorder begin to carry a more favourable aspect, I pass the far larger part of the twenty-four hours, indeed almost the whole, either in my bed, or lying on the couch from which I dictate this."

A letter to a relative of the Quaker, his early schoolmaster, written the day before he quitted Bath, after all expectations were over, breathes still more the manliness of Christian resignation.—"I feel, as I ought to do, your constant hereditary kindness to me and mine. What you have heard of my illness is far from exaggerated. *I am, thank God, alive, and that is all.* Hastening to my dissolution, I have to bless Providence that I do not suffer a great deal of pain. * * * I have been at Bath these four months to no purpose, and am therefore to be removed to my own house at Beaconsfield to-morrow, to be nearer to a habitation more permanent, humbly and fearfully hoping that my better part may find a better mansion."

He was anxious to die at home, to breathe his last surrounded by the objects and recollections endeared to him through life. To some one, who probably remonstrated with him on taking so long a journey in his condition, he answered, "It is so far at least *on my way to the tomb*: I may as well travel it alive as dead." Public affairs frequently pressed upon his mind. The period was singularly perilous, and might be termed the crisis of the war. In writing of Ireland, he seems to have contemplated the Union, which took place in three years after, and he grounded it upon the nature of circumstances. "There is a great cry against English influence," said he. "I am quite sure

that it is Irish influence which dreads English habits." The Union was the only alternative, when Separation was the watchword of the Republican faction which convulsed Ireland. Burke's judgment in this case was decided. "Great Britain would be ruined by the Separation of Ireland. But, as there are degrees even in ruin, it would fall the most heavily on Ireland. By such a Separation, Ireland would be the most completely undone country in the world, the most wretched, the most distracted, and, in the end, the most desolate part of the habitable globe."

His councils on English politics were of the same direct, lofty, and uncompromising spirit which had made his voice as the sound of a trumpet to the heart of England. He exhibits to the last that high reliance on the power of the empire to continue the conflict, and that unshaken confidence in her achieving the victory, which formed, in the early part of the war, so strong a contrast with the despondency of public men, and in the close so proudly anticipated the triumphs of the British arms. "Never," exclaims the great patriot, from his deathbed, "*never succumb.* It is a struggle for your existence as a nation. If you must die, die with the sword in your hand. *But I have no fears whatever for the result.* There is a salient living principle of energy in the public mind of England, which only requires proper direction to enable her to withstand this or any other ferocious foe. *Persist, therefore, till this tyranny be overpast.*"

He was now visibly dying; but his mind, in the full conviction that his hour was approaching, was still active, and still occupied alike in those fond and those lofty interests which had so equally occupied his years. He sent messages of remembrance to some peculiarly valued friends, and cleared his account of friendships and enmities with the world, by forgiving all injuries. He talked occasionally of his own political course, of his principles, his purposes, and the prospects of the country. His life had been religious, and its close was Christian. He declared that he sought the Divine mercy on the grounds and principles of the Christian faith, seeking it only through the

blessed Redeemer, "whose intercession," as he himself expressed it, "he had long sought with unfeigned anxiety, and to which he looked with trembling hope." Some of his last moments (July 9, 1797) were occupied in giving directions relative to his decease, and listening to some of Addison's papers on the Immortality of the Soul. While these papers were reading, he became faint, and desired to be carried to his bed. The servants had him in their arms for the purpose, when his breathing became difficult, he uttered an almost inarticulate blessing, and expired.

The public grief for the death of this eminent person was expressed in the strongest language of regret and admiration. His funeral, which took place on the 15th of July in Beaconsfield Church, where he was laid, by his own direction, in the same grave with his son and brother, was attended by a crowd of individuals of distinction. The pall was borne by Lord Minto, Lord Sidmouth (Speaker), the Duke of Portland, Lord Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Thomond, Mr Wyndham, and Lord

Loughborough (Lord Chancellor). Mr Fox proposed that the burial should take place in Westminster Abbey. The will, however, had declared otherwise.

This will was, itself, a document worthy of the mind of Burke. It commenced with the striking and pious acknowledgment of his faith. "According to the ancient, good, and laudable custom, of which my heart and understanding recognise the propriety, I bequeath my soul to God, hoping for his mercy only through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. My body I desire to be buried in the church of Beaconsfield, near to the bodies of my dearest brother and my dearest son; in all humility praying, that as we have lived in perfect unity together, we may together have part in the resurrection of the just."

The arrangement of his property was brief. He gave the whole in fee-simple to his widow, with a legacy of £1000 to his niece, Mrs Hoviland. A plain marble tablet, according to his desire, was erected in Beaconsfield Church, with the inscription, which was completed on the death of Mrs Burke.

Near this place lies interred all

That was mortal of the

Right Honourable EDMUND BURKE,

Who died on the 9th of July, 1797, aged 68 years.

In the same grave are deposited the remains of his only son, Richard Burke, Esq., Representative in Parliament for the Borough of Malton,

Who died the 2d of August, 1794, aged 35;

And of his brother, Richard Burke,

Barrister at Law, and Recorder of the city of Bristol,

Who died on the 4th of February, 1794;

And of his widow, Jane Mary Burke,

Who died on the 2d of April, 1812, aged 78.

Some years previously to her death, Mrs Burke sold the mansion and estate at Beaconsfield, for £38,500, reserving the use of the house and grounds during her life, and for one year after her death. She continued to reside there, much attended to by her husband's friends, until her death.

In her latter years she had suffered from a severe rheumatic attack, which deprived her of the power of

taking exercise. At her death, £5000 were bequeathed to Mrs Hoviland, Burke's niece; and the rest of the property, with the library, and the various presents and memorials given to him during his public life, to his nephew, Mr Nugent. By a curious coincidence, even the mansion did not long outlast its owners. It had been let to a clergyman for the purpose of a school, and was accidentally burnt down, April 23, 1813.

MY COUSIN NICHOLAS.

CHAPTER XI.

ON recovering my senses, I found myself stretched upon a flock bed, in a neighbouring cottage to which I had been conveyed, and supported in the arms of Armitage, whose manly countenance expressed the joy he felt at seeing those eyes reopening to the light of day which he had believed closed for ever. Drench, accompanied by an assistant, stood near, occupied in examining the wound, preparatory to an attempt he was about to make at extracting the ball, which, having entered the higher part of my right breast, had glanced against and broken the collar-bone, finally taking up its quarters in the upper part of the shoulder near the neck. The operation was long and painful, and I more than once relapsed into a state similar to that from which I had so lately emerged before the doctor's endeavours were crowned with success. The bullet, however, was at length dislodged from its asylum, and made its appearance, together with a fragment of my waistcoat, which had very lovingly accompanied it in its progress. Drench announced his prize in a tone which betokened the satisfaction he felt at its extraction, adding that, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood which had taken place, he saw at present no reason to apprehend any ultimate danger from the wound, though certainly a severe one, provided a strict attention to regimen, and to the medicines he should prescribe for the purpose of guarding against the access of fever, was rigidly observed.

This opinion, most oracularly pronounced, seemed to give great satisfaction to somebody, though, so qualified, it amounted in effect to little more than that pronounced by Fielding's model for all diplomats—

"Indeed, I cannot positively say, But, as near as I can guess—I cannot tell."

"Powers of Heaven! accept my thanks!" exclaimed a voice from an obscure corner of the apartment, in the tones of which I had no difficulty in recognising those of Fortescue.

A tattered curtain of the coarsest materials, which hung at the side of my humble couch, had hitherto concealed him from my view. I made an effort to draw it aside, but the pain occasioned by the motion compelled me to desist. The friendly lieutenant, whose attentions had been unintermitting, saw my purpose, and accomplished it. My eye rested upon my late antagonist, who, perceiving that I was aware of his presence, advanced slowly, and placed himself at the foot of the bed. As I marked the agony depicted on his countenance, a doubt as to the truth of my late suspicions sprang up in my mind, and I could not help confessing to myself that his agitation bore every sign of being the genuine emanation of his heart. If it were assumed, and merely the fictitious display of a concern foreign to his feelings, he must be indeed the prince of hypocrites, yet, supposing it real, how could I reconcile its existence with the line of conduct he had pursued.

While I hesitated, his eye sunk under the steadfast gaze of mine, and, uttering a deep sigh, he walked round the bed until he reached my pillow, when, bending over me, he took my hand.

"Stafford!" he exclaimed in a voice of almost awful solemnity, "how deeply I lament the issue of this affair, no one, but the unseen Being whose behests I have obeyed, can truly witness. Could you but see my heart, you would confess that your situation is Paradise compared with mine, and you would look on me with pity rather than resentment. Heaven alone knows how fervently I have prayed to be spared this deed, and, even at the risk of my soul's happiness, would I have avoided it, could you have been prevailed upon to make the only atonement in your power."

I cannot describe the disgust I felt at what I again began to consider the cool impudence of this declaration. "Cease, Captain Fortescue," I replied, "your hypocritical con-

dolements on an evil of your own creating, nor add insult to injury. You have played your part hitherto triumphantly, but be not too secure; the time will come, I doubt not, when I shall be able to unmask your motives, as well as those of the villain who has assumed my name to perpetrate an act, which you still persist in charging upon me. A single interview with Lord Manningham will suffice to overthrow your machinations, and to convince him, by the evidence of his own eyes, of the imposition which has been practised upon him. Leave me, sir; I neither need your affected sympathy, nor desire your presence."

The earnestness of my manner appeared to make an impression upon him; once again he raised his penetrating eye to mine, as he repeated, in an under tone, the word "Imposition," and seemed as he would read my very soul,—"*Imposition!*" he continued, with an incredulous but melancholy movement of the head—"Oh, that it were possible! but it cannot be—Lord Manningham and his lovely daughter could neither be themselves deceived, nor would they practise such a deception upon me."

"Of the latter I am very well satisfied," retorted I, "but that they have themselves been grossly, infamously, deceived, I reassert. That you, sir, have laboured under a similar delusion I by no means take upon me to maintain; and, but that I believe the information to be, as far as you are concerned, unnecessary, I would repeat, that with Lord Manningham I have never yet exchanged a single syllable."

"Gracious Heaven! what would you insinuate?—Is it—can it be possible that there *may* have been an error!—If so, what then am I?—But no! It is *not* possible—Lord Manningham himself assured me"—

"That a scoundrel," interrupted I, staggered in my opinion by his manner, "had introduced himself into his house, and had endeavoured to carry off his daughter; but Lord Manningham could not know that his nephew's carelessness, in suffering a letter to be purloined from him, afforded an easy opportunity to the thief, or his confederates, of palming on him a fictitious relation, and of

nearly making his Amelia the prey of a swindler."

Never shall I forget the expression of Fortescue's countenance as I finished; surprise, distrust, and horror seemed contending within him for the mastery. "What am I to believe?" cried he at length, but in a voice faltering and scarcely articulate, then changing at once to deep sepulchral hoarseness, while his figure seemed to dilate to more than its usual magnitude; "Mr Stafford," he continued, "answer me, I conjure you, as a gentleman and a man of honour; and, as you hope for happiness in this world and the next, answer truly! Are you not the man, who, after meeting Miss Stafford at the theatre, introduced yourself to her father as his nephew, and eventually carried off the young lady to St Albans?"

"I am not, so help me Heaven! That I saw Amelia at the theatre is true, but I was at that time ignorant of her name; I saw her once afterwards descend from a carriage at her father's door, but neither then, nor on any other occasion, previous or subsequent, did I exchange one syllable with her. Unless the gentleman, who at that time accompanied her, be her father, I have never seen Lord Manningham in my life!"

The exertion I used in uttering these words was too much for me, and I sunk back, exhausted, on the pillow. Drench immediately interfered, blaming himself for having permitted the conversation to continue so long in my present condition. "Come, come, gentlemen," cried the doctor, summoning up all his dignity and determination, "I must have no more of this, or my patient will give me the slip after all; and you, sir," he added, addressing himself to Fortescue, "now this more serious matter is disposed of, let us examine your hurt."

It was now that I, for the first time, perceived that Fortescue also was wounded. His escape had been indeed a narrow one, the bullet from my pistol having grazed his temple, the skin of which it had slightly razed. The wound was, of course, trifling in the extreme, but of that, and indeed of every thing else around him, he appeared to be now altogether unconscious. The prof-

ferred assistance of the surgeon he neither accepted nor repulsed, but remained for some moments as in a state of stupefaction, his eyes fixed upon my face, with a vacant stare, frightful to behold and almost impossible to describe; a filmy glassiness obscured their orbs, and gave a ghastliness to their appearance, to be equalled only by that of the fabled Vampire. He remained as it were rooted to the floor for a few seconds, while Drench was describing the exceeding inconvenience which might have arisen "had there been a fracture of the parietal bone," then turned, and abruptly rushed from the cottage.

A chaise, which a son of the peasant whose house we occupied had been despatched to order from the neighbouring town, soon after arrived; into it I was, with some little difficulty, lifted, and, accompanied by Drench and Armitage, who refused to quit me while his attentions could be serviceable, I was conveyed at an easy pace to the Hall. As we slowly rolled along, my thoughts once more reverted from the strange scene which had just passed, to the situation of my mother. I recollected with much uneasiness the letter which I had left for her in my chamber, and trembled with apprehension lest it should have been discovered and delivered. If so, what severe, and, as I now trusted, unnecessary pangs might I not have caused her! nay, who could tell how far she might have been affected? I might be her murderer! In spite of the prohibitions of the doctor, who enjoined me silence, I could not forbear giving vent to my feelings, and expressed my alarm, with an earnest request that the driver might be directed to accelerate his pace, in the hope of preventing so fatal a catastrophe. This however Drench positively refused to accede to, endeavouring to dissipate the uneasiness I felt by reminding me that it was yet scarce eight o'clock, and of the utter improbability that any communication would have been made to the invalid at so early an hour, even admitting, what was very unlikely, that the letter had yet been found by the servants. Happily his prognostics were verified by the event. My very absence had not

been noticed, nor had any one entered my room since I quitted it. The chaise was directed round to a back entrance, and I was carried to my chamber, in a different part of the building from that occupied by Mrs Stafford, without the slightest bustle or disturbance. Poor old Jennings, with sorrow legibly depicted in his venerable countenance, as the ready tear stood in his eye, undertook to officiate as head nurse; while Drench assumed the delicate and difficult task of breaking to my mother, as gently as he could, the event which it was impossible to keep from her knowledge, and also of recounting to her the whole history of my proceedings in London, together with the rascally trick played me there, of all which I now felt obliged to make the worthy son of Hippocrates my wondering confidant. As to my suspicions concerning the principal actor in the farce which had like to have had so tragical a *dénouement*, those I kept closely concealed, for the present, in my own bosom. Of this arduous commission the little doctor acquitted himself with a degree of skill and caution which deserved the highest praise. My mother was indeed sensibly affected at the intelligence of my mishap, but, when he coupled with it the satisfactory information, that, provided common care was observed, nothing more serious than a temporary confinement was to be apprehended, the assurance of that fact, and his story, so completely exonerating me from the charges brought against me, tended most happily to compose, rather than excite, her mind; and, however mixed her sensations might be, those of a pleasurable nature evidently gained the preponderance. Indeed, the anxious desire she now felt to see and console me so stimulated her to exertion, and to the shaking off the torpor which had benumbed her faculties, that I have no hesitation in declaring that the circumstance contributed, on the whole, not a little to the re-establishment of her health. At first her visits, under the regulation of Doctor Drench, were, like those of angels, "few and far between;" but, as her strength improved, and the chances of fever on my side became less to be appre-

hended, they increased both in frequency and duration, till, at length, almost all her time was passed in my apartment.

Some days had elapsed since the duel, and every thing, in the language of the infirmity, was going on "as well as could be expected." The broken bone had been set without difficulty, and, save that the hæmorrhage had produced a considerable degree of weakness, which Drench's water-gruel and barley broth (sorry substitutes for the roast-beef dinners I had been in the habit of discussing) did not altogether tend to correct, I was neither in bad health nor in low spirits, when, one evening, as the shadows were lengthening in the setting sun, the sound of a carriage, and an increasing bustle within doors, announced the arrival of some personage of no common importance. This *distingué* I ventured, and not without reason, to prophesy was Sir Oliver himself, returned from his expedition; and soon the sound of his voice, issuing from the hall, and echoing up the great staircase, reflected great credit on my skill in divination. Miss Pyefinch, who had accompanied my mother to take her tea in the apartment of the invalid, stepped out to inform herself of the cause of the unwonted bustle in the lower regions. She soon came back with the information that the Baronet had arrived, accompanied by two gentlemen and a lady; and that, having earnestly enquired after the state of my health, as well as that of Mrs Stafford, the whole party was now ensconced in the cedar parlour, where the presence of my mother was particularly requested, "provided she felt herself equal to the exertion."

It was a source of no little wonder to me how Sir Oliver had become acquainted with the events of the last week, as, being at the period such a bird of passage, no one had known exactly where to address a letter to him with any probable chance of its coming safely to hand, consequently none of the family had written to him on the subject; I could only conclude, therefore, that he had picked up the news of my rencontre from some gossiping neighbour, as his post-chaise brought him through the town; but, on starting

this supposition, Miss Kitty electrified me by replying that, though she knew not where my uncle had gaited his information, "there was no post-chaise in the case, as the party had arrived in a handsome travelling barouche, with out-riders in rich liveries." Eagerly did I enquire the colour of the latter; the answer was, to my infinite joy, as I had foreboded—"Green and Gold."—Lord Manningham then was arrived, and the whole of this mysterious affair would now be sifted to the bottom.

The hour subsequent to my mother's quitting my apartment, which she did immediately on receiving Sir Oliver's summons, was, I verily believe, one of the longest ever passed by mortal man. I had not even the poor consolation of indulging my own conjectures in quiet, as my companion became now more than usually voluble in giving vent to her own surmises and remarks; and, as she was not particularly happy in the brilliancy of the one, or the ingenuity of the others, I should at that moment have infinitely preferred the peaceful enjoyment of my own; this too the rather, as I had already commenced a curious speculation with regard to the identity of "the Lady," whom my informant mentioned as constituting one of the *partie quarriée* in the "handsome travelling barouche."

It is true Miss Pyefinch had been totally silent as to the age and personal appearance of this traveller of the softer sex, and a feeling, which I did not stop to analyze, prevented my making any enquiries on the subject, but my heart whispered it could be no other than Amelia, the fair, unconscious cause of my late misadventure and present confinement. Always impatient of restraint, I now regretted it the more, inasmuch as it precluded the possibility of my at once satisfying myself whether these fond anticipations were correct. Nay, but that the deranged state of my toilet was altogether incompatible with the attempt, I much doubt whether my wound alone would have been a consideration sufficiently strong to have prevented my making a trial, at least, of the ability of my legs to support me to the cedar parlour. At length, to relieve

my fidgety impatience, which had risen to such a height as to drive my fair entertainer into a monologue, the sound of some one approaching was heard from the gallery that led to my apartment. I had half raised myself from the sofa on which I was reclining, in eager expectation of I hardly knew whom, when, as it drew nearer, the footstep was evidently that of a man: in a few seconds the door opened, and I fell back into my former position as I beheld—Fortescue!

My surprise at the sight of this very unexpected visitor, at first prevented my observing the very peculiar expression his features had assumed. I could not, however, help at length remarking the singular and mournful wildness of his manner, as, drawing a chair in silence, he seated himself opposite the sofa, and fixed his full, dark, penetrating eyes upon me, with a glance of the keenest scrutiny. "It is, it must be so," he at length exclaimed, his sudden and unlooked for appearance having too much disconcerted me to admit of my addressing him at the moment. "It must be so,—Mr Stafford, I greatly fear—fear, did I say? hope would have been a more proper expression—that I have been greatly, dreadfully deceived, that I have been driven, goaded on, to the perpetration of an act, to you most unjustifiably injurious; and, oh! how much more so to my own peace of mind!—And yet, if so it be, what am I to think? Is this hand never to be free from the stain of blood? Must I again?"—His lip quivered, and, as he covered his eyes with his hand, I could perceive his whole frame strongly agitated by some internal emotion.

"Mr Fortescue," I replied, "your conduct and expressions through the whole of this business have been such as I profess not to be able either to explain or comprehend; but if the latter, as I presume may be the case, allude to an imposition which, I am half inclined to think, has been practised upon you, know, sir, that Lord Manningham is now in the house, from whom I shall, I doubt not, receive ample justice, and whose testimony will at once prove the little foundation that has existed for those calumnies which have been fastened upon me. As to any ulte-

rior proceedings, you will use your pleasure. I never did, and never shall, shrink from vindicating my reputation in any way you, or any other person, may think proper to require."

"Oh, Stafford," rejoined my singular companion, "how much do you mistake the nature of my feelings towards you! If my heart bled when I thought myself forced by an irresistible command to point my weapon at the breast of him whom I would gladly have taken to my own, what must it now do when I perceive that he, my preserver, was guiltless of the act which, even if committed by him, would but too surely have failed in justifying me to myself for the deed. Lord Manningham is indeed here—here, beyond all question, to convict me of the blackest ingratitude, and to plunge me once more into that ocean of uncertainty and impending crime from which I hoped that I had at length escaped."

Thus saying, he wrung my hand with a pressure almost amounting to violence, while a cold shuddering shewed the strength of the convulsive affection which shook his whole body.

"Strange, incomprehensible man!" I exclaimed; "against whom, then, is this impending crime to be directed? or who is that powerful and remorseless instigator, whose sanguinary behests you find it so impossible to disobey, even when they go to the diabolical extent of depriving a fellow-creature of life? Who is this fiend? Is it, can it be possible, that Lord Manningham?"

"Oh, no! no, no! Lord Manningham is as innocent of the knowledge as—But we are interrupted—no more of this. You shall one day know the story—the brief, yet miserable story, of the unhappy being before you;—and then you will pity,—yes, Stafford, you must pity, though you may not forgive me. They are here."

He rose as he uttered these last words; and, relinquishing the hand which he had hitherto retained, walked to the window, while the opening door exhibited to my view the figure of Sir Oliver Bullwinkle, ushering into the room the well-remembered, venerable, and military-looking personage, whom I had

seen alight from the chariot on the eventful morning of my mortifying repulse. A smile of good-humoured urbanity relieved the serious expression which concern at my situation appeared to have cast over his countenance, as, advancing into the chamber, he proffered me his hand, saying, without waiting for the Baronet's introduction—

"Will my dear nephew excuse the petulant and absurd conduct of an old man who ought to have known better, and forgive the mistake which, through the knavery of a rascal, occasioned him so rude a rejection, in a house the doors of which ought to have flown open of themselves to welcome him?"

The air of frank good-humour, by no means devoid of dignity, with which Lord Manuingham made his advances, would at once have dissipated any remains of resentment I might have retained against him, had it been possible for me, with the conviction I now felt that an impudent imposition had been practised on both of us, to have suffered any such to exist. My reply was perfectly in accordance with these sentiments; and a few moments sufficed to put all parties, with the exception of one individual, completely at their ease. That one was Fortescue, the eccentric, the inexplicable Fortescue. The address made to me by my uncle had evidently convinced him of what indeed he had before apparently ceased to doubt, namely, that his vengeance had been misdirected, and levelled against a person in no way implicated in, or responsible for, the villanous transaction which, it seemed, he considered himself commissioned to chastise. Nevertheless, from his demeanour during

the conversation which ensued between my two uncles and myself, and which he witnessed without joining in, it would have been difficult to determine whether joy or regret was the predominant feeling of his mind at the *claircissement* which ensued. From this colloquy I collected that, immediately on quitting me, my late antagonist, whom my repeated declarations had at last staggered in his belief of my being the insulter of Miss Stafford, had flown, with all the speed good cattle and well-fee'd drivers could exert, to Grosvenor Square, where he found Sir Oliver, then recently arrived in London, in close divan with Lord Manuingham on the very subject he had himself travelled so eagerly to introduce. The result of their conference was such as to convert the doubts he had already begun to entertain almost into a certainty of his mistake; the fact, however, turn out as it might, it was soon resolved, should be forthwith ascertained by the evidence of Lord Manuingham himself, who, wishing as earnestly as any one to dive at once to the bottom of the mystery which enveloped the whole transaction, readily acquiesced in a proposal made by Fortescue, and strongly seconded by Sir Oliver, that he should, with all convenient speed, accompany the latter to Underdown Hall, and satisfy all parties, by the test of ocular demonstration, whether the person wounded—a word, by the way, which made the good Baronet jump out of his chair, as if the seat had been suddenly subjected to the action of an electric conductor—was, or was not, the identical hero of the memorable expedition to St Albans.

CHAP. XII.

SIR OLIVER, whom we left amusing himself with the lions at Oxford, had derived, it seems, so much gratification from the scenes there submitted to his view—scenes which, independent of their real beauty, possessed also the seducing charm of novelty to recommend them to his notice—that he was easily persuaded to extend the period which he had originally determined should be the

limit of his stay, and to accompany his son to the party at Oriel, the invitation to which had been the means of introducing Mr Hanbury to his acquaintance. With this young gentleman, indeed, Sir Oliver had become much pleased, as he had very good-naturedly devoted a good deal of time to the accompanying him through the University, and pointing out to his notice every thing that is

usually an object of curiosity to strangers. In this, his voluntarily assumed office, he acted as a most efficient substitute for my cousin Nicholas, whom the egotistical details in which I have lately indulged have occasioned me too much to neglect. The strength of this interesting invalid was, as he informed his father, scarcely yet renovated enough to admit of his undergoing the fatigue of "lionizing," though he occasionally attended on some of his shorter perambulations. The impression made upon the Baronet by the wonders of Alma Mater was a profound one, and filled him with much veneration for those seats of learning, of which, if the truth must be told, he had previously entertained a very inadequate, not to say derogatory, idea. The immense collection of volumes contained in the Bodleian filled him with wonder and amazement, which was not a little heightened when his son informed him, that, in order to obtain even a moderately respectable degree, it was absolutely necessary for the student to make himself master of at least three-fourths of their contents. This piece of intelligence, deriving all due weight from the gravity with which it was announced, and the confirmation of Hanbury, struck him with no little awe, or, as Nicholas happily expressed it, "quite conglomerated the Governor's faculties," while it tended much to abate the regret he had begun to entertain at the recollection of his never having himself prosecuted his studies in a place, the very air of which seemed pregnant with wisdom and science. The Ashmolean Museum, too, came in for its due share of admiration, with its gloves and spurs of the unhappy Charles the First, Henry the Eighth's crystal-hilted sword, and one of the skulls of Oliver Cromwell, the fellow to which is, I believe, preserved with equal care at Naseby. These, and other relics of the olden time, not forgetting the gigantic thigh-bone supposed to have been once the property of Sir Bevis of Hampton, drew from Sir Oliver a long and interesting dissertation on the manners and usages of the chivalrous ages, which, I much regret for the reader's sake, was not committed to writing on the spot, were it only to preserve cer-

tain authentic family anecdotes with which it was interspersed, anent sundry illustrious Bullwinkles who flourished in those happy days. He could not, however, help expressing his surprise at finding no traces preserved, in this curious repository, of the celebrated brazen head constructed by Roger Bacon, whose history, as delivered to himself by his maternal grandmother, he very faithfully recapitulated at large, scouting the idea that the bit of gilded wood, mis-called a nose, to which I have already alluded, could ever have formed part or parcel of the head in question, though Nicholas quoted Bishop's Heber's "Whippiad" to convince him of the truth of the hypothesis. The splendid crosier of William of Wykeham attracted his attention much more than the beautiful chapel in which it is preserved; but of all the curious and interesting objects presented to his view, no one article in the whole University, as Sir Oliver several times afterwards took occasion to declare, conveyed to his mind so lively an impression of the "sublime and beautiful," as the magnificent amplitude of the "Great Sir Watkin," the pride and glory of Jesus College. At sight of this most stupendous of all possible punchbowls, my uncle was absolutely enraptured; words were too weak to express the extent of his admiration; and seldom, indeed, in after days, was his favourite beverage placed before him, without a tear of sympathetic remembrance glistening in his eye, as he made some allusion to its massy splendour. Nor were Sir Oliver's examinations entirely confined to the precincts of the University; a hundred hallowed spots in its neighbourhood were explored. The haunted remains of Cumnor, which Sir Walter has since invested with such absorbing interest; the chaste shades of Bagley, and the leafy honours of "Joe Pullen's Tree,"—all underwent his scrutiny; nor was Godstow forgotten, where, after a hearty luncheon upon spatch-cocked eels, the Baronet had the satisfaction of copying into his own pocketbook, with his own hand, the sole memorial to the fair paramour of our second Henry, which some pious hand has inscribed amidst the ruins where she died.

"Hic jacet in terris Rosa mundi, non
Rosamunda !
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

It is far from improbable that Sir Oliver, with all his love for antiquity, might not have troubled himself to copy an inscription of which, in its existing language, he did not understand one syllable, had not Nicholas, of whose poetical abilities I have formerly given a pleasing specimen, translated it for him into the vernacular, and recommended that it should be transferred to Miss Pycfinch's album, in the following distich, composed, as he averred, in the true spirit of the original :—

"Here doth Fair Rosamond like any
peasant lie !
She once was fragrant, but now smells
unpleasantly."

Amidst objects of such interesting speculation, time flew quickly on, till the approach of the vacation, and the Baronet at length prepared to return to London, accompanied by his son, George Hanbury making a third in the post-chaise. To this young gentleman, as I have already hinted, did Sir Oliver seriously incline; he had, in the simplicity of his heart, become much attached to him, and was not a little glad of his company; nor did he fail to give him a pressing invitation to continue their *compagnon du voyage* as far as the Hall, where he promised him a hearty welcome. Hanbury, in return, expressed himself much pleased with the prospect of paying him a visit in the country, and pledged himself to do so as soon as he should have paid his respects to a maiden aunt, to whom he lay under great obligations, and who might fancy herself slighted should he fail to pass the first week of the vacation, as usual, at her house in the vicinity of Brighton. Sir Oliver gave him great credit for his dutiful attention to so respectable a relative, and, before the party reached town, had even added his consent that my cousin should accompany him down to Frump Paddock, on the express condition that both the young men should repair to the Hall at the end of the above-named period; Nicholas at the same time averring, that, no doubt, the invigorating air of the South Downs, and the sea-breezes, would prove of material benefit to

his still debilitated frame, and increase considerably the efficacy of "Huxham's Tincture."

On reaching the metropolis, Sir Oliver drove immediately to our old quarters at the Tavistock, and enquired for me. His surprise was nearly equal to his disappointment at finding I had left London without waiting his return; nor did these sensations experience any abatement when he had perused the letter I had left at the bar, with directions that it should be presented to him on his arrival. My good uncle was indeed completely puzzled by its contents, and, after reading and re-reading it at least half-a-dozen times, remained for five minutes in a state of self-communing deliberation, which, from some real or fancied peculiarity of hue, communicated by its influence to the visage, the world has agreed to particularize by the name of a "brown" study.

His mental abstraction was for a time so considerable, as to induce a suspicion among his companions that a nap, which had more than once seemed to meditate an attack upon him during their journey, had at length succeeded in making his senses captive to its overpowering influence,—the only circumstance which militated against this idea being the want of that musical accompaniment, the harmony of whose tones were usually coexistent with the first approaches of the drowsy deity upon Sir Oliver. The chain of his ideas—if that expression may be used where concatenation or order there was none—gave way at length before my cousin Nicholas, who, in his politest manner, offered his father a pinch of snuff. My uncle took it mechanically, slowly raising his eyes from the fender on which they had been fixed, and staring him full in the face, but without speaking. Nicholas had put powdered hellebore and red pepper into his box; the titillating pungency was productive of the happiest effects; Sir Oliver was roused at once from his "handsome fix;"—he sneezed, and unclosed his lips.

"Why, what, in the d—l's name, can be the meaning of all this?—'Circumstances which he can neither explain nor control.'—'Lord Manningham prejudiced'—why, what does the puppy mean?"

"Upon my word, Sir Oliver," replied my cousin, who, from the direction of my uncle's eyes as he uttered this ejaculation, supposed, or chose to suppose, the query addressed to himself, "your question is somewhat difficult to answer, and the rather as it is perfectly impossible for me to form a probable conjecture as to what it alludes to; but if you will allow me to inspect that mysterious epistle, which seems to have given birth to it, I shall be extremely happy to give you every elucidation in my power."

"Indeed, sir, I shall do no such thing; what business is it of yours, pray?—but I'll get to the bottom of it—I *will* have an answer!"

"Before I know the question, sir?"

"Hold your tongue, you scoundrel, and don't put me into a passion; the dog has given me the slip, but I'll!"

"Oh, sir, is that it?" quoth Nicholas; "then, in my humble opinion, Sir Oliver, the best method you can adopt will be to advertise him immediately, with a suitable reward for his recovery—d—d careless rascals, these waiters! I dare say, if the truth was known, they have sold him—is it Don or Carlo, Sir Oliver?"

The quickness of my cousin's eye enabled him to avoid the sudden impetus of the Baronet's cane, which would otherwise, in all probability, have produced a serious contusion on his pericranium; as it was, the blow spent itself in empty air, but not before it had destroyed in its progress a glass of negus, which, having been unadvisedly placed too near the edge of the table, came within the compass of the parabola described by the walking-stick.

For once this facetious young gentleman had overshot his mark. Sir Oliver, being far from quicksighted, was not unfrequently taken in, by the serious demeanour of his son and heir, so far as to give implicit credit to a gravity too profound to excite his suspicion; but, on the present occasion, not all the good Baronet's *bouhommie* and gullibility, of which, to say the truth, he certainly possessed a very respectable share, could prevent his seeing that Nicholas was indulging his wit at his expense; and the conviction of this, not only occasioned the destruction

of the aforesaid rummer of negus, but also of an article by no means less fragile, to wit, the small remains of patience which the perusal of my unaccountable letter had left in Sir Oliver's possession. All the influence which young Hanbury had acquired was for a while insufficient to check or divert the storm, the whole fury of which was directed against the head of the audacious and provoking delinquent; at length, however, his interference prevailed so far as to allay something of his anger, while the remainder was diverted into a different channel, and, by degrees, "in hollow murmurs died away." This portion of his wrath the Baronet was rather at a loss to find a proper object for; it appeared pretty clear to him that he had ample reason to be very much offended with somebody, but whether Lord Manningham or myself was the legitimate character on whom it ought to devolve, was a point which he found it rather difficult to make up his mind upon at present. One of the two, it was pretty certain, must deserve a considerable degree of vituperation at his hands, and therefore, in order that, through a weak and ill-judged lenity, the real offender might not escape his justice, he scattered his blessings with no sparing hand, and with a tolerably impartial distribution, on the heads of both of us, declaring his fixed determination of calling on the Viscount, the first thing he did in the morning, for the purpose of obtaining from him a categorical explanation of, what he was pleased to term, "my d—d absurdity." His first intention was, indeed, to proceed to Grosvenor Square forthwith; nor was it without some difficulty that he was induced, by the reiterated representations of both his companions, to delay his visit, on the ground that seven o'clock in the afternoon was rather an inconvenient hour to call upon a nobleman, who would by that time, in all probability, be thinking of his dinner.

Sir Oliver yielded rather to the repetition than the justice of their arguments, and at length suffered himself to be so far mollified as to defer his expedition till the following day, when he desired Nicholas to be prepared to accompany him;

but a letter unexpectedly arriving the next morning for Hanbury, written from Frump Paddock, and announcing the sudden indisposition of his revered relative, that exemplary and affectionate young man found it absolutely necessary to depart with all speed into Sussex, carrying with him his estimable friend, at least a couple of hours previous to Sir Oliver's quitting his pillow. He left, however, a note, enclosed in another from my cousin Nicholas, stating the unfortunate emergency which had called him so suddenly away, and the impossibility of his depriving himself of the consolations of friendship, should the unhappy malady of his aunt terminate in a manner, the possibility of which he shuddered to contemplate. He added, moreover, that their joint unwillingness to disturb Sir Oliver after so fatiguing a journey, had prevented their personally soliciting a concurrence which they knew he would not refuse, and concluded by promising to rejoin him at the Hall the instant the present alarm should have subsided. Uncle Bullwinkle hardly knew what to make of all this when the letter was presented to him on his rising, and the strong inclination he again felt to "anæsthetize," rendered shaving a particularly unpleasant, and somewhat dangerous, operation; the quick contraction and expansion of the muscles about his mouth called for the exercise of all the professional experience and dexterity of the operator, notwithstanding the additional degree of steadiness afforded to his hand by the precautionary grasp of that particular part of the human countenance which gentlemen of his profession alone are allowed to handle with impunity; nor, indeed, could all his care and ability prevent his patient's occasionally absorbing a most unpalatable proportion of suds, when the mouth, he felt so invincible an inclination to open, would, more than once in spite of himself, unclothe during the rapid evolutions of the brush, as if on purpose to receive the savoury *bonne bouche*.

As soon as my uncle Oliver was shaved, and had consigned to the recesses of his interior some half dozen eggs and a couple of French rolls, with a proportionate quantity of cold boiled beef and mustard, he

proceeded to liquefy the same with half a cup of tea, and a whole quart of ale, a moderate repast, which he contrived to despatch in something less than half-an-hour, or, to use the language of the racing calendar, "performed it with ease in nine-and-twenty minutes," much to the satisfaction of himself, and the undisguised admiration of the waiters. Being now in high condition for the work of the day, he began to think of putting into execution his resolve of the preceding evening, and prepared for a visit to Lord Manningham.

At the period of which I am speaking, the luxury of the hackney-chariot, the celerity of the cab, and the economy of the omnibus, were yet sleeping in the womb of Time; my uncle's two shilling fare was, therefore, of necessity performed in one of those shattered and shattering vehicles which modern refinement denominates "a Misery," in contradistinction to its more elegant rival, the chariot, now, in the nomenclature of fashion, technically designated as "a Swell." The coach which conveyed Sir Oliver to Grosvenor Square was one more execrable "than all its tribe," and no enfranchised debtor, rushing from the melancholy purlieus of the Fleet or Marshalsea, ever stretched his limbs in greater ecstacy at deliverance from durance vile, than did the Baronet on emerging from his crazy receptacle, which, in imitation of the celebrated and affable Mrs Gilpin, though from a motive totally opposed to the one which influenced that exemplary matron, he had directed to "draw up some three doors off" the mansion which was to be the limit of his journey. Lord Manningham, fortunately for the preservation of the Baronet's equanimity, was at home and disengaged; and his visitor, on sending in his name, was immediately ushered into an elegant breakfast room, with something more of respect than a supercilious gentleman's gentleman seemed previously disposed to pay to his old-fashioned figure and costume. Here he found his noble host, with his lovely daughter, in the act of concluding a morning's repast, not quite so substantial as that from which he had himself so lately risen. The frank and cordial reception

given him by the Peer, tended not a little to increase the embarrassment under which Sir Oliver laboured, from not having been able to make up his mind as to the precise demeanour which it became him, in his present state of uncertainty, to put on; but when he received the smiling and affectionate welcome of his beautiful niece, the affair was settled at once, and the air of reserve he had thought it necessary to attempt to assume, (an air no one in this world was less calculated to maintain for five minutes,) vanished immediately. Loaded, as he was, to the very muzzle, with queries and expostulations, it was some time before he was fairly able to fire a single shot, or get into a discussion of the matter which was uppermost in his mind. Miss Stafford at length quitted the room, in obedience to a hint from her father, and Sir Oliver disengaged his whole cataract of surprise and wonderment at finding only an inexplicable letter from me, at the hotel, instead of myself, *in propria persona*, domesticated, as he fully expected I should be, in Grosvenor Square. If the good Baronet was before puzzled, Lord Manningham's recital of the events declared to have taken place so recently in the family, did not much contribute to disperse the clouds by which he was obfuscated, while his own account of the loss of my first letter of introduction, and his journey to London as the bearer of a second, which too, it appeared, had never reached its destination, produced in turn full as great an effect upon his auditor, who, to judge by the expression of doubt and surprise visible in his countenance as he steadfastly regarded the narrator, seemed to be balancing the probabilities, *pro* and *con*, of the sanity of Sir Oliver's intellects.

How long they might have continued in this state of mutual perplexity, it is impossible to say, had not a thundering application at the hall door attracted their attention in spite of the interest excited by their debate, when the entrance of a third person upon the scene, and the tidings of which he was the bearer, for a time rendered their "confusion worse confounded." This interloper was Eustace Fortescue.

His arrival was by no means *mal à propos*. Sir Oliver, fully convinced of the physical impossibility of my having acted in the manner laid to my charge, and at the same time confounded by the positive testimony and circumstantial details of his Lordship, had become—a necessary consequence with him whenever he found himself thoroughly mystified—passing wrathful; nor is it to be doubted but that a breach, perhaps an irreparable one, might have taken place between my two uncles but for this opportune interruption.

At first, indeed, Fortescue's disclosures had the effect of increasing the irritation of both parties, but soon the alarm Sir Oliver began to entertain for the life of one so dear to him as I had become, and the newly-awakened fears of Lord Manningham, that an imposition had really been practised on him, combined to render them both more amenable to the laws of reason. Sir Oliver, to whom the possibility of the latter circumstance had never suggested itself, had contented himself with briefly denying the whole of his Lordship's story in the aggregate, or, as he phrased it, "in the lump," and the consequent indignation of the Peer at the more than implied doubts of his veracity, together with the rage of the Baronet at the supposed calumnies heaped upon his favourite nephew, now gradually sunk from fever heat to a more moderate temperature, and the threatened storm subsided into something resembling a calm. It was eventually agreed, that his Lordship's travelling-carriage should be got ready with as much despatch as a regard to the mutual convenience of the parties would allow, for the purpose of adjourning the conclave to that spot where alone this intricate and mysterious affair could receive its elucidation. Terrified at the idea of my danger, Sir Oliver was anxious to start without delay. Nobly eager to atone for an error he began to anticipate he must have fallen into, and shocked at its melancholy consequences, Lord Manningham was no less desirous of setting out immediately; but the latter strenuously urged and entreated Fortescue, whose haggard looks evinced the

distress of mind and fatigue of body which he had recently undergone, to defer his journey back until exhausted nature should have derived new vigour from refreshment and repose. In this desire, however, he was vehemently opposed by the object of his solicitude, who declared, with an air of determination which shewed the vanity of remonstrance, that no power on earth should induce him to lay his head upon his pillow, until he had ascertained, beyond dispute, whether I was indeed the most wronged, and he the most ungrateful of mankind. It was evident that farther opposition would only irritate, without being effectual: Lord Manningham, therefore, gave a reluctant assent to his making one of the party, and at the earnest request of Miss Stafford, she was allowed to occupy the vacant corner in the carriage.

Commenced under such auspices, it can scarcely be imagined that the journey down would be productive of much pleasure or amusement to any individual of the *quartett*, and the whole party must have experienced no inconsiderable degree of relief, when a turning in the road presented to the eye of Amelia a village spire, rising above a tufted knoll, which Sir Oliver announced to be that of the parish-church of Underdown. A few minutes brought them down the avenue of lofty trees which formed the majestic approach to the Hall; and the worthy Baronet, whose anxiety for me made him forgetful of etiquette in all its branches, sprang from the carriage with more agility than could fairly have been expected from even a fox-hunter of his time of life. His earnest enquiries were, however, so satisfactorily answered, that, checking the strong inclination he felt to proceed instantly to my apartment, he contented himself with returning to his *compagnons du voyage*, and declaring the good tidings he had heard, as he sorely embarrassed every one of them by encumbering them with his assistance in their descent.

The party had been for some time assembled in the cedar parlour, and a salutation, not less affecting than sincere, had taken place between my mother, Lord Manningham, and

his daughter, before it was perceived that one of the company was missing. The varied and strong emotions which combined to agitate the bosom of Mrs Stafford at thus unexpectedly meeting with the only surviving and favourite brother of a husband whose memory was enshrined in her very inmost soul; the recollection which unavoidably forced itself upon the mind of that brother, how nearly the widow of his beloved Charles had, from circumstances in which he bore so prominent a part, been deprived of all that now remained to make life valuable to her,—all conspired to render the interview so painfully pleasing to themselves, and so interesting to those who witnessed it, that some time had elapsed ere Sir Oliver, who first recovered his composure, discovered that Captain Fortescue had left the room. Divining the quarter to which his footsteps would be directed, Lord Manningham moved an immediate adjournment to the sick-room, declaring his impatience to do justice to a nephew, whom, he now felt convinced, he had so unintentionally contributed to injure, and to obtain his pardon for the annoyance so unwittingly inflicted. Sir Oliver volunteered to officiate as master of the ceremonies on this interesting occasion, and Beau Nash himself could scarce have exhibited greater alacrity—I say nothing as to grace—than he did in conducting his noble visitor up the great staircase towards my apartment, nor, although in the course of his progress he had to traverse the whole length of the “Northern Gallery,” did the kind-hearted old man pause an instant to introduce to his new friend’s acquaintance a single one of the illustrious Bullwinkles who smiled or frowned, according to their respective sexes, upon its walls. Never, I may safely venture to affirm, had a similar mark of inattention to our progenitors taken place since he had filled the post of their representative, and strong, indeed, must have been the impulse of that affection which could carry him, as on this occasion, through their ranks at the *pas de charge* with such a listener as Lord Manningham immediately in his wake. A slight motion of one hand did, it is true, direct the eye of the

latter to the panoply of the "ever glorious Roger, but as the other, at the same instant, turned the handle of the last intervening door, a momentary glance only was permitted to his Lordship before he found himself, as before stated, face to face with the individual respecting whom his sentiments had so recently undergone a second revolution.

Our interview might probably have been prolonged to a much greater extent than it was, but for the interposition of Drench, who, having called to make his daily visit, declared that the increased action of my pulse rendered a longer continuance of the conversation at present unadvisable. The departure of my visitors did not, however, immediately produce the return of tranquillity which the Doctor had anticipated, and, with all due respect for my little friend's skill in diagnostics, I am led to believe that the circumstance of my now at last finding myself domiciled under the same roof with her who had laid so forcible a hold on my affections, had at least as great a share in accelerating the current of my blood, as the hearty, not to say boisterous, felicitations of uncle Oliver, or the milder, but not less interesting, remarks of my newly found relative. Miss Mauningham herself did not "shew" during the whole of that to me long, long day; her "compliments to her cousin" were, however, duly consigned to me through the medium of Miss Pyefinch, and with this trifling manifestation of her remembrance I was compelled to remain satisfied for the present; but I cannot flatter the learned advisers of this temporary secession with the success of their experiment, nor dare I assert that my couch was rendered less restless in consequence, or my slumbers earlier or more prolonged. Such, however, is the domination of mind over matter, that, in spite of an almost sleepless night, I was pronounced on the following morning not to have suffered from the excitement of the preceding day; on the contrary, Dr Drench declared me to be decidedly better in every respect, adding, with a very pardonable degree of self-complacency, that he "perceived the composing draught he had sent had done me no

harm." With this his expressed opinion I most cordially agreed, nor could I, either in truth or gratitude, refuse my assent to the proposition, inasmuch as the draught thus lauded was, together with some four-and-twenty of its fellows "all in a row," and all, no doubt, equally efficacious, adorning at that very moment the uppermost shelf of a contiguous closet. The force of sympathy it were heresy to doubt; the bare glimpse of a medical man will, it is admitted, operate *per se* in many disorders, (among which the tooth-ach stands conspicuous,) so as to produce instantaneous convalescence; the sight of a "green and yellow" dose,—that hue which the Bard has immortalized as the one peculiar to melancholy—had ever a most unaccountable effect upon my nerves; Martha's complicity and co-operation had been, with some difficulty, secured, Miss Pyefinch's attentions, and lumps of sugar, evaded, as well as the jalaps, whose unsavoury flavour their sweetness was designed to counteract; on a good constitution and rigid abstinence I relied for keeping down fever, and, in utter disregard of that skittle-ground system which treats a patient like a nine-pin, first knocking him down for the purpose of afterwards setting him up again, persisted in getting well again my own way. My recovery was proportionably rapid, as little time was wasted in regaining a strength which I had never, to any serious degree, parted with; while all that was yet wanting, the vivifying smiles of my beautiful cousin more than supplied. Our first interview, of course, took place in the presence of the "members of the seniority;" little room was consequently left for the expression of sentiment on the one side, or sympathy on the other; but no sooner did my amended health allow me to promenade in the grounds, than I seized with eagerness the first opportunity which presented itself, to assure my fair associate—for Amelia was now become the kind companion of my walks—that there was far "more peril in her eye than twenty of their—pistols, or pestles." I recounted, with all the ardour of a first, and only love, the sensations I had expe-

rienced on our first, and never-to-be-forgotten interview. I assured her of the permanency, as well as the vividness of my flame, and, having given full vent to my passion in a very respectable ebullition of bombastic prose—I never could compass the poetic flights of Nicholas—received at length my delicious reward, in beholding the “diamond eyes,” whose brilliancy I had duly adverted to, cast modestly upon the green turf, and the “roseate cheeks” blushing with a tenfold glow, as the ecstatic reference to “papa,” fell from the “ruby lips,” inaudible to any other ears save those of love.

The result of the reference thus kindly given, may be easily anticipated; Lord Manningham, in whose good graces I had risen, perhaps the more rapidly from his previous disappointment, shook me warmly by the hand, and candidly avowed that our union was, of all things, the one nearest to his heart. The placid smile, which once more resumed its place upon my mother’s countenance, evinced a joy not the less real from being quiet. Sir Oliver rubbed his hands till the friction set them in a fine glow, and farther evinced his satisfaction in a noisy good humour, which, though it sometimes annoyed Amelia, and even myself, it was impossible to find fault with. Even Captain Pyefinch mustered up words sufficient to convey his congratulations in a brief, but emphatic “wish ye all joy,” while his sister incontinently took out a virgin crowquill—alack! the ruby-pointed, Rhodio-Perryan pens were then nonentities—and, on a sheet of rose-coloured paper, beautifully embossed round the edges, and highly scented with musk, set herself seriously about the task of composing an *epithalamium*. I regret much that I am prevented from delighting my readers with this *morceau*. The only copy was consumed by an (accidental) fire; it had, as I remember, a very fair proportion of “ruses” and “posies,” and “blisses” and “kisses;” but Tom Moore has since

thrown all these things into the shade.

The interval between “acceptation,” and the final riveting of the matrimonial fetters, has been, by some, styled the happiest portion of our lives; this is a position which I shall not at present stop to consider. To those who have *not* gone through the probation, the argument would be uninteresting; to those who *have*, unnecessary. Of the conversations which occupied the attention of my now affianced bride and myself, during our rambles, I shall say nothing, save that in the course of them I found all my suspicions as to the real author of the “jolly good hoax” played off upon herself and her father, amply confirmed. She told me that my pseudo representative was the same person she had seen in my company at the theatre; of course, it needed not the description of his vermilion *chevelure*, and picturesque obliquity of vision, to settle the question as to the identity of Nicholas. Of this pleasant young gentleman we had heard nothing, and the impatience of Sir Oliver on this account vented itself occasionally in angry ejaculations at his prolonged absence, especially after he had himself written to “Frump Paddock,” announcing the visit of Lord Manningham to the Hall, and summoning its illustrious heir home, for the purpose of assisting in doing the honours. The cause of Nicholas’s silence and continued stay, I could, of course, well divine; but as I saw no good that could possibly arise from denouncing him, while the discovery of his audacity would assuredly go far to distress and harass my kind uncle, I resolved not to expose him, at least for the present; reserving to myself the privilege of lecturing him pretty handsomely, whenever I might be favoured with his company, and of using the power which my possession of his secret would give me, to restrain his mischievous propensities in future.

MRS SIDDONS.*

PART II.

SCOTLAND thinks herself a far better judge of all kinds of merit—moral, imaginative, intellectual, spiritual—nay, even physical, than England—and looks with *hauteur* on the country, and its inhabitants, lying on the wrong side of the Tweed. To her ears, even the pronunciation and accent of her natives are more classical than those of the Southrons; and we have known her offended by the worse than provincial—the barbarous intonations of a Canning and a Kemble. As to what her concealed sister calls Scotticisms, she knows that they are all ingenious, and graceful, and philosophical refinements on the principles and practice of language—and not only agreeable to, but confirmatory of the divine rights and rules of universal grammar. The only true standards by which such matters can be tried are, she opines, the Scotch Bawr, and the Scotch Poopit; and but for the unfortunate union of crowns and kingdoms, the *dernier resort* in all doubtful and disputed cases, would have been the Scotch Pawrliament, of which possibly the Ettrick Shepherd would have been Speaker. Now we have to swear by Mr Patrick Robertson and Dr Chalmers.

At the period when Mrs Siddons first appeared on the Edinburgh stage, the English language was not spoken by the fashionable, nor written by the literary circles, while, among the circles neither fashionable nor literary, it was to the ear, though not to the eye, about as intelligible as Greek. Yet all circles criticized the Siddons; and it is but just to confess that they declared she spoke her mother tongue with praiseworthy purity, and generally with correct, though occasionally with Cockney intonation. The critic row in the pit—the fourth, we believe, from the orchestra—then contained a majority of those who had ever had in hand a volume of Shakspeare;

but that row gave the law to the audience, and, under its guidance, trusting to the voice and impulse of nature, we verily believe that the audience was at that time one of the most enlightened audiences in Europe. They not only thought so themselves, but so said the Siddons; and though their silence, as we have been told, was at first somewhat discouraging—nay, even appalling—she soon came to estimate such expression of their delight at its just value—while from the involuntary exclamation of one peculiarly sensitive and enthusiastic son of genius, forgetful, for a moment, of the philosophical caution and self-control characteristic of the national character—"That's no bad"—she drew assurance that the hush broken by that fine burst was any thing but the listlessness or torpor of indifference—a calm in truth, more satisfactory and sublime than any storm. Fortified by such flattering absence of senseless applause, Mrs Siddons fearlessly appeared on the Glasgow boards—but was nearly upset by the acclamations of the people of the West, who, from time immemorial, have scorned the usages of the wise men of the East, and nowhere else in more marked manner than in the theatre. In Edinburgh, about a century ago—or somewhat less—theatrical representations were in bad odour—and John Home, the author of Douglas, found the Kirk of Scotland too hot to hold him; but in Glasgow the clergy were not contented with such moderate measures as mere discountenance of plays, play-actors, and play-writers, but having no man of dramatic genius in their own body whom they might have the pleasure of persecuting, they preached to the people to set fire to the playhouse, which was accordingly burned to ashes. The ground of the edifice, Mr Campbell tells us, "was purchased by the proprietors from a malt mer-

chant of the city. In bargaining for the sale of it, the man of malt expressed to the purchasers his horror at the idea of disposing of his land to be occupied by a temple of Belial; and, for this devout consideration, he could not in conscience part with it for a smaller price than five shillings the square yard. This demand, though enormous for those days, was complied with, and the temple of Belial forthwith uprose. But, before it could be acted in, a fanatical preacher, who was popular in Glasgow, told his auditors that he dreamed the preceding night he was in the infernal regions, at a grand entertainment, where all the devils were present, when Lucifer, their chief, gave for a toast, "the health of Mr John Millar, maltster in Glasgow, who had sold them his ground to build a house upon, and wherein they were all to reign." The preacher's hearers hastened away in a body (1746) to the new theatre, and consumed it with fire. Such act of arson was extremely culpable; but though nothing can be said in defence of it, Mr Campbell knows as well as we do that much can be said in defence of the religious abhorrence of our forefathers from what he calls "the innocent amusements of the stage." Even now our clergymen do not attend them—and so much the better. Some clergymen even preach against them still—so much the worse—and their arguments are not easily to be set aside—though they are not all so unanswerable perhaps as the leading argument of the Presbytery of Glasgow in the 1757,—“who attributed the then existing war to our manifold sins, one of which was our permitting theatres”—and with a true feeling of Scotch economy, described the dearth of provisions as one of the “surest tokens of divine displeasure against a play-going generation.” Times, however, were changed all over Scotland, on the rising of its horizon of the Star of Siddons. Scotland regarded as she should that luminary; the people of the East and the West, the North and the South, were unanimous in their admiration.

In Dublin her reception was, after the Irish fashion, still more enthusiastic on the stage, and she was received by all the first families with

the most flattering hospitality—"the days I passed with them will be ever remembered as among the most pleasurable of my life." At the close of her engagement she made a visit to Shanes, the magnificent residence of the O'Neills.

"I have not words to describe the beauty and splendour of this enchanting place; which, I am sorry to say, has been since levelled to the earth by a tremendous fire. Here were often assembled all the talent, and rank, and beauty, of Ireland. Among the persons of the Leinster family whom I met here was poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the most amiable, honourable, though misguided youth, I ever knew. The luxury of this establishment almost inspired the recollections of an Arabian Night's entertainment. Six or eight carriages, with a numerous throng of lords and ladies on horseback, began the day, by making excursions around this terrestrial paradise, returning home just in time to dress for dinner. The table was served with a profusion and elegance to which I have never seen any thing comparable. The sideboards were decorated with adequate magnificence, on which appeared several immense silver flagons, containing claret. A fine band of musicians played during the whole of the repast. They were stationed in the corridors, which led into a fine conservatory, where we plucked our dessert from numerous trees, of the most exquisite fruits. The foot of the conservatory was washed by the waves of a superb lake, from which the cool and pleasant wind came, to murmur in concert with the harmony from the corridor. The graces of the presiding genius, the lovely mistress of the mansion, seemed to blend with the whole scene."

Her professional life, however, met with some absurd and some serious disturbance. The Duke of Rutland, the then Lord-Lieutenant, was very unpopular; and on one occasion, when she acted *Lady Randolph*, at his command, the public displeasure against him was so excessively clamorous, that not one word of the play was heard from beginning to end; and "I had the honour of participating in the abuse with the representative of Majesty." Then, the mana-

ger, Daly, merely because at rehearsal she had suggested that his proper situation, as *Falconbridge*, was at the right hand of *King John*, annoyed her by every means of vexation he could devise. He was a good-looking fellow, and thought himself the finest of men, and could not endure to be placed at so great a distance from the front of the stage—in presence of Mrs Siddons in *Constance*! As if even an orange-woman would have looked at the clumsy clown in the shadow of that glorious apparition. In revenge of slighted beauty, he employed all the newspapers to abuse and annoy her the whole time she remained in Dublin, and to pursue her to England with malignant scandal. A combination of ungrateful wretches circulated against her the most unfounded calumnies, which raised up the opposition she afterwards met at Drury-Lane Theatre. Into their history we shall not enter—either in Dublin or London. “Against her character, as a wife and mother,” says Mr Campbell, “scandal itself could not whisper a surmise; and it was equally hopeless to impugn her genius as an actress. But they spread abroad that she was avaricious, uncharitable, and slow to lend her professional aid to unfortunate fellow-players. Two specific charges alone of this kind could be alleged, and they were both met and refuted by the clearest demonstration.” But what signifies “clearest demonstration” to the mean or malignant lovers of lies! “I had left London,” says this admirable woman, “the object of universal approbation; but on my return only a few weeks afterwards, I was received on my first night’s appearance with universal opprobrium, accused of hardness of heart, and total insensibility to every thing and everybody except my own interest!” She was received with hissing and hooting, and stood the object of public scorn! Among the hissing and hooters how many fraudulent bankrupts, think ye, might there have been—selfish and sensual sinecurists—spendthrift adulterers who had married ugly eases for their acres of *consol* wives who visited milliners’ backshops for other purposes than putting on caps—undutiful sons and daughters who had broken their pa-

rents’ hearts by frequenting hells, or running away with hairy-cheeked fortune-hunters, to be riveted to vice and misery by a blacksmith at Gretna-Green?

“Amidst this afflicting clamour I made several attempts to be heard, when at length a gentleman stood forth in the middle of the front of the pit, impelled by benevolent and gentlemanly feeling, who, as I advanced to make my last attempt at being heard, accosted me in these words: ‘For heaven’s sake, madam, do not degrade yourself by an apology, for there is nothing necessary to be said.’ I shall always look back with gratitude to this gallant man’s solitary advocacy of my cause: like ‘*Abdul, faithful found; among the faithless, faithful only he.*’ His admonition was followed by reiterated clamour, when my dear brother appeared, and carried me away from this scene of insult. The instant I quitted it, I fainted in his arms; and, on my recovery, I was thankful that my persecutors had not had the gratification of beholding this weakness. After I was tolerably restored to myself, I was induced, by the persuasions of my husband, my brother, and Mr Sheridan, to present myself again before that audience by whom I had been so savagely treated, and before whom, but in consideration of my children, I would have never appeared again. The play was the ‘*Gamester*,’ which commences with a scene between *Beverley* and *Charlotta*. Great and pleasant was my astonishment to find myself, on the second rising of the curtain, received with a silence so profound that I was absolutely awe-struck, and never yet have I been able to account for this surprising contrast; for I really think that the falling of a pin might have been then heard upon the stage.’

“On Mrs Siddons’s second entrance, this night, she addressed the audience in these words: ‘Ladies and gentlemen, the kind and flattering partiality which I have uniformly experienced in this place, would make the present interruption distressing to me indeed, were I, in the slightest degree, conscious of having deserved your censure. I feel no such consciousness. The stories which have been circulated against me are calumnies: when they shall be pro-

ved to be true, my aspersors will be justified. But, till then, my respect for the public leads me to be confident, that I shall be protected from unmerited insult.

"The accusations which had been brought against me," she continues, "were pride, insolence, and savage insensibility to the distresses of my theatrical associates; and, as I have observed already, even the winds and waves combined to overwhelm me with obloquy; for many days elapsed before I could possibly receive from Dublin those letters which, when they did arrive, and were published, carried conviction to the public mind. The most cruel of these aspersions accused me of having inhumanly refused, at first, to act for the benefit of poor Mr Digges, and of having at last agreed to do so upon terms so exorbitant as had never before been heard of. A letter from himself, however, full of grateful acknowledgments, sufficed to clear me from the charge, by testifying that, so far from having deserved it, I had myself arranged the affair with the manager, and had acted *Belvidera* under the most annoying and difficult circumstances.

"Here ended my disgrace and persecution; and from that time forth the generous public, during the remainder of the season, received my *entrée* each succeeding night with shouts, huzzas, and waving of handkerchiefs, which, however gratifying as testimonials of their changed opinion, were not sufficient to obliterate from my memory the tortures I had endured from their injustice, and the consciousness of a humiliating vocation."

"I believe that, in spite of preponderating applause, her *entrée*, for several evenings afterwards, was met with attempts to insult her. She made her reverence, and went on steadily with her part: but her manner was for a time perceptibly damped; and she declared to one of her friends, that, for many a day after this insult, all her professional joy and ambition drooped in her mind, and she sickened at the thought of being an actress."

Well she might! A high-minded but sensitive lady assailed, as she stood alone on a wide stage, by "a dismal universal hiss, the sound of public scorn;" scorn of her mean

hard-heartedness, and of her base love of self—odious in her own individual character, and only glorious in the "false glitter" of the assumed Tragic Queen. The Public is, indeed, a contemptible creature. In this case it supposed it had made Sarah Siddons—that she, in her God-given genius, was its servant, or rather slave—and that it had a right to punish her with humiliating insult on the stage, for having judged for herself in an affair of her own, on which, even if she had not been charitable, it is manifest the public had no imaginable title to vociferate thus inhumanly against her a sentence of excommunication. Had the indignation of the public been of a high moral kind, it would not have been so brutally vented, but would have justified itself by its mode of expression—justice never taking for granted the guilt either of high or humble—and always preserving the dignity of its own tribunal. But here inhuman injustice, and unmanly cruelty, were exhibited in their meanest character—and the public, instead of exultingly clapping its hands on that lady's vindication of her conduct, should have held them up before its own foolish face to hide the blush of shame.

"We have now accompanied Mr Campbell, in his Life of Mrs Siddons, to the time when her supremacy was established—never to be shaken; and as the incidents of her life were few and familiar, we shall leave them to be read in his own graceful and feeling narrative, and confine ourselves to some illustrations of her genius. We are not going to attempt to characterise that genius by any disquisition of ours, but to lay before our readers some speculations of her own on some of the parts in which she excelled all womankind, in connexion with some speculations on the same parts by Mr Campbell himself, and by Mrs Jameson in her "Characteristics," a work which has placed her in the first rank of our philosophical critics on Shakspeare; and in this article we shall confine ourselves to the views taken by the noble Threë of the character of Lady Macbeth."

It was impossible for those who beheld Mrs Siddons in Lady Macbeth, to imagine the embodied in any other shape. That tall, commanding, and majestic figure—

that face so sternly beautiful, with its firm lips and large dark eyes—that brow capacious of a wild world of thought, overshadowed by a still gloom of coal-black hair—that low, clear, measured, deep voice, audible in whispers—so portentously expressive of strength of will, and a will to evil—the stately tread of those feet—the motion of those arms and hands, seeming moulded for empire—all these distinguished the Thane's wife from other women, to our senses, our soul, and our imagination, as if nature had made Siddons for Shakspeare's sake, that she might impersonate to the height his sublimest and most dreadful creation. Charles Lamb may smile—and his smile is ever pleasant—but we are neither afraid nor ashamed to say that we never read the tragedy—and we have read it a thousand and one nights—without seeing and hearing *that* Lady Macbeth—our study becoming the stage—and “out, damned spot,” a shuddering sigh, terrifying us in the imagined presence of a breathless crowd of sympathizing spirits. That sleep-walker in the power of her guilt, would not suffer us to be alone in our closet. Noiseless her gliding steps, and all alone by herself in her haunted unrest, we saw her wringing her hands before a gazing multitude—their eyes how unlike to hers! and we drew dread from the quaking all around us, not unmingled with a sense of the magnificent, breathed from the passion that held the great assemblage mute and motionless—yet not quite—that sea of heads all lulled—but the lull darkened as by the shadow of a cloud surcharged with thunder.

Mrs Siddons herself, then, has made it impossible for us to agree with the opinion she has expressed in her Memoranda, as to the character of Lady Macbeth's beauty in the mind's eye of Shakspeare. “According to my notion, it is of that character which I believe is generally allowed to be most captivating to the other sex—fair, feminine, nay, perhaps even fragile—

‘Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light visions round the poet's head.’”

This idea of her having been a deli-

cate and blonde beauty seems to Mr Campbell “to be a pure caprice. The public would have ill exchanged such a representative of Lady Macbeth, for the dark locks and the eagle eyes of Mrs Siddons.” Such an exchange assuredly could not have been borne by us; but might not a delicate and blonde beauty—supposing Siddons never to have existed—if endowed with transcendent genius, have to perfection enacted Lady Macbeth? She might—unless we believe that it is humanly and poetically unnatural for “a delicate and blonde beauty” to commit such a murder. Now, as there are flowers of all hues, so are there murderesses; and it has, we believe, been proved, by the criminal calendar, that people with light eyes are more murderously disposed than people with dark—blue being a cruel colour, but grey worst of all—such as Burke's; while the complexion most frequently gracing the gallows is the fair and ruddy—such as Bishop's—though then “somewhat more pale than wonted.” In real life, women with small features, delicate complexion, light eyes, and fair hair, murder their mates very frequently indeed; and not a few “delicate and blonde beauties” have found their way to the dissecting table. On the stage we must all remember the White Devil of Corrombona. “A delicate and blonde beauty,” would look *fearsome*, illumined with the lurid light of some enormous passion, by which she walked right onwards to perdition—nor can we imagine a more dreadful transfiguration than that of an angel into a fiend. Golden locks and azure eyes might wear a ghastly glitter—and roses on the cheek appal when by passion whitened into lilies—the fragile form be terrible when in demoniac possession—and the slenderest fingers of the whitest hand “look fatal then,” when throttling a sleeping giant. Mrs Siddons's idea of Lady Macbeth having been a delicate and blonde beauty, does therefore not seem to us, as to Mr Campbell, “to be a pure caprice.” Yet she did not form that idea for the reasons we have now hinted at; but from believing that such kind of beauty was that most likely to captivate and hold captive such a mind as Macbeth's. She probably

thought of the Lady's Celtic origin—and though we cannot say that we have ourselves been so fortunate as to see many "delicate and blonde beauties" in the Highlands, yet light eyes in abundance have met us there,

"When Meg enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair."

Mrs Siddons, then, thought that the most "captivating feminine loveliness" must have been combined with energy and strength of mind to enable their possessor "to fascinate the mind of a hero so dauntless, a character so amiable and so honourable, as Macbeth." Such loveliness she thought was found only in "delicate and blonde beauty."—"According to my notion, such beauty is generally allowed to be most captivating to the other sex—fair, feminine, perhaps even fragile;"—and whether we suppose that Shakspeare thought so too, or not, there would have been nothing unworthy of Shakspeare in mentally attributing something of the potency of the charm to the exquisite loveliness of the being who urged him, in his own house, to murder his king. Her beauty, fair, feminine, and fragile, in this way might have worked the will of fate even more powerfully than the ugliness of the foul, masculine and yet misty witches on the heath. Their beards forbade Macbeth to call them women; but his own dear Lady's cheek and chin were soft and smooth even as her bosom—and that was softer, and smoother, and whiter, than the down of the swan.

Cumberland has said, that Shakspeare represented in Lady Macbeth a woman "naturally cruel"—Professor Richardson, a woman "invariably savage"—and Forster, a woman with "pure demoniac fierceness." Other critics have since seen farther and deeper into her character; but Mrs Siddons's Memoranda were written probably some thirty years ago, though now published for the first time in Mr Campbell's work. That Lady Macbeth becomes "a perfectly savage creature," Mrs Siddons here truly says—as she often shewed right well; but she was "made so by ambition, not by nature." After quoting the passage, "I have given

suck, and know," &c. she observes, that "the very use of such a tender allusion in the midst of her dreadful language, persuades one unequivocally that she has really felt the maternal yearnings of a mother towards her babe, and that she considered the action the most enormous that ever required the strength of human nerves for its perpetration." That is true. Yet this very passage has been—wrongly, though not without reason—a thousand times cited in proof of her having been not human—but a manifest fiend. If we mistake not, we read a few weeks ago in the *Examiner*, a remark on Mrs Siddons's expression, "maternal yearnings of a mother," which we cannot think perfectly just. The acute writer said, that a wolf has "maternal yearnings" towards the cub that draws her dugs. But Shakspeare makes Lady Macbeth say, in the words commented on by Mrs Siddons, "I know how *tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me*"—and she speaks of it "smiling in her face." There is nothing wolfish in such language, and it speaks of more than mere animal instinct. Indeed, we do not believe that women, "naturally cruel"—if any such there be—have strong instinctive tenderness for their young ones—whatever may be the case with wolves. Lady Macbeth was for a moment recalling to mind the sweetest joy of her whole life. To have murdered her babe would have been wickedder than now to murder her king—yet I would have "dashed the brains out, had I but so sworn as you have done to this." Savage words these—and more savage still those we have omitted—for her present mood embraced the past—and dire imagination misrepresented memory; for "had she so sworn," yet had she not—we answer for her—"have plucked her nipple from his boneless gums, and dashed the brains out." The regicide lied against herself, in saying that under any circumstances she could have been an infanticide. The tumult in her soul flung up a holy image to serve a horrid purpose—but we are not shocked even with a momentary belief that she would have been as good as her word had she so sworn—we feel relief from the bloody words, in knowing that they are but air-bubbles—

and that 'tis but so much Shakspearean special pleading to strengthen Macbeth, to "screw his courage to the sticking-place." The confessions of a criminal must be construed, not by the letter, but the spirit, and we must keep our eyes on the context. Mrs Siddons observes, that "it is only in soliloquy that she invokes the powers of hell to unsex her." And why such invocation at all, unless she had felt much of her sex's repugnance to deeds of blood? Many "blank misgivings of a creature about to move in a world not yet realized"—and many visitations worse to bear than blank misgivings—fear recoiling from her own hideous apprehensions, and horror imaging gouts of yet unspilt blood. Such is she in her soliloquies. But Mrs Siddons says "she makes her very virtues the means of a taunt to her lord. 'You have the milk of human kindness in your breast—I have had mother's milk in mine—I could, for great ambition's sake, have dried up the current at its source—shall you be weaker than a woman!'" "Had he not resembled my father as he slept!" Who has not shuddered at that reflection! Her baby's smile—her father's hoary head—not *recalled*, but rising of themselves before her—and the infatuated wretch employing the one image to instigate her husband to commit murder—deterred by the other from hurting a hair on the head of the Lord's Anointed—whom, but for that likeness—yet likeness to any other eye there would have been none—none to Macbeth's—she would have mangled like a tigress. But her husband has murdered her king—then—then—she goes and besmears the sleeping grooms—and returning, says, "My hands are of your colour—but I would scorn to shew a heart so white." Cruel enough, in all conscience—but her conscience then slept—not the sleep that knows no waking—and we know that soon after it awoke, and stretched her heart-strings till they cracked. Shakspeare, the minister and interpreter of nature, knew that though she planned and instigated, she could not with her own hand perpetrate that main murder. Neither did she first suggest it. "There can be no doubt," says Mrs Siddons, "that Macbeth, in

the first instance, suggested his design of assassinating the king." Some such dark hint there had been in "those portentous letters." No wonder she seemed insensible, on their first meeting after his return, "to all the perils which he had encountered in battle, and to all the happiness of that safe return." That insensibility has been long understood by all—but we have seen it cited as a proof of her want of conjugal affection! Nay, we can hardly trust our eyes on reading the words even of Thomas Campbell:—"Insensitive as we have seen her to the slightest joy at the return of her husband!" 'Twas no time for such sort of joy. The man was alive and well—and standing before her in all his fair proportions. But "a deed without a name" had been conceived in both their hearts—it "possessed hers wholly"—she is so entirely swallowed up, says Mrs Siddons, by the horrible design, as to have entirely forgotten the perils her husband had encountered, and all thoughts of happiness on his return. This is the only instance in which we have ever found Mr Campbell forgetful—and, therefore, seemingly blind to a glare of nature. Shakspeare makes her drink wine, or other spirituous liquors, before the murderous hour. "That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold." She had gulped the Glenlivet in mad mouthfuls—and the mountain-dew had made her athirst for blood. It had produced the desired and not unusual effect—else had she not exulted to herself in the power of the potion—with such savage glee contrasting her own wakeful boldness with the drunken sleep of the poor wretches who should have watched, and were never to waken. The Lady Macbeth of Cumberland, Richardson, and Forster, would have indulged herself in her cups after the murder, not before it—for "pure demoniac fierceness" would not have needed to have recourse to "ama" still."

"The golden reward of royalty," says Mrs Siddons, finely, "now crowns her brow, and royal robes enfold her form; but the peace that passeth all understanding is lost to her for ever, and the worm that never dies already gnaws her heart. Under the impression of her present

wretchedness, I, from this moment, have always assumed the dejection of countenance and manners which I thought accordant to such a state of mind; and though the author of this sublime composition has not, it must be acknowledged, given any directions whatever to authorize this assumption, yet I venture to hope that he would not have disapproved of it. It is evident, indeed, by her conduct in the scene which succeeds the mournful soliloquy, that she is no longer the presumptuous, the determined creature, that she was before the assassination of the King." In proof of this, Mrs Siddons alludes to the striking indications of sensibility, nay, tenderness and sympathy, which she exhibits for the first time on the approach of her husband; and adds, that in her opinion this conduct is nobly followed up by her during the whole of their subsequent eventful intercourse. "The sad and new experience of affliction has subdued the insolence of her pride, and the violence of her will, for she comes now to seek him out, that she may at least participate his misery. Far from her former habits of reproach and contemptuous taunting, you perceive that she now listens to his complaints with sympathizing feelings, and so far from adding to the height of his affliction the burden of her own, she endeavours to conceal it from him with the most delicate and unremitting attention. But it is in vain; as we may observe in his beautiful and mournful dialogue with the physician on the subject of his cureless malady. 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?' All her thoughts are now directed to divert him from those sorry fancies, by turning them to the approaching banquet, in exhorting him to conciliate the good will and good thoughts of his guests, by receiving them with a disengaged air, and cordial, bright, and jovial demeanour. Yes! smothering her sufferings in the deepest recesses of her own wretched bosom, we cannot but perceive that she devotes herself entirely to the effort of supporting him."

Mr Campbell cannot go along with his illustrious friend in this view of Lady Macbeth's character and conduct;—nor can we. Yet, by quali-

fying their opinions, we think that we shall come near the truth. "That the poet meant us to conceive her more than a piece of august atrocity," says Mr Campbell, "or to leave a tacit understanding of her being *naturally amiable*, I make bold to doubt." So do we—but Mrs Siddons, while she allows her good feelings, does not, we think, go so far as to say that she was "naturally amiable." Mr Campbell cannot think that "she seeks out Macbeth that she may at least participate in his wretchedness." Is that, he asks, "her real motive? No. She seems to me to have no other object than their common preservation." This is hardly fair, even to such a criminal. No doubt, it is politic to snatch him from his "sorry fancies"—the solitary indulgence of which, or the yielding to them in company, may breed suspicion; yet we feel, without perhaps being able to prove it by citation of many words, that there is pity and tenderness then in her behaviour to her husband, and that she is sad to see that the iron has entered his soul. She may not have sought him "in a dutiful and unselfish tenderness," as Mrs Siddons somewhat too decidedly and broadly asserts, yet it looks, from her language, as if much of such tenderness did steal upon her once haughty, but now humbled heart, during that rueful talk—that her misery is not all for her own sake—and that while she is anxious he should shew himself calm before others, that his mental trouble may not seem to be from guilt, she is at the same time anxious for his own sake—whom she loves—that he should banish the phantoms that haunt him so terribly—and enjoy with her—as far as that may be—the masterdom achieved by their common crime. We remember well "the dejection of countenance and manners," which Mrs Siddons assumed to give the impression of her wretchedness, and as well the mournfulness of her voice, perfectly suited, as we thought, to a prevailing pity for her unhappy husband, all through the conversation to which we have been alluding, and to every word she uttered—and our memory of her power and pathos in that scene is too faith-

ful to allow us to doubt that she was true to nature and Shakspeare.

"At least insensible as we have seen her to the slightest joy at the return of her husband," says Mr Campbell, "it seems unnecessary to ascribe to her any new-sprung tenderness, when self-interest sufficiently accounts for her conduct." This is not an answer to Mrs Siddons. Mixed motives are the most common; simple self-interest seldom sufficiently accounts for the conduct of a great-minded criminal in fearful predicament—and why suppose that Lady Macbeth had never loved her husband? Her tenderness was not new-sprung; for up to the hour she received that "postentous letter," there was not a better life in the North. She proves that by the beautiful panegyric she pronounces on her husband; and, but for those accursed witches, the worthy couple, after a long and well-spent life, would have died in their beds, and many a pitiful pibroch wailed round their tombs. How does she receive Macbeth on his return? She does not leap into his arms, nor he into hers, nor is there any smothering with kisses.

"Come, thick night!

And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell!

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,

To cry, hold! hold! Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Enter Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail HERE-AFTER!

Thy letters have transported me beyond The ignorant present time."

Here is perfect sympathy between husband and wife—read the scene, and you will feel it is most awful—"out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." "This," says Mrs Jameson, "is surely the very rapture of ambition! and those who have heard Mrs Siddons pronounce the word *hereafter*, cannot forget the look, the tone, which seemed to give her auditors a glimpse of that awful future, which she, in her prophetic fury, beholds upon the instant."

Shakspeare never intended that

we should forget all her former life. He left it all indeed to our imagination—but our imagination figures to itself a beautiful Lady Macbeth and an innocent, who for years had been the lovely light of her lord's castle-halls, and whose virtues had been sung to a hundred harps on the heather hills. But pride and ambition ruined all—nor had even they prevailed, but for the intervention of the ministers of hell and fate. "Let it be here recollected," says Mrs Siddons, "as some palliation, that she had probably from childhood commanded all around her with a high hand; had uninterruptedly, perhaps, in that splendid station, enjoyed all that wealth, all that nature had to bestow; that she had possibly no directors, no controllers, and that in womanhood her fascinated lord had never once opposed her inclinations. But now her new-born relentings, under the rod of chastisement, prompt her to make palpable efforts in order to support the spirits of her weaker, and, I must say, more selfish husband. Yes; in gratitude for his unbounded affection, and in commiseration of his sufferings, she suppresses the anguish of her heart, even while that anguish is precipitating her into the grave, which at this moment is yawning to receive her."

But let us quote all Mrs Siddons's memoranda on the Fifth Act.

"Behold her now, with wasted form, with wan and haggard countenance, her starry eyes glazed with the ever-burning fever of remorse, and on their lids the shadows of death. Her ever-restless spirit wanders in troubled dreams about her dismal apartment; and, whether waking or asleep, the smell of innocent blood incessantly haunts her imagination:

'Here's the smell of the blood still.

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten

This little hand.'

"How beautifully contrasted is this exclamation with the bolder image of *Macbeth*, in expressing the same feeling!

'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash the blood

Clean from this hand?'

And how appropriately either sex illustrates the same idea!

"During this appalling scene, which, to my sense, is the most so of them all, the wretched creature, in imagination, acts over again the accumulated horrors of her whole conduct. These dreadful images, accompanied with the agitations they have induced, have obviously accelerated her untimely end; for in a few moments the tidings of her death are brought to her unhappy husband. It is conjectured that she died by her own hand. Too certain it is, that she dies, and makes no sign. I have now to account to you for the weakness which I have, a few lines back, ascribed to *Macbeth*; and I am not quite without hope that the following observations will bear me out in my opinion. Please to observe, that he (I must think pusillanimously, when I compare his conduct to her forbearance) has been continually pouring out his miseries to his wife. His heart has therefore been eased, from time to time, by unloading its weight of woe; while she, on the contrary, has perseveringly endured in silence the uttermost anguish of a wounded spirit.

'The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids
it break.'

"Her feminine nature, her delicate structure, it is too evident, are soon overwhelmed by the enormous pressure of her crimes. Yet it will be granted, that she gives proofs of a naturally higher toned mind than that of *Macbeth*. The different physical powers of the two sexes are finely delineated, in the different effects which their mutual crimes produce. Her frailer frame, and keener feelings, have now sunk under the struggle—his robust and less sensitive constitution has not only resisted it, but bears him on to deeper wickedness, and to experience the fatal fecundity of crime.

'For mine own good—All causes shall
give way.

I am in blood so far stepp'd in, that
should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.'

Henceforth, accordingly, he perpetrates horrors to the day of his doom.

"In one point of view, at least, this guilty pair extort from us, in spite of ourselves, a certain respect and approbation. Their grandeur of character sustains them both above recrimination (the despicable accustomed resort of vulgar minds) in adversity; for the wretched husband, though almost impelled into this gulf of destruction by the instigations of his wife, feels no abatement of his love for her, while she, on her part, appears to have known no tenderness for him, till, with a heart bleeding at every pore, she beholds in him the miserable victim of their mutual ambition. Unlike the first frail pair in Paradise, they spent not the fruitless hours in mutual accusation."

Let us turn now to Mrs Jameson's view of Lady Macbeth's character, which is in much coincident with that taken by Mrs Siddons. Mr Campbell observes that "those who have read Mrs Jameson's admirable 'Characteristics of Women,' must have remarked the general similarity of her opinions respecting Lady Macbeth's character, in the foregoing critique. If there be any difference, it is that the former goes a shade farther than Mrs Siddons, in her advocacy of Shakspeare's heroine. Whether Mrs Jameson heard of Mrs Siddons's ideas on the subject, which she might by possibility, as the great actress made no secret of them, I have never been in the least anxious to ascertain, because it is plain, from her writings, that Mrs Jameson has a mind too original, to acquire or to borrow suggestions from any one. But in deprecating all suspicion of obligation on the one side, I have an equal right to exclude the possibility of its being suspected on the other. Mrs Siddons shewed me these remarks on the character of Lady Macbeth some nineteen years ago, so that there can be little doubt of their having been earlier written than those of the authoress of the *Characteristics*." Mr Campbell, in other places, expresses the highest admiration of Mrs Jameson's taste, feeling, and genius, now universally recognised, though we have not seen her placed beneath the deas in either of the royal Reviews. That accomplished scholar Mr Hayward, prose translator of Faust, in speaking of her

extraordinary merits, says that hitherto justice has not been done her in our periodical literature, except perhaps by a writer in *Blackwood*, and adds, that even that writer might have said more in her praise. We might; but the truth is, that having written four long articles on her "*Characteristics*," we began to feel that we had no right to enrich our work with many more quotations from hers, and therefore left unsaid much we had wished to say—and left unquoted hundreds of her noblest and most truthful speculations—with which her volumes overflow. She has said countless fine things on one and all of Shakspeare's women, no doubt often felt before by millions, but never before expressed; and she tells us in a note to a passage in the second edition of the *Characteristics*, that she had never seen Mrs Siddons's analysis of the character of *Lady Macbeth*—but had heard her say, that after playing the part for thirty years, she never read it over without discovering in it something new. The woman's heart, in both cases alike, revealed to them truths which seem to have escaped the perception of us male critics—and though from zeal, at once natural and noble, in defence of their sex, they may have relieved too much the terrible character of *Lady Macbeth* by lights imparted to it by their own fine sympathies, and lent it permanent traits and touches of goodness, where all that is not black is evanescent, yet we believe that on the whole they have both more truly than any others expounded the wonderful meanings of Shakspeare.

Mr Campbell is not a convert to their creed, and thinks that "if *Lady Macbeth*'s male critics have dismissed her with ungallant haste and harshness, the eloquent authoress of the '*Characteristics of Women*' has tried rather too elaborately to prove her positive virtues, by speculations which, to say the least of them, if they be true, are not certain." And he then proceeds to argue—we need not say in the most kind and courteous spirit—against some of those uncertain speculations. They who have both books before them, will see that Mr Campbell argues fairly; but it might seem otherwise, were we to quote his objections, without first letting

our readers know what is Mrs Jameson's idea of the character of *Lady Macbeth*. The character resolves itself, she says truly, into few and simple elements. But they are not the elements Dr Johnson would have mentioned—who tells us in so many words, that "*Lady Macbeth* is merely detested;" nor Schlegel, "who dismisses her in haste, as a species of female fury." Let the best female critic of the age speak in her own inimitable words.

"In the mind of *Lady Macbeth*, ambition is represented as the ruling motive, an intense overmastering passion, which is gratified at the expense of every just and generous principle, and every feminine feeling. In the pursuit of her object, she is cruel, treacherous, and daring. She is doubly, trebly, dyed in guilt and blood; for the murder she instigates is rendered more frightful by disloyalty and ingratitude, and by the violation of all the most sacred claims of kindred and hospitality. When her husband's more kindly nature shrinks from the perpetration of the deed of horror, she, like an evil genius, whispers him on to his damnation. The full measure of her wickedness is never disguised, the magnitude and atrocity of her crime is never extenuated, forgotten, or forgiven, in the whole course of the play. Our judgment is not bewildered, nor our moral feeling insulted, by the sentimental jumble of great crimes and dazzling virtues, after the fashion of the German school, and of some admirable writers of our own time. *Lady Macbeth*'s amazing power of intellect, her inexorable determination of purpose, her superhuman strength of nerve, render her as fearful in herself, as her deeds are hateful; yet she is not a mere monster of depravity, with whom we have nothing in common, nor a meteor, whose destroying path we watch in ignorant affright and amaze. She is a terrible impersonation of evil passions and mighty powers, never so far removed from our own nature as to be cast beyond the pale of our sympathies; for the woman herself remains a woman to the last,—still linked with her sex, and with humanity. This impression is produced partly by the essential truth in the conception of the character, and

partly by the manner in which it is evolved; by a combination of minute and delicate touches, in some instances by speech, in others by silence; at one time by what is revealed, at another by what we are left to infer. As, in real life, we perceive distinctions in character we cannot always explain, and receive impressions for which we cannot always account, without going back to the beginning of an acquaintance, and recalling many trifling circumstances—looks, and tones, and words: thus, to explain that hold which Lady Macbeth, in the midst of all her atrocities, still keeps upon our feelings, it is necessary to trace minutely the action of the play, as far as she is concerned in it, from its very commencement to its close."

In pursuance of this plan, Mrs Jameson directs our attention to every thing in the play, elucidating, often by glimpses, certain qualities inherent in the character of Lady Macbeth, though overlaid, and lost to sight, by the deformities and terrors and horrors worked—sometimes it might seem even against nature's self—by the dreadful dominancy of ruling passions. Such glimpses—coming and going—shew us "that the woman herself remains a woman to the last—still linked with her sex and with humanity." They ever and anon convince us that, perhaps, she is not "naturally cruel," that she is not "invariably savage," that she is not endued with "pure demoniac fierceness," that she is not "merely detested," that she is not "a species of female fury." We must bear in mind, then, that the first idea of murdering Duncan is not suggested by Lady Macbeth to her husband—it springs within *his* mind, and is revealed to us before his first interview with his wife—before she is introduced to us, or even alluded to. True that his letter itself acts upon her mind, as the prophecy of the weird sisters acted on *his*, and thus we are prepared to see the train of evil, first lighted by hellish agency, extend itself to *her* through the medium of her husband—but thus, too, is the guilt more equally divided than we should suppose, when we hear people pitying the "noble nature of Macbeth," bewildered and goaded on to crime,

solely, or chiefly, by the instigation of his wife. She afterwards appears the more active agent of the two, but it is less, adds Mrs Jameson, through her preeminence in wickedness than through her superiority of intellect. People all pity Macbeth, but declare they hate his lady, attributing his wickedness to preternatural agency—hers to a diabolical nature that needed no weird sisters to drive it to deeds of blood. But her superstitious belief was as strong as his—nor, but for that prophecy, had she ever dreamt of murdering the gracious Duncan. The deed was to be done—and her resolution shewed the superior strength, not the greater cruelty of her nature. Indeed, the course of events, after "the deep damnation of that taking off," shews that Macbeth was far the more cruel of the two—how weakness became wickedness which the strong-minded would not have been tempted even to imagine. Nowhere, Mrs Jameson reminds us, is she represented as urging him on to new crimes; so far from it, that when Macbeth darkly hints his purposed assassination of Banquo, and she enquires his meaning, he replies—

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

'Till thou approve the deed."

The same thing, she adds, may be said of the destruction of Macduff's family. Every one must perceive how our detestation of the woman had been increased, if she had been placed before us as suggesting and abetting those additional cruelties into which Macbeth is hurried by his mental cowardice. "But was she not in all her husband's secrets?" we hear some worthy housekeeper exclaim, who would give her dear man no rest, night nor day, till she had wormed out of him the most insignificant secret that might be supposed to have insinuated itself through a chink into the unfurnished lodging of his mind. "The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?" "That heart-broken and shuddering allusion to the murder of Lady Macduff," proves that she knew what kite it was that at one fell swoop destroyed the hen and chickens. But "she is nowhere brought before us in immediate con-

nexion with these horrors, and we are spared any flagrant proof of her participation in them. This may not strike us at first, but most undoubtedly has an effect on the general bearing of the character, considered as a whole." She was "art and part," as we say in Scotland, in the first murder, accessory before and after and during the act,—aye, guilty of murder in the first degree; but the cruel coward afterwards needed no accomplice—no accomplice at least such as she—for his own eyes saw stretching out before them but a path of blood. There were mean murderers always ready at hand with knife and dirk—while the daggers that had drunk Duncan's blood lay rust-eaten beneath a lid with a secret spring in my Lady's cabinet.

Some of the other points to which Mrs Jameson refers, are the same—yet not quite the same—that struck Mrs Siddons. She remarks that "a pervading source of interest arises from that bond of entire affection and confidence, which, through the whole of this dreadful tissue of crime and its consequences, unites Macbeth and his wife, claiming from us an involuntary respect and sympathy, and shedding a softening influence over the whole tragedy. Macbeth leans on her strength, trusts in her fidelity, and throws himself on her tenderness.

'O full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!'

She sustains him—calms him—soothes him—

'Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks,

Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.'

The endearing epithets, the terms of fondness in which he addresses her, and the tone of respect she invariably maintains towards him, even when most exasperated by his vacillation of mind and his brain-sick terms, have, by the very force of contrast, a powerful effect on the fancy. By those tender, redeeming touches, we are impressed with a feeling, that Lady Macbeth's influence over the affections of her husband, as a wife and a woman, is at least equal to her power over him as a superior mind."

Yet kindred minds of the highest orders sometimes cannot bring them-

selves to see the same meanings in the words of the great poets. Mrs Siddons and Mrs Jameson see pity and love, where Mr Campbell discerns but selfishness—and, gentle reader, what see'st thou? When the guests are dismissed, after the sudden breaking up of the banquet, to which Banquo's ghost had come unbidden from the ditch, and the two are left alone—"not a syllable," says Mrs Jameson, "of reproach or scorn escapes her; a few words, in submissive reply to his questions, and an entreaty to seek repose, are all she permits herself to utter. There is a touch of pathos and of tenderness in this silence, which has always affected me beyond expression; it is one of the most masterly and most beautiful touches of character in the whole play."

But what says Mr Campbell?—"Both her fair advocates lay much stress on her abstaining from vituperation towards Macbeth, when she exhorts him to retire to rest, after the banquet. But, here I must own, that I can see no proof of her positive tenderness. Repose was necessary to Macbeth's recovery. Their joint fate was hanging by a hair; and she knew that a breath of her reproach, by inflaming him to madness, would break that hair, and plunge them both into exposure and ruin. Common sense is always respectable; and here it is joined with command of temper and matrimonial faith. But still her object includes her own preservation; and we have no proof of her alleged tenderness and sensibility."

The scene is lying beneath our hands and eyes—and it seems open to either, or indeed any interpretation. But after half-an-hour's meditation, we side with the ladies. Mr Campbell can see no positive proof of tenderness; nor can we; but he admits the existence of "matrimonial faith"—and that matrimonial faith would not be without "positive tenderness," which, after "he had displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting with most admired disorder," and brought worst suspicion on both their heads, so soon forgot all anger, became self-pacified, and uttered not one reproachful word to Macbeth, when none were by to hear, except the bare walls. Lady Macbeth says, "You

lack the season of all natures—sleep.” Macbeth answers—“Come—we’ll to sleep;” and Mrs Jameson feels that there is great tenderness in such words. We do hope that such was the intention of Shakspeare. Mr Campbell says coolly—“repose was necessary to Macbeth’s recovery.” So thought and said his wife—but he appears perfectly recovered; and if we rightly understand his words, so fleeting has been his fear of Banquo’s ghost, that he is meditating mischief to Macduff.

“How say’st thou, that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding?”

He had manifestly purposed to Burke the Thane of Fife—and was angry at being cheated out of a *shot*. Fear, therefore, of the consequences of his behaviour before the guests and the ghost, does not seem now to trouble him; and Lady Macbeth has dismissed her fear, too, with the company. She had no reason to know “that a breath of her reproach, by inflaming him to madness, would plunge them both into exposure and ruin.” A breath of reproach would have seemed even to Macbeth himself most reasonable and far from unkind; and a man who had seen a ghost and forgotten it—exorcised it from his memory by scheming how to make another—was in no danger of being “inflamed to madness” by a sharp scold. “Their joint fate was hanging by a hair,” true enough; but a scold, which is but another name for an advice, would have been more likely to make Macbeth cautious not to break it. Besides, did they not both know right well that they were already suspected—and more than suspected—of Duncan’s murder—and would soon be of Banquo’s? The old king’s sons were off like winking at the first blush of the bloody corpse—and Macduff kept a safe distance. “Her object includes her own preservation.” Perhaps it does—though we do not very distinctly know what was her “object.” But we do know that she was not entirely selfish in her fears, any more than in her hopes—and we rest—though rather sidgely in our easy-chair—in the belief that she asked her husband to go to sleep, from pity, and grief, and anger, and

fear, and wo, and love—one trouble; and that he asked her to lie down with him on the same bed, from some strange sort of combination of the same feelings—while we likewise believe, firm as holy writ, that neither of them “bowed an eye the whole night.”

Mrs Jameson thinks that Lady Macbeth is ambitious less for herself than for her husband. Such inference may be fairly drawn, she thinks, both from her words and actions. “In her famous soliloquy, after reading her husband’s letter, she does not once refer to herself. It is of him she thinks—she wishes to see her husband on the throne, and to place the sceptre within *his* grasp. The strength of her affections adds strength to her ambition.” If this be true, then her wickedness, though not less, is not the wickedness of an unnatural monster—or female fury—or ogress—or demon or fiend—but of a bold, bad, ambitious, passionate, affectionate, “intellectual woman,” wife and queen—“wading through slaughter to a throne”—arm in arm with her husband. She never would have murdered *him*—for “sole sovereign sway and masterdom.” But notwithstanding all her fascination—and whether she were a strong and black, or delicate and blonde beauty, we are not without our suspicions that Macbeth would have winked at any “three murderers” who had happened to cut her throat, had she either ceased to be useful, or stood in the way of his weak, wavering, and cruel will, as he kept floating and floundering on a marsh of blood. “Bring forth men-children only,” was indeed a compliment at once coarse and sincere—but no very tender affection is expressed in his remark on “The Queen, my Lord, is dead.” “She should have died hereafter.” The ungrateful usurper had become annoyed with her sleep-walking—and cared not now if his “dearest chuck” were gone to the devil. Such is guilt. Nor matters it much whether the criminal be King of Scotland, or King of the Gipsies—hewed down by kilted Thane, “all plaided and plumed in his tartan array,” or tucked up by Jack Ketch, doing his duty in a pair of greasy corduroy breeches.

But another quotation—and Mrs Jameson may say, “that is my case,” without fear of being refuted by any advocate who may rise to reply.

“Lastly, it is clear that, in a mind constituted like that of Lady Macbeth, and not utterly depraved and hardened by the habit of crime, conscience must wake some time or other, and bring with it remorse closed by despair, and despair by death. This great moral retribution was to be displayed to us—but how? Lady Macbeth is not a woman to start at shadows; she mocks at air-drawn daggers; she sees no imagined spectres rise from the tomb to appal or accuse her. The towering bravery of her mind disdains the visionary terrors which haunt her weaker husband. We know, or rather we feel, that she who could give a voice to the most direful intent, and call on the spirits that wait on mortal thoughts to ‘unsex her,’ and ‘stop up all access and passage of remorse’—to that remorse would have given nor tongue nor sound; and that rather than have uttered a complaint, she would have held her breath and died. To have given her a confidant, though in the partner of her guilt, would have been a degrading resource, and have disappointed and enfeebled all our previous impressions of her character; yet justice is to be done, and we are to be made acquainted with that which the woman herself would have suffered a thousand deaths of torture rather than have betrayed. In the sleeping scene we have a glimpse into the depths of that inward hell; the seared brain and broken heart are laid bare before us in the helplessness of slumber. By a judgment the most sublime ever imagined, yet the most unforced, natural, and inevitable, the sleep of her who murdered sleep is no longer repose, but a condensation of resistless horrors, which the prostrate intellect and the powerless will can neither baffle nor repel. We shudder, and are satisfied; yet our human sympathies are again touched; we rather sigh over the ruin than exult in it; and after watching her through this wonderful scene with a sort of fascination, we dismiss the unconscious, helpless, despair-stricken murderess, with a feeling which Lady

Macbeth, in her waking strength, with all her awe-commanding powers about her, could never have excited. It is here, especially, we perceive that sweetness of nature, which, in Shakspeare, went hand in hand with his astonishing powers. He never confounds that line of demarcation which eternally separates good from evil; yet he never places evil before us without exciting, in some way, a consciousness of the opposite good which shall balance and relieve it.”

We have now heard—if not all—the chief arguments by which Mrs Siddons and Mrs Jameson support their view of the character of *Lady Macbeth*. Mr Campbell, we have seen, is, in some important points, their polite opponent; but, though we have already incidentally introduced a few of his controversial passages, we should be leaving our readers almost wholly in the dark with regard to his opinions, as they form one whole, were we not to lay before them—with a few not very material omissions—his critique on this wonderful tragedy. It is a masterpiece.

“I regard the tragedy of ‘Macbeth,’ upon the whole, as the greatest treasure of our dramatic literature. We may look as Britons at Greek sculpture and Italian paintings, with a humble consciousness that our native art has never reached their perfection; but, in the drama, we can confront Æschylus himself with Shakspeare: and, of all modern theatres, *ours* alone can compete with the Greek in the unborrowed nativeness and sublimity of its superstition. In the grandeur of tragedy ‘Macbeth’ has no parallel, till we go back to the ‘Prometheus,’ and the ‘Furies,’ of the Attic stage. I could even produce, if it were not digressing too far from my subject, innumerable instances of striking similarity between the metaphorical mintage of Shakspeare’s and of Æschylus’s style—a similarity, both in beauty and in the fault of excess, that, unless the contrary had been proved, would lead me to suspect our great dramatist to have been a studious Greek scholar. But their resemblance arose only from the consanguinity of nature.

“In one respect, the tragedy of ‘Macbeth’ always reminds me of Æschylus’s poetry. It has scenes

and conceptions absolutely too bold for representation. What stage could do justice to *Æschylus*, when the Titan Prometheus makes his appeal to the elements; and when the hammer is heard in the Scythian Desert that rivets his chains? or when the Ghost of Clytemnestra rushes into 'Apollo's temple, and rouses the sleeping Furies? I wish to imagine these scenes: I should be sorry to see the acting of them attempted.

"In like manner, there are parts of 'Macbeth' which I delight to read much more than to see in the theatre. When the drum of the Scottish army is heard on the wild heath, and when I fancy it advancing, with its bowmen in front, and its spears and banners in the distance, I am always disappointed with *Macbeth's* entrance at the head of a few kilted actors. Perhaps more effect might be given to this scene by stage preparation; though with the science of stage-effect I can pretend to little acquaintance. But be that as it may, I strongly suspect that the appearance of the *Weird Sisters* is too wild and poetical for the possibility of its being ever duly acted in a theatre. Even with the exquisite music of Lock, the orgies of the *Witches* at their boiling cauldron is a burlesque and revolting exhibition. Could any stage contrivance make it seem sublime? No! I think it defies theatrical art to render it half so welcome as when we read it by the mere light of our own imaginations. Nevertheless, I feel no inconsistency in reverting from these remarks to my first assertion, that, all in all, 'Macbeth' is our greatest possession in dramatic poetry. With the exception of the *Weird Sisters*, it is not only admirably suited for stage representation, but it has given the widest scope to the greatest powers of British acting. It was restored to our Theatre by Garrick, with much fewer alterations than have generally mutilated the plays of Shakspeare. For two-thirds of a century, before Garrick's time, 'Macbeth' had been worse than banished from the stage: for it had been acted with D'Avenant's alterations, produced in 1672, in which every original beauty was either awkwardly disguised, or arbitrarily omitted. Yet, so ignorant were Englishmen, that 'The Tatler'

quotes Shakspeare's 'Macbeth' from D'Avenant's alteration of it; and when Quin heard of Garrick's intention to restore the original, he asked with astonishment, 'Have I not all this time been acting Shakspeare's play?'

"*Lady Macbeth*, though not so intensely impassioned as *Constance*, is a more important character in the tragedy to which she belongs. She is a larger occupant of our interest on the stage, and a more full and finished poetical creation. The part accordingly proved, as might have been expected, Mrs Siddons's masterpiece. It was an era in one's life to have seen her in it. She was Tragedy personified.

"*Lady Macbeth* is not thoroughly hateful, for she is not a virago, not an adulteress, not impelled by revenge. On the contrary, she expresses no feeling of personal malignity towards any human being in the whole course of her part. Shakspeare could have easily displayed her crimes in a more commonplace and accountable light, by assigning some feudal grudge as a mixed motive of her cruelty to *Duncan*; but he makes her a murderess in cold blood, and from the sole motive of ambition, well knowing, that if he had broken up the inhuman serenity of her remorselessness by the ruffling of anger, he would have vulgarized the features of the splendid Titaness.

"By this entire absence of petty vice and personal virulence, and by concentrating all the springs of her conduct into the one determined feeling of ambition, the mighty poet has given her character a statue-like simplicity, which, though cold, is spirit-stirring, from the wonder it excites, and which is imposing, although its respectability consists, as far as the heart is concerned, in merely negative decencies. How many villains walk the world in credit to their graves, from the mere fulfilment of those negative decencies! Had *Lady Macbeth* been able to smother her husband's babblings, she might have been one of them.

"Shakspeare makes her a great character, by calming down all the pettiness of vice, and by giving her only one ruling passion, which, though criminal, has at least a lofty object, corresponding with the firmness of

her will and the force of her intellect. The object of her ambition was a crown, which, in the days in which we suppose her to have lived, was a miniature symbol of divinity. Under the full impression of her intellectual powers, and with a certain allowance which we make for the illusion of sorcery, the imagination suggests to us something like a half-apology for her ambition. Though I can vaguely imagine the supernatural agency of the spiritual world, yet I know so little precisely about fiends or demons, that I cannot pretend to estimate the relation of their natures to that of Shakspeare's heroine. But, as a human being, *Lady Macbeth* is too intellectual to be thoroughly hateful. Moreover, I hold it no paradox to say, that the strong idea which Shakspeare conveys to us of her intelligence, is heightened by its contrast with that partial shade which is thrown over it, by her sinful will giving way to superstitious influences. At times she is deceived, we should say, prosaically speaking, by the infatuation of her own wickedness, or, poetically speaking, by the agency of infernal tempters; otherwise she could not have imagined for a moment that she could palm upon the world the chamberlains of *Duncan* for his real murderers. Yet her mind, under the approach of this portentous and unnatural eclipse, in spite of its black illusions, has light enough remaining to shew us a reading of *Macbeth's* character, such as Lord Bacon could not have given to us more philosophically, or in fewer words.

"If *Lady Macbeth's* male critics have dismissed her with ungallant haste and harshness, I think the eloquent authoress of the 'Characteristics of Women' has tried rather too elaborately to prove her positive virtues, by speculations which, to say the least of them, if they be true, are not certain. She goes beyond Mrs Siddons's toleration of the heroine; and, getting absolutely in love with her, exclaims, 'What would not the firmness, the self-command, the ardent affections of this woman have performed, if properly directed!' Why, her firmness and self-command are very evident; but, as for her ardent affections, I would ask, on what other object on

earth she bestows them except the crown of Scotland? We are told, however, that her husband loves her, and that therefore she could not be naturally bad. But, in the first place, though we are not directly told so, we may be fairly allowed to imagine her a very beautiful woman; and, with beauty and superior intellect, it is easy to conceive her managing and making herself necessary to *Macbeth*, a man comparatively weak, and, as we see, facile to wickedness. There are instances of atrocious women having swayed the hearts of more amiable men. What debars me from imagining that *Lady Macbeth* had obtained this conjugal ascendancy by any thing amiable in her nature, is, that she elicits *Macbeth's* warmest admiration in the utterance of atrocious feelings;—at least, such I consider those expressions to be which precede his saying to her, 'Bring forth men-children only.'

"But here I am again at issue with the ingenious authoress of the 'Characteristics,' who reads in those very expressions, that strike me as proofs of atrophy, distinct evidence of *Lady Macbeth's* amiable character; since she declares that she had known what it was to have loved the offspring she suckled. The majority of she-woives, I conceive, would make the same declaration, if they could speak, though they would probably omit the addition about dashing out the suckling's brains. Again: she is amiably unable to murder the sleeping King, because, to use Mrs Jameson's words, 'he brings to her the dear and venerable image of her father.' Yes: but she can send in her husband to do it for her. Did Shakspeare intend us to believe this murderess naturally compassionate?"

"It seems to me, also, to be far from self-evident that *Lady Macbeth* is not naturally cruel, because she calls on all the demons of human thought to unsex her; or because she dies of what her apologist calls remorse. If by that word we mean true contrition, Shakspeare gives no proof of her having shewn such a feeling. Her death is mysterious; and we generally attribute it to despair and suicide. Even her terrible and thrice-repeated sob of agony, in the sleep-

walking scene, shows a conscience haunted indeed by terrors, but not penitent; for she still adheres to her godless old ground of comfort, that '*Banquo is in his grave.*'

"She dies,—she is swept away darkly from before us to her great account. I say, that we have a tragic satisfaction in her death: and though I grant that we do not exult over her fate, yet I find no argument, in this circumstance, against her natural enormity. To see a fellow-creature, a beautiful woman, with a bright, bold intellect, thus summoned to her destiny, creates a religious feeling too profound for exultation.

"In this terribly swift succession of her punishment to her crimes lies one of the master-traits of skill by which Shakspeare contrives to make us blend an awful feeling, somewhat akin to pity, with our satisfaction at her death.

"Still I am persuaded that Shakspeare never meant her for any thing better than a character of superb depravity, and a being, with all her decorum and force of mind, naturally cold and remorseless. When Mrs

Jameson asks us, what might not religion have made of such a character? she puts a question that will equally apply to every other enormous criminal; for the worst heart that ever beat in a human breast would be at once rectified, if you could impress it with a genuine religious faith. But if Shakspeare intended us to believe *Lady Macbeth's* nature a soil peculiarly adapted for the growth of religion, he has chosen a way very unlike his own wisdom in portraying her, for he exhibits her as a practical infidel in a simple age: and he makes her words sum up all the essence of that unnatural irreligion, which cannot spring up to the head without having its root in a callous heart. She holds that

'The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures.'

And that

'Things without remedy,
Should be without regard.'

"There is something hideous in the very strength of her mind, that can dive down, like a wounded monster, to such depths of consolation."

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.*

THAT the great changes of recent times have been mainly owing to the influence of the press, is matter of universal observation; but it is extraordinary, that while so great and important an element has now for the first time been brought fully to bear on public affairs, the attention of philosophers and statesmen should have so little been turned to the principles by which it is governed, and the means by which it is to be regulated. Every one gifted with powers of foresight or historical information, is sensible of the influence of the press, and deploras its present pernicious tendency. Every one sees that it has effected a greater change in human affairs, than either gunpowder or the compass. Every wise man trembles at the perilous ascendancy of democratic ambition which the extension of political reading, with which it is attended, to the lower orders has given, and every good man laments the ruinous vigour with which the depraved principles of our nature have shot up under its fostering influence; but no one thinks of considering how this new and terrible power is to be mastered, and the dissolving principles with which it is invested, again brought under the dominion of virtue and religion. That such means, however, do exist, we may be well assured. Human virtue and prosperity, man's happiness here and hereafter, are not destined to sink under the depravity of the press, any more than they did under the legions of Rome, the lances of chivalry, or the scimitar of Mahomet. We may be unable to perceive the means of extrication, but we may be assured that such will be ultimately prepared by the bounty of Providence; and, possibly, in the extremity of the disaster and ruin to which we are doomed from the evil we deplore, will ultimately be found the sources of its correction and subjugation, to the future races of mankind.

In considering how any evil of

great and general extension is to be remedied, the first thing to be done is to endeavour to get at the bottom of the principles on which it is rested. Here, as everywhere else, it will be found, that the regulating principles are of the simplest and most obvious kind, and that millions of mankind are governed by those apparently superficial, but really profound maxims, when applied to nations, which are familiar to the most illiterate in the business of private life.

The features by which the press, —meaning by that term, not the great works which are destined permanently to delight and instruct mankind, but those lighter productions which attract and are alone read by the multitude—newspapers, magazines, reviews, novels, superficial travels—is now distinguished, are a general democratic, and an increasing licentious character. No doubt there are many and honourable exceptions to the rule, and in the higher branches of periodical literature, addressed to the really educated classes, a vast preponderance of Conservative principles and religious feeling is to be found. But they unhappily form the exception, not the rule. Generally speaking, the press is decidedly democratic; and this is proved to demonstration, by the immense circulation which the leading papers which have adopted that side of politics have obtained. That it is daily, too, becoming more licentious, that strong and vivid pictures addressed to the passions and the imagination, incitements to sensual indulgence, and that fatal union of genius with voluptuousness which is the well-known sign of a declining age, have of late become prevalent, is matter of universal observation. Works of an opposite character, indeed, are able and numerous; if the principles of evil have acquired an extraordinary activity, not less vigorous have been the efforts of virtue; but the immense circulation of

* *L'Autocratie de la Presse.* 8vo. La Haye: May, 1834.

the productions which stimulate the political or the private passions, sufficiently proves that it is they which fall in with the spirit of the age.

It is not less observable, that the influence of property, and the higher classes, as hitherto exerted, is obviously and totally unable, in determining the character of reading at least, to counteract this tendency. This is a very remarkable circumstance, which lies at the bottom of all really useful discussion on this subject, but to which by no means sufficient attention has yet been paid. In every other department, wealth can counterbalance, and more than counterbalance, the influence of numbers; but in determining the character of the daily or periodical press, it has no such power. The great bulk of the labour of the manufacturer is made for the higher ranks; they command all the genius and industry of artists and artisans of every description; but in that highest of all departments of exertion, human thought, at least in that portion of it which is addressed to the multitude, the overbearing influence of numbers is at once apparent. This is a circumstance well worthy of observation, and it is to its influence that the continual leveling influence of the press is owing. Wealth, virtue, and knowledge, are there fairly overborne by numbers, passion, and ignorance. The greatest genius, the noblest talents, indeed, are exerted on the Conservative side; but their sphere of operation is comparatively limited: it is chiefly confined to those who, from their education or habits, are already inclined to that way of thinking; and the immense multitude of the middling and lower orders continue to brood incessantly over the democratic press—over those who laud their wisdom, and magnify their capacity, and flatter their vanity—who tell them, that their opinion cannot err, and that, in the increase of their influence, is to be found the only effectual antidote to all the evils of society. Talent, faithful to the polar star of interest, is soon to be found enlisted in the same cause. Democratic flattery is as certainly found in popular governments as regal adulation in the halls of princes: base ability as rapidly discovers in

the one case as the other, where the real depositaries of power are to be found.

These are the grand characteristics of the press in these times. Its democratic character, its licentious tendency, its paramount ascendancy over the influence of property and education—it is in these qualities that its great danger consists. Its democratic character shakes the foundations of government: its licentious tendency saps the bulwarks of morals; its ascendancy over property gives it the victory over all the institutions of society. If we would combat its pernicious tendency, we must discover the means of resisting these methods of attack; if we would prevent it from being the pioneer for despotism, we must arrest its devastation before it has effected their overthrow. There is not the slightest danger, indeed, of democratic rule being long prevalent; the fever which it induces rapidly consumes all the bulwarks of liberty; the licentiousness which it develops dissolves all the principles of freedom: but there is the greatest possible danger that it may prove the successful destroyer both of the virtue and the independence of nations, and its triumphs be the harbinger of long ages of degradation and decline.

Difficult as the task of combating so great a power undoubtedly is, we are by no means convinced that it is hopeless. In considering whether or not it is so, the material thing is, to consider to what causes this undoubted deplorable tendency is owing; and in what principles of our nature the foundation is laid for the surprising rapidity with which it eats through all the safeguards of liberty and virtue.

The democratic character of the press is obviously owing to the fact, that nothing is so acceptable to the human heart as flattery. The immense majority of mankind, totally incapable, from their habits, capacity, and acquirements, of taking any useful part in public affairs, like nothing so much as to be told that they are perfectly qualified to take the lead. The less that they are so qualified, the more are they gratified by being told so; just as a woman who has long been accustomed to

the sway of beauty, is less liable to intoxication from its praises, than one who, from a homelier appearance, has been less habituated to resist the insinuating poison. A man who has spent twenty years in the study of history or politics, will probably feel great difficulty in deciding on many of the questions which now agitate society, and willingly withdraw from the responsibility of taking any share in directing public affairs; but a ten-pounder, who has read the Radical journals for a few months, will experience no such hesitation, and determine at once on the weightiest interests of society, without any other instructors but his favourite political flatterers. It is not in human nature for ignorance to resist flattery, or ambition the possession of power; and therefore it is, that the democratic press ever is the most acceptable to the lower orders, because it is there, and there only, that they find the continued praises, which are the most grateful of all music to their ears, and the incitements to power, which are the most powerful of all allurements to their ambition.

The licentious and depraved character of so large a portion, at least of the lower strata, of the press, is the natural consequence of the inherent corruption of our nature; and of the fatal truth, that the human mind, when left to itself, will take to wickedness as the sparks fly upwards. This truth, long ago revealed to our first parents, and incessantly inculcated in religion, is now receiving its clearest illustration, in the character of a large portion of the democratic press, and the rapid dissolution of all the bonds of society, under the influence of an unrestrained discussion of public affairs. It is here that the enormous, the irreparable error of the present times is to be found. The advocates of education, overlooking all the dictates of experience, deaf to all the revelations of religion, insensible to all the conclusions of reason, uniformly asserted, that to make the human mind virtuous, it was sufficient to render it enlightened; and that if the people were only taught to read, there could be no doubt that they would select only what would improve and elevate their minds. But the inherent depravity of our nature

has speedily shewn itself, amidst these dreams of political enthusiasts. As fast as the people were taught to read, they have, in part at least, fastened on seductive or alluring publications; and, while works of sterling utility or virtue, sold by hundreds, those of fascination, imagination, or sensuality, have gone off by tens of thousands. Paris and London, the two leaders of what is called civilisation, are now the great marts of profligacy, obscenity, and irreligion; and amidst the rapture of the educationists, and incessant eulogies on the growing lights of the age, enough of wickedness, clothed in seductive forms, is daily issuing from these great fountains of corruption, as is sufficient, if continued for half a century, to overturn the whole civilisation and liberties of Europe.

The inability of property and education to counteract or check this downward progress, is owing to a peculiarity in the form in which knowledge is transmitted, which has hitherto met with but little attention, but is nevertheless attended with most important consequences, and lies at the foundation of all the important consequence of the press in public affairs. This is the fact, that the daily press, from which nine-tenths of mankind implicitly adopt their opinions, is *not, and cannot be, encouraged by wealth, education, or virtue, in any degree at all proportioned to their resources or importance*, and, consequently, the superior number of the lower orders gives them a decided preponderance over all the better classes of society. A great Conservative nobleman takes in, perhaps, three or four daily papers, and that is the whole encouragement which his L.100,000 a-year gives to the Conservative Journals. Sir Walter Scott took in one, and that was the limit to his influence over the daily press. Ten Radicals, subscribing together, take in as many as the nobleman, and five times as many as the Great Unknown: that is, ten persons on the democratic side, whose united income is probably not L.500 a-year, neutralize one Conservative whose income is two hundred times as great as all theirs put together, and exceed fourfold that of the greatest genius of modern times. This gives a clear insight into the leading principle on this

subject, which is, that in influencing the daily press, the influence of wealth, talent, or virtue, is almost nothing compared to that of numbers; and therefore it is, that so vast a preponderance of journals, in number at least, adopt the popular and licentious side.

In every other department property can overbalance numbers. In the purchase of the luxuries or conveniences of life, of houses, carriages, horses, wines, furniture, or the like, the sway of wealth is paramount, and accordingly all the efforts of industry and ingenuity in these departments are directed to meet the wishes or answer the desires of their opulent customers. The same is the case in the higher departments of literature, and all those works of imagination which are intended to fill up the vacant hours of titled idleness; and hence the inundation of novels professing to portray high life, with which the land has lately been overspread. But in the daily press nothing of the kind appears. There the respective weight of mankind is reduced, as in combats of physical strength, almost to their mere numbers. Perhaps it is not quite true in that matter, as Le Sage says, of another, "A ce jeu un muletier vaut trois Rois;" but most certainly, in encouraging the press, one ten-pounder is often equal to a Newton, an Archimedes, a Bacon, or a Cicero. The reason is, that no man can do more than read one, or at the most two, newspapers a-day; and this can be done as well by a weaver or a coal-heaver as a prince or a philosopher. This simple principle gives, and ever must give, an overwhelming superiority to numbers over property in determining the character of the public press. It is the old consolation of poverty against riches, "Be his fortune what it may, he can eat but one dinner and marry but one wife." With truth it may be added, "and read but one newspaper;" and in this simple observation is to be found the real and permanent cause of the democratic tendency of the daily press in all educated and highly civilized societies, and the total inability of either property or education to withstand this tendency.

We do not by any means assert that the rich and the great have not their weaknesses and their depravities as well as the poor and the indigent; we know perfectly that they have, and are clearly of opinion, that a press exclusively addressed to them would speedily become as depraved, corrupted, and disgraceful, as that chiefly intended for the working classes. It is in the due intermixture of both that any thing like an antidote to the common depravity of all is to be found; and without the perpetual superintendence and efforts of religion, all attempts to stem the torrent of evil, even in this way, will prove ineffectual. But the point we rest on is this: in the principle we have mentioned is to be found a permanent foundation for a democratic press in all countries where reading is general and the press is free, until that period of decrepitude arrives, when political is absorbed in individual passion, and the dreams of democracy are forgotten in the seductions of sensuality and the excitation of the senses. To this last and degraded pass France is fast hastening; of an approach to it, symptoms, and not unequivocal ones, in Great Britain, may be seen.

What, then, is to be done, in combating so subtle and penetrating a poison? Are we to sit down, seeing the press continually depraving, misleading, and corrupting the public mind; flattering the people into a desire for power which they are incapable of exercising with advantage either to themselves or others; and habituating them to a continued excitement, inconsistent either with private happiness or public welfare? Is man inevitably expelled from Paradise by eating of the Tree of Knowledge? or are there principles to be found in human nature capable of arresting the evil, and counteracting the spread of the poison before it has induced corruption in every department of the State, and brought on that longing for rest and despotic authority, which is the invariable termination of ages of convulsion? We cannot pronounce any thing decided on this subject: we much fear that the spread of democratic fervour and journal ascendancy is a stage in

"The National Guard of Paris," says Simeon South, "would rather see the foreign-

the progress of corruption; that it is the fermentation which precedes corruption; but of this we are well assured, that if a remedy exists, it is to be found in the principles we know about to develop.

The editors and journalists who conduct the public press, are, for the most part, not inclined from conviction, or a sense of public duty, to revolutionary principles. They may become so, indeed, from the *esprit de corps* and natural bias arising from active engagement on a particular side, just as a soldier attaches himself to his colours, or a sailor to his vessel; but the motive which originally influences them is a desire of gain. Doubtless, there are many sincere and honest Republicans in this as in every other class; but this is not the case with the whole. Many of them espouse the democratic side in politics, and the licentious in morals, because they find it the most popular, and because they would rather sell thousands of their paper or periodical, than hundreds. This being the ruling principle, the remedy for the evil is to be found in the discovery of a countervailing motive, equally strong and equally general in its operation. This is to be found only in the love of gain. Individuals, numbers, will indeed always be found, who, from a sense of duty, will espouse the right side; but, in calculating on the masses of mankind, we must always look to the sway of the active principles, and of them the love of gain is the one that in the long run can most surely be relied on. Property must discover a method of making its influence counterbalance the force of numbers. The moment this is done, the cause of order is secure; till it is the case, society rests on the unstable equilibrium.

It is in vain to talk of coercing the press by fetters, or prosecutions. These brutal remedies, fit only for a savage age, are in the end totally inadequate to coerce its excesses. The press may indeed, and, in the natural progress of revolutionary innovation, invariably does, become enslaved; but it never is so, till the suffering produced by democratic fervour has

produced such a general reaction as renders all men desirous of seeing it restrained. At that stage of the disease, its danger is, comparatively speaking, over. Men have tasted of the apples of Sodom, and they have found bitter ashes under an inviting and luscious surface. It is at a previous period, it is in the stage in which we are now placed, that an effectual antidote to its licentiousness is required. It is when men have not yet generally suffered under the evils of democratic ascendancy; when they are as yet discerned only by the studious and the well-informed; when the black cloud which is to involve the universe in darkness is only beginning to expand; it is then that the real patriot would pray for an antidote to the evils of the press, and anxiously look round for some means of averting the catastrophe which its licentiousness never fails to produce. Prosecutions and fines are utterly nugatory at that period, as they are utterly hateful and abominable, save for private slander, at every period. They are worse than nugatory, they are unjust. If they terminate in conviction, they make one poor wretch suffer for delinquencies so common that the offenders are innumerable. Prosecutions are no answer to arguments; to attempt to coerce the march of thought by bolts and bars, is like striving to restrain a spirit in its earthly tabernacle.

The only real antidote to the press is to be found in the press itself; the demon of truth, clothed in the armour of hell, can be combated only by the spirit of truth arrayed in the silver robe of innocence. So says, and ever will say, youthful enthusiasm, and generous ardour in the cause of truth; but the experienced sage, versed in the ways of the world, and the prevailing motives of human action, will be fain to superadd to these elevated motives, some of the stimulants to worldly exertion. In a word, woful experience has now taught us, that it won't do to trust to the force of truth alone in the education of nations, any more than the force of truth alone in the education of individuals; but that in both

ers of 1814, than another *emeute* in favour of freedom." Such is the termination of democratic fervour.

cases a great additional exertion is requisite to combat the principles of evil, before those of good have acquired firmness or consistency. Turn a youth of sixteen adrift in London or Paris, without any parents or guardians to watch or coerce his steps, and few religious principles to guide his conduct, and Bacon, Newton, and Adam Smith alone to counterbalance the Palais Royal, the saloons of the theatres, and the gaming-houses, and we all know what will be the result. Such, and not one whit less hopeless, is the situation of a nation turned adrift upon the sea of democratic flattery, without any security against error but that which arises from the force of truth, and the ability with which it is enforced by the Conservative press. That "truth is great, and will prevail," is indeed certain; but it is in the end, not the beginning, that its victory is secure; and in the previous oscillations of the pendulum, the whole institutions of society, and the whole safeguards of virtue, may be overthrown, and there be left only the name of a nation, without either its virtue, its religion, its liberties, or its independence.

As the cause of the democratic tendency of the great majority of the Journals is to be found in the superior encouragement afforded to popular writers, to those of Conservative principles, from the greater number of those to whom the one set of principles is agreeable than the other, and as experience proves that property, when acting individually, has no means of counteracting this tendency, it follows that the only effectual way of combating the evil, is to provide as great encouragement for Conservative, as is now afforded to Revolutionary ability, and neutralize the weight given to Liberal principles by the multitude, by the benefits conferred on Conservative talent by the Government. This is the only way to correct the evil, and to all appearance it would prove effectual; or, at least, it would provide a more effectual barrier to the inroads of democracy, than can possibly be established by the insulated efforts of private individuals.

The dangers arising from a democratic press, are neither more nor less than an extension, through political influence, and by the overbear-

ing weight of numbers on the Legislature; of the desire for aggrandizement at another's expense, which is the great fountain of evil, to guard against which all the institutions of society are established. When necessity for laws and courts of justice; for standing armies and feudal militia; for police, officers of justice, judges, and executioners? Whence, but in the strong disposition to forget the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*.—the natural propensity to stretch out our hands, and help ourselves to our neighbour's property, which is ever so agreeable to poverty, idleness, or rapacity. Hitherto the efforts of the holders of property have only been required to combat this propensity in single individuals; and it is to do so with effect, that all the mighty machinery of Government is established. But now the danger appears in another, and a far more formidable form. We are not now threatened with robbery on the highway, but spoliation under cover of law; the depredators do not go out to the public roads in gangs, but to the polling booths in organized bands. When once a democratic Legislature is established; when once, in the choice of representatives, numbers and indigence have acquired a preponderance over property and intelligence, the work of spoliation is easy, the defences of property have been turned, and the machinery established for its preservation may be securely rendered the means of its destruction.

We have already said, that there is not the slightest danger of this state of things continuing for any length of time, because the anarchy and desperate suffering which it induces, must speedily bring society back to its first principles, by the rude method of military force, the *ultima ratio*, more efficacious than regal oppression. But in such convulsions freedom is almost certainly destroyed; and consequent on them, can be expected only a national old age of decrepitude, slavery, and degradation. But to avert this desperate, though, if not prevented, inevitable reaction, nothing seems sufficient but a complete and regular organization of the leading talent in the nation, on the side of order, virtue, and religion; and if this was systematically done, in a right spirit,

there seems little doubt that it would be adequate to combat the forces of anarchy, how skillfully soever directed. But till part of the public resources are directed to this object, it is in vain to expect that Conservative principles are to maintain their ground against the dissolving powers of anarchy. To expect that they will, is not less extravagant than it would be to send out a few wealthy individuals on the highway to maintain a contest, unsupported, with a desperate and rapacious rabble, an hundred times their number. This contest is not now going on in the public streets; it does not strike the senses; but it really exists, it is incessantly going forward, and constitutes the real object at issue between the two great parties which now divide the world.

The attention of governments, and of the holders of property, has not hitherto been drawn to this subject, because the evils of popular spoliation, of depredation effected under cover of law, are of recent introduction, and the press is only beginning to produce its full effects upon the face of the world. But it must be evident to whoever considers the subject dispassionately, that unless something of this sort is done, and that, too, right speedily, it is altogether extravagant to suppose that property is to obtain in future that security which it has hitherto enjoyed, and which it has been the great object of government to confer. The secret of its weakness has been discovered; the river which covers it has been turned by its source. By the simple process of returning members pledged to revolutionary measures, the work of spoliation may go on, not only without violating the law, but in entire conformity with it. One tithe bill deprives the clergy of eight shillings in the pound on their incomes; another may take away the remaining twelve. No violence appears in society; not one house is burnt, not one throat is cut; and, amidst the most complete seeming peace and security, and incessant eulogies on the improvements of the age, whole classes in society may be consigned to confiscation and ruin.

We are always told that these evils are to be averted by the influence of

property; but how is property to possess *any* influence in opposition to numbers, when the daily press, which governs the opinions of nine-tenths of the people, is perpetually running riot in favour of democratic principles? That is the real question. Experience is daily proving that the influence of wealth, whether direct or indirect, whether legitimate or corrupt, is feeble when put in opposition to that of opinion. By extraordinary efforts, indeed, and in particular places, the majority may be brought to vote for their ultimate interests, in opposition to their present inclinations; but such exertions must not be permanently calculated upon on the one side, nor such submission on the other. No support, with a reading public, can be permanently relied on, but that which is founded on opinion. It is not by unwilling electors, brought by persuasion or influence to the poll, but willing voters, cordially supporting the line of policy which they feel to be right, that the victory of order and justice must be gained. "J'ai toujours marché," said Napoleon, "avec l'opinion de cinq millions d'hommes;" and no prudent Government, in a free and educated country, will ever permanently rely on any support which is not bottomed on that basis.

But how, it will be asked, is opinion to be brought round to the real and ultimate interests of society? How are the many to be induced to read works or journals which cease to flatter their vanity, and discard those which do? Who is to persuade the multitude, that property should be the moving, and numbers only the restraining power? Who is to give to the unthinking, heedless masses of mankind the foresight to see that the measures to which they are urged by their demagogues will prove their own destruction? Who is to reclaim the prodigal, before the ultimate fruits of his actions have become apparent, and he is reveling only in experienced or anticipated enjoyment; not when he is feeding swine in a distant land, and knows not where to lay his head, but when he is rioting with the song and the dance, in the arms of harlots, and the revelry of youth? This is the point upon which the fate of society,

not less than the individual, depends; if wisdom can be learnt in time, salvation may yet be obtained; if not, the *ultima ratio* of suffering must be endured.

The success of all attempts, indeed, to withstand the allurements of democracy to society, just as of all attempts to resist the seduction of the senses in the individual, is doubtful, but it is not hopeless. The great point is to organize a Conservative militia to combat the force of anarchy with its own weapons; to fight the demons of hell, not with the coarse and vulgar instruments of prosecutions and dungeons, but the diamond of genius and the sword of truth. The popular, not less than the female heart, may be won by genius, when wealth sues in vain. Hitherto the press has proved so formidable, because its powers, from the cause we have mentioned, have been exerted chiefly on the side of anarchy, and no adequate counter-acting defences have been set up to resist its assaults. It was the same when gunpowder was first invented: the old battlements, impregnable to the array of feudal power, were found to be wholly defenceless against this new method of attack; and down went tower and town before the terrible tempest of the breaching batteries. By degrees, however, it was discovered that the same power might be applied to the defence of bulwarks; and the genius of Vauban restored the balance of attack and defence, and enabled the besieged, behind their green mounds and sloping glacis, long to defy the attacks of the greatest beleaguering force. WHAT WE WANT IS A VAUBAN OF THE PRESS; some mighty genius, which, measuring the whole extent of the power to be resisted, and the immeasurable perils consequent on its triumph, shall devise the means of organizing the powers of thought in an effective and systematic manner, in defence of justice, order, and truth, and counterbalancing, by the concentrated influence of government and property, the present overwhelming ascendancy of numbers.

Experience only, and the combined efforts of many of the greatest men of the age, perhaps of many ages put together, can determine

in what way this grand object, in comparison of which all others sink into insignificance, is to be accomplished; but that it is not hopeless must be evident from many considerations. Government never hesitates to devote a large portion of its income to maintain a great military and naval force; during the war, each of these services in Great Britain cost L.15,000,000 annually;—why, a hundredth part of that sum, judiciously applied, would buy up the whole press of London, and turn the great majority of the national talent into the defence of order and justice. It was more wittily than truly said, during the long period that the Catholic claims were agitated in Ireland, that if the English Government would expend one-tenth of the sum at Rome, which they did in maintaining a military force in that island to counteract the machinations of its emissaries, they would succeed in buying the Pope and the whole College of Cardinals, and the thunders of the Vatican would speedily be at their command. It is the same, and much more strictly so, with the press. Many able, sincere, and independent men, doubtless, are to be found among the contributors to, or editors of, the daily or periodical papers; but the great majority of that, as of every other profession, look to it merely as a livelihood, and will as willingly take a retaining fee on the one side as the other. Numbers now retain the great majority of the pleaders on the side of democracy; by a skilful direction of the weight of property, the balance might soon be cast the other way. The extraordinary and unblushing effrontery with which many of the leading democratic journals of the country abandon their principles, and veer about with all the almost daily fluctuations and caprice of public opinion, sufficiently demonstrates that its conductors, for the most part, consider it merely as a trade, and would be perfectly willing, for an adequate consideration, to turn it to any other purposes which might present a more inviting aspect.

No person can regard with more abhorrence than we do the idea of directing the efforts of genius by gold, or feel more strongly that it is

when talent is free as air, and unfettered as thought, that it alone can reach its highest destinies. All the great efforts of genius, from the beginning of the world, have been the result of inward inspiration, ebullitions of the *feu sacré*; and, however much interest may be an additional or secondary inducement, it never yet, to such men, was the primary object. But, admitting all this to be true,—conceding that by no efforts of property you will ever be able to summon up at will a Milton, a Newton, a Scott, or a Chateaubriand,—still the question remains, may you not by such methods command the ruder and humbler, perhaps, but not less effective power, of such men as are qualified, and perhaps better qualified than their superiors in genius, to arrest the attention of the multitude,—of a Wilkes, a Horne Tooke, or a Cobbett? We all know that mercenary considerations, or, more properly, the necessity of professional exertion, and the ambition of professional distinction, command, and in all ages have commanded, the greatest talents of the bar,—that they have called forth the abilities of a Romilly, an Eldon, a Pothier, and a Lyndhurst. Similar motives prevail with the healing art; and the profession which has been dignified by the exertions of a Boerhaave, a Sydenham, a Harvey, or a Hunter, is daily practised in every part of the world as a means of subsistence. The Church itself—the militia of heaven to withstand the forces of hell—ever has been, and ever must be, supported by national resources. He that serves at the altar must live by the altar; and the profession which has been graced by the greatest and noblest exertions of humanity, by Bossuet, Fénelon, Jeremy Taylor, and Samuel Clarke, is everywhere supported by a fund set apart by national wisdom and foresight for its special maintenance. The army and navy, the protectors of national independence and private safety, the profession of Cæsar and Hannibal, of Napoleon and Wellington, of De Ruyter and Nelson, is but a trade; and their highest glories must not make us forget that the private stand to be shot at for a shilling a-day, and that most of the officers have at first entered their ranks

to escape from the thralldom of schools, or to figure in their uniforms at balls and assemblies. Considerations of this kind must be sufficient to convince us that there is nothing either hopeless or degrading in the idea of a Conservative press being organized in the most effective and honourable manner, at the expense of Government or the higher orders; and the time, we are persuaded, is not far distant, when a leader in this defensive spiritual militia will rank as high in public estimation, and unquestionably be equal in public importance, to a first-rate debater in either House of Parliament, or a victorious commander of our land or sea forces. We recollect the time when our aristocratic exclusives sneered at the editor of, or contributor to, a review, and would have thought it an insult to be asked to meet the editor of a newspaper; but we have lived to see the one Lord Advocate of Scotland, and the other Lord Chancellor of England; and the Parisian journalists enjoying and wielding the whole powers of the French Government. And really, when such are the honours which attend our opponents in the strife, it is high time that, in every kingdom governed on Conservative principles, similar and equally powerful objects of ambition should be offered to those who espouse the cause of truth, freedom, and religion.

It is a total mistake to suppose that the press is necessarily or universally democratic. It is so in this country and France, only because the chief inducements at present lie in that direction; in a word, because much money is to be made by espousing the popular, and in general comparatively little by taking up the Conservative side, from the superior numbers of the one party to the other. But experience has abundantly proved, that this is not its necessary or universal character. Look at France. No country could teem and overflow with democratic journals more completely than it did from 1789 to 1800; but its subsequent character for the next fifteen years was precisely the reverse. Let us hear Madame de Staël on the subject.—“The whole journals of France,” says this great writer, “were subjected under Napoleon to the

most rigorous censure; the periodical press repeated day after day, month after month, the same observations, without any one being permitted to contradict them. Under such circumstances, the press, instead of being, as so often said, the safeguard of liberty, became the most terrible arm in the hand of power. In the same way as regular troops are more formidable than militia to the independence of the people, so do hired writers deprave or mislead public opinion much more than would possibly take place when men communicated only by words, and formed their opinions from the facts which fell under their own observation. When the appetite for news can be satisfied only by continued falsehood; when the reputation of every one depends on calumnies universally diffused, without the possibility of their refutation; when the opinions to be advanced on every person, on every work, on every individual, are submitted to the observation of journalists, as a file of soldiers to the command of their officers, the art of printing becomes, what was formerly said of cannon, the last logic of kings."* Such, be it observed in passing, is the wretched state of thralldom, to which democratic fervour brought, in twelve years, the people of Europe most passionately devoted to liberty and equality.

These important observations of Madame de Staël's, point out the terrible and fatal misuse which may be made of the press, as the most powerful instrument in the hand of tyranny; and they are the counterpart of the influence which we see in the press around us at this time, when organized almost exclusively in favour of democratic ambition. In truth, that mighty engine is neither essentially, nor in its own nature, either aristocratic, monarchical, or democratic; it merely becomes such according to the use which is made of it, and the purposes to which it is applied. It is the undue preponderance, or exclusive use of it by one side only, which renders its weight irresistible, and causes it to subvert all the institutions of society. Ce-

teris paribus, it will always, in a free state, be democratic, because the great majority of readers, being persons without property, and therefore clear for spoliation, will almost always be inclined to that side. To expect property without the press, or without a press as powerful and generally read as that directed against itself, to withstand the attacks of Democracy, armed with this tremendous weapon, is as ridiculous as to expect the knights of chivalry, with their swords and lances, to combat successfully an army with fire-arms and artillery. But give the knights muskets and cannon as well as their opponents, and the equality of the combat will soon be restored. This, however, cannot be done with effect by individuals, because they are too few in number to array the host; it must be done by the Government, or combinations of the higher orders, and by them it may be effectually accomplished.

We know how ready those journals who read, and cannot answer our arguments, are to endeavour to pervert them, and catch hold of an expression or a sentence, without taking any notice of the qualifying words which go before, or follow after. Let it not be supposed, therefore, or said, by any candid opponent, that we advocate such a state of things as the slavery of the press under Napoleon. We detest it; we abhor it; we execrate it: it is precisely because we know that democratic fervour, if not met and counteracted by similar mental powers, inevitably leads to that woful result, that we are, and ever have been, so strenuous in our endeavours to resist its advances. We do not approve of the licentious prodigal, who consumes all his stock in a few years, and has nothing left but an old age of wretchedness and contempt, but would rather imitate the prudent man, who seeks no more license in youth than he can enjoy with safety, and perpetuates, in a green old age, the enjoyments and liberty of an earlier existence. To drop metaphor, we object to the present influence of the democratic press, because it is obviously preponderating,

and inconsistent with the stability of society; and because we clearly foresee, that if not met and counteracted by equal antagonist forces, it will ere long here, as it did in France, extinguish every remnant of liberty in the land. We contend for no censorship, for no prosecutions, for no measures of coercion; we admit that public opinion ultimately becomes irresistible, and only contend for such measures as may prevent its verdict being made after hearing only one side.

An established press, to fight the battle of Conservative principles, against the incessant attacks of anarchy, is necessary in the political world, for the same reason that an established church and established schools and universities are in the moral—from the experienced inability of mankind, when left to themselves, and at liberty to follow the devices of their own imaginations, to select the food which is really and ultimately nutritious to their minds—and the certain fact, that in such circumstances they will in general select what is agreeable and flattering, in preference to what is true and improving. The reason is obvious; and being founded in the original and universal character of mankind, must subsist as long as the world endures. Men, generally speaking, are not judges of what is good for their minds; on the contrary, if left to themselves, they will generally select what is bad. They are not judges of what is true; on the contrary, if left to themselves, they will in general select what is false, because falsehood always wears a specious guise, and truth a homely aspect. They are not judges of what is for the good of society; on the contrary, when left to themselves, they will in general select what is likely to prove ultimately prejudicial, because it always wears the seductive garb under which error conceals the ashes of the whited sepulchre. For these reasons, the principles of free competition are permanently inapplicable to morals, politics, and religion; and every society which trusts the propagation of sound and just principles on these subjects to a free competition, and the unrestricted choice of the human race, will speedily find the bul-

warks of order, virtue, and devotion, shaken to their foundation. The inability of mankind to judge correctly on these subjects, is the circumstance which distinguishes them from the numerous branches of ordinary industry, which may be safely left to a free competition, and its introduction into which constitutes the great and important improvement of modern times. Children cannot be left to the choice of their food, because they will choose what is sweet, in preference to what is salutary. Youth cannot be left to the selection of its companions, because it will fly to the alluring and the fascinating, in preference to the virtuous and rational. Religion cannot be left to the voluntary support of the people, because it will be lavished on the transports of enthusiasm, or the gloom of fanaticism, in preference to the sober dictates of pure devotion. Politics cannot be left to the unaided sense and native discrimination of mankind, because they will infallibly, in such a case, fly to the siren who entices them by the voice of flattery to perdition, in preference to the still small voice which speaks of reason, expense, and unambitious industry.

These principles are, in great part, new in this country, because the circumstances and the dangers which bring them into notice, are but of recent introduction amongst us. But they are much better understood on the Continent, from their closer proximity to, and more intimate acquaintance with, the secret springs of democratic convulsions. In proof of this, we refer with pleasure to the able work whose title is prefixed to this article, coming from Holland—perhaps the country in Europe where rational liberty is most completely understood, and has been for the longest period established, and where, in consequence, Conservative principles are more widely spread among the people, and freedom has made a more glorious stand against its worst enemy, Democracy, than in any other European society.

The principles of the work will be found for the most part contained in the following propositions, with which the most important chapter it contains sets out:—

“Considering the question of the

Press under a political aspect, the following propositions appear to be undeniable :

"That the action of the Press has become a power to which no other human power can be compared, or can resist.

"That those who lament its excesses, shew themselves infinitely less able than those who profit by its powers.

"That it is possible, nay, easy, and above all indispensable in this matter, to oppose activity to activity, and knowledge of the world to knowledge of the world ; and that if we do not, we shall speedily be landed, and that too in a very short time, either in the most complete dislocation of society recorded in modern times, or in the odious and brutal despotism of the Oriental Sultans.

"That the longer efforts to neutralize it are delayed, the more formidable does the danger become ; and that it is advancing with such rapid strides, that the moment is obviously approaching, and probably is not far removed, when the destinies of human society shall depend only on the blind caprice of chance, or the savage action of force.

"That being impossible to annihilate the influence of the Press, without at the same time destroying in the strife civilisation, all the efforts of the friends of order should be directed to mitigate its excesses.

"That, with this view, the first thing to be done, is to enquire how its powers can be skilfully and usefully directed.

"That to do this, the first thing to do is to place the lever on a secure foundation.

"That the action of the Conservative Press cannot be usefully exercised, but where the liberty of the Press exists, but its license is restrained.

"That that double and indispensable condition exists only in Holland ; and that thus it belongs to that Monarchy to give a salutary example ; an example which only requires to be known to be generally followed, and universally attended with the best effects.

"That matters have now arrived at such a pass that the skilful use of the Press, on Conservative princi-

ples, can alone save Europe, or nothing on earth can save it.

"As it is impossible to re-establish the censorship in countries which have once tasted of the liberty of the Press ; and if it were practicable, it is not desirable ; nothing remains but to have recourse to the means which are still in our power ; and no other means appear to exist, of reconstructing the social edifice, but the skilful use of the weapons in that task, which the anarchists have wielded with such fatal effects, in consummating the work of destruction.

"On the supposition even of a general conflagration ensuing, the powerful auxiliary of the Press cannot fail to exercise an important influence on the masses of mankind, ever inert in their nature, but who never fail to give a decisive advantage to the side which they are brought at last to espouse.

"Finally, the power of bayonets being transitory, and an exception to what every one would wish to be established, while that of reason is indestructible and eternal, the action of the Press, which can prepare the means of victory, is the sole one which will be able to consolidate it after the victory is won—the sole power which can reconstruct freedom in harmony with order or regular government ; for the Press is now the queen of the world."—Pp. 310—314.

The same just and profound principles are farther illustrated in these vigorous remarks :—

"In its present state the social body is covered with deep wounds ; ulceration is universal ; but no one thinks of a remedy. These wounds are the work of the Press ; these wounds the Press alone can heal.

"For twenty years the European Powers have never ceased to convocate Congresses and conferences ; they discuss, they dance, they dine ; and this being done, every one retires to his own home ; and this is what is called, in diplomatic language, conducting negotiations !

"The power of the Press governs the world ; and yet from one end of Europe to another, every one that chooses is allowed to lay hold of this irresistible weapon, and no efforts

whatever are made to enlist it on the side of order. To be allowed to prescribe medicine to a horse, it is everywhere necessary that the person setting up as a farrier should have undergone some sort of an examination. To rule with impunity both kings and people, nothing, literally nothing is required; and this is called living under a Government!"—Introduct. 36.

Every person must have observed since the Education mania overspread the world, that the undue, and yet perpetually increasing, multitude of persons who flock into all the learned professions, and in general strive to elevate themselves above their natural station in society, is an evil of the very first magnitude; and yet one to which experience and suffering affords no sort of remedy, because every one, as Adam Smith long ago remarked, hopes that he himself will draw the prizes, while his competitors draw the blanks, and thus the multitude press on like the white ants, every one of whom expects to cross the stream on a mound formed by the dead bodies of his companions. Probably most professional men will think that this evil has already gone quite far enough in this country; but from the following statistical details it appears that the personal, social, and political evils which we undergo from this hideous *copia peritorum*, as the lawyers express it, is nothing to what is experienced under a longer established democratic system in France.

"There were in the end of 1833, between Paris and the departments, 1,748,000 doctors in medicine and surgery, and, on an average, only 1,400,650 sick persons. On the other hand, there are 1,900,403 advocates, while the rolls of the courts of law exhibit only 998,000 causes. It results from these facts, that, supposing that each doctor has but one patient, and each advocate but one cause, there are in France alone 902,403 advocates without causes, and 300,183 doctors without patients; in all, 1,202,596 individuals, who, having no means of subsistence, derived at least from their professions, are reduced to the necessity of overturning the State by their sedition. After this, need we wonder at any thing which arrives? Statesmen can never

mediate sufficiently on these stupendous figures."—Introduct. 37, Note.

We do not know whether these figures are accurate; but this much is certain, that the extent to which the liberal professions are overstocked in France under the long continued influence of democratic ambition, is an evil of the very first magnitude, in consequence of the multitude of able, bustling, and ambitious men, who are from that cause continually in a state of starvation, and of course ready for any, even the most desperate enterprises. And we should not duly estimate the influence of the democratic Press, unless we recollect, that it is addressed to, and devoured by persons in these necessitous circumstances; and that just in proportion as this inflammable element is scattered through society, is the *egestas cupida novarum rerum*, its natural tinder, at the same time, and from the same causes, extended.

On the means of resisting the evils arising from the democratic press, and the seditious multitude to whom it is addressed, our author makes the following admirable observations:—

"It is really inconceivable to behold all the Cabinets of Europe trembling at the aspect of the evils which revolutionary France has the means of spreading over Europe, and who for the last half century have lavished so many millions uselessly to maintain secret or avowed agents in Paris; spies of all descriptions, ambassadors of all calibres; while not one of them has thought of there establishing a manufactory of useful principles, or disseminating doctrines of order and peace for all monarchs, all states, all people.

"What an incomprehensible prodigy! Posterity will hardly credit it! At a period when the whole world is ruled by the periodical press, and when the slightest commotion experienced in France, or even at Paris, carries alarm, anxiety, consternation, into every corner of Europe; when an article in a journal troubles the sleep of the rulers of the world, no one has thought of making use of the press, even in the country from whence it launches its projectiles in all directions!—Not an attempt even has been made!—

not one journal at Paris represents the sane and reflecting part of Europe! Everywhere legions of ambassadors are sent to monarchs destitute of influence; and not one effort is made to gain the power which makes them all tremble! And yet a number of journals established at Paris, having correspondents elsewhere, would be infinitely more efficacious than all that parade of useless ambassadors, who are of no other use than to prance in processions, and figure in saloons."—P. 368.

"Such an organization of journalism should be governed by no exclusive principle: such a characteristic would destroy all its usefulness. Most assuredly, if a hostile *arrière pensée* was discovered; if it was suspected that the object was to tear France in pieces by civil wars, in order first to humble it, and finally partition it, the whole superstructure would come to nothing, because it would want the foundation on which alone it could be safely founded, a general feeling of confidence. Peace to France at peace, no matter by what prince it is ruled; war, eternal war, to the system of propagandism—such ought to be the open principles and the real designs of the institution; and it should be established in the first instance in that great centre of insurrections, and by degrees in all places where its incendiary principles have found a responsive echo.

"The great object of such a Conservative press should be to shew mankind that their enjoyments, their subsistence, their very existence, are dependent on those principles of order which are utterly destroyed by a successful revolution; that the *future ultimate good* is in all ages the irreconcilable enemy of the *immediate present good*; and that if you will have the one, you most assuredly will lose the other. The great object of our statesmen should be to turn those obstacles which are obviously inexpugnable by any direct attack; and, in so doing, they should recollect the recommendation of Machiavel, by all means to conciliate an enemy whom you cannot destroy."—Pp. 369–370.

More than one statesman or ruler of France have perceived the true method of dealing with this recently-

arisen and formidable power; and the success attending their efforts proves, that by a general application of the same principles, the most salutary results may be obtained.

"Decazes, measuring with a sagacious eye the power of the press, even in his day deemed it indestructible. Fully up to the spirit of the age, he comprehended at once that he should endeavour to make it march with him. He saw that the censorship could not long be continued. His measures prove that he had fully divined the magnitude of the succour which power might derive from a Conservative press, properly organized, as an antidote to the dissolving press. No man knew better than he did that you must oppose *talent to talent*, the sole power which now nothing can resist.

"Napoleon, better than any other, perceived the importance of this great question, and clearly contemplated the period when it would no longer be possible to maintain a censorship on the press. Under his government, the direction of the public mind was by no means, as is generally supposed, a mere instrument of tyranny. The 'Bureau de l'Esprit Public' had no other object but to study public opinion, to originate ideas, to mark their progress, to give it a consistent and safe direction; making use for this purpose of the Press itself, of which the censorship was in his estimation but a transitory fetter. This was, in truth, only one of the vast conceptions of his universal genius, which proposed to lead man to liberty by the exercise of thought—an idea of the most profound political wisdom, akin to the Roman policy; of that far-seeing wisdom which appears to have been extinguished in St Helena, with that astonishing man whose want is now so severely felt in Europe, and who, with his iron arm, alone, in his age, was adequate to the coercion of anarchy.

"Absolute power, so often made a reproach to Napoleon, was, in his estimation, a means, not an end. The proof that he really was advancing towards liberty, is, that he everywhere introduced equality: not merely into his codes, where it is now imperishable, but even into his noblesse; a civic crown, the sequel to

his Legion of Honour, and to which all, of whatever station, were equally admissible. No one can say, save by guess-work, to what an extent Napoleon would have profited by the Conservative press, when once it became free—for assuredly, during the hundred days, its license was frightful. But every thing conspires to indicate, that when he rendered it free, the Emperor would have converted it into a most powerful ally, when the time arrived, at which, in his estimation, it might be safely relieved of its fetters.”—Pp. 365-366.

“If the thirtieth part of the journals which appear in France and England, and have been led, by a sense of duty, to adopt the Conservative side, could have been united in the prosecution of one object; and that object, the establishment of order, stability, and preservation;—if such an organization could be effected even now, when the evil is so far advanced; and if it could acquire that spirit of concord and cohesion, which is exemplified in freemasonry and Bible societies, the genius of anarchy would be vanquished, the incendiary propagandism paralyzed, and, reduced to its own resources, speedily rendered impotent of evil.

“And, good God! if five hundred, if a thousand millions, are required to cover Europe with railways—to plough the deep with steam-vessels—all of which, how beneficial soever in themselves, speedily become the active instruments of revolutionary propagandism—thousands of companies are instantly organized—the requisite funds are speedily subscribed; and no one thinks of organizing an insurance society against the overwhelming catastrophe which threatens soon to overwhelm the world!

“If such blindness, such apathy, does not speedily come to an end, we must conclude that Destiny has already stamped civilisation with the sign of destruction, and that the hour when society is to dissolve is approaching.

“If, in several countries of Europe, a certain number of able journals were established, mutually echoing each other's sentiments—not too near each other, to admit of their influence being confounded—not too far removed, to cause it to be lost—all in the dependent men of Europe

would speedily range themselves under their banners, for the incalculable importance of such institutions would speedily proclaim itself, and the leaders of propagandism would gradually be deprived of their supporters.

“It is truly deplorable to see that honest men have neither the talent, nor the capacity, nor the zeal, which the anarchists display with such success; that the former, ever deploring the tendency of the times, yet sleep away in inactivity, while the latter form themselves into societies, organize filiations, establish journals, rule the press, and by means of it are preparing to rule the universe.

“Some persons imagine that it would be sufficient to engage in this new career certain established journals of known celebrity. That is a total mistake. Such an attempt would sink millions without any beneficial results, and that for a reason which may easily be conceived. All the periodical journals which now combat in different degrees the dissolving principle, have themselves, at some former period, stimulated the march of revolution, or are still engaged in doing so. Whoever has in this way argued first on one side, then on another, has lost all title to public confidence, even if he should in the end hit on the right side, and be sincere. It is the just punishment of habitual lying, that the guilty person is not believed even when he tells the truth. Where is the man who would give any credit to the liberalism of the *Gazette de France*, or appeals to order from *Le Temps*, after its efforts in favour not only of the Barricades of Paris, but of Brussels? And who can contemplate without a smile, the Morning Chronicle raising its voice against the refusal to pay taxes, after its incessant efforts in favour of the cause of insurrection in every quarter of the globe?

“Let us not deceive ourselves. It is not a miserable tergiversation which can save the press: it must be created anew. Nothing but that can inspire confidence; nothing but that can be attended with any beneficial results.”—Pp. 381-382.

There can be no doubt that there is some truth in these observations, though, perhaps, they are

pushed by our author rather too far. Little good is anticipated from the wheelings of the democratic journals : they must support the cause of anarchy to the end of the chapter. It is the same principle which in general has, and will prevent, the early leaders of revolution from opposing any effectual resistance to its ulterior progress ; which at once shivered the power of Neckar, Lafayette, Vergniaud, Danton, the Girondists, Lord Grey, and all similar leaders, the moment they strove to undo the work of their own hands. In politics and statesmen we may in general say not less truly with our author than in regard to journals and the press, that turncoats will not do. " *C'est du neuf du tout neuf, qu'il faut créer.*" Accordingly, in this country, the Conservative journal which has attained the highest and most deserved eminence—the *Standard*—has risen within these few years, and has been distinguished from its commencement by surpassing ability, and never stained its pages by vacillation or tergiversation. The reward of this patriotic and consistent conduct is to be found in the present great circulation and weight of that journal. At the same time, it is not to be supposed that a change of politics resulting from conviction and the enlightening power of experience, is not of great importance, and in such cases the indication of true patriotic feeling : Unquestionably, truth is of inestimable importance, even though not embraced till the eleventh hour ; and where error has, as often it must, been embraced with honest intentions, it is the first duty of virtue to make such a reparation. In a considerable part of the public press, we already see indications of such a change.

We have said that there are but few exceptions among journals, and we will add there is one, and *but one* exception among periodicals. The *St James's Chronicle*, the parent of the *Standard*, has throughout, under all administrations, and through all dangers, ably, steadily, and courageously opposed revolutionary principles. The *Morning Post* has been equally distinguished by consistent ability and truly patriotic conduct ; and as the danger increased, diminishing gradually, though judiciously devotion to the great, eleva-

ting its tone, enlarging its views, it has risen from the world of fashion to the great duties and principles to which high and low are now equally called ; and in the provincial press, so remarkably characterised now by vast ability, many instances of such steady consistency are to be found, which have done much to stem the torrent of evil lately let loose amongst us. What the periodical is, it would ill become us to say ; but this we will affirm, and may affirm without the charge of vanity, that if we had been led away by any of the delusions which were so lamentably prevalent ten years ago ; if, during the high and palmy days of Toryism, we had gone into, and not steadily resisted the dogmas of free trade, conceding government, reciprocity duties, Catholic emancipation, Parliamentary reform, democratic ascendancy, we would never have possessed, nor deserved to possess, the weight which we now do in the State ; we should never have circulated, amidst general depression, NINE THOUSAND A MONTH ; we should never have had our publication looked forward to with anxiety by hundreds of thousands of the most respectable and highly educated persons in the empire ; we should never have seen our sentiments and opinions reappearing in a thousand different quarters, in books, journals, reviews, magazines, and conversation. We have no tergiversation to lament, no inconsistency to conceal ; from first to last, under half-a-dozen successive administrations and systems of government, we have uniformly maintained the same doctrines ; and now we are reaping the reward of our consistency, in the proud satisfaction of beholding every successive year adding additional confirmation to our principles, and the ablest and most enlightened men of the State giving them the weight of their eloquence and authority.

" It is absolutely indispensable," continues our author, " to elevate the journals in proportion to the influence which they have acquired in our days ; for during twenty years, the world has been governed by the periodical press.

" From one pole to another, the periodical press exercises the highest, the most irresistible influence ever yet experienced among man-

kind. It is a misfortune, doubtless, that it should be so; but why not take advantage of that immense lever which, whether for good or for evil, is undoubtedly destined to change the face of the globe? and can any thing be so senseless as, when the danger is so very urgent, to do nothing but weep, after the manner of children?

"It is indispensable to elevate the press in general, and, in particular, the periodical press, to a sense of the august mission which it is called upon to fulfil. Leave it free; but elevate its condition, subject it to high guarantees; that done, by degrees its license will disappear."—P. 333.

It is the moral strategy of the press which must be made the subject of consideration. Most certainly this is no easy matter, and the enterprise is one of no common kind; but we should widely err if we imagined that it is impossible. To allege impossibility in such a case is nothing but the resource of vain, incapable, and impotent mediocrity. Perhaps the principles of such an attempt are to be found in the moral algebra of Franklin; but the difficulty is to apply it to modern societies. The whole destinies of civilized society depend on the attempt; not less those of the people than of kings; the destiny of rational freedom, not less than that of power.

"In what state do we now stand? On the one hand we have the censure, that is, the castration of genius. That weapon is almost worn out wherever it is not totally destroyed.

"On the other side we have the license; making a mockery of the ill-digested or impracticable laws which have been put together for its repression.

"Thus, in truth, there is real freedom nowhere; for wherever it is not muzzled by the censure, it is, in fact, entrammelled by the scandal of a revolting license.

"Impunity for such excess leads society inevitably to mortification and ruin: of the two evils, the censorship, ignoble and revolting as it undoubtedly is, is the least. But wherever the liberty of the press has penetrated, the censorship, introduced by force, could not long be

maintained; or if it was, it would be the prolific parent of never-failing discord; it would be ever recommencing.

"We are driven, therefore, to enquire, whether there is nothing can be discovered at once practicable and efficacious, midway between repression and censorship. The object is to create a censure subjected to reason, and, for that purpose, to subject it to the censure of things; for experience has proved that the judgments of men are at once ignoble, contradictory, impassioned, or cowardly."—Pp. 329, 330.

The measures which our author proposes to effect these objects, are, in our estimation, of less importance than the principles which he has unfolded; because they are in some degree dependent on the details of journalist establishments in Holland, and the law on that subject in that country, which is not directly applicable to this. He proposes, that the printers and authors should be jointly responsible for every thing which a journal contains; that the censorship should be abolished, and every one allowed to set up a journal, upon finding security, two-thirds in heritable property, to a very considerable amount, to form a fund for the security of damages awarded against the authors and publishers for libels; that persons only of a certain education should be permitted to edit or print newspapers, and that actions of damages regarding them should be subjected to the cognizance of special juries, chosen from the most elevated, and, above all, the most highly educated classes, as it is a subject on which ordinary juries are utterly incapable, in the general case, of forming a correct judgment.—Pp. 332, 337.

Without implicitly adopting any of these suggestions, and admitting that part of them are more applicable to the Netherlands than this country, it appears at least clear, that the principles on which some of them are founded, are well worthy of attention. The principle, in particular, of compelling persons setting up a journal, to find some security to the public against misdeeds, seems a proposal not altogether unworthy of notice. Lord Liverpool, long ago, in reference to

the currency question, exposed the enormous absurdity of allowing any persons who chose, without any security found, to *usurp the King's prerogative*, and issue notes to pass current with the lieges like the current coin of the realm. May it not, with equal truth, and still more important consequences, be observed, that to allow any one that chooses to set up for an instructor of the people, and to issue thoughts, which, by their force upon the masses, often acquire the force of laws, without any security either for the solvency, respectability, character, or education of the person taking upon himself the exercise of these important functions, is, of all things, the most absurd? We compel, and, experience has proved, justly compel, the persons proposing to practise medicine or surgery to undergo a severe examination, and go through long previous years of study; merely because the gullibility of mankind is found, by experience, to be a given quantity, and the lives of the people would be endangered, without such security, by their universal tendency to employ ignorant empirics, who caught their imaginations, in preference to sober practitioners, who addressed themselves only to their reason. Are not these principles equally applicable to the education and treatment of the human mind? Is not the tendency to error there at least as great, the liability to deception at least as marked, the aptitude to flattery at least as well established? Are not the dangers of error and delusion incomparably greater, and that, too, just in the proportion in which the danger of destroying a single life, how valuable soever, is exceeded by that of overturning the institutions of society, on which the bread and existence of millions depend? We exclaim, and justly exclaim, against the danger of allowing all persons who choose to issue notes without security, which pass current with the ignorant multitude, till they are wakened out of their dream of security by a sudden bankruptcy: but great as this danger is, and reasonably as such security is required, what is the danger compared to that of allowing journalists to issue, without the security either of property or education, doctrines which not

only pass current with, but are highly acceptable to, the multitude, till they are wrought up to the fever which can only terminate in revolution? In short, as the power of the Press is the greatest and most useful, but at the same time most perilous power that ever was brought to bear on public affairs; so it is both just and necessary that in the management of such an engine, a more than ordinary security should be required against its being perverted to the purposes of destruction. This is a subject beset with difficulties, however, on which we offer no decided opinion, and merely throw out these queries to the better judgment of our readers.

Supposing some such system in the end to be forced on every government, the only securities which should be demanded in such a case—and they would, generally speaking, to all appearance, be effectual—are those which nature has established, as the fly-wheel, in every department, to regulate the extravagance of thought, viz. property and education. Doubtless there will always be found some wrong-headed, though able persons, gifted with both these qualities, who will espouse the cause of anarchy and revolution, just as there are always some of the nobility and patrician class, who, from ambition, envy, disappointment, or enthusiasm, will espouse, in opposition to their obvious interests, the same side; but the majority may be relied on as likely to support the cause of truth, freedom, and religion. The great success which has attended, and still attends, the numerous able journals now established in every part of the country on conservative principles, proves that we do not exaggerate the influence of a press generally organized on such principles. At least, if the influence of property and education is ineffectual to restrain the evils of the Press, they are utterly irremediable, and the *ultima ratio* of nature, military despotism, must be established on the ruins of every civil institution, of every remnant of freedom, of every prospect of virtue.

But it is not sufficient, that the daily press (for the publication of books may and ever should be left perfectly free) is thrown as much as possible, in the way which has

now been mentioned, under the influence of property and education: it is farther, to all appearance, indisputable, that an "established Press" should be supported by Government, or combinations of the higher orders, just like an established Church, to maintain, in a lasting manner, the cause of order against the efforts of Anarchy. Strange to say, the principles of evil and destruction are so much more powerful in our nature than those of good and preservation, that mankind cannot be safely left to the care of their own interests; but a ruling power, founded on the principles of wisdom, must be established, to compel, by force, those necessary measures for the general interest, which never could emanate from the insulated efforts of private individuals. It is on this experienced necessity that government is everywhere founded; and all that is wanted, in relation to the Press, is to extend the principles long acknowledged and acted on in regard to the coercion of private crime, to those far more serious attempts at banded spoliation, which are now everywhere begun, and frequently achieved, under the guidance of the Press, by the preponderating influence of numbers over property.—In the management of such an establishment, the great thing, the one thing needful, is to oppose *talent to talent*;—to engage the *highest abilities* in the nation on the side of order; to reward successful exertion in that momentous department with the same honours,

rank, consideration, and power, which are bestowed on the chiefs who lead our armies or fleets to victory, the lawyers who preside over our highest courts, or the statesmen who direct our counsels. Till this is done, the Press, the instrument which divides the government of the world with the bayonet, will ever be at the command of numbers in opposition to property. And we would conclude with the sagacious words of one of the ablest statesmen who ever presided over the destinies of France. "In the present state of civilisation, it is nothing short of insanity to suppose it possible to destroy the Press: it is a moral power which you cannot arrest but in a transitory manner; the public journals have become a necessary of life. There is no power in nature which can interdict their circulation. I cannot conceive a Government, whose first care is not the Press, and, *above all, the means of directing it*. It is capable of being neutralized by talents, and all the power which Government has at its disposal, but it can never be destroyed. It is astonishing, when it is known that the greater part of Governments and Administrations have fallen under the attacks of the Press, that hitherto it has never occupied the attention of Ministers, but by severe laws, or rigorous and impolitic measures, or prosecutions, which only augment its influence. But, nevertheless, the Power which directs the influence of the Press, or neglects it, is on the verge of destruction."

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT, IN 1823, TO THE SEAT OF WAR IN GREECE.

BY JAMES HAMILTON BROWNE, ESQ.*

LORD BYRON had resided only a few days at Cephalonia, when he testified an anxious desire to visit Ithaca, the land of song. For this excursion Colonel Napier offered him every facility, and orders were transmitted to Mr Toole, the officer of quarantine at Santa Eufemia, to keep a boat in readiness to transport his lordship and suite across the strait that separates the two islands. We departed from Argostoli before dawn, and after traversing a bleak and mountainous region—for Cephalonia, considering its extent, may be said to be nearly denuded of trees (currants and wine being the staple productions)—we reached Mr Toole's in the afternoon, passing the Cyclopean remains of ancient Samos, which from Byron elicited no attention, as he was a more ardent admirer of the present than of the past. Mr Toole entertained us most hospitably. After a short siesta, we embarked and traversed the channel, which, from Santa Eufemia to the opposite shore of Ithaca, may be nine or ten miles wide, arriving when the lengthening shadows already announced the proximity of sunset. No one was waiting to receive Lord Byron, who must have passed an uncomfortable night in the open boat, had not Gamba and myself, after ascending the rock, descried a small cottage, which, being vintage season, was fortunately tenanted by the proprietor and his family, who, on learning our predicament, at once accompanied us in person to invite his Lordship to spend the night in his cabin, which kind offer he now demurred not to accept, as a drizzling rain had commenced falling. He was, however, much shocked on discovering in the morning that our hospitable entertainer and his wife had sat up all night, resigning their own room for his accommodation, for which they declined to receive any remuneration. At daylight, Count Gamba and myself started for Vathi, the seat of the local government. We soon came in view of the magnificent land-locked

basin of that name, encircled with sloping and precipitous hills, clothed with wood and vineyards, many of which formed bold and picturesque promontories, protruding their shelving cliffs into the smooth and pellucid waters, tinged with golden hues by the bright rays of the morning sun, and bearing a stronger resemblance to a tranquil inland lake, than to an arm of the sea. At Vathi, I found an old friend in Mr Calder of the King's regiment, who welcomed us with that frank and cordial hospitality, indicative of the soldier and the gentleman. After breakfast, he introduced us to Captain Knox, the Resident, who regretted that, being unaware of Byron's intention to visit Ithaca, he had not been in readiness to receive him on landing; but he now lost no time in despatching the government boat with us, which, by pulling into a little creek, could luckily reach very near the spot where we had left our party. On regaining the hut, we found Byron had sauntered abroad to visit a steep rock embowered in ivy and creeping plants, said to have been an ancient stronghold of Ulysses, in the craggy sides of which are several of the narrow, but roomy caverns so frequent in the Greek Islands, where goatherds delight to resort with their flocks in summer, to seek a cool retreat from the ardent beams of the sun, and, in winter, shield themselves from the pitiless pelting of the storm. The situation is a commanding one, crowning the ridge of the isthmus dividing the strait from the inlet of Vathi; and, in a rude age, its possession must have been of great importance.

The boatmen had accompanied us to assist in carrying the luggage. Gamba, meanwhile, went in quest of Byron, but was for some time unsuccessful, until, at length, to his infinite surprise, he discovered him fast asleep under a wild fig-tree, at the entrance of a cavern; he was mightily incensed at Gamba's arousing him, because he had interrupt-

ed some beatific dream or vision he had been enjoying. The Count, on his side, was quite puzzled how Byron had clambered up to this giddy position, whither he himself (and few men were more nimble) had ascended with considerable difficulty. The descent seemed likely to prove still more perilous; but, rejecting every proffer of aid from Gamba, he rather summarily dismissed him, and got down unperceived by any one. Our host furnished Byron with a mule on which to ride down to the boat, when we soon rowed to Vathi, where Knox warmly greeted the party, and Calder gave Trelawney and myself excellent quarters; Byron, his medico, and Gamba, occupying apartments in the house of a Greek gentleman.

We found Ithaca crowded with helpless refugees, expelled from Greece by the events of the war. The pitiable distress of these poor creatures being detailed by Knox to Byron, he most charitably subscribed a handsome sum for their relief, and, moreover, authorized the Resident to disburse to certain pauper widows and orphans small weekly stipends. Byron, in a melancholy mood, contrasted the quiet, domestic life of the Resident's family with his own stormy restless career, and sighed because peace and tranquil happiness had been denied him.

On the second day, Knox proposed that we should form a picnic to the fountain and grotto of Arethusa, for which expedition he provided mules—Mrs Knox and Calder also joining the party. The path, winding at first amid vineyards and olive grounds, soon became rugged and difficult of ascent, sweeping along the brow of richly wooded banks, descending abruptly to the sea. Considerable caution was here requisite, to defend one's head from the boughs of trees overhanging the track; and Byron narrowly escaped a grave accident, his head coming in contact with a branch, whilst he was intently gazing on the splendid sea-view, of which an occasional glimpse was caught through the wide-spreading foliage. The concussion was so violent as completely to stun him; and had not prompt assistance been at hand, he must have fallen from the saddle.

On recovering, however, he made light of the contusion, and, after the application of some vinegar, he continued his route. From the mishap that befell another member of the party, he derived some consolation for his own misfortune, the mule of this gentleman, choosing to part company by leaving his rider, who sported very long tresses, suspended for a moment in a tree; at which adventure Byron laughed immoderately, and congratulated him on having eschewed the fate of Absalom.

The grotto was merely a huge cavern, similar to those of the castle of Ulysses, already described, but wider and loftier, with a clump of noble trees in front, under whose shade we took our repast; whilst the water, gurgling from a natural spring in the rock, and overflowing the basin into which it bubbled, swept past the verdant bank in a pellucid rill into the dark wooded ravine beneath, where, acquiring strength in its progress, and bounding from rock to rock before reaching the sea, it formed various tiny cascades, the murmur of which sounded gratefully on the ear.

We found in the cavern two Albanian goatherds, who for our entertainment played discordant music on a species of flageolet, which I had frequently heard before at Corfu. The view from the mouth of the grotto, embracing the vast sea-prospect, the Æchirades, the entrance to the gulf of Corinth, or Lepanto, with the distant purple mountains of Epirus and Ætolia, lifting their lofty peaks into the clouds, was superb; and ascending the hill at the back of the cavern, Sancta Maura, the ancient Leucadia, with its dependencies, was distinctly descried, together with Cephalonia, apparently close at hand; Zante, and the coast of the Peloponnesus, trending far away to the south-east. A more lovely situation could scarcely be imagined. Lord Byron's spirits were buoyant and elastic; as usual, on such occasions, he overflowed with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, replete with brilliant wit and humour; and I never remember to have passed so delightful a day. Next day the Resident shewed us a new road, wide and well executed,

which might have done credit to Macadam; having, however, one monstrous defect—its vicinity was devoid of habitations, and it led only to a lofty precipice overhanging the entrance to the harbour; but, as our friend Knox was a native of the Emerald Isle, perhaps this practical bull in him may be pardoned. I seldom observed these fine roads made use of in the other islands; and, in a mountainous region, where nearly all the grain for home consumption is imported, and scarcely any wheeled carriages are to be seen, the peasantry adopting only mules and horses, it perhaps would have answered every necessary purpose, to have improved or enlarged the old tracks, as the expense and labour in maintaining great roads are very costly and harassing to small communities.

On the third day, Captain Knox conducted us to the north side of his little island to visit the ruins, called, I know not with what truth, the school of Homer. There we were most hospitably entertained at the country house of Count Vretò; and, after dinner, the Greeks, who were engaged in the vintage, formed a party to dance the Romaiks, which is said to be of very remote origin, and to bear some allusion to the story of Theseus and Ariadne. Be that as it may, to my taste it is a slow and monotonous affair, and the females, who scarcely move, swaying their bodies, like so many pendulums, seemed in some danger of rocking themselves asleep during its performance. Its extreme decorum may cause it to find favour in Oriental ideas, but it is any thing but graceful, in my opinion; and the musical accompaniment formed a most detestable cacophony. We here fell in with an old Greek bishop who had fled from Epirus; he said that he had formerly met Byron at the court of Ali Pascià at Joannina, but his Lordship did not at first remember him, until the Right Reverend adduced some facts in corroboration of his statement, when Byron had to undergo the penance of an "*accollade à la mode du pays*;" and, as the holy man's chin bristled with a dingy beard of which a patriarchal goat might have been envi-

ous, and an unsavoury odour of garlic steamed from his mouth, a salute from Pan, "*in propria persona*," would perhaps have been more tolerable. Next morning, with sincere regret, we took leave of hospitable Ithaca; which, independently of its classical associations, is to my fancy the most picturesque of the seven islands. Its inhabitants too seemed cheerful, contented, industrious, and duly appreciating the commercial advantages resulting from their connexion with Great Britain. A signal had been made for Mr Toole to despatch the Santa boat from Cephalonia, but some time elapsed ere it arrived, so we employed the interval in bathing; and Byron, who persisted, in despite of the entreaties of his medical attendant, in remaining a very considerable time in the water, exposed to the ardent rays of a very hot sun, exhibited various feats in swimming. Trelawny offered to wager that he could swim from Ithaca across to the nearest point of Cephalonia, (distance about six miles, I should think,) but the high land on the other side, joined to the transparency of the atmosphere, made it seem much nigher. On our embarking, he persisted in swimming after the boat for a very long time; when, as it began to wax late, he was compelled to come in; Byron rather unfairly badgering him on what he termed a failure; but Trelawny was a capital swimmer, fully equal to contend with Byron himself. On our way to Cephalonia the Waverley Novels formed the chief topic of conversation. Byron entertained then no doubt of Scott being the author; he eulogized them in the most impassioned terms, and gratefully recorded the very great pleasure and benefit he had derived from their perusal. Byron was seldom lavish of praise in conversation; but Sir Walter Scott he invariably mentioned with almost filial respect and reverence; though to other contemporary literary characters he was not so indulgent, venting his spleen and turn for sarcasm in many bitter remarks. He also never failed to exalt the poetry of Scott;—this good feeling towards that benevolent and immortal author arose, perhaps,

from his never having attempted to thwart or rival him, nor take any share in the vulgar and indiscriminate abuse levelled against his private character in England. Byron was aware, on the contrary, that the Baronet had always cheerfully contributed his powerful praise in commendation of the splendid emanations of his muse; and where he could not defend, he had, at least, essayed to palliate his failings; therefore Byron evidently coveted the good opinion of Sir Walter, and seemed to place a higher value on it, than on that of any other individual, if the general tenor of his conversation could be relied on as a test.

Italian his Lordship spoke very fluently; but not adopting the Tuscan idiom, his diction was not particularly correct: the genders of nouns occasionally perplexed him, and by a protracted residence in Venice and Romania, he had contracted somewhat of the provincial phraseology peculiar to those districts. He frequently affirmed, that he never had patience; in fact, that it was utterly impossible for him to learn any language according to the rigid rules of syntax. Of his own works, after publication, he said that he knew little, and gave himself no further concern about them; but under this, perhaps, there might lurk a trifling shade of affectation. He very candidly acknowledged that he was no profound classical scholar, especially in regard to Greek; but he bore honourable testimony to the extensive learning of poor Shelley, who had aided him to compose, or correct, some of the notes to his works, thereby rendering him essential service. He maintained that Shelley, from the wonderful facility of his versification, and aptitude at metaphor, would, but for his unfortunate predilection for metaphysics in poetry, have ranked in the foremost circle amongst modern bards: asserting, that no one wrote better, when he selected a lucid theme, and allowed the reader fully to understand and appreciate his effusions. Lord Byron was himself, I should say, essentially an inspired writer, who could only versify with vigour and effect when the fit was on him, and the subject already preconcel-

ved by his own astonishing genius; then, indeed, the most commonplace ideas, filtered in the depurating alembic of his mighty intellect, burst forth on the amazed world in the most diversified sublimity of conception, and by the resistless force of his powerful mind he overcame the most insuperable obstacles. I recollect, on the passage from Leghorn, Trelawny proposed some theme which I forget, requesting, as a particular favour, that he would write a few lines on it;—Byron appeared very desirous to oblige his friend; but, after repeated trials, the verses produced were beneath mediocrity; so that, at last, he got quite savage at his want of success, and tearing them in fragments, he tossed them into the sea.

Mr Toole's boat made towards a modern fishing hamlet, near the ancient Samos; Byron having understood that the *ἡγούμενος* of a neighbouring monastery had especially requested to be honoured by his sojourning with him for a day. He had, accordingly, accepted the holy father's invite, who very considerately had horses waiting for us at the water's edge. The distance to our dormitory proved greater than we had calculated upon, and, in consequence, the shades of night surrounded our cavalcade long ere we could reach the goal; compelling us cautiously to pick our steps over a rugged, barren track, where the immense blocks of granite, heaped in uncouth masses around us, and magnified by the dim light, recalled to one's fancy the Mucklestone Moor, depicted in the Black Dwarf. At length we perceived through the murky gloom lights glancing from the convent, situated, as far as we could distinguish, on the brow of a hill of no great elevation. On arriving at its base, we found an exceedingly rugged, irregular, and zig-zag path, winding, corkscrew fashion, up the ascent, and only practicable for mules; there were rough and abrupt resting-places for the animals to rest, or rather jump upon; but the darkness rendered our progress both dangerous and precarious, as you had to dread the twofold peril of having your skull fractured against the trees overshadowing the road, or else dislocating your

limbs by the sharp-pointed rocks, which, protruding, met you at every step. We all dismounted to walk up this steep, save Lord Byron, who, from his inherent hatred to pedestrianism, pertinaciously clove to the saddle, until finally compelled to descend. Some Calogeri, in honour of so distinguished a guest, met us with pine torches in their hands; but fatigue had completely overpowered Byron, who, I suspect, suffered under a violent affection of the head, caused by his imprudence in disporting so long in the sea during the noonday heat. He now vented his anger in sundry anathemata and imprecations, until he gradually lashed himself into one of those furious and ungovernable torrents of rage, to which at times he was liable; the paroxysm increased so as almost to divest him of reason, and I really entertained apprehensions of an apoplectic attack.

The peaceful dwellers in the convent were astounded by his very rude behaviour; but altogether there was something rather ridiculous in the scene, because the good abbot had taken the pains to prepare a turgid, congratulatory address, which, envired by an array of priests in canonicals, he stood ready to inflict on his Lordship. After conferring on the party his benediction, with great solemnity he entered upon his discourse, but he might have spared the exordium, for Byron would not listen to him for one moment; but snatching a lamp, like one possessed, he cried out, "my head is burning; will no one relieve me from the presence of this pestilential madman?" meaning the abbot, of course, and at once darted into the first room he could find, calling out with great vehemence for Fletcher, his valet, to follow him. The man of God was not, however, to be balked so easily, and would have pursued his game, had we not informed him that his Lordship was labouring under severe indisposition. So choice a production as the address was not to be consigned to utter oblivion; so, for lack of more distinguished listeners, with much self-complacency he thundered it with stentorian lungs in the unwilling ears of Count Gamba, Dr Bruno, and the rest of the party; Trelawny, "regis ad exem-

plar," having also made his exit. We were, moreover, unlucky in having alluded to Byron's illness, for the peroration was no sooner terminated, than the officious, but well-meaning abbot, insisted on visiting the sick chamber of his guest, despite all our dissuasions. We immediately distinguished Byron's voice loud in anger, and, I suspect, the good man, in return for his toil and anxious solicitude, got abruptly ejected from the apartment; because, on his egress, he very earnestly enquired at me if the great man was not subject to occasional fits of insanity. We felt a little annoyed at this untoward occurrence, because the most liberal and hospitable preparations had been made for our entertainment; however, we sat down to supper with the reverend brotherhood, who overwhelmed us with the most absurd interrogatories; the Greek priesthood, throughout the Ionian Islands, being, with few exceptions, plunged in the most degrading ignorance and senseless superstition. From what had taken place, we could not but feel some awkwardness; so, after one or two ineffectual attempts at cheerfulness, we retired to our pallets; but we could get no rest, being nearly devoured by bugs, which finally compelled me to evacuate the premises, and take refuge on the balcony outside, where, wrapped in my cloak, I reposed with a little more comfort. Byron did not quit his chamber till a late hour next day. Finding himself more composed in consequence of the remedies he had taken, he could hardly give credit to his own frantic conduct, and was now disposed to be exceedingly courteous towards the abbot, and he in some degree conciliated that offended dignitary, by attending church service before our departure; following up this advantage, he completely re-established himself in his good graces by an oblation of a few dollars, to be expended in masses for the welfare of the souls of his Lordship's deceased friends. We then resumed our journey, and reached Argostoli the same night without farther interruption.

On returning on board the *Hercules*, we found Captain Scott in high dudgeon with the damned Zo-

diacs, (so the skipper termed the Sullots,) to Byron's infinite amusement, who, during our absence, had riotously beset the vessel, to demand when his Lordship would return. Scott, having first solaced himself with a stiff tumbler or two of grog, vociferated loudly against these uncouth protégés of Byron's, marveling how he could possibly think of throwing away his money (whilst there were so many honest men enduring grinding poverty at home) on lazy, dirty, unshaven, and ferocious-looking villains, two of whom, he said, he had detected in the actual enormity of ridding themselves, on his deck, of the society of one of the plagues inflicted on the subjects of King Pharaoh—adding, that respect for his Lordship alone, whose servants he considered these filthy rascals to be, had deterred him from ordering them to be pitched overboard, in order that they might enjoy the benefit of a more thorough purification, by an immersion in salt water; which feat Byron congratulated Scott on his having had the good sense to refrain from, as his kind intentions might have been rewarded with a few inches of cold steel in his abdomen.

Lord Byron, who was in admirable spirits, listened with great patience to Scott's diatribe, silyly encouraging him, until the skipper, inflamed by the strength of his potations, at length became quite eloquent on the subject, and turned his attack on Byron himself, whom he abused most obstreperously for quitting his native land, and not occupying his seat in the Upper House, to assist in legislating for the nation, instead of roaming about the world, like the wandering Jew; asking for what other purpose he enjoyed hereditary honours, and offering, should his Lordship only give the signal, to sail without delay for England.

On the subsequent morning, two French officers, one designating himself a colonel of *chasseurs à cheval*, and the other a captain of engineers, who had quitted Greece, they said, in consequence of illness, waited on Lord Byron. The French individually were very obnoxious to his eyes, and, like Alfieri, he had contracted a dislike to making use of their language, although there could exist no doubt

of his perfectly understanding it; he therefore declined seeing them, as far as I recollect, and delegated the task to Gamba and myself.

The gentlemen were evidently piqued at this treatment, because I suspect they had visited Cephalonia for the express purpose of obtaining a personal introduction to his Lordship; and I fear they must have departed with no very favourable impressions in regard to his urbanity.

Byron was a frequent guest of the gallant Colonel Napier, of whose company he became daily more fond. This distinguished officer, being Governor of the island, in order to give encouragement to native productions, at his own table very properly only used the wines of Cephalonia, which his Lordship, who liked claret, could not abide, and frequently hazarded a conjecture whether Napier would indulge him with a bottle of his favourite beverage, adding, that man's society must be deucedly attractive, when it made him forego Bordeaux wine. An incident occurred during our stay to an English traveller, a man of considerable attainments, but of enthusiastic temperament, that greatly diverted Byron. This gentleman, desirous to visit the *Μαύρον Όρος*, the highest mountain in the island, near the summit of which there exist some ruins, said by some to be those of an ancient fane, dedicated to the *Ζεὺς Νηπαιῖος* of the Greeks; by others supposed to have been a temple of Neptune, (let antiquarians settle the question,) was accompanied in the ascent by a military gentleman. They had mounted to no great height, ere a dense, steaming mist enveloped them; the heat was excessive, and compelled the panting traveller to divest himself of his inexpressibles, which hung dangling from the neck of his mule, whilst the bare-breeched antiquary, nowise discouraged, gallantly rode on with unabated ardour. His companion, who did not participate in this zeal, and had no idea of such enthusiasm in a fog, bethought himself of an expedient to arrest their further progress. Calling to remembrance a ruinous Greek chapel, which stood about midway up the mountain, he managed to conduct his charge thither, who, mistaking

it for the object of his research, instantly exclaimed, I recognise the sacred edifice, which fully answers the description given of it in Pausanias, and proceeded to note down in his itinerary the description of the fane of Jove, the Thunderer. After partaking of some refreshment near this spot, greatly to the satisfaction of his guide, who was apprehensive the sudden dispersion of the mist might reveal the trick, they descended again to Argos.

On intimating to Lord Byron that it was the intention of the officers of the king's regiment to request the honour of his company to dinner, he at first demurred as to accepting the invitation when given, even doubting whether it would be; but on Trelawny and myself assuring him of the profound respect entertained towards him by these gentlemen, and the disappointment they would experience, should he decline their proffered kindness, he consented to go, provided our information proved correct. Colonel Duffy and his Adjutant accordingly waited on Byron, who received them with the greatest cordiality, cheerfully availing himself of their frank hospitality.

I shall ever remember the gratified tone with which his Lordship uttered his acknowledgments for the very handsome manner in which Duffy proposed as a toast, Byron's health, and success to the glorious cause in which he had embarked—his feelings completely overpowered him, as if he only then became aware of the high estimation in which his
 • fellow-countrymen held his immortal genius. He frequently reverted to his cordial reception as one of the brightest days in the tablet of a chequered life, saying, that the real truth had never flashed on his mind till that moment, and that he had much, very much, to thank his countrymen for.

There was one very worthy man, Major * * *, whose good lady was proverbial for giving excellent and substantial breakfasts; he resided at the Castle of San Giorgio, some miles from Argostoli, and frequently invited Byron to partake of that meal. Accordingly, one day we rode to the Major's, arriving at his residence about three, P. M.

After our introduction, cakes and wine were presented to the party; but Byron lingered long ere he took leave. On clearing the village, his Lordship became quite clamorous about the Major's inhospitality, bewailing his own misfortune in having foolishly given ear to the pleasing accounts of his *déjeûns*; in the soothing expectation of satiating his appetite thereon, he said, that for the previous twenty-four hours he had actually not tasted food, and really he deemed it a most barbarous proceeding to offer any man so slight a refecton under these circumstances. I defended the Major, on the ground that his lady could never suppose that his Lordship had come to breakfast at that late hour, otherwise, from having myself experienced their kind hospitality, I felt convinced that his fare would have been very different. "Why did Major * * * ask me then to breakfast? He knows that I never rise before mid-day, and he ought to have considered that I had come expressly for that repast; do not therefore attempt the vindication of a man, who did not even offer me a cup of chocolate; he is a cruel, hard-hearted character, without bowels of compassion for a starving fellow-creature;" and, in pushing on for Argostoli at speed, he never allowed the subject to drop, but conferred the "sobriquet" of "Major Abernethy" on the officer.

After residing several weeks on board the Hercules, in the harbour of Argostoli, unhealthy on account of the pestilential miasmata exhaled from the neighbouring marshes, as Byron seemed undecided and dubious concerning his future plans, Captain Scott engaged his vessel to carry a freight of currants to England for our Banker "Coriolanus," a Greek, named Coriolegno, to whom his lordship gave the former epithet, and Byron, in order to await more certain intelligence from Greece, hired a villa at Calamata. Poor Scott, who was keensighted enough where his own interests were at stake, and had hugged himself with the idea that he had overreached Coriolegno in the freight, discovered, however, after stowing away the cargo, that the Greek had completely outwitted him. A violent and amusing scene of recrimi-

nation ensued, at Byron's, betwixt these two worthies, whom he had invited to his house for the avowed purpose of effecting their reconciliation, but really, I believe, in order to enjoy some diversion at their expense; for he told me afterwards that nothing could be more amusing than the vociferous slang of the skipper, and the broken English, in which the "man of Corioli" vented his objurgations; but at one period of the feast he had some difficulty in preventing an infraction of the peace between the two belligerents, who, to use his own phrase, sat "sputtering at each other, like two roasted apples."

Trelawny and myself, tired of our protracted sojourn at Cephalonia, resolved to proceed to the Morea; view with our own eyes the posture of affairs, and ascertain, if possible, by personal observation, the state of the different parties aspiring to supreme will in that distracted land. Byron, at first, was exceedingly averse to our leaving him, but finally consented; intimating his resolution to write by us to the government, announcing his arrival, the means at his disposal, and his ideas with respect to bringing the cause to a successful termination; professing his own readiness to serve in any capacity. It is now much to be deplored, that Byron, either through irresolution, dislike to locomotion, (in him constituting an infirmity,) or perhaps in consequence of the conflicting intelligence that circulated in a continual eddy of falsehood at Cephalonia, should have been deterred from leaving that island. Had he proceeded at once in the *Hercules* to the seat of government, the British flag would have protected him from all aggression on the part of the Turks; and had he disliked the aspect of affairs in Greece, a circumstance exceedingly probable, he could with facility have procured a passage in a British man-of-war to some civilized quarter.

I really believe, accustomed as he had been for a long period to the luxurious indolence of Italy, he was too happy, after his recent unwonted fatigues, to repose for a season in ease and seclusion at Cephalonia. Although Byron's constitution was naturally very robust, no

one, however strong, could have resisted the singular experiments he was continually practising on his frame. At one time, during his residence at Genoa, he told me that he weighed upwards of fourteen stone, but by physic and a spare regimen, in three months he reduced himself to eleven. He chewed tobacco, also, perhaps as a narcotic, but could not bear to be detected in the act, nor was he ever heard to mention the subject.

His excessive anxiety to check his natural predisposition to obesity was ridiculous;—on the passage from Leghorn he was measured every day with a tape he kept for the purpose, and he also caused the girth, round the loins, of his fellow-passengers to be taken, with a view to ascertain in how far they approached the ideal proportions usually assigned by artists to the standard of perfection. To Gamba was adjudged the palm, and Byron claimed to be second; although for manly appearance, in my opinion, Trelawny infinitely surpassed both. It is strange that intellect, such as his, should have found pleasure in such puerilities.

Trelawny and myself having hired a caic to convey us to the Morea, after bidding an affectionate adieu to Byron and our other companions, embarked, and landed next morning at a solitary tower, the custom-house station of Pyrgos. This half ruinous structure, situated on a low, sandy beach, we found occupied by a creature of Colocotroni; from which I deduced an unfavourable augury to the stability of the government, with whom that turbulent chief was at variance; but on informing his partisan that we came from Lord Byron, he treated us with great civility, declining to examine our baggage. Trelawny had assumed the Albanian or Suliot costume, which wonderfully became him, being tall in stature and of a dark complexion, with a fine, commanding physiognomy. Whilst a peasant went to Pyrgos to engage mules for our conveyance, the custas of the tower treated us to some fowls and eggs, with execrable sweet wine, and raki, or Greek brandy. Our host, who said he acknowledged no government, save his chief Colocotroni, dwelt in a habitation so ill-secured

from attack, that at night he sheltered himself in a place like a hen-roost, to which he ascended by a ladder that he pulled up. He mentioned, that some Turks from the garrison of Patras, had a few nights before made a rapid foray to Gastouni, a few miles from him, carrying off some women and other booty, after killing a few of the inhabitants. On the arrival of the mules we took leave, taking the route to Pyrgos, the country sandy and covered with prickly thorns, until we approached the town, when some signs of cultivation became visible.

We passed the night at the house of the owner of the mules; who, for twenty Spanish dollars, engaged to convey us to Tripolitza, and before starting, the proedras invited us to take some refreshment. Trelawny declined, but I went. The daughters of my host, who were bare-legged—their feet only protected with loose slippers, their features cast in the true Grecian mould, their aspect, however, wan and famine-stricken—served up rose water to perfume the mustachios, and lave the faces and hands of the guests; who, after accepting the offerings of these Hebes, squatted down, cross-legged, “à la Turque,” round a low table, on which were served up, one by one, various pillaus, composed of lamb, fowls, rice, and quinces; which we devoured by handfuls, knives and forks being unknown at Pyrgos. After breakfast, the ladies again presented the ewer and napkin, with pipes and coffee, in small cups, set in shagreen cases, which completed the entertainment.

One of the party was a jolly Greek Papas, journeying to the Ionian Islands with a picture of a miraculous Panagia, which he had brought from Talouta in Thessaly, having fled from his convent to avoid the turmoil of war. His beard might have rivalled that of Aaron; but alas! it is not always a proof of wisdom. This worthy person very sagely asked me, if England did not lie contiguous to Russia, averring, that if we did not speak Greek now, we had done so at no remote era. He trusted that the error of our ways might be made manifest to us, praying, that should we prove obdurate, our supposed powerful neighbour might convert us to the true faith.

I did not wish to disturb the harmony of the party by finding fault with such brilliant conceptions; so I allowed the good priest to enjoy the full credit of his extraordinary geographical knowledge. As soon as I rejoined Trelawny, we started for Tripolitza, traversing the extensive plain whereon the Olympic games were formerly celebrated. As we approached the pass, out of which the Alpheus emerges into the plain, scattered vineyards, intermingled with maize fields, ploughed by figures armed with guns slung across their shoulders, and pistols in their girdles, met our view, such was the general insecurity of life and property. The irregular, wretchedly paid, Greek soldiery, were, perhaps, as great objects of dread to the peasants, as the Turks; because they plundered them without pity or remorse, wherever they could do so with impunity. We ascended the pass, following the right bank of the Alpheus, through a country dotted with noble trees. On the opposite side of the stream our guides indicated to us the ruins of Olympus, now called, as all vestiges of ancient cities are, by the general name of Palaia Castra. Towards evening we reached a species of bivouac, tenanted by a few helpless families from Megara, who had been expatriated by the inroads of the Osmanlis. On shewing these poor refugees some money, they brought us a lamb and a fowl or two out of their place of concealment, which we caused to be roasted for ourselves and our guides. Trelawny and myself preferred sleeping in the open air, wrapped in our cloaks, to being the inmates of their close, confined wigwams, formed of the boughs of trees. In the morning an alarm was given that a band of ruffianly soldiers were coming. The goats, &c. were rapidly driven away, the men seizing their arms to repel the marauders by force. They did not, however, cross the river, but continued their way towards Agonitzi, where they probably anticipated a richer booty. These poor people occupied part of the domains of the once dreaded Sulists, descendants of the Mohammedan Arnauts, who escaped the furious massacre of their fellows by Hassan, Capitan Pascià, in 1774. Greeks in all but their faith, they intermarried

with Christians, and were not bigoted disciples of the Prophet, nor had they domineered over the district, commanded by their elevated position. The Greeks contrived, at the commencement of the Revolution, to inveigle some of the Suliots, whom they relentlessly massacred; so true it is that civil and religious wars dis sever all ties of kindred and humanity.

The Suliots, however, having ascertained the true posture of affairs, fired their own dwellings, and forced their way through their foes, burning and destroying all before them, until they entered Patras with scarce the loss of a man. On quitting this friendly hamlet, we made a tortuous, though abrupt descent to the Alphæus, whose stream, and those of several of its tributaries, we crossed repeatedly during the day's journey, and there being no regular path, we had sometimes to force our way through thickets of vallonias, with no small difficulty.

The scenery on the banks of the stream, generally well wooded, was at times magnificent, and we passed several extensive forests of noble oaks and groves of chestnuts. We stopped to dine at a small deserted Turkish karavanserai, with a fountain of delicious water, enabling us to compound a pleasant beverage from our Cognac, of which we had a few bottles, that proved most refreshing and acceptable; but our guides kept continually inportuning us for brandy, drinking it undiluted, and stealing it, whenever they could find an opportunity of doing so.

We resumed our journey after a siesta under the shade of some lofty trees; but towards evening our muleteers found that they had strayed from the right road (thanks, perhaps, to the brandy). Having now attained a considerable elevation, the cold was piercing, and it rained in torrents. Under these discouraging circumstances, we had made up our minds to pass the night beneath a rocky cliff, when one of the people, on going to procure some firewood, said that he had descried a light, but at a considerable distance. We remounted, and made towards it, though we had great difficulty in keeping in its track; but, at length, we reached a mountain station, call-

ed Agrapha, where we were assailed by numerous fierce dogs, which attacked our party with the utmost ferocity; and I verily believe, had any one ventured to have dismounted, he would have been throttled and devoured—a circumstance I have known several times to occur in the Morca, when a single and defenceless traveller has at night entered a village. Trelawny and myself were about to fire at them, but our guides entreated us to forbear, as were we to kill any of them, we should in all probability be murdered by their savage owners.

Some of the horde, at length, with pine-torches blazing in their hands, gruffly presented themselves at the doors of their rude huts. At first they absolutely refused us hospitality, but after some parley, and the promise of reward, they drove off their canine allies, and sullenly admitted us into their dwelling. They wished to examine our arms, but being suspicious of their intentions, we would not permit them. They offered us no refreshment, so we stretched ourselves on some sacks of maize, to watch the motions of our hosts, who did not retire to sleep, but kept cowering over the fire all night, displaying to our view, by its lurid glare, some of the most ferocious, cut-throat looking countenances I ever beheld, and jabbering in their own dialect, which our guides did not understand, because they were one of those erratic tribes of Bulgarians, who bring their flocks to pasture in the Morea. War had not changed this practice; they looked on the contest with indifference, and, being well armed and resolute men, feared neither Turk nor Greek. I was rejoiced when morning dawned and enabled us to depart; but, after proceeding a little way, Trelawny missed one of his pistols, which he supposed must have dropped from his girdle, whilst occupied in arranging the saddle of his mule. We instantly returned, much against the inclination of our guides. The men had driven their flocks to the hill, and we only found some urchins in the cottage, who would not, however, give up the pistol, until severely threatened. On making off, we perceived several men, armed with guns, descending from the heights,

preceded by their infernal dogs, which again furiously assaulted our animals; and though we forbore to fire at them, their owners sent a bullet or two after us, without, however, doing any mischief, and we soon distanced them. On complaining subsequently to Colocotroni, in whose district Agrapha is situated, of this outrage, that chief said he would exterminate the villains; this, however, was but an idle boast, for he dared not meddle with these Klephtis, who are members of a powerful community, the dread of the Moreots.

Our road this day was rugged in the extreme, through pine forests, and passing along the edges of tremendous precipices; the path occasionally being hardly a foot in width, where one false step would have precipitated us hundreds of feet into the abyss beneath; but our animals picked their steps with the most guarded caution; descending, by an abrupt spiral track, until we reached the plain of Dimizano, hemmed in by hills on every side. Near this, the populous and powerful town of Langadia was pointed out to us; which, by the strength of its inaccessible position, had always successfully resisted the Osmanlis, and been governed by its own primates. The scenery around it is magnificent, interspersed with fruitful olive grounds, orchards, and vineyards; and the same causes which had preserved the place from the encroachments of the Turks, now kept it free from the desolating effects of the war; its inhabitants being singularly jealous of their rights, and only intermarrying with their own tribe.

We slept at a small mill turned by one of the tributaries of the Alpheus, where the poor people were kind and hospitable, although somewhat surprised when we remunerated them for our entertainment—a procedure they were little accustomed to. In crossing the plain next morning, we saw numerous eagles poised over our heads, which our guides said were objects of consternation to the shepherds, in consequence of the havoc they committed among their flocks. The plain now gradually contracted, until it terminated in a narrow precipitous pass leading to Tripolitza, where we arrived the same afternoon.

We were conducted by our guides to the public karavanserai, a most filthy, abominable, enclosed court, crowded with miserable beings, many of whom laboured under the attack of typhus fever, and presented the most appalling picture of squalid wretchedness. They were chiefly fugitives from Eastern Greece, many of whom, no doubt, might have been compelled to abandon their homes in a state of destitution, but others complained that, on their route, they had been plundered, by predatory bands of their own countrymen, of all they possessed. We asked a Greek bystander if there were no other quarters to be obtained, as we dreaded contagion; who, in return, demanded if we had any despatches; and, on my enquiring after a friend of mine, Signor Papadoki, an accomplished young Greek, whom I had known in Italy, and who had left Pisa some months before to join his friend Prince Mavrocordato, to my extreme regret I learnt that the fatal fever had, a few days before, terminated his mortal career. Mavrocordato, who had been forced to retire to Hydra in consequence of dissensions with the military chiefs, had, however, left some of his suite behind, to whose dwelling we repaired, where we were welcomed by the prince's treasurer, a remarkably handsome and magnificently-clad Phanariot. He immediately insisted that, during our stay at Tripolitza, we should take up our abode with him; cautioning us against visiting Colocotroni and Ypsilanti, then inhabiting the city; but to this suggestion, easily conceiving the motives which dictated it, we resolved to pay no attention.

Meanwhile we strolled out, attended by our host, to view the city, situated at the extremity of a tongue of land stretching from the mountain gorge, out of which we had just issued, some distance into the table land, which forms a portion of the ancient Arcadia. The aspect of the country is bleak; a few isolated clumps of trees only being visible around the painted kiosks, which formerly belonged to wealthy Turks; their gay and flaunting colours having a pretty effect, peeping out amidst the dark foliage.

The treasurer conducted us to visit the relics of the Seraglio of the

Bashaws of the Morea, which, having been partly burnt down by the Greeks, had a scathed and desolate appearance; its gardens, to judge by the girth of a few fine orange-trees and evergreens, which had escaped their devastating fury, must have been magnificent; the demon of destruction, however, seemed here to have been at work; for the parterres were trampled down, the marble fountains destroyed, and the diminutive kiosks, that once embellished the place, levelled with the ground. This spot has obtained a horrible celebrity, from having been the principal theatre of the massacre in cold blood of several thousand Turks, whilst terms of capitulation were signing, and these unfortunate victims indulging in a false security. The stipulations had been actually agreed on, and the Osmanlis were reposing implicit faith in the ratification of the compact, when the Greeks suddenly escalated the walls; the Mahomedans fled in disorder to the Seraglio, the gates of which being burst open by the pursuing foe, they were all ruthlessly butchered, without distinction of age or sex. The barbarities committed were frightful, accompanied by circumstances of so horrid a character, as scarcely to be credited by members of any civilized community. Colonel Gordon did every thing in his power to stay these dreadful excesses, but without effect; disgusted by so flagrant a breach of faith, and the disgraceful cruelties of which he had been a reluctant eyewitness, he for a time abandoned the service, and I remember seeing him shortly afterwards at Corfu, on his route to England; but I was not at that period introduced to him.

I give this short account of the transaction in the way it was narrated to me, without, however, vouching for its accuracy; but the atrocities perpetrated on both sides, during this horrible war of extermination, were revolting to every friend of humanity.

We had just sat down to a repast with our friendly treasurer, (who, in that capacity, must have enjoyed a sinecure, because, until the loan came into operation, Job himself was not more poverty-stricken than Mavrocordato, when, much to the

alarm of our entertainer, some armed partisans of Colocotroni presented themselves at the gate, with a request that we would do their master the honour of waiting on him.

His invitation being conveyed much after the fashion in which the military mendicant demanded charity from Gil Blas, we instantly accompanied our escort to the habitation of the chief, whose spacious quadrangle was thronged with armed Greeks, accoutred in every variety of warlike costume; some having most splendid scimitars and ataghans, and one fellow wore a magnificent cuirass, richly embossed with silver, over his dirty soiled apparel.

Numerous steeds stood picketed in the court, richly caparisoned, among which I remarked two of peculiar beauty and symmetry—much business seemed to be transacting, if one might judge by the incessant ingress and egress, and our escort experienced some difficulty in clearing a path for us. We were conducted into a noble apartment, richly adorned with arabesques, and with windows of stained glass, probably the principal divan of its former Turkish possessor; it was filled with armed men, but a few of the chiefs only were seated beside Colocotroni, who reposed, cross-legged, on a splendid ottoman of crimson velvet and gold, elevated a little above his companions.

After the customary preliminary of conserves, pipes, and coffee, Colocotroni demanded, why, as he was commandant of the city and the surrounding district, we had not in the first instance waited on him, when he would have felt the greatest satisfaction in administering to our wants? He affected to entertain the highest respect for the British, under whose banner he had served in a Greek corps, raised in the Ionian Islands by Colonel Church. He said it was reported that the colonel, whose military talents he warmly eulogized, was coming to Greece; adding, that the Greeks were very ignorant of tactics, and that, *credat Judæus!* he should rejoice to combat under the command of so distinguished a leader. Colocotroni then inveighed bitterly against Mavrocordato and the Phanariots, excepting Prince Ypsilanti, who, he said, was

really a brave man; alleging that, since their introduction into the Morea, they had rendered it a theatre of constant intrigue, endeavouring to compensate for their want of local influence by subtlety and cunning, and fomenting dissensions among the military chiefs, which had not previously existed. He denounced Mavrocordato as a cowardly plotter, who had ever fled from actual danger in the field; and added that, had he not eluded his vengeance by flight, he would have placed him reversed on an ass, and thus dismissed him with ignominy from the Peloponesus. On this topic he dwelt with great vehemence, frequently appealing to those around him, who of course re-echoed his sentiments. He then asked our plans and object in visiting the Morea. On our informing him that we were bearers of letters from Lord Byron to the Executive, he proposed that we should consign them to his care, which we declined. He informed us that a congress was about to be held at Colouri, the ancient Salamis, whither Count Metaxa and Pietro Muaromichali, the Bey of Maino, two members of the Executive, together with the majority of the Legislative Assembly, had already repaired. It was his intention also to be present, and he would have detained us to travel in his suite, but that the fall of Corinth, an event daily expected, might delay him for a period. He then questioned us concerning Lord Byron's resources, but of that nobleman individually he seemed to know nothing. His safest plan, he said, would be to come, as we had done, by way of Pyrgos, in which case he should despatch an escort to attend him; but he was no wise solicitous on the subject.

As we bore despatches for the Government, he positively insisted on our considering ourselves as their guests, until we arrived at Salamis; for our journey thither he would furnish us with horses, a confidential person of his own household as guide, and give us recommendations to his son Pano, commandant of Napoli di Romania, whom he wished us to visit on our route. For these kind attentions we expressed our thanks, but desired to decline them; however, our remonstrances had no

effect. On hinting the probability of a loan being raised in England for Greece, to my infinite surprise he was the only one of his countrymen I ever met who was opposed to it. He said that he was particularly adverse to any such project, for two reasons; because Great Britain might thereby obtain an undue preponderance in Greece, which country he wished to be entirely unfettered, and that it might tend to aid the intrigues of Mavrocordato and the Phanariots, who, no doubt, from their relation with the islands and maritime Greece, would contrive to appropriate to themselves the lion's share of it.

Greece, he said, was competent to her own liberation, provided she had only to encounter the power of the Porte. He should always feel grateful for any assistance rendered her by private individuals like Byron, but he deprecated national interference, being unable to understand that the loan, if made, would be advanced by private speculators, and not, as he imagined, by the British Government. Notwithstanding this pretended violent dislike to foreign influence, I have the most powerful motives for believing that, at one time, he earnestly desired the interposition of Russia; because I had an opportunity of once seeing some intercepted communications from him to the brother of Capodistria, which he begged him to transmit, without delay, to that statesman, imploring pecuniary aid, if none other could be granted, from the Emperor Alexander.

The posture of affairs was, at that time, deplorable in Greece, according to his own account; and had the Porte, instead of a system of terror, pursued a conciliatory course, she would have regained her authority; but the ill-advised and fanatical murder of the Patriarch Gregory, converted a partial insurrection into a holy and religious war, accompanied by every horror and excess.

We subsequently paid our respects to Prince Demetrio Ypsilanti, a good-tempered, indolent young man, whose funds being low, most of his followers had abandoned him, to be present at the sack of Corinth, where considerable booty was anticipated. Next morning we left Tripolitza for Argos, attended by a certain Signor

Dimitri, whom we regarded as a spy of Colocotroni; but he was an amusing, rattling fellow, who, before the war, had settled, as a vender of wine and liqueurs, at Constantinople, from whence he had escaped, two years before, from a fear of losing his caput, abandoning, like another Æneas, his wife. From this time he had attached himself to Colocotroni, who, he was happy to say, did not insist on his fighting—an occupation to which he entertained a mortal dislike—but employed him solely in pacific missions, such as the present. He was a laughing, jovial buffoon—a decided friend to good cheer, wine, and raki, although he preferred our brandy to both. He regretted having been compelled to quit Constantinople, where, he affirmed, he was a great favourite with the Turks, many of whom visited secretly his wine store in defiance of the precepts of the Koran. Even mollahs, and other eminent legal luminaries, had dived into it, to consult him in regard to stomach complaints—finding no fault with the specific he invariably recommended in such cases—a bottle or two of rum, or raki. Nay, *proh pudor!* fair tenants of the harems of Stamboul had not disdained to seek him, in quest of similar prescriptions.—He admitted, however, that, in addition to other motives for his flight, he dreaded having a small account with the *cadé* to settle, for circulating base money, a traffic in which his master, Colocotroni, was said now to be largely engaged. Dimitri was a most sanctimonious personage; we could not pass a church without his entering it, and every morning he fervently chanted his orisons, crossing himself with marvellous rapidity, and energetically thumping his bosom, after the manner of the more pious Greeks. He had, moreover, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in atonement for all past peccadilloes and future transgressions. To other admirable qualities he united that of being a most enterprising and indefatigable forager. He scented lambs, kids, or fowls, and could track them with the cunning of reynard himself; so, thanks to his unrivalled penetration, we fared sumptuously whilst under his guidance; but he strongly reprobated our foolish practice of paying

the poor peasants for these supplies, when we had Colocotroni's mandate to enforce their production—hinting that the money might, with much greater advantage, have been transferred to his own pocket. Dimitri was besides an indefatigable smoker, carrying, for our great comfort and convenience, an immense green silk embroidered bag, filled with aromatic Latakin tobacco, which he very generously permitted us to share. To complete the rogue's good qualities, he was no mean professor in Oriental cookery, and quite gained our affections by his inimitable pillaus and savoury pulpetti, a dwarf species of gourd, scooped and crammed with mince meat and sweet herbs. We fell in with a train of camels, laden with cotton, on their way to Tripolitza, on which our horses began to plunge and snort, much to the discomfiture of our friend Dimitri, who was a wretched equestrian, and wellnigh tumbled from his seat, together with his stewing and coffee apparatus. Before we entered the defile, leading from the plain of Tripolitza to Argos, we observed many wide and deep fosses, cut by the Greeks to embarrass the movements of the immense body of Turkish cavalry, which, marching through the dervenia of Corinth, under Churehid Pascià, had made several desperate but ineffectual attempts to raise the blockade of Tripolitza.

After moving some time along the pass, we distinguished immense piles of human bones, together with numerous skeletons of horses, attesting the defeat and slaughter of the Turkish host by the forces of Colocotroni and Nikitas, who, occupying the surrounding hills, in almost perfect security; picked off their enemies in great numbers, who were prevented by the numerous ditches aforesaid from advancing into the plain, from which also the Greeks poured a constant fire down the narrow gorge of the defile.

To be within sight of Tripolitza without being able to effect its relief, besides incurring the disgrace of defeat from a horde of ill-armed peasantry, must have been extremely galling to the haughty Ottoman leaders; who were, moreover, compelled to effect a disgraceful retreat, amid every privation, through a most difficult country, which they them-

selves had devastated on their apparently triumphant advance, to which the cunning Greeks had scarcely opposed any resistance. I did not afterwards pass the *dervenia*, leading from the plain of Argos by Mycenæ, to Corinth; there, I was informed, enormous pyramids of blanched bones are erected as trophies by the Greeks. This defile comprises some of the most awful and stupendous scenery; tremendous masses of frowning rocks overhang each side of the gorge, at times almost touching each other, where a few resolute men could successfully resist a numerous host; from thence the Greeks hurled down huge fragments of rock on their helpless enemies beneath, and marksmen were also stationed in the crevices of the precipices, to whose aim they fell an easy prey. The Osmanlis committed a fatal mistake in betraying too great a contempt for their enemy; they acted, indeed, like people bewildered or stricken by a judgment; because no other nation would ever have thought of invading a mountainous country with large masses of irregular cavalry, unsupported by infantry, who, by lining the adjoining hills, and meeting the Greeks on their own terms, could have protected their retreat, had such a movement become indispensable.

The Greeks acknowledged the devoted bravery of the Turkish delis, wherever they could find an opportunity of acting with effect, and they would not have dared to encounter them in open fight, or withstand their charge in the plain. The same results, arising from a like delusion, attended every irruption planned by the Osmanlis into the Morea, and finally, they were terrified at the very idea of such expeditions, which seemed only to lead to inevitable death and destruction.

Pano Colocotroni told me, afterwards, at Napoli di Romania, that several times he had accompanied his father to cut off the retreat of the Osmanlis in the defiles. Some of the poor delis, he said, irritated to madness at seeing their comrades falling around them from a fire that they could not return, and crushed by blocks of stone hurled by invisible assailants, sometimes dismounted, and essayed to clamber up the

steeps in pursuit; but their cumbersome equipment and enormous trousers impeded their progress, causing them certain slaughter. Others, conceiving resistance useless, with the resignation and apathy characteristic of their race, folded their arms across their bosoms, and calmly resigned themselves to their fate. Pano regretted that the Osmanlis of late had abandoned this mode of invasion, which had been productive to his own family of immense booty in jewels, money, valuable horses and armour; the girdles of those delis who came from Asia Minor, plundering friend and foe "en route," being usually richly lined with coin.

An idle young rascal, one of our escort, with a blow of his ataghan detached the skull from one of those skeletons, which, apostrophizing the inanimate relic in terms unfit to be repeated, much to our disgust, he kicked before him for some distance like a foot-ball. At about ten o'clock we reached a cottage shaded by trees, with a fountain near it, erected by the piety of some Mussulman; the inmates had fled on our approach, but as a fire was burning, and a small earthen pipkin remained on it, it was evident that they could not be far off. Dimitri prepared some superlative coffee for our refreshment, whilst our escort regaled themselves with bread, garlic, and execrable wine, of which each carried a small provision.

Our guide, after breakfast, carefully examined the dimensions of the hut, then calling to one of the Pali-karia to accompany him, he scrambled over some firewood, and shortly afterwards emerged with fowls, eggs, and maize, which our sagacious caterer had drawn from their place of concealment behind the sticks. The poor peasant, who had been hid in some burrow in the rising ground above his cottage, aware, from the cackling of his poultry, that his store had been invaded, now made his appearance, imploring Dimitri not to deprive him of his all. We insisted on indemnifying him, when the poor man, considering perhaps the payment of a Spanish dollar too liberal, bade us wait a few minutes, and reascending the hill, presently returned with a small lamb, which he forced us to accept. On departing, Dimitri told us that

he had secured this provender, because he intended that we should repose during the heat of the day at a deserted Turkish konaki, or karavanserai. In descending the hill several shots saluted our ears, but owing to the dense foliage and copsewood, we could not exactly discern whence they proceeded. We presently, however, perceived a numerous body of Greek palikaria engaged in the humane pastime of firing at some terrified peasants, whom they pursued, vociferating at the top of their lungs, the Turkish war-cry, "La allah il allah, allah akbar." Dimitri's mustaches dropped; he turned pale, and betrayed symptoms of great trepidation, but was reassured, on recognising in their leader a friend of his master, the "στρατηγός" Loudos, who was conducting his followers from Corinth, the fall of which stronghold he said was not so imminent as people supposed, to the blockade of Patras. This enterprise was frequently attempted; but the Turks scouring the surrounding plains, besides procuring supplies by sea, the fortress remained in their possession until its surrender to the combined forces after the battle of Navarino, by whom it was taken in a few hours, a proof of what any regular organized force could have effected in Greece. We apprised the general of Colocotroni's departure for Corinth, by the upper defiles, towards the gulf of Lepanto, who, at this intelligence, appeared somewhat disappointed and surprised. He was preparing to ascend the path we had rode down in quest of provisions, but our conductor solemnly assured him that we had already cleared the premises; adding, that he could more readily supply his wants at another hamlet which he indicated. I believe this advice not to have been altogether disinterested, but that Dimitri intended, on his own return from Salamis, to renew his visit, and relieve the poor devil of his remaining hoard.

On arriving at the konaki, we found it really a sweet place, close to a limpid rill, meandering in soft murmurs over its pebbly channel, through a grove of noble trees, interspersed with orange, lemon, fig, and almonds, that had formerly orna-

mented its precincts; but many of which had been cut down, and others injured by fire. Dimitri, having despatched some of our palikaria for firewood, soon kindled a fire, and was presently deeply engaged in the interesting and agreeable occupation of preparing a pillau of fowl and chestnuts for himself and us. The lamb we presented to our escort, who roasted it whole in a sort of oven they scratched in the ground, placing heated stones under it; when cooked, they hacked it in pieces with their ataghans, and in a few minutes all had disappeared, save the bones. The heat was most oppressive; so, after taking each a horn of brandy and water, we fell asleep under the shade of the trees, fearing to repose in the karavanserai, on account of scorpions and reptiles, which, according to Dimitri, now infested it. Trelawny and myself awakening, went to practise pistol firing. This aroused our escort, who would take part in the diversion, but had no chance with Trelawny, who was an unerring marksman. They were amazed at the superior strength of our powder, as contrasted with their own wretched stuff. After resuming our journey, we soon came in sight of the Argolic Gulf. Just above Myli, the site of the ancient Lerna, the prospect is superb, comprising the islands stretching along the base of a dark precipitous mountain, crowned by its frowning citadel, the Palamidi, and, opposite to it, the rugged coast of Laconia. The lovely plain of Argos lay spread out under our feet, dotted with numerous white flat-roofed buildings, surrounded by groves of orange, lemon, olive, and other fruit trees; several large Turkish kiosks, with gilded minarets, embosomed amid acacias, cypresses, and Lombardy poplars, fringing the margin of the shore, added to the variety of the delightful scene. We passed close under the so called lofty castle of Agamemnon, having to our left the towering Mycenæ, and the plain, gradually contracting between the opposite mountains until it merges in the awful and romantic dervenia, through which lies the road to Corinth.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

SPENSER. NO. II.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

WE cannot admire the cant expression, now so much the vogue—the *March of Intellect*. “The measured tread of marching men” is fine; for it awakens at once a magnificent image of regular and combined motion, and the mind exults in the consciousness of the grandeur of power, suddenly excited by the senses of sight and sound, themselves aroused by one line of inspiration. Moral is felt to be blended there with physical might—victory and triumph are in the music of the words—and we behold a glorious host of liberators. But the progress of intellect is better imaged by the flow of a great river—among the misty mountains a spring—a stream through various lands of natural and cultivated beauty—a sea-arm, ship-laden, as it mixes with the main. On its course it often sounds thunderously—for it has countless cataracts, many of them only heard among the woods; its long reaches, as they wind along, sing aloud to the clouds; even its far-inland bays, rock-encircled, sometimes are clashing with waves; but gazing upon it from some heaven-kissing hill, you hear no noise—to the eye its motion is not perceptible, but is known only to the mind—and whether bright in sun, or black in shade—serene or stormy—the prevailing emotion with which you contemplate its career is that of perpetual power, obeying the laws of nature in the spirit of peace.

For the *March*—let us then, with your will, substitute the *Flow of Intellect*. How beautiful and how beneficent! Fed by heaven and blessing the earth! Seek you to ascend to its source? That secret—more mysterious and remote than the spring of the Niger or the Nile—on what map of the soul is its whereabouts even faintly indicated among the lights and shadows that, to the baffled eyes of travellers into the “obscure inane,” seem to belong not to time, but to eternity? That river of a myriad channels hath a myriad springs. But God hath hidden them all in night—and shewn to

us but the infant waters issuing into day, and in growing grandeur rolling along in her gracious light, or in gloom as gracious—now satisfied with shewing the softly shadowed scenery of earth—now blest with all “the pomp and prodigality of heaven.”

The *Flow of Intellect*! But is not *Imagination Intellect*? One and the same—all poetry replies. The poets are the seers and prophets of life. They make the past the present—and in that light they command—sometimes a bright—sometimes a dim—view of the future—in glimpses or in sun-bursts of revelation. There are not two worlds—one the outward world of sense—and one the inward world of spirit. But Sense and Spirit build up our universe—and thus we know not which are more beautiful—the flowers or the stars. And may we speak, too, of the *Flow of Imagination*? Aye—but the image then is not of the flow of waters, however pure—but of the flow of air—that seems an element purer still—because to our eyes the dwelling of light—of light born far beyond our ken within the gates of heaven.

Imagination, then, is the *Beautifier*. And is not all *Beauty Bliss*? Then,

“ Blessings be with them and eternal
praise,
The poets who on earth have made us
heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly
lays!”

They etherealize creation. Their glory is their reproach. Truth, shewn by them, is called falsehood by the worldlings—but 'tis such truth, as seraphs see when before the throne's effulgence they veil their faces with their wings. Such truth Milton saw in the garden of Eden before the Fall—“crowning the glorious hills of Paradise.” The affable Archangel revealed it to our First Parents, discoursing to them in the bower on which no leaf knew what it was to fade. Such truth

Shakspeare saw in Cordelia's eyes—and gave them so to shine for ever, that the daughters of men have been more filial for sake of their immortal beauty. In the trouble that bleared the mad eyes of Lear, we see it glitter. "And my poor fool is hanged!" So saying, he shut them for ever—but light, fairer than that of sun, moon, or stars, continued on the lids, and we see through it into the awful depths of love, unruffled at last by any tempest.

We trust, then—reader unknown—that thou art a worshipper of the benefactors of thy race—the Poets. Young and fair thou art—so whispers our Genius—and wilt thou "put on thy woodland dress," and walk with us—not far—but through a few glades—of an old forest—old as the hills, and as green?—for though boles and boughs are so moss-grown, but they look made of moss—yet the leaves, how bright they glitter, where the sunshine comes to greet thee—and in the shade how soft they hang, even as thine own tresses in the joy of an undisturbing dream! Open places there are, too, where the wild deer repose—and on the silvan uplands hanging gardens—over which high castles rise magnificent as clouds—and rivers are flowing there, by rainbow-bridges spanned—and standing by thine image on the shore of that shadowy mere—a lovelier Lady of the Lake—but thou in thy loveliness art wholly without guile, and whitely innocent—wilt thou, my Emma, be—than Spenser's self ever saw or sung—

"Sole-sitting by the shores of Old Romance."

We have touched thy heart by our pleasant imagery—that was all we wished—and now, with steady step and slow, like a trustworthy and time-honoured guide, we shall conduct you—for the first time—for you have but heard of its wonders—not through—but to-day, into the Domain—a Poem—of the Faery Queen.

Whom should we consult regarding the idea and design of the poem but the maker himself?—not Upton—not Spence—not Hughes—not Hurd—not Warton—though they be all good men and true—but Ed-

MUND SPENSER. Before kneeling to the sage in his hermitage, let us hear how the fine coeval spirits spoke of their master. You all know Sir Walter Raleigh, he who spread his fine purple cloak on the mire beneath great Eliza's feet. That was a courtier's trick, to win the favour of a mere earthly red-haired queen. But here is a sweeter strewnment—"a vision upon this concept of the Fairy Queen"—who wears a crown of diamonds, beautiful as dewdrops, trembling between life and death—yet destined to outlast the stars.

"Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestall flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair love and fairer virtue kept;
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene:
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not scene;
(For they this Queene attended) in whose steed
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's herse:
Hereat the hardest stones were scene to bleed,
And graves of buried ghosts the heavens did perse;
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst the access of that Celestial Chiefe."

Raleigh, you know, was Spenser's brother—and the poet called him the Shepherd of the Sea. Another friend he had whom he loved as well—Sir Philip Sidney—whom he imaged in life and death by a butterfly—the brightest and most beautiful that ever winged the air, or folded up its gorgeous gossamer in a grave-bed of flowers. They were gentlemen—though the late Mr Hazlitt doubted it; and Spenser—who was a gentleman too—not merely of the king's but of God's creating—tells us that "the general end of all the Booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline." Perhaps—though we hope not—you may have read Lord Chesterfield. It was the "general end" of all his book, too, "to fashion a gen-

tleman or noble person." But how? "In virtuous and gentle discipline?" In folly by falsehood—and for behoof of his own son—the accomplished cub or hero of his romance of real life. The gentle Edmund chose the History of King Arthur "as most fittest for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many men's former works, and also furthest from the danger of envy and suspicion of present time." What a noble thought, and how noble its simple expression! He chose his hero, because of his excellency—a glorious word, implying all that is great and good—because "made famous by many men's former works"—by which the poet was inspired to transcend them all. He knew he had wings to soar higher, on his famous theme, than they had soared—and set before his eyes, ere he launched into the ether, the examples of the loftiest sons of song, with whom he was not afraid to claim kindred—if not equality—the sweetest—wildest—richest-toned singer of them all—and to whom was given, beyond them all, insight and inhearing into the world of light and love and beauty—with all its motion and all its music—till the human melted into the divine—a holier life than on earth was ever seen still seemed native to earth—and earth purified into a type of heaven. Faery Land!

"O might my name be number'd among theirs!
Then gladly would I end my mortal days!"

Such is the high and tender prayer breathed by Wordsworth at the close of a devout meditation on the blessings of "truth and pure delight" bequeathed to humanity in the works of the great poets. And his prayer will be heard by the gracious muses who are the ministers of God. For they are the daughters of Memory, and in that book of life which is mortal, because all below the skies is mortal—the book of memory—they will inscribe his name in characters of light, "till the stars sicken at the day of doom." Spenser, like Wordsworth, loved to rank himself, in some moods reverentially—almost fearfully—in others boldly, and in assured triumph—with the mightiest

masters of the lyre. "In which I have followed all the antique poets historically; first Homere, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governor, and a virtuous man, the one in his Iliad, the other in his Odysseis; then Virgil, whose like intention was to do in the person of Æneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando; and lately, Tasso discovered them again, and form'd both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in philosophy call *Ethice*, or virtues of a private man, colour'd in his Rinaldo, the other named *Politice*, in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, THE IMAGE OF A TRUE KNIGHT, PERFECTED IN THE TWELVE PRIVATE MORAL VIRTUES, AS ARISTOTLE HATH DEVISED, the which is the purpose of these first twelve books; which if I find to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame THE OTHER PART OF POLITICAL VIRTUES IN HIS PERSON AFTER THAT HE CAME TO BE KING."

A magnificent design! Of the twelve private moral virtues we have but six and a fragment "cloudily enwrapped in allegorical devises," nor do we believe that any more was written, therefore not lost in that fire that consumed his child. The body of the pretty babe perished, but not a hair was singed on the head of the Faery Queene. Had but the first canto of the first book survived, (thank God we have in all three-score and twelve finished cantos and two,) it would have placed Spenser among the immortals, and his sign in the firmament would have been "heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb." Of Arthur's "political virtues after that he came to be king," the world shall never know—as she would have known—had Spenser lived to sing them with the same voice, like that of a silver trumpet. Nor may any other voice now sound their praise. For the great poets choose their own subjects, and will not accept them even at one another's hands, though left incomplete, or "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." But we shall have poetry in heaven.

You all know who was Arthur—when Prince, and when King—yet

not one even of those among us who know him best—know where he lived—reigned—died—or was buried.—Spenser saith of him, “Whom I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soon as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seen in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seek her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seek her forth in Faery Land. In that Faery Queen I meane *Glory* in my general intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our souverain the Queen, and her kingdom, in Faery Land. * * * So in the person of Prince Arthur I sette forth *Magnificence* in particular, which virtue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all—therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that Booke. But of the xii other Vertues I make xii other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history.”

How poetical, in Spenser's words, the very announcement of the subject of his wondrous poem! What strange, rare, antique, and hoary names! On each of them, as they appear before our eyes on the paper, imagination broods, till each in succession becomes a deeper and darker mystery, and we sink away into dreams altogether alien to the common on-goings of this our everyday and most unspiritual life! Timon! Merlin! the Lady Ygraine! Arthur ravished in a dream or vision with the excellent beauty of the Faery Queen! Faery Land! Gloriana! Belphoebe! Cynthia! Diana! Into what world of shadows have we been wafted! Yet of shadows all more than typical—all more than emblematical—of the highest feelings, and thoughts, and things, that make up human life—yet shadows they are not—though they seem to be—“thus cloudily enveloped in allegorical devises,” but “sound healthy children of the God of Heaven,”—seen for our delight and instruction all

irradiated and arrayed, while “passing through nature to eternity.”

The Poet supposes that the Faery Queen, according to an established annual custom, held a magnificent feast, which continued twelve days, on each of which respectively twelve several complaints are presented before her. To redress the injuries which were the occasion of these several complaints, she despatches, with proper commissions, twelve different knights, each of which, in the particular adventure allotted to him, proves an example of some particular virtue, as of Holiness, Temperance, Justice, Chastity, and has one complete book assigned to him, of which he is the hero. But besides these twelve knights, severally exemplifying twelve moral virtues, the Poet has constituted one principal knight, or general hero—Prince Arthur—who represents—as we have seen—Magnificence—the perfection of all the rest. He, moreover, assists in every book—and the end of his actions is to discover and win Gloriana, or Glory. In a word—says Tom Warton—whose dear little volume is lying before us—in this character Spenser professes to portray “THE IMAGE OF A TRUE KNIGHT, PERFECTED IN THE TWELVE PRIVATE MORAL VIRTUES.”

In the “Letter of the Author's, expounding his whole intention in the course of this work”—we have, in his own delightful language, notices of the contents of the first Three Books—“The first of the Knighte Redcrosse, in whom I express *Holyness*; the seconde of Sir Guyon, in whom I set forth *Temperance*; the third Britomartis, a Lady Knighte, in whome I picture *Chastity*. But because the beginning of the whole work seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three Knights' several adventures. For the methode of a poet histori-call is not such as of an historiographer. For an historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they are donnee, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the things fore-paste, and divining of things to

come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all! The beginning, therefore, of my history, if it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the Twelfth Book, which is the last." In the Twelfth Book, we should have seen the fulfilment of the plan or scheme—and the Faery Queen—now but a part of a poem, or rather a series of poems—would have shone forth—in all its fair proportions—a perfect whole. "The reader would have been agreeably surprised," says Warton, "when he came to discover that the series of adventures, which he had just seen completed, were undertaken at the command of the Faery Queen; and the Knights had severally set forward to the execution of them, from her annual birthday festival." We have quoted Warton now thus far—because by and by we intend to say a few words on his critical objections to the plan of the poem.

But we were about to quote from Spenser himself an account of the occasions of the several adventures undertaken in the first Three Books—from which our readers unacquainted with the Faery Queen—and they must be many—will be able to form some general notion of the nature of the work. "In the beginning of the Feast, there presented himself a tall clownish yonge man, who falling before the Queen of Fairies, desired a boone (as the manner there was), which during that Feast she might not refuse; which was, that he might have the achievement of any adventure which during the Feast should happen. That being granted, he rested him on the floor, unfitte, through his rusticity, for a better place. Soone after entered a faire Ladye in mourning weeds, riding on a white ass, with a Dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the arms of a Knight, and his speare in the Dwarf's hand: She, falling before the Queene of Fairies, complained that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had been by a large dragon many years shut up in a brasen castle, who thence suffered them not to yssew; and therefore besought the Fayrie Queen to assyue to her some one of her knights to take on him that explot. Presently that clownish person, up-

starting, desired that adventure; wherewith the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainsaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought, would serve him, (that is, the armour of a Christian man, specified by St Paul, v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him with dew furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady, and eftsoons took upon him knighthood, and mounting on that strange courser, he went forth with her on that adventure—where beginneth the first book, 'a gentle knight was pricking on the plain.' The second day there came a palmer, bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to have been slain by an enchantress, called Acrasia; and therefore craved of the Faery Queene to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same palmer, which is the beginning of the second book, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a groome, who complained before the Faery Queen, that a vile enchanter, called Busirane, had in bond a most faire lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield to him the pleasure of her body. Wherupon Sir Scudamore, the lover of that lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to perform it by reason of hard enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who ensconced him, and rescued his love. But by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermeddled; but rather as accidents than intendments—as the Love of Britomart, the Overthrow of Marinell, the Misery of Florimell, the Virtuousness of Belphebe, the Lasciviousness of Hellenora, and many the like."

All honour to the memory of Tom Warton—all honour and all love. He was a poet as well as an antiquary, and understood Spenser far better than he thought; and had he not had the fear of Aristotle before his eyes, and an awe in his soul, not too

profound, for that was impossible, but habitual rather than reflective, for the Greek and the Roman genius—the *Classics*—he would have left unsaid many questionable, many important, and many untrue sayings, (yet has he said many that are most true) about the Faerie Queen. He was in his day, and is now, one of the brightest ornaments, the greatest glories of Oxford, of her whom Lord Brougham (not in the *Edinburgh Review*) rightly calls that “old, renowned, and famous university.” He wonders to find Ariosto, many years after the revival of letters, “rejecting truth for magic, and preferring the ridiculous and incoherent excursions of Boiardo, to the propriety and uniformity of the Grecian and Roman models.” Propriety and uniformity! You must take the terms in an enlarged sense indeed, before you can justly apply them to the adventures of Ulysses. And was not Medea an enchantress, as well as Calypso and Circe? Beni, he says, one of the most celebrated critics of the 16th century, was still so infatuated with a fondness for the old Provençal vein, that he ventured to write a regular dissertation, in which he compares Ariosto and Homer. And why not? There are in the Ariosto of the south, and in the Ariosto of the north—you know whom Byron so designated—as fine things as in Homer. They are Homeric. Warton speaks contemptuously of the unnatural events of the romantic school of Provençal bards—the machinations of imaginary beings and adventures, entertaining only as they were improbable—and wonders why, when the works of Homer and Aristotle were restored and studied in Italy, and every species of literature at last emerged from the depths of Gothic ignorance and barbarity, poets followed not the example and precept of antiquity, in justness of thought and design, and the decorum of nature. The answer is plain and pleasant—because original genius is not imitative of models, however admirable, and, inspired by what is old, invents what is new—“alike, but oh, how different!” Trissino, who flourished a few years after Ariosto, “had taste and boldness enough,” quoth Warton, “to publish an Epic Poem, in professed imitation of the *Iliad*. But this attempt met with

little regard or applause, for the reason on which its real merit was founded. It was rejected as an insipid and uninteresting performance, having few devils or enchantments to recommend it.” An insipid and uninteresting performance it was. And pray, what had it to recommend it, in absence of devils and enchantments? Nothing. Trissino’s “taste and boldness” were equal to one another; he was a mere nobody—nothing—cipher, and sleeps in undisturbed dust. Tasso, who succeeded Trissino, in his *Gierusalemme Liberata*, took the ancients for his guide—but was “too sensible,” says Warton, “of the popular prejudice in favour of ideal beings and romantic adventures, to neglect or omit them entirely.” And it is well for him that he was—else had he shared, perhaps, the fate of the tasteful and bold imitator of the *Iliad*. Ariosto, with all his extravagances—sad to say—was preferred by the Italians to Tasso, who “composed his poem in some measure on a regular plan.” The genius of both was—is—and ever will be justly, and raptly, admired by all civilized men—for there is truth in magic—strangest and wildest events are natural, or may be made to seem so—which is all the same—the machinations of imaginary beings rule all the characters and events in the *Iliad*, even more than in the *Odyssey*—adventures, not only improbable, but repugnant to reason, become sworn articles in the creed of Fancy’s faith—and the “decorum which nature dictates,” Nature herself rejoices to give to the winds. Genius, being familiar with what Warton, inconsistently with his own fine fancy, calls the illegitimate and romantic manner of composition introduced and exhibited by the Provençal bards, kindled into higher and stronger flame, at the inspiring touch of the old Greek fire, that had smouldered for so many ages beneath the ruins Time had made, and again burst forth into day from the dust. But Tasso and Ariosto—favourites of Nature—and confident in her love—too deeply felt their power, to deign to follow afar off—and all followers, however near they may think themselves, or may be thought, lag behind the guiding stars—and yet, remote as they are, are eclipsed by the very luminaries

from which in vain they seek to draw their light.

Such was the prevailing taste, continues Warton, when Spenser projected his *Faerie Queen*, "a poem which, according to the practice of Ariosto, was to consist of allegories, enchantments, and romantic expeditions, conducted by knights, giants, magicians, and fictitious beings. It may be urged that *Spenser made an unfortunate choice! and discovered but little judgment!*" Any thing may be urged, and the more foolish the better; it may be urged that Milton made an unfortunate choice, and discovered but little judgment, in *Paradise Lost*—and that Shakespeare was culpable beyond pardon in having imagined Lear, for there is nothing like that epic, or that tragedy, in Homer or Eschylus. As for the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, 'tis mere lunacy—and Macbeth is a madman, though kept in countenance by Hercules Furens. Yet the critic who maunders thus, oftener writes in the spirit of a true creed; and even at the close of this very paragraph says truly, that Spenser, with whom Ariosto was a favourite, was naturally led "to prefer that plan, which would admit the most extensive range for his unlimited imagination." In other words, his unlimited imagination looked over the whole field of human life, and saw all the powers and passions of humanity there passing to and fro, and impersonating them all, made them all visible, giving them duties to perform, and triumphs to achieve, and defeats to sustain; and furnishing a purgatory for the erring, a hell for the guilty, and a heaven for the good, entrancing and astounding all generations, by the ineffable beauty of the Bower of Bliss, and the inutterable dismalness of the Cave of Despair!

Warton is himself again—though not always—in his chapter on Spenser's Allegorical Character. Hume says: "that Homer copied true natural manners, which, however rough and uncultivated, will always form an agreeable and interesting picture; but the pencil of the English poet (Spenser) was employed in drawing the affections, and conceits, and fopperies of chivalry." That is sad

stuff. Was Achilles rough and uncultivated? And lived there ever on this earth such a being? No—never. But not to dwell on that—there were chivalrous ages—just as there were heroic ages—and if they had their affections, and conceits, and fopperies, you will seek in vain for them in the *Faerie Queen*.

Were we to enter now upon an enquiry into the nature and power of allegory, we should never have done; and therefore take it for granted that you feel, though you may not understand them, and that you confess that an allegorical poem may be the greatest and most glorious—because most difficult—achievement of human genius. Ideal abstractions must seem as alive as individual creatures of flesh and blood—must, like them, gain and hold possession of all our sympathies—must at one and the same time be this or that human being—feeling and acting for itself—Christian, Pagan, or Heathen—and likewise a representative of the class—as well as of the kind—exhibiting all the characteristics common to all belonging to it—along with others—or the same modified—that give the ideal entity the charm and interest of personality, and, while they gratify the imagination, touch the heart.

Spenser is beyond all compare the most wonderful allegorical poet. Gower and Chaucer were justly reputed the first English poets—so says Warton—because they were the first of any note who introduced invention into our poetry; the first who "moralized their song," and strove to render virtue more amiable by clothing her in the veil of fiction. Piers Plowman's Visions are allegorical satires. And Lydgate's Temple of Glass and the Dance of Death have merit as allegories, though they cannot be said to display much imagination. Hawes' Pastime of Pleasure, lately reprinted in Southey's Specimens, is of a higher caste—but what are they all to our own Dunbar's Golden Terge?—(we say nothing of Lyndsay's Dream, though it is a fine one). Far superior we think to Sackville's Induction in the Mirror of Magistrates, though Warton is of opinion that that poem approaches nearer to the *Faerie Queen* in the richness of alle-

goric description, than any previous or succeeding poem. No allegorical poem, either previous or succeeding, has approached the Faerie Queen within half the diameter of the earth. The Purple Island of Fletcher is a performance of infinite pains and ingenuity—but a wearisome desert of labyrinths, which, luckily, we traverse clew in hand. The Pilgrim's Progress is a wonderful work—but till all distinctions of ranks have been first confused and then destroyed, John Bunyan must stand far aloof from Edmund Spenser—though he too has his place among the hierarchies.

Almost all Spenser's critics, however encomiastic, have strenuously exerted their wits, great or small, to find out defects and faults in his allegories, and in the general conduct of the poem. Sir William Temple must have been hard put to it when he says, that though Spenser's flights of song were very noble and high, yet his moral lay so bare that it lost the effect. According to this authority, your moral should lie cunningly concealed, that it may rise unexpectedly out of the mirk, like a ghost in its grave-clothes, and, after a solemn, but not very intelligible warning, melt away into the nearest stanza. Hughes, in his sensible Essay on Allegorical Poetry, thinks that a moral which is not clear, is next to no moral at all, and complains bitterly of the darkness of many of the ancient fables. Even Lord Bacon, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, has often failed in deciphering the best known traditions in the Heathen Mythology—many of which, it is not to be doubted, were allegorical;—but an allegory, says Hughes, somewhat nettled, “which is not clear is a riddle;” and conscious, perhaps, that he was himself no *Œdipus*, he is intolerant of Sphinx. He mentions some properties which seem requisite in all well-invented fables of this kind, and then perpend, in a wiseacreish pause, to consider if they are all to be found always in the Faerie Queen. One is, that the fable shall everywhere be consistent with itself—and the sage, seeming to shake his head, finally declares that “most of the allegories in the Faerie Queen are agreeable to this rule; but in one of his other poems the author has ma-

nifestly transgressed it—the poem I mean is that which is called *Prothalamion*. In this the two brides are figured by two beautiful swans, sailing down the river Thames. The allegory breaks before the reader is prepared for it; and we see them, at their landing, in their true shapes, without knowing how this sudden change is effected.” It requires small shrewdness to know how the sudden change was effected; Spenser merely lifted up his forefinger—and the swans became virgins, and the virgins brides—nay, he had not even to lift up his little finger; for the “*beautystill more beauteous*” had kept for so long a time brightening before his eyes, that the fairest swans that ever floated in watery light grew of themselves, without any conscious magic on his part, into the fairest of England's daughters—and then

“ Above the rest were goodly to be seene,
Two gentle knights of lovely face and
feature,
Beseeming well the bower of any queene,
With gifts of wit and ornaments of
nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seemed
in sight
Which deck the bauldrick of the heavens
bright;
They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
Received those two fair brides, their loves'
delight.”

O, ghost of Mr Hughes!—as you love us for speaking handsomely of that gentleman in this Magazine, revoke his sentence of condemnation on this close of the *Prothalamion*—and puzzle not your own worthy self in Hades with vainly attempting to see into the mystery of that transfiguration—for pardon us for saying that the wisest spectre may study all death-long, without catching so much as a faint glimmer of the spirit of the Laws of Dreams.

Mr Polymetis Spence opines that the faults of Spenser, in relation to his machinery or allegories, are all reducible to three general heads. They arise, he informs us, either from the poet's mixing the fables of heathenism with the truths of Christianity; or from his misrepresenting the allegories of the ancients; or from something that is wrong in the allegories of his own invention. The strongest

" 'Thrise happy man !' said then the father grave,
 ' Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
 And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save !
 Who better can the way to heaven aread
 Than thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
 In heavenly throne, where thousand angels shine ?
 Thou doest the praiers of the righteous send
 Present before the Maieaty divine,
 And His avenging wrath to clemency incline.

" ' Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.
 Then come, thou Man of Earth ! and see the way,
 That never yet was seene of Faries sonne ;
 That never leads the traveller astray
 But, after labors long and sad delay,
 Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
 And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.'

" That done, he leads him to the highest mount ;
 Such one as that same mighty man of God,
 That blood-red billowes like a walled front
 On either side disparted with his rod,
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
 Dwelt forty daies upon ; where, writt in stone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,
 The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
 He did receive, whilles flashing fire about him shone :

" Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
 Adorn'd with fruitfull olives all arownd,
 Is, as it were for endlesse memory
 Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
 For ever with a flowring girland crownd :
 Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay
 Through famous poets verse each where renewnd,
 On which the thrise three learned ladies play
 Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay."

That is sacred poetry—if there be any besides what is in the Bible. The comparisons here are not " impertinently linked together ;" but image of mount after mount arises in a religious trance—wherein " heaven and earth do make one imagery," and all that is purest, brightest, highest, best in humanity, the pious poet brings into blessed union with the gracious but ineffable mercies of the Divine. Would you strike out from Spenser such visions as these, in fear that he hath therein offended God and Christ ? We have been told how we are to worship, and how to serve—in spirit and in truth. No reproach for having read these stanzas will ever be breathed on us from the pages of the New Testament ; and he by whom they were written must have been conversant with the Book of Life.

But to return to Mister Spence—and " his second general head of the faults of Spenser in relation to his machinery and allegories"—namely,

his misrepresenting the allegories of the ancients. Old Polymetis, who, though a respectable scholar, was but a booby of the lowest form in scholarship to Spenser, blames all the beautiful intermeddling with the Greek mythology which the poet makes in the fulness of knowledge and the spirit of love. He rates him for introducing a company of Satyrs to save a lady from rape, " though their distinguishing character," quoth Poly, " was lust." Oh ! blindness beyond bat or mole not to see the beauty of the power of chastity in changing the brutal nature of the most salvage of beasts ! Then Spenser has absolutely made Sylvanus the god or governor of the Satyrs !—a dignity of which there is no mention in the ancients ; and he has—without authority—put an ivy-girdle round his waist ! 'Twas right that the old governor should be decent as well as dignified ; in ancient days he never saw the face of Una. Spence re-rates Spenser for having

unclassically given the Day or Morning purple hair; yet he himself wore a wig illustrious with that light of love. The poet, too, is charged with making the Sirens half-fish—which Horace seems to have done before him, and Flaxman after;—

“Desinit in pisces mulier formosa superne,”

being, we hope, not applicable to ladies not absolutely Sirens. But all these violations of the respect due to the Greek mythology are trifles to the three that follow. The author of the Faerie Queen has wantonly, and in the face of the Herald’s-office, married Clio to Apollo, thereby throwing a slur on the other Muses, who must be looked on in the light of mistresses; more audacious still, he has asserted that Cupid is brother to the Graces, who are thus made the natural daughters of Venus, which we verily believe they were; and he reaches the climax of iniquity, by not only bringing Neptune to the marriage of the Thames and Medway—(surely nobody who has tasted the water between Sheerness and Chatham can doubt that it is salt)—but by greatly increasing the sea-god’s court, and adding several deities as his attendants, which were never regarded as such by any of the ancients. What an advantage to a critic to be well read in the classics!

The schoolmaster, who really seems somewhat abroad, having thus illustrated “two general heads of faults,” proceeds to the third—and then pats Cerberus on the back. While he allows that Spenser’s “invention is one of the most beautiful that perhaps ever was,” he is “sorry to say that he does not only fall short of that simplicity and propriety which is so remarkable in the works of the ancients, but runs now and then into thoughts that are quite unworthy of so great a genius.” He is even afraid to mention them, for they look quite gross taken by themselves; but conquering fear and repugnance, he refers to “the great deal of apparatus in Spenser’s manner of introducing Pride”—drawn in a chariot by six different creatures, Satan being the charioteer—Idleness on an ass—Gluttony on a hog—Lechery on a goat—Avarice on a camel laden with gold—Envy

eating a toad, and riding on a wolf—and Wrath, with a firebrand in his hand, riding on a lion. Satan’s Equipage is beyond the comprehension of Spence—and he cannot credit his own eyes as he sees old Coachees dashing by, six-in-hand, without troubling himself to pay the turnpikes. “The chief fault I find with it is, that it is too complex a way of characterising pride in general; and may possibly be as improper in some few respects as it is redundant in others.” The description, too, of the dragon killed by the Knight of the Red Cross, in the last canto of the first book, puzzles Polymetis. The tail of this dragon—he exclaims—holding up his hands with pen behind his ear—“wanted very little of being three furlongs in length; the blood that gushes from his wound is enough to drive a water-mill, and his roar is like that of a hundred hungry lions.” What a prodigious monster! Yet he might have remembered how a serpent once arrested the progress of a Roman army—that Milton represents Satan—who was not only *a* but *the* Great Dragon—as “floating many a rood;” while in justification of Spenser, we should have simply pointed to the Ram of Derby—or referred Mr Spence to Squire More of Moreshall. Had all such references failed to convince him of the propriety of the passage, then we should have called on him for the legal dimensions of a dragon—got the Place of the Times to measure him for an iron-shirt to clap over his scales—and turning him out some Sunday into the dress-ring in the Park, given the fashionable world an opportunity of forming their own judgment, in full fig, of a hog in armour.

The faults of Spenser’s allegories—“under the third general head”—are arranged by this precise and pompous pedant into six classes. We should murder the man whom we could prove to have arranged under the “third general head” of the faults of Christopher North, six classes of faults. All men are at liberty to call them “in numbers without number numberless;” but no man shall with impunity arrange them into six classes under the third general head. Curse classification of one’s crimes. In the elump they leave you still human—

divided and subdivided, and then multiplied, not the likeness of a dog. So fares Spenser the poet with Spence the arithmetician—so would fare William Shakspeare with Joseph Hume. He jots down as belonging to class second—general head third—"his affixing such filthy ideas to some of his personages that it half-turns one's stomach to read his account of them. Such, for example, is the description of Errour." And what would have been the harm had it wholly turned Spence's stomach? To a man of sedentary habits nothing so salutary as an emetic. But men's stomachs are too often as strong as their hearts are hard—and to many Errour looks lovely still, in spite of all the loathliest foulness in which the sage Spenser has steeped her, and we still see blinded boys and drivelling dotards kissing or slobbering the very maw of the monster, belching corruption from her rotten entrails. They will not even be *stunk* from the "Errour of their ways," and finish their earthly career in the grave by poisoning the worms.

In class sixth—under general head third—Spence ranges "such instances as, I fear, can scarce be called by any softer name than that of ridiculous imaginations." Such—he thinks—is "that idea of Ignorance, where he is made to move with the back part of his head foremost"—the very attitude adopted at this day by the Presidents of many Mechanics' Institutions. "Such is the sorrowful lady with a bottle for her tears"—in objecting to which as ridiculous, he inadvertently scoffs at Scripture. "Such is the thought of a vast giant shrinking into any empty form like a bladder"—a thought, we venture to say, felt by veriest dolts to be sublime—and "such the Horses of Night foaming tar"—an image worthy of Eschylus or Shakspeare.

Mr Spence concludes, "that if Spenser had formed his allegories on the plan of the ancient poets and artists, as much as he did from Ariosto and the Italian allegorists, he might have followed nature much more closely; and would not have wandered so often into such strange and inconsistent imaginations." Most strange indeed they often are, but seldom inconsistent; and beautiful in a thousand things as the Greek

Mythology was, it was deformed and defiled with strangenesses and inconsistencies from which the genius of Spenser recoiled with disgust and horror. He knew it well—loved in it all that was worthy of love—and made what was "beautiful exceedingly" even more so, by that sense of beauty which accompanied all his steps in Faery Land. As deeply read in all modern—or as it is called, romantic lore—he took from all those traditionary tales all that was worthy to find a place in his book—and transmuted much base matter into gold. He was no imitator of Ariosto, but an admirer—nor are any other two great poets more distinguishable from one another in all the chief characteristics of their genius. But Spence, with incredible absurdity, says, "I am apt to believe that he considered the Orlando Furioso, in particular, as a poem *wholly serious*; though the author of it *certainly wrote it partly in jest*! There are several lines and passages in it, that must have been intended for burlesque; and they wisely consider that poem in the truest light, who consider it as a work of a mixed nature; as something between the professed gaiety of Tasso, and the broad laugh of Berni and his followers. Perhaps Spenser's taking some things to be said seriously, which Ariosto meant for ridicule, may have led him now and then to say things that are ridiculous, where he meant to be very serious." What a pity that Spence had not been sent by Providence to teach Spenser to understand Ariosto!

Dryden, himself a mighty master of versification, preferred—at least he says so, but we hope he lied—Waller's to Spenser's! We must speak leniently then of the follies of meaner men. Hughes saith, "as to the stanza in which the Faerie Queen is written, *though the author cannot be commended for his choice of it*, yet it is much more harmonious in its kind than the heroic verse of that age; *it is almost the same with what the Italians call their Ottava Rima*, which is used both by Ariosto and Tasso, but improved by Spenser, with the addition of a line more in the close, of the length of our Alexandrines." Mr Hughes cannot commend Spenser for his choice—that

is, invention of his stanza—nor perhaps would he have been able to commend Hadyn for the style of music he chose in his Creation. It is not almost the same with what the Italians call their ottava rima—and if Hughes had been a horse he would have known—in case of lameness—that three legs are not almost the same as four. But Tom Warton, a poet, follows Hughes in this blindness and deafness—absolutely saying, “although Spenser’s favourite Chaucer made use of the ottava rima,” (which he did not,) “or stanza of eight lines, yet it seems probable, that Spenser was principally induced to adopt it, with the addition of one line, from the practice of Ariosto and Tasso, the most fashionable poets of his age. But Spenser, in choosing this stanza, did not sufficiently consider the genius of the English language, which does not easily fall into a frequent repetition of the same termination; a circumstance natural to the Italian, which deals largely in identical cadences.” Tom Warton knew—notwithstanding all this nonsense—that no two kinds of stanza extant are more different than Spenser’s, and the ottava rima of the Italians. He has himself told us so. “Their ottava rima has only *three* similar endings alternately rhyming—the *two* last lines formed a distinct rhyme. But in Spenser the second rhyme is repeated *four* times, and the *third three*.” This correct statement also includes the fact of there being nine lines in the one and eight in the other—but not that the ninth is an Alexandrine. All poets have, since Warton’s time, agreed in thinking the Spenserian stanza the finest ever conceived by the soul of music—and what various delightful specimens of it have we now in our language! Thomson’s *Castle of Indolence*—Shenstone’s *Schoolmistress*—Beattie’s *Minstrel*—Burns’s *Cotter’s Saturday Night*—Campbell’s *Gertrude of Wyoming*—Scott’s *Don Roderick*—Wordsworth’s *Female Vagrant*—Shelley’s *Revolt of Islam*—Keats’s *Eve of St Agnes*—Croly’s *Angel of the World*—Byron’s *Childe Harold*! And many “a lovely lay” might be added to the list—for it would seem, that so divine is the nature of the stanza, that even mediocre poets, with a fair or fine ear, become inspired beyond

themselves, “even by the sounds themselves have made;” and that almost any lyre sends pleasant music from its strings, however even unskillfully constructed on the model of Spenser’s, and struck by no master’s hand, but even the clumsy fingers of a journeyman, or the feeble ones of an apprentice. The only proof of the pudding is the eating of it. The Faery Queen proves that in choosing, that is inventing his stanza, Spenser did sufficiently consult the genius of the English language, which is in all things superior to any other language now spoken by men. It makes one sick to hear such a man as Warton talk “of the frequent repetition of the same termination being a circumstance natural to the Italian, which deals largely in identical cadences.” The English language deals far more largely in every thing that is good either for sense or sound, and we will thank you to shew us seventy-four cantos, of a good many hundred lines each, forming half a poem, so rich in rhymes, without monotony, repetition, or imperfection, as Spenser’s seventy-four, which, had he lived, he could with equal ease, grace, and power, have made a hundred and fifty. Warton, after the fashion of Spence, classes “the most striking and obvious of the absurdities which the constraint of his stanza led our author into;” but the list, with all his familiarity with the Faery Queen, is very meagre indeed, and proves the very reverse of what he rashly ventured to shew—the immeasurable merits of the stanza, and Spenser’s miraculous power in wielding it at will in every mood, and in adaptation to every subject. Finally, Tom himself confesses, that “it is indeed surprising, upon the whole, that Spenser should execute a poem of uncommon length [forty thousand lines?] with so much spirit and ease, laden as he was with so many shackles, and embarrassed with so complicated a bondage of rhyming. Nor can I recollect, that he has been so careless as to suffer the same word to be repeated as a rhyme to itself, in more than four or five instances; a fault, which if he had more frequently committed, his manifold beauties of versification would have obliged us to overlook.” Why, then, all that

palaver about the genius of the English language not permitting that to be done which Spenser did like winking, and which so many English poets, good, bad, and indifferent, have done since, without turning a hair? "Laden with shackles!" What does that mean? If you take it literally, have we not seen Londoners dance hornpipes in chains and breeches, as well as the most active Highlander in Lochaber, in kilts without drawers? "Complicated bondage of rhyme!" Poo—poo—poo. Is the Jew's harp of our day a pleasanter and more powerful instrument than that on which King David played? Some simple musical instruments sound sweetly enough, but the more the number of stops or strings, the more sweetly they bear away over the souls of Gods and men; and 'tis not less absurd to speak of a great poet "embarrassed with the complicated bondage of rhyme," than of a great musician complaining to St Cecilia, and beseeching her to pardon him for the imperfections of his voluntaries, on account of the perfections of his instrument. One word more, and we have done: a language like the Italian, so open that you cannot speak it without rhyming, is the very worst of all—for rhymes should not come till they are sought—if they do, they give no pleasurable touch—"no gentle shock of mild surprise"—but, like intrusive fools, keep jingling their cap and bells in your ears, if not to your indifference, to your great disgust—and you wish they were all dead. Not so with the fine, bold, stern, muscular, masculine, firm-knit, and heroic language of England. Let no poet dare to complain of the poverty of its words in what Warton calls "identical cadences." The music of their endings is magnificent, and it is infinite. And we conclude with flinging in the teeth of the sciolist, who is prating perhaps of the superiority of the German, a copy, bound in calf-skin, of Walker's Rhyming Dictionary, for the shade of Spenser might frown while it smiled, were we to knock the blockhead down with our vellum volume of the Faery Queen.

Warton—of whom Spenser has too often reason to say, Save me from my friends—objects to the original conception—or, in other words, plan

of the Faery Queen. It is evident, he affirms, that in establishing one hero, who, seeking and attaining one grand end, which is Gloriana, should exemplify one grand character, or a brave knight perfected in the Twelve Private Moral Virtues, copied the cast and construction of the ancient Epic. But, sensible as he was of the importance and expediency of the unity of the hero and of his design, he does not, in the meantime, seem convinced of the necessity of that variety of action, by the means of which such a design should be properly accomplished. Warton then asks, how does Arthur execute the grand, simple, and ultimate design intended by the poet? By assisting each of the twelve knights in their perilous adventures; but surely to assist is not a sufficient service—and this secondary merit is inadequate to the reward—Glory. The poet ought to have made him the leading adventurer. Arthur should have been the principal agent in vindicating the cause of Holiness, Temperance, and the rest. If he had thus, in his own person, exerted himself in the protection of the Twelve Virtues, he might have been deservedly styled the perfect pattern of all, and consequently would have succeeded in the task assigned, the attainment of Glory. At present, he is only a subordinate or accessory character. So far Warton—and by and by we shall examine his unreasonable dogmas.

Dryden was of a somewhat different opinion. He says, in his Dedication to the Translation of Juvenal, that we must do Spenser the justice to observe, that Magnanimity, (magnificence,) which is the true character of Prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem, and succours the rest when they are in distress. But Warton will not listen to this; and remarks, that if the magnanimity of Arthur did, in reality, thus shine in every part of the poem, with a superior and steady lustre, Spenser would fairly stand acquitted. At present it bursts forth but seldom, in obscure and interrupted flashes. Dryden, too, asserts, that the action is not one; that there is no uniformity of design; and that he aims at the accomplishment of no action.

In his view of the poem, Warton had, however, been implicitly following Hughes, who says, that which

seems most liable to exception in this work is the model of it, and the choice the author has made of so romantic a story. The several books appear rather like so many several poems than one entire fable; each of them has its peculiar knight, and is independent of the rest; and though some of the persons make their appearance in different books, yet this has very little effect in connecting them. Prince Arthur is, indeed, the principal person, and has, therefore, a share given him in every legend; but his part is not considerable enough in any one of them; he appears, and vanishes again like a spirit; and we lose sight of him too soon, to consider him as the hero of the poem.

Upton, again, is irate with Dryden and Hughes; and cannot help admiring the resemblance between the ancient father of poets and Spenser; who, clearing the way by the solution of intermediate plots and incidents, brings you nearer to his capital piece, and then shews his hero at large; and when Achilles once enters the field, the other Greeks are lost in his splendour, as the stars at the rising of the sun. So when Prince Arthur had been perfected in heroic and moral virtues, and his fame thoroughly known and recognised in Faery Land; him we should have seen not only dissolving the enchantment of the witch Duessa, (an adventure too hard for the single prowess of St George,) but likewise binding in adamantine chains, or delivering over to utter perdition that old wizard Archimago, the common enemy of Faery knights, whom no chains as yet could hold; him should we have seen eclipsing all other heroes, and in the end, accompanied with the Faery knights, making his solemn entry into the presence of Gloriana, the Faery Queen; and thus his merits would have entitled him to that glory, which, by magnificence or magnanimity, the perfection of all the rest of the virtues, he justly had acquired.

There is some truth, and more error, in one and all of these critiques. In the first place, it is by no means clear—as Warton says it is—that Spenser copied the cast and construction of the ancient Epic. True it is, that he has himself told

us, that he chose Prince Arthur for his hero, for the same reasons that Homer chose Agamemnon and Ulysses, “because of his excellency;” but he avowed no intention of writing a poem of the same cast and construction as the Iliad and Odyssey. Indeed, the Iliad and the Odyssey are not themselves poems of the same cast and construction—though that remark is of small importance, or none, to the present question. This is certain, that it was most presumptuous in Tom Warton—who was a mild and modest man—to say so positively that Edmund Spenser should have made Arthur the leading adventurer—tantamount to saying, that he should have written quite another Faery Queen. Had he eclipsed, in succession, each Faery knight, on his own craved and allotted adventures, they might have looked rather lack-a-daisical—and Spenser would have been called to account for sending forth gentle knights to prick along the plain, in whose perils we had little interest, and for whose abilities we entertained that respect which is due to well-meaning, decently-conducted third or fourth-rate men. That they would have looked ludicrous in the end, if not sooner, is not to be doubted; and a poem must, of necessity, have been worse than dull, in which agent after agent, after doing his best, handed over the achievement to be consummated by the omnipotent Arthur.

What Dryden really meant by asserting that there is no unity of design in the Faery Queen we do not know. He was habitually the rashest and most heedless of critics; and there are more inconsistencies and contradictions in the shortest of his prefaces—spirited as they all are, and agreeably off-handed—than in any canto of that poem. For a spurt, Glorious John might have been safely backed at odds against any poet of his own century; but he has given no proof of being able to conceive unity of design in any extensive work, and must very soon have been bewildered in the woods of Faery Land. He knew but street-scenery; and was ignorant of all manner of trees. Nor had he by nature any sense of the beautiful, the pathetic, or the sublime. He is the only powerful poet of whom it can be said that he never drew a tear—never awakened

one thought that lay too deep for tears. Of the shadowy world of idealities and abstractions, he has nowhere shewn one glimpse of knowledge; and even on his own ground, how far inferior was he to Spenser! We do not believe that he delighted in the Faery Queen, or that he ever read it through—and as for his having conceived the design of a poem on the Round Table, the very mention of it is absurd—for where, in all his numerous writings, original or translations—(on his translations, or call them what you will, is built his fame)—do you find evidence of either genius or knowledge adequate to have achieved, on such a subject, even a middling poem? Oh! that *Annus Mirabilis*!

Hughes, we believe, was rather a distinguished man in his day, and we have more than a shrewd suspicion that he wrote in the Spectator—perhaps the Tatler—pardon our ignorance if we be wrong—but he was, though not a uniform, a too frequent dunce. “That which seems most liable to exception in this work is the model of it, and the choice the author has made of so romantic a story.” Look at this sentence for a minute or two, and you will never think of trying to fathom its folly. Spenser, it seems, was unfortunate, or rather blameable, in choosing a subject not fit for poetry, and then attempting to compose a poem on a bad model. ‘Tis a great pity, in short, that he wasted his great powers on the Faery Queen. What other kind of story Mr Hughes would have proposed—or what other model—he has not hinted; and had he been shut up in a cell without coal or candle or cowheel, till he should produce on black and white something like the skeleton-scheme of a subject for a poem to be substituted by Spenser for his ill-chosen and worse-modelled Faery Queen—poor Hughes would have been an-hungred, and assisted the rats in gnawing the bottom of his prison-door. Amiable and moral mediocre men, rather below the line in intellect—but studious, and addicted to literature—all the while they imagine themselves to be conservatives, do indeed keep unconsciously inditing most outrageous radicalism. The site of the house is ill-chosen, and the house itself built according to a bad model

—yet all the world declares it commands a noble prospect, and within has much accommodation; the tree should not have been planted on that knoll, nor is it the kind of tree that suits the climate—yet it is much admired by ignorant people, and much cattle ruminates in its shade; the book is on an unfortunate subject, nor has the author made a happy distribution of that unfortunate subject—yet the book is read—nay, sells—and the copyright given in exchange for the fee-simple of a snug farm, while the critic flourishes only in the gazette.

We admire the generous enthusiasm of Upton. Arthur shines more gloriously before his eyes than ours—but he has eloquently pictured the character it is reasonable to believe the Magnificent would have proved in the further progress of the poem, and shewn himself to be at its close. Achilles is himself in the earlier books of the *Iliad*—and so is Arthur in those of the Faery Queen. But the son of Thetis waxes more and more glorious till the ransom of the body of Hector by Priam; and doubtless the “refulgent head” of the son of Ygraine would have “star-bright appeared,” as he claimed on her throne her whom by his proved perfection he had won—even the great Gloriana, Queen of the Faery Land.

Besides all the objections we have now noticed, there are other two to the plan of the Faery Queen, which, saith Mister Hughes, “I confess I am more at a loss to answer.” More at a loss to answer them than their predecessors he cannot be imagined to be—whatever he may confess—for he is far from being gifted with the power of reply. What are they? “The first is, that the scene is laid in Fairy-Land, and the chief actors Fairies. The reader may see their imaginary race and history in Book XI. at the end of Canto X; but if he is not prepared beforehand, he may expect to find them acting agreeably to the common stories and traditions about such fancied beings. Thus Shakspeare, who has introduced them in his ‘*Midsummer-Night’s Dream*’ has made them speak and act in a manner perfectly adapted to their supposed characters; but the Fairies in this poem are not distinguished from other

persons. There is this misfortune, too, attends the choice of such actors, that, having been accustomed to conceive of them in a diminutive way, we find it difficult to raise our ideas, and to imagine a Faery encountering a giant. Homer has pursued a contrary method, and represented his heroes above the size and strength of ordinary men; and it is certain that the actions of the Iliad would have appeared but ill-proportioned to the characters, if we were to have imagined them all performed by pigmies." This is really very diverting—the more so, that Mr Hughes is manifestly as grave as a utensil. "I need not, I think, be scrupulous in mentioning freely the defects of a poem, which, though it was never supposed to be perfect, has always been allowed to be admirable." A fatal objection, then, to the plan of the Faery Queen, an incurable defect, and ineradicable evil is, that if the reader be not prepared beforehand, he may expect to find the characters acting agreeably to the nursery stories about those small gentry the Fairies! It seems hard to set down the ignorance of the unprepared-beforehand reader as an unanswerable objection to the plan of a poem; yet it might be not impossible to face and defeat it in a preface. What's in a name? Shakspeare's Fairies, again, "all speak and act in a manner perfectly adapted to their supposed characters." They do so, indeed; but Mr Hughes would not have known it but for Shakspeare. He is happy in the belief that he sees in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" his own visions realized, and that Shakspeare has but given local habitations, and names, and acts, and thoughts, feelings, and words, to the creatures of his—Hughes's—imagination; that is, the imagination of the people. But never was worthy man more mistaken in all his born days. The "Midsummer-Night's Dream" was originally a dream of William Shakspeare's—and now is a dream of the wide soul of the world. But if by "supposed characters" Mr Hughes meant his own notions of Fairies, or the notions of his nurse, or even his mother, nay, of his grand-mamma, he deceived himself, and the truth was not in him. "Pity the sorrows of a blind old man,"

one cannot help exclaiming, when one hears poor Hughes cry, "There is this misfortune likewise attends the choice of such actors;" and surrounded on all hands with misfortunes, in the shape of unanswerable objections, he does indeed appear the most pitiable pilgrim in all Faery Land. Having been "accustomed to conceive of them in a diminutive way," he sees the region swarming with span-long pigmies. He finds "it difficult to raise his ideas" to the height of the members of Spenser's Six-foot Club—and is incredulous when told of members of the Six-inch Club settling the hash of a giant of sixteen cubits. Homer, he tells us, has pursued a contrary method—contrary to that pursued by Spenser. He represents his heroes above the size and strength of ordinary men. Some few of them, my good sir, not all—for the lesser Ajax was just about the height, weight, and length of Christopher North; and Diomed was "a smart low man," about the size of Jack Randal. Yet certain it is, as Mr Hughes usefully remarks, "that the actions of the Iliad would have appeared but ill-proportioned to the characters, if we were to have imagined them all performed by pigmies." Achilles himself could not have been diminished to his finger, without seeming to lose much of his moral along with all his physical grandeur—for we are the slaves of the senses—and, in imagination, the city-sacker would have seemed first cousin to Tom Thumb. However, Mr Hughes ought to have remembered that Homer, who was, though a great genius, a very sensible man, would never have set an army of pigmies to take Troy Town, without previously lowering Ilium—with all its battlements—not to the altitude of a house of cards, but of a city of cutty-stools. A moment's reflection must have served to convince Mr Hughes that Homer was too humane to have allowed Jupiter to let Vulcan give Thetis a shield, as large, perhaps, as the helmet in the Castle of Otranto, to present to Achilles, under which the little fellow would have been squeezed like a frog into a pancake. Heaven and earth and hell, gods and men and shades, must all have been on a reduced scale—say an inch to a degree—and we then leave you to cal-

culate the height of the top of Olympus above the level of the sea—and to imagine the brow whose nod made Olympus tremble.

"But as the actors our author has chosen," continues Mr Hughes, "are only fancied beings, he might possibly think himself at liberty to give them what stature, customs, and manners he pleased. I will not say he was right in this; but it is plain, that by the literal sense of Fairy Land, he only designed a Utopia, or imaginary place; and by his Fairies, persons of whom he might invent any action proper to human-kind, without being restrained, as he must have been if he had chosen a real scene and historical characters." Oho! so the "misfortune attending the choice of such actors," which had been likely to prove fatal, is no misfortune at all—the unanswerable objections refute themselves—and these plaguy pests, the pigmies, disappear like blue devils in a shower of sunshine. The methods pursued by Homer and Spenser are reconciled; and the Achilles of the *Uiad* can shake hands, without stooping, with the Arthur of the Faery Queen. Both Dans thought themselves at liberty to give their heroes "what stature, customs, and manners, they pleased;" and yet—that fellow will be the death of us—quoth Hughes, of Spenser, "I will not say he was in the right in this." A slight return of the *delirium tremens*.

"The other objection to the plan of the Faery Queen, which, I confess, I am more at a loss to answer, is, that having chosen an historical person, Prince Arthur, for his principal hero, who is no Fairy, yet is mingled with them, Spenser has not, however, represented any part of his history. He appears here, indeed, only in his minority, and performs his exercises in Fairy Land as a private gentleman—but we might at least have expected that the fabulous accounts of him, and of his victories over the Saxons, should have been worked into some beautiful vision or prophecy; and I cannot think Spenser would wholly omit this, but am apt to believe he had done it in some of the following books, which were lost." If Mr Hughes could not help so believing, then, had he not been most uncommon stupid, he could not have help-

ed believing likewise that the "other objection" had been disposed of; but unluckily, "the following books, which were lost," never existed, and were burned before they were written. Arthur, Mr Hughes is aware of, was in his minority, and performing his exercises in Fairy Land as a young private gentleman, very much in love with Gloriana of his dream, yet he states it as an unreasonable objection to the plan of the poem, that it represents none of those actions which the Prince had not performed. The least he, Hughes, was entitled to expect, was, "that the fabulous accounts of Arthur, and his victories over the Saxons, should have been worked into some beautiful vision and prophecy." Some people are really *no blate* (see Dr Jamieson). The Faery Queen is full to the brim of beautiful visions and prophecies—yet the unconscionable Hughes gapes for more—and will not be quiet till he has seen in phantasmagoria the defeat of the Saxons—though he believes that that slide of the magic lantern is lost, and therefore impossible for the master of the ceremonies, poor Spenser, to get up that part of the evening's entertainment.

Strange that the country which produced such a poet should have spawned such critics. Criticism—we have seen it said—is at present at a low ebb in Britain. Will they who said so, be pleased to point out high-water mark—from which it has receded so far? Criticism—we say—is at present in a high flow in Britain—in *Maga* a perpetual neap-tide. But Christopher North is a just man as well as a fine critic, and therefore directs attention to the vindication of Spenser by Hurd. Would that Warton had been the champion—for far dearer to us is the memory of the Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, than of Worcester's mitred lord. The Bishop was somewhat too much of a precisian, and there are few flashes of the *meus divinitus* in his "Dialogues." Moreover, his was "pride that licked the dust" beneath Warburton's feet. The Monk had a soul of sunshine, ventilated by vernal breezes all life-long; and his History of English Poetry is a mine of gold. Moreover, "the fient a pride—nae pride had he"—and "honest Tom War-

ton"—as he will be endearingly called for ever by all Oxonians—illustrated Goldsmith's line—itsself worth all Theophrastus—"in wit a man, simplicity a child." Yet—true it is and of verity—that we owe to Hurd the vindication of Spenser. Therefore, laud to the lawn sleeves, the crozier, the mitre, and the wig—for they came to the rescue of the Faery Queen.

Hughes, before whose eyes sometimes danced lights that were not *ignes fatui*, though they appeared in vapours, had the sense to see "that to compare that poem with the models of antiquity, would be like drawing a parallel between the Roman and the Gothic architecture." Upon that hint Hurd spake—and in the opening paragraph of his "Remarks on the Plan and Conduct of the Faerie Queen," shews that he had an insight into its true character. "Spenser, though he had long been nourished with the spirit and substance of Homer and Virgil, chose the times of chivalry for his theme, and Fairy Land for the scene of his fictions. He might have planned, no doubt, an heroic design on the most classic model; or he might have trimmed between the Gothic and the classic, as his contemporary Tasso did. But the charms of Fairy prevailed; and if any think he was seduced by Ariosto into his choice, they should consider that it could only be for the sake of his subject; for the genius and character of these poets was widely different."

The Faerie Queen, then, is to be considered as a Gothic, not a classical poem. As a Gothic poem, it derives its method, as well as the other characters of its composition, from the established modes and ideas of chivalry. Now, in the days of knight-errantry, at great annual feasts, "thronged of knights and barons bold" assembled, and thence sallied forth to succour the distressed—the noblest of all characters being that of deliverers. Such feasts were held for twelve days—and this practice being laid down as a foundation of the poet's design, then says Hurd, simply and truly, "it was as requisite for the Faerie Queene to consist of the adventures of twelve knights, as for the Odyssey to be confined to the adventures of one hero: Justice had otherwise not been done to his subject."

It follows, then, that if we say any thing against the poet's method, we must say that he should not have chosen this subject. We have seen that some silly folks did say so, or words nearly to that effect; and that they then forgot they had said so, and in the confusion of their memory, and the weakness of their judgment, applied to the subject—or rather to the execution of such a plan—critical tests and rules formed by Aristotle and others from the philosophical study of models set before them by genius of the highest order working on other materials and for other ends. They sought for the classic idea of unity where in the nature of things it could not be; then lamented that twelve men were not one man—twelve actions one action—and finished with confessing in tears that the Faery Queen was not a poem.

But a poem is a work of art, and it is agreed, says Hurd, "that, in some reasonable sense or other, every work of art must be one, the very idea of a work requiring it." What, then, is the unity of the Faerie Queen? Hurd tells you "it consists in the relation of its several adventures to one common *original*—the appointment of the Faerie Queen; and to one common *end*—the completion of the Faerie Queen's injunctions." "The knights issued forth on their adventures on the breaking up of their annual feast, and the next annual feast, we are to suppose, is to bring them together again from the achievement of their several charges. This, it is true, is not classical unity, which consists in the representation of one entire action; but it is a unity of another sort, a unity resulting from the respect which a number of related actions have to one common purpose. In other words, it is unity of *design* and not of action."

The vindication is complete; nor is it any detraction from Hurd's merit, that it is clear as the sun at noonday. For if you shut your eyes, or look down at your feet, or gaze around and about you, you will not see the noonday sun; and all critics before Hurd were blind to it in the case of Spenser.

Considering the Faerie Queen, then, as an epic or narrative poem, constructed on Gothic ideas, it ex-

hibits, perfectly, that unity of design by which its subject is connected; but it is not simply narrative, it is throughout allegorical; Spenser himself calls it "a perpetual allegory or dark conceit," and that character is for ever predominant. His narration is subservient to his moral, and but serves to colour it.

"Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song."

Under this idea, Hurd well observes, that the unity of the Faerie Queen becomes still more apparent; and in shewing how it does so, he at the same time furnishes a sufficient answer to arguments urged by the critics against the insignificance of Prince Arthur. "His twelve knights are to exemplify as many virtues, out of which one illustrious character is to be composed. And, in this view, the part of Prince Arthur in each book becomes *essential*, and yet not *principal*; exactly as the poet has contrived it." The critics had said that he should either have had no part in the other adventures, or he should have had the chief part. Granting that in the literal story his conduct were faulty—and Hurd does grant it—perhaps rashly—the Bishop holds that it is perfectly right in the *moral*—and for an obvious reason. "His chief hero was not to have the Twelve Virtues in the *degree* in which the knights had, each of them, their own, (such a character would be a monster,) but he was to have so much of each as was requisite to form his superior character. Each virtue, in its perfection, is exemplified in its own knight; they are all, in a due degree, concentrated in Prince Arthur. This was the poet's *moral*; and what way of expressing this moral in poetry, but by making Prince Arthur appear in each adventure, and in a manner subordinate to its proper hero? Thus, though inferior to each, in his own specific virtue, he is superior to all by uniting the whole circle of their virtues in himself: and thus he arrives, at length, at the possession of that bright form of Glory, whose ravishing beauty, as seen in a dream or vision, had led him out into those miraculous adventures in the Land of Faery."

But Hurd candidly considers other

objections urged against the conduct of the poem, and allows that they are not without foundation and force. Spenser, while he chose to adopt the Gothic style, knew well what belonged to classic composition; and was tempted, says Hurd, to tie his subject still closer together by one expedient of his own, and by another taken from his classic models. His own expedient was to interrupt the story of each book, by interspersing it into several, involving by this means, and, as it were, intertwisting the several actions together, in order to give something like the appearance of one action to his twelve adventures. Hurd calls this conduct "absurd." We cannot think it so—seeing that it is so very natural. Here are twelve knights perambulating Faery Land. That they should occasionally cross each other's path, seems not merely probable, but almost inevitable; and besides, such meeting of adventurers bound on different quests, and each on his own high emprise, cannot but be witnessed with interest. Their specific characters are thus more vividly illustrated by being brought into immediate contrast, and we are made to see wherein the strength of each knight lies—that is, the peculiar power and province of each virtue. It is pleasant for old friends to meet unexpectedly—pleasant to behold their meeting; pleasant always to see a friend's face again, which we had not hoped to see, and to know that he is still alive and well in his adventures. To our minds, "this interrupting and dispersing the story of each book into several, involving by this means and intertwisting the several actions together," gives life and spirit to the whole poem, while it adds strength to its unity—whether you choose to consider that unity Gothic or classic. Hurd boldly says, that there would have been unity of design sufficient to constitute the Faerie Queen a poem, that is a work of art, had the books been all independent of one another; he is right on the principle he has philosophically and eloquently explained; and Spenser, we think, is right too, in having entwined and vivified that unity by shewing us the representative knights occasionally crossing each other's

path in Faery Land, as we see the constituent virtues in real life. Spenser may not have always done this equally well—he might have found the difficulty of doing so increase upon him, had he lived to finish the poem—and might have inextricably involved the story with knots which he could not untie, and must therefore have left as they were, or cut. But his fancy and ingenuity were boundless; and we are perhaps justified in believing that his wonderful genius would have extricated and reconciled every thing—and brought the Twelve Knights, after accomplishment of all their emprises—to the next annual twelve days' feast—with Arthur at their head, and at Gloriana's feet—leaving the Faerie Queen, though not a perfect, a consummate work—revolving on its own axis, and in its own orbit, like a planet—thenceforth shining steadily in its own place in heaven, a fixed star. Alas! came Fate with her abhorred shears—fire was set to the Muses' Bower—and in fear and awe we think of

"That mighty poet in his misery dead!"

Mighty poet indeed! What other man—Shakespeare excepted—perhaps not even Shakespeare—has given assurance to the world in his works that he could have created the Faerie Queen? What angelical design to illustrate the Twelve Moral Virtues—all in our nature that connects us with heaven! Not to analyze them "by metaphysical aid," but by poetic inspiration, to shew them "doing and suffering," each in its own sphere—still or stormy—shining more and more unto the perfect day. The whole of human life allegorized in action and passion—and eternal entities, in the light and air of imagination, made more beautiful than dreams—

"Like golden exhalations of the dawn."

All poetry is alive with impersonations, from inanimate objects faintly touched with the breath of life, to Despair with curses blackening the skies. But in the Faerie Queen, all that live, move, and have their being, are impersonations—idealities—yet have they not all the charm of flesh and blood—and hear we not, as of our own, the beatings of their hearts?

Where else is woman, in her

pure ideal, still so humanly beautiful? True that Spenser's Ladies, happy or forlorn, do not smile—do not sigh—do not weep—in the same intense spirit of joy or grief, as the Ladies, happy or forlorn, of Shakespeare. Nor with them so intense are our sympathies. No pious daughter—holy on earth as if she had come from heaven—is strangled before our eyes by a slave at bidding of a sister. Such event, to be believed possible, in Providence, demanded a whole Tragedy to itself from the soul of Shakespeare—nor would nature suffer any one but him to hear the heart of Lear crack on Cordelia dead. Yet a divine poet has felt that one fair creature—"so sad, so suffering, so serene"—in her perilous wanderings through the wilds of Faery—still belonging to human life, though from all things human in her solitariness far remote—may be linked in love—within the heart's recesses—with one who belonged, in her fatal trouble, wholly to this waking world.

"Two will I mention, dearer than the rest—

The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb."

Dearer than the rest—and equally dear to Nature's Priest. But dear for sake of different kinds of dread. Each line has its own image that reveals its own world of woe—each being has her own epithet that shews her own suffering heart. "The gentle Lady," uncomplaining ever—and forgiving to the last; "Heavenly Una," as a mournful sky subduing the voice of angry waters to peace. "Married to the Moor!" The murderous Moor, swarthy as a starless night. "With her milk-white lamb"—a creature dropt from a snow-cloud! How each innocent nature grows lovelier by comparison! To Desdemona we give all the pity our heart can hold—we grieve that it can hold no more—and we weep at her burial. But Una and her companion glide away from our eyes, that cease to see them through a mist of tears in which there is no pain—death has nothing to do with them, though they cannot escape suffering—and their sorrow is beautiful, as if it

breathed but a transient shade over the lustre of Immortals.

We have, we hope, many hundred things to say of all those bright be-
bies of dames and damosels—the den-
izens of the woods, and meres, and mountains of that enchanted Forest. The air often seems to sigh as if sick with love. Edmund was the most voluptuous of all pure poets; and in his daring dalliances with nature's supreme delights, his pictures do indeed dazzle our senses, "reeling and drunk with beauty." Beauty, as if overcome by his resistless strains, unveils in the twilight of shaded air or water, all her hidden charms of limb, and waist, and bosom, to him who seems privileged by genius to enjoy all that is loveliest in love's own world. Yet imagination etherealizes passion—glowing, but not gross—gazing, but not gloating—enjoying all mortal transport—but as a god a goddess.

Poetry is in the gleams of light that revealed temptations heaped up on the happy hills, where Innocence in heaven's own dew preserves for ever unfaded her whitest lilies. Desire, like that fire of scented cedar in Calypso's cave, is purified by what it feeds on. Pleasure is felt not to be sin—and nature's great law holy, which, on an earth where death would fain have sole dominion, sustains perpetual life, and balances bliss against all the weight of woe which else would overwhelm mortality. "Whatever hypocrites austere-ly hold," we hold, with Spenser and Milton, that such is the religion of nature.

Spenser's Fable, quoth Hughes, "though often wild, is always emblematical; and this may very much excuse that air of romance in which he has followed Ariosto."—"Very much excuse!" A bird of light and music excused for soaring, and shining, and singing in the sky. "Often wild!" Would he have Fables to be tame? "Air of romance!" And what air is purer? Not even empyrean. Hughes thinks stories

of knights, giants, castles, and enchantments, and all legendary adventures, "in themselves trifling;" that knights in armour, and ladies-errant, are as antiquated figures to us as the court of that time would appear, if we could see them now in their ruffs and fardingales. Hurd knew better, and scorned the pseudo-philosophic criticism of the shallow school that spoke of all Tales of Faery as unnatural and absurd, surpassing all bounds, not of truth only, but of probability, and more like the dreams of children than the manly inventions of poets. But those Tales of Faery, he reminded the scorners, are not the wild fancies of plebeian poets, but the golden dreams of Ariosto—the celestial visions of Tasso. True that a poet must follow nature. "But not," says the enlightened Prelate, "only the known and experienced course of affairs in this world. The poet has a world of his own, where experience has less to do than consistent imagination. He has, besides, a supernatural world to range in. He has gods, and fairies, and witches at his command; and

'O! who can tell

The hidden power of herbs, and might of magic spell!'

Thus, in the poet's world, all is marvellous and extraordinary; yet not unnatural in one sense, as it agrees to the conceptions that are readily entertained of these magical and wonder-working natures." It is pleasant to hear Hurd applying these just sentiments to the Faery Queen, and shewing that Spenser is the poet of the chivalrous, as Homer was of the heroic age. The days of chivalry are not yet gone from all men's imaginations—and we know far more about them than of the days of the older heroism. Shall our own Spenser, then, be neglected by his own people, and the Faery Queen lie unread, while in a year we have a second edition—for behoof of those who have no Greek—of Sotheby's Homer?

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A GLANCE AT THE NOCTES OF ATHENEUS.

THE Noctes Ambrosianæ of Modern Athens have been more delighted in by the wise and good, than were ever the most celebrated Symposia of Ancient Greece. Nor is it difficult to account for the universality of their fame. Plato and Xenophon were doubtless great geniuses—especially Plato. Long after them, Plutarch was a man of much merit; and did we not, on the whole, think well of him, we should not do what we are about to do—quote somewhat largely from the collections of that laborious Deipnosophist, Athenæus. Yet, egotism apart, we cannot for a moment hesitate to place above the highest of them all—in this department of literature and philosophy—Ourselves. And that we are justified in so doing, a very few sentences will suffice to shew to all the world, but, perhaps, the Whigs.

In the Symposium of Xenophon—if we rightly remember—Callias, a man of wealth, and master of the feast, returning from the Panathenæan games, falls in with some friends, whom he asks to supper, in honour of Autolycus, who has borne off the prize of the Pancratiun. That beautiful youth is accompanied by his father; and the other guests are Niceratus, a gentleman who has lately taken unto himself a wife, and SOCRATES, with four of his disciples, lads of some mark and likelihood—Charmis, Antisthenes, Cletobulus, and Hermogenes. They huan and haw for such time as the rules of politeness require, hesitatingly declin-

ing the invitation, which they finally are but too happy to accept, Socrates all the while letting out, after his own pleasant fashion, some of his sly humour. Callias, the courteous, assures them that he will be happier to see his board graced by such guests, than by as many general officers, or members of the Town Council. At supper they are joined by one Phillippus, a pleasant fellow, who stands on no ceremony, and is welcome wherever he goes, without invitation. After supper and libation, enter a company of Syracusan musicians and dancers—male and female, who display their skill, to the great satisfaction of the Sage. Callias offers to order in fragrant ointments, but Socrates objects to them, and shews reason why preference should be given to wine, in successive tipplings from small glasses, which are truly compared to a repetition of gentle showers, refreshing the flowery families of the field, and bringing out the beauty of their balm and bloom; whereas heavy rains sluk them to the ground, and destroy their virtues, just as potations pottle-deep serve immoderate drinkers. While the company are thus regaling on wine and music, and especially admiring the dancing-boy, who, in various difficult attitudes, preserves his centre of gravity, Socrates insinuates that they might derive a superior pleasure from their own superior powers, and reminds Callias that he had promised to instruct them in his own kind of wisdom. Mine host

declares that he is ready to do so, on condition of each of his guests giving his Idea of Good. So to it they all set—and are as wise and witty as may be—Socrates, in a solo, sounding the *Anale* on Love. Meanwhile, the Syracusan *Maestro*, has been preparing for representation the musical interlude of Bacchus and Ariadne—and after its performance, the friends, all sober, take an evening walk. “The entire properties and action—so to speak—of the piece,” says Sir Daniel Sandford, in an admirable article on Greek Banquets in the *Edinburgh Review*, “are set forth and sustained with equal vivacity. There is the star-like beauty of the young Pancratiast, which, ‘as a light shining in the darkness,’ makes him the cynosure of every eye; there is the hearty mirth and boon-companionship of Socrates, mixed up with his caustic humour, and his shrewd man-of-the-world-like observation; and above all, there is a determined effort throughout, both in the main-plot and in the by-play, to heap honour and glory on that extraordinary man, whom the soul of Xenophon loved, and who, whatever faults there might be in his philosophy, had at least the art to bind to himself, with indissoluble cords, the affections of his wisest, best, and most amiable contemporaries.”

In Plato's *Symposium* Agathon is the master of the feast—and there are seven guests—all distinguished men—such as Aristodemus, and Erixymachus, and Pausanias, and Phædrus, and Alcibiades, and Aristophanus, and SOCRATES. Erixymachus, the Physician, proposes that they shall imbibe temperately, as some of the party had been drunk the night before, and that, a female musician having been dismissed, the evening shall be passed in conversation. The theme is Love. Various interlocutors are eloquent on the passion, each shewing his own character in all his utterances, while much lighter matter “fills up the pause each nightingale has made,” till all eyes are fixed on Socrates. He begins, says Sir Edward Barry, in his *Treatise on the Wines of the Ancients*,—(a pleasant volume we have this moment taken down from the side of one still pleasanter, by our excellent friend Cyrus Redding,)—“by enumerating

its various origin and power of attraction, which he reduces to whatever is good and beautiful; and proceeds to extend it from one beautiful object to many, and from the beauty of bodies to that of souls, and from the beauty of souls to that of arts, and from the beauty of arts to that of sciences; until at length, from sciences to that science which is no other than of the Beautiful itself. Thus, by a regular chain of arguments, he clearly evinces the eternal existence of One Supreme Good and Beautiful—the Immortality of the Soul—and the certainty of a Future State. He very artfully introduces Diotima, a famous prophetess, instructing him while he delivers these divine sentiments; and, indeed, he appears not only as exerting the utmost powers of the finest natural genius, but rather as speaking from inspiration.”

Sir Edward holds, that if the *Symposium* had ended with the speech of Socrates, it would have been justly considered as a perfect model of an agreeable, elegant, and useful conversation, where the guests were philosophers, and their principal view to indulge in a banquet of mind. But, alas! the proposal of Phædrus and Erixymachus, to which they had all agreed, is forgotten; the company, instead of continuing select, becomes promiscuous and irregular, by the admission of ALCEBIADES, and several young Athenian noblemen, when Socrates immediately calls for a huge bowl of wine, and that mad-cap, already half-seas over, delivers his sentiments on Love, which, quoth Sir Edward, are “too obscenely shocking to be mentioned, and ought to be erased from Plato's works.” Sir Daniel is not so austere—and good-humoredly and more correctly says, that “Alcibiades, drunk as he is when he comes in, constitutes himself at once symposiarch—deliberately orders (not Socrates) a huge cooler, holding at least four pints, to be filled with wine, and drains it to the bottom. Socrates, whose well-seasoned stomach was accustomed to such feats, is the only one to follow his example.” The scene that follows, so far from baffling, encourages description. The Doctor having had his own dose, steals off like a sly fox, that his hand may be steady

for the morning fee; Aristodemus is in the land of nod; Aristophanes in the valley below; Agathon sets as the sun rises; and Socrates, all the while as fresh as a two-year-old, and having had for hours all the talk to himself, with the grave eye of a moral teacher regards the fallen, "from all this world's encumbrance doth himself assoile," and with clear bright eyes, ruddy cheeks, calm brow, and smiling lips, walks steadily away to the Lyceum to teach the Philosophy of Human Life.

We purpose to give, ere long, complete translations of these two celebrated "Banquets." We have been often severely rated for the orgie at the Noctes Ambrosianæ—but which of the two would you prefer as President of a Temperance Society, —Socrates or Christopher North? Which of us would Silk Buckingham choose to cite as the more competent witness before the Drunken Committee? But for Anytus and Melitus, and their hypocritical crew of pious murderers, that "other old man eloquent" had shewed his grey hairs to the sun for many a gladsome and glorious year—and calmly would have closed at last the Eye of Athens. "Did our limits allow," says Sandford, nobly, "we would gladly give an abstract of those singular specimens of colloquial epideictic eloquence, and shew with what dramatic skill the author has diversified their tone—from the vague enthusiasm and mystic lore of Phædrus, to the more masculine simplicity and accurate distinctions of Pausanias—the professional harangue of the physician—the grotesque imagery, wild, rampant humour, and exquisite diction of Aristophanes—the sophisticated subtleties and florid rhetoric of Agathon—the rich irony, the interrogatory slyness, the bold morality, the transcendent sublimity of Socrates;"—and shall a false or affected modesty hinder us from saying, in the same spirit—aye, in the same words, what all the world knows, and feels, and confesses—that our limits will not allow us suitably to expatiate on the kindred merits of our own many Banquets—(for they are not one, but threescore-and-ten and upwards—and humbly do we hope that they may reach the hundred—for not till the night cometh in which no man can work,

shall the mine of our mind be exhausted,) on "the singular specimens of colloquial epideictic eloquence they exhibit—on the "dramatic skill with which their tone is diversified," from "the vague enthusiasm and mystic lore" of Kempferhausen, to the "more masculine simplicity and accurate distinctions" of Buller—"the professional harangue" of Mullion—"the grotesque imagery, wild, rampant humour, and exquisite diction" of Tickler—"the sophisticated subtleties and florid rhetoric" (and mingling with them the deep philosophy and attic eloquence) of the English Opium-Eater—"the rich irony, the interrogatory slyness, the bold morality, the transcendent sublimity" of North—and inspiring them all with breeze and sunshine from the old Forest, the GENIUS OF THE SHEPHERD—a more creative spirit, in the pastoral power of nature, than ever visited the groves of Academe, or held communion with Plato, the Prince of philosophers though he were—say more than prince—the Poet.

But we are forgetting good old Plutarch. To be candid, we have never read his Banquet. He seats, we know, the Seven Sages at the table of Periauder, but they are dull as dowagers—we believe it on unexceptionable testimony—so let them sit at discussion in undisturbed dust.

But we have promised, in the title of this Article, to take a glance at the Noctes of Athenæus. He was—as most or many of you know—a Greek grammarian, born at Naucratis, in Egypt, in the third century, and one of the most learned men of his time. He had read so much, and had so retentive a memory, as justly entitled him to be called the Varro of the Greeks. He was the author of many works, of which, we believe, that only entitled the *Deipnosophists*, or *Sophists at Table*, remains, and even it comes down to us in a very imperfect state—the two first books, the beginning of the third, and most part of the last, are wanting. To supply this loss, the chasm has been filled up from an abridgement, which, added to what is supposed to have been preserved entire, forms the present whole. Most probably, the book we now have is altogether an

abridgement of a larger and more complete work by Athenæus. We are led to think so from the want of connexion in many parts, the little appearance of dialogue in others, the introduction of speakers not before mentioned as guests, and the abruptness with which many subjects are ended, and others introduced, without any apparent connexion or correspondence whatever. The book, however incomplete, is particularly valuable for the knowledge it gives us of ancient manners and customs, the variety of curious facts related, and the numerous quotations from the dramatic authors of antiquity, nowhere else to be found. Probably the learned men who were contemporary with Athenæus might not judge so favourably of his work, as they could consult the original authors from whom these fragments are selected, but we must esteem it a very precious treasure. A compiler of the present day, of whom we entertain but a very indifferent opinion, may be greatly valued a thousand years hence, if there should again happen in the Republic of Letters, such revolutions as have destroyed most of the works of the ancient Greeks and Romans. But then the Press! It promises to Miud immortality on Earth.

Athenæus addresses himself to his friend Timocrates—we know not whether a real or fictitious person. The meeting originates at Rome, with a certain Roman of splendid fortune, called Laurentius, who invites some of the most distinguished among the learned to his suppers; and the discussions which take place are given in the way of discourse, though there are now scarcely any traces of regular and connected dialogue, such as delights us in the symposia of Plato, Xenophon, and North. The guests of Laurentius—some dozen-and-a-half or so in number—are Lawyers, Poets, Grammarians, Philosophers, and Physicians—and among them there is one Musician. Of these guests, Athenæus, or rather the abridger, says it may be necessary to notice Ten for certain peculiarities of manners and characters—which peculiarities are nowhere visible to the naked eye or audible to the naked ear studying the

Deipnosophists. Monius, the Poet, particularly excelled in the knowledge of polite literature, and was so eloquent on each subject, that you would suppose he had made it his particular study. He composed in iambic verse, and was said to be equal to any of the poets in this line since the time of Archilochus. Yet, odd enough, he does not once address the company throughout the work. Cynulcus was a man of rude and gross manners, not imitating the modesty of Telemachus, who brought only two dogs with him to the council of Ithaca—but was followed by a greater number than Actæon. Philadelphus was a person of high respectability, who joined to speculative philosophy the nice and exact practice of the duties of social life. Ulpianus of Tyre, was a man of singular character, who went by the name of *παιτου κριτου*, as he never partook of any dish without previously asking, "What is the name of this? Is it to be met with? Where is it to be met with?" His conversation consisted of a string of questions, which he obtruded upon all persons, on all occasions and in all places—and may be now christened the Bore. As either Athenæus has made nothing of these characters, or time has erased from the page all their peculiarities, we have some thoughts of introducing some of them into our own *Noctes*. *κριτου κριτου* might prove a jewel. There are no fewer than Fifteen Books, (themselves fragments or abridgements)—and can it possibly be that Athenæus intended to impose them on human incredulity as the record of the conversation at one Supper? Schweiglhäuser reasonably conjectures—no; and their tongues must have wagged fast to get over the ground in a month.

The Fourth Book begins with a description, by Athenæus himself, of a famous Macedonian Banquet, which we give as a specimen of splendid luxury, unknown in modern times, even at a Lord Mayor's Feast.

"You must know, my friend Timocrates, that Hippolochus of Macedon, the disciple of Theophrastus, lived in the time of Douris and Lynceus, both of Samos. By his letters we are informed, that he had entered into an agreement with Lynceus to give him a particular account of

whatever splendid banquet he should be present at. Lynceus, on his part, made a similar promise. A part of this convivial correspondence is yet preserved, particularly a letter from Lynceus, which gives a minute account of the supper given by Lamia, a performer on the flute at Athens, to Demetrius Poliorcetes, whose mistress she was; and another of Hippolochus, in which he describes the banquet of Caranus of Macedon, on account of his marriage. Other letters of Lynceus to Hippolochus have fallen into my hands, wherein he relates the particulars of the entertainment given by the King Antigonus, when he celebrated the festival of *Ἀφροδίτην*, in honour of the Goddess Venus; and also that of King Ptolemy: these letters I shall occasionally impart to you; but as those of Hippolochus are rarely to be met with, I will give you a hasty sketch of the contents, as an employment for a few leisure hours, and as likely to afford you some amusement.

"Caranus, as I before observed, gave his wedding-feast at Macedon. Twenty persons were invited. As soon as they were placed on their several couches, a silver cup or vase was presented to each. Caranus had provided, that, previous to their entering the apartment where the entertainment was prepared, each guest should be crowned with a chaplet of gold, of the value of five pieces of that metal. When they had emptied their cups, a large loaf (or pie) was served up in a dish of Corinthian brass, which contained hens, ducks, pigeons, a goose, and other delicacies, with which the dishes were plentifully garnished. Each having taken what he liked best, gave it, with the dish on which it was placed, to the slaves who were stationed behind. Other meats, in great variety, were handed round.

"After this course, another large silver dish was brought in, with a loaf (or paste) of great size, containing geese, hares, and young kids; and others curiously made, and baked with much skill, with pigeons, young turtle-doves, partridges, and other birds. These, adds Hippolochus, were likewise given to the slaves as before. Having eaten our fill, we washed our hands. Crowns, made

of various sorts of flowers, were brought in, each decorated with a chaplet, or thin plate of gold, of equal weight with the first crowns.

"When the pleasures of the table had almost overpowered our reason, female players on the flute, musicians, and certain Rhodian girls, who played upon the harp, entered the apartment. To the best of my recollection they were all naked, though it was asserted by some that they were covered with a slight tunic;—after a short exhibition of their skill, they retired. Others then entered, each bearing two small vessels of unguents, connected together by a band of gold, the one being of the same precious metal, the other of silver, each containing a cotyle. These were likewise given to the guests.

"Supper was then served up in a silver dish, the rim of which was inlaid with gold; it was sufficiently capacious to contain a roasted pig of great size. This animal was turned on its back, with the belly open, which was filled with all kinds of delicacies; such as roasted larks, harelets, wheat-ears, the yolks of eggs, and, besides these, oysters and cockles. To each guest were presented the hog, and the dish on which it was served up. We no sooner began to drink, than a kid stewed in rich sauce was handed to each, with a golden spoon.

"Caranus, perceiving that we were quite fatigued with such a profusion of dainties, ordered that small boxes and bread-baskets, curiously worked, as it were, with threads or fibres of ivory, should be given to each. Flattered with so many instances of generosity, we at once began to celebrate the new-married couple, with the accompaniment of the crotalum, in gratitude for the many favours we had received. Another crown was now presented to each, with two pots of unguents, one of gold, the other of silver, of the same weight as the former ones.

"For a time we continued in a state of silent tranquillity, which was interrupted by the sudden entrance of a troop of those who came to celebrate at Athens the *Χυτταί*, (the third day of the festival *Ἀφροδίτης*,) then the *Ιθιφθαί* and the *Σκλεροπτεῖ*, with certain female jugglers dancing

with swords, and blowing fire out of their mouths, all naked. After we had been sufficiently entertained with these recreations, we began to drink deep of the best and most powerful wines; such as the Thasian, the Mendean, and that of Lesbos, which were handed round in large golden goblets.

"After drinking thus plentifully, a dish made of glass, of about two cubits diameter, fixed in a basket of silver of filagree work, was served to each, filled with all sorts of fried fish heaped together, and the finest Cappadocian bread in a silver basket. We took a small quantity, and gave the rest to the slaves in waiting. Having washed our hands, fresh crowns were brought, with chaplets or leaves of gold, double the weight of the former, and two other boxes of unguents.

"After a short pause, Proteas started from his couch, and called for a golden goblet, which, having filled with Thasian wine, sprinkling some water on the ground, he drank off, exclaiming, 'That he who swallowed the greatest quantity, would have the best reason to be satisfied.'—'Well, then,' said Caranus, 'as you have given the example, accept the goblet as your reward; and who ever follows it shall have the same prize.' He had no sooner said this, than nine persons rose at once, each seized a goblet, and strove which should first drink it off. One of the guests not being able to take such a quantity, reclined on his couch, lamenting that he was the only one who could not obtain the reward. Caranus observing this, immediately presented him with an empty goblet.

"After this, a complete chorus of one hundred men entered, singing an Epithalamium. A set of dancers followed, some disguised as Nymphs, others as Naiads. The drinking still continued, till the day being far spent, the evening commenced. The whole apartment, which had been divided by a white curtain, was thrown open, the torches, moved by secret springs, came forward, and shed a most brilliant splendour over the saloon. We now discovered various figures of Cupids, Dianas, Pans, Mercuries, and other imaginary personages, holding silver lamps. Whilst we were admiring

the ingenuity of the artist, wild boars, truly Erymathean, were served up in square dishes, ornamented with borders of gold, they were transfixed with silver javelins. It was really wonderful, that, though we were quite fatigued with feasting, and overcome with wine, yet, every time we were surprised by some new exhibition, we rose upon our legs with as much firmness and agility, as if we had been perfectly sober. The slaves now gathered up the fragments in their baskets, and the trumpet gave the signal that the supper was concluded. This, as you know, is the custom with the Macedonians when they give a great entertainment.

"Caranus, now proposing to drink out of smaller goblets, ordered the slaves to fill round. We sat quite at our ease, and considered the wine we were now drinking as a kind of antidote to what we had taken before. The buffoon Maudrogenes now entered, by report, the grandchild of Strato of Attica; he excited much mirth by his antics, and danced with an old woman of more than eighty years of age."

This rich description must have brought water into the mouths of the Council of Ten—and it does not appear what were their creature-comforts, till the opening of Book Sixth. At a *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, any such exciting picture would have instantly brought in Ambrose with his Tail. But our *Deipnosophists* finish two Books without so much, apparently, as a barrel of oysters. There is, however, a *bra'* time coming; for, after much dolorous discussion, and tedious extract from old play and poem, they begin sharpening their teeth at the sight of some slaves (*Mon Cadet*, *King Pepin*, *Sir David Gam*, and *Tappitourie* are all free-born Britons) entering with a most magnificent course of sea and pond fish, in silver dishes; the cost and splendour of which excite their admiration and astonishment. Now, had we been there, we should not have wasted a thought on the dishes, except to order the uplifting of the lids, and then, and not till then, would we have momentarily held up our hands in benediction. If the entertainment, exclaims *Athenæus*, (for the old proser uses the past tense, to

the death of the spirit of the scene,) had been provided for the Nereids themselves, it could not have been richer. Ten to one the Nereids despise the fishes we Terrene think the daintiest of delicacies—nay, scorn to sup on the finny tribe at all—and, on the same principle as the super-marine Deipnosophists, herry the seas, send their maniples to scour the shores for beef and mutton, to furnish forth the tables of their *Noctes Neptuniannæ*. They must look up with passionless palate even to a shoal of herrings with silvery haze intercepting the moonshine. Be assured they keep not perpetual Lent. In their coral palaces, not a *gaudeamus* without a course of albatrosses and flamingoes. At sight of the ministering slaves, some of the parasites exclaimed, "that the Marine Gods had provided this banquet—for our Neptune—(Laurentius), not by means of those wretches who enhance the price of all things in Rome, but some were brought from Antium, others from Terracina, or the Pontian Islands, or from Pyrgis in Tuscany!" Laurentius, however, knew, to his cost, that he was no

Neptune, and that the fishmongers with whom he dealt were not marine gods. For it is admitted, that such gentry at Rome are pretty much of the same character as those described by the Comic Poets at Athens, and who were the perpetual objects of ridicule at the theatre. The Parasites are not well read in the Greek Comedy; but Monius the poet, "who is so eloquent on every subject, that you would suppose he had made it his particular study," has a hundred passages on fishmongers at his tongue's end—which he uses as sauce to his Thunny's tail—and to us, who have just supped, they are very diverting. He volubly quotes Antiphanes, Amphis, Alexis, Diphilius, and Xenarchus—and all the while, in a way peculiar to itself, his gullet absorbs the Thunny. The Shepherd is not wholly without this accomplishment; but his quotations on the matter in mouth are curt, and his enunciation is then considerably affected; for ourselves, during mastication, we are always mute—if for no other reason, than that in silence we better digest our subject.

ANTIPHANES.

I must confess that hitherto I deem'd
The Gorgons a mere fable, but just now
I stepp'd into the fishmarket, and there
I saw, at once, the dread reality;
And I was petrified, indeed, so much,
That, to converse with them, I turn'd my back
For fear of being turn'd to stone; they ask'd
A price so high and so extravagant
For a poor despicable paltry fish.

AMPHIS.

The general of an army is at least
A thousand times more easy of access,
And you may get an answer quicker too
Than from these cursed fishmongers; ask them
The price of their commodity, they hold
A wilful silence, and look down with shame,
Like Telephus, with reason good, for they
Are, one and all, without exception,
A set of precious scoundrels. Speak to one,
He'll measure you from top to toe, then look
Upon his fish, but still no answer give.
Turn o'er a polypus, and ask another
The price, he soon begins to swell and chafe
And mutters out half words, between his teeth,
But nothing so distinct that you may learn
His real meaning—so many oboli;
But then the number you are still to guess,
The syllable is wilfully suppress'd,

Or left half utter'd. This you must endure,
And more, if you attend the fish-market.

ALEXIS.

When our victorious gen'ral's knit their brows,
Assume a higher tone and loftier gait
Than common men, it scarcely moves my wonder—
Indeed 'tis natural that the commonwealth
Should give to public virtue just rewards—
They who have risk'd their lives to serve the state
Deserve its highest honours in return,
Place and precedence too above their fellows,
But I am chok'd with rage when I behold
These saucy fishmongers assume such airs,
Now throw their eyes disdainful down, and now
Lift their arch'd brows and wrinkle up their fronts—
"Say, at what price you sell this brace of mullets?"
"Ten oboli," they answer. "Sure you joke;
Ten oboli indeed! will you take eight?"
"Yes, if you choose but one."—"Come, come, be serious,
Nor trifle with your betters thus."—"Pass on,
And take your custom elsewhere." 'Tis enough
To move our bile to hear such insolence.

DIPHILUS.

I once believed the fishmongers at Athens
Were rogues beyond all others. 'Tis not so;
The tribe are all the same, go where you will,
Deceitful, avaricious, plotting knaves,
And rav'nous as wild-beasts. But we have one
Exceeds the rest in baseness, and the wretch
Pretends that he has let his hair grow long
In rev'rence to the gods. The varlet lies.
He bears the marks of justice on his forehead,
Which his locks hide, and therefore they are long.
Accost him thus—"What ask you for that pike?"
"Ten oboli," he answers—not a word
About the currency—put down the cash,
He then objects, and tells you that he meant
The money of Ægina. If there's left
A balance in his hands, he'll pay you down
In Attic oboli, and thus secures
A double profit by the exchange of both.

XENARCHUS.

Poets indeed! I should be glad to know
Of what they have to boast. Invention—no!
They invent nothing, but they pilfer much,
Change and invert the order, and pretend
To pass it off for new. But fishmongers
Are fertile in resources, they excel
All our philosophers in ready wit
And sterling impudence. The law forbids,
And strictly too, to water their stale fish—
How do they manage to evade the fine?
Why thus—when one of them perceives the board
Begins to be offensive, and the fish
Look dry and change their colour, he begins
A preconcerted quarrel with his neighbour.
They come to blows;—he soon affects to be
Most desperately beaten, and falls down,
As if unable to support himself,

Gasping for breath ;—another, who the while
 (Knowing the secret) was prepared to act,
 Seizes a jar of water, aptly placed,
 And scatters a few drops upon his friend,
 Then empties the whole vessel on the fish,
 Which makes them look so fresh that you would swear
 They were just taken from the sea.

ANTIPHANES.

What miserable wretched things are fish !
 They are not only doom'd to death, to be
 Devour'd, and buried in the greedy maw
 Of some voracious glutton, but the knaves
 Who sell them leave them on their board to rot,
 And perish by degrees, till having found
 Some purblind customer, they pass to him
 Their dead and putrid carcasses ; but he,
 Returning home, begins to nose his bargain,
 And soon disgusted, casts them out with scorn.

ALEXIS.

The rich Aristonicus was a wise
 And prudent governor ; he made a law
 To this intent, that every fishmonger,
 Having once fix'd his price, if after that
 He varied, or took less, he was at once
 'Thrown into prison, that the punishment
 Due to his crimes, still hanging o'er his head,
 Might be a check on his rapacity,
 And make him ask a just and honest price,
 And carry home his stale commodities.
 This was a prudent law, and so enforced,
 'That youth or age might safely go to market
 And bring home what was good at a fair price.

ALEXIS.

I still maintain that fish do hold with men,
 Living or dead, perpetual enmity.
 For instance, now, a ship is upset,
 As sometimes it may happen,—the poor wretches
 Who might escape the dangers of the sea
 Are swallow'd quick by some voracious fish.
 If, on the other hand, the fishermen
 Enclose the fish, and bring them safe to shore,
 Dead as they are they ruin those who buy them,
 For they are sold for such enormous sums
 That our whole fortune hangs upon the purchase,
 And he who pays the price becomes a beggar.

ALEXIS.

If one that's poor, and scarcely has withal
 To clothe and feed him, shall at once buy fish,
 And pay the money down upon the board,
 Be sure that fellow is a rogue, and lives
 By depredation and nocturnal plunder.
 Let him who has been robb'd by night, attend
 The fishmarket at early dawn, and when
 He sees a young and needy wretch appear,
 Bargain with Micion for the choicest eels,
 And pay the money, seize the caitiff straight,
 And drag him to the prison, without fear.

DIPHILUS.

Believe me, my good friend, such is the law
 Long held at Corinth; when we see a man
 Spending large sums upon the daintiest fish,
 And living at a great expense, we ask
 The means by which he can maintain the splendour.
 If it appears that his possessions yield
 A fund proportion'd to this costly charge,
 'Tis well, he's not molested, and proceeds
 To enjoy that kind of life which he approves.
 But if we find that he exceeds his means,
 We first admonish him; if he persists,
 We then proceed to punishment by fine—
 If one who has no fortune to supply
 E'en common wants, lives thus expensively,
 Him we deliver to the common beadle
 For corporal punishment.

“*Où la tyrannie!*” In a free country, a man, for simply purchasing the daintiest, and, of course, most expensive fish, delivered over by the law to the common beadle for corporal punishment! “*Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum.*”

Yet in the opinion of Diphilus, no law can be more just. For is it not, he asks, plain that such a man, who thus exceeds his means, is not an honest person? He must either cheat or plunder, or “enforce a thievish living on the common road.” Or he must enter houses at the dead of night—or attend the forum as a spy, or a perjured witness. Observe, too, the effect of such extravagance on the public weal. The daily habits of the Corinthians are so profuse, that unprincipled paupers make a monopoly in the market. Pathetically and indignantly he then exclaims,—

We cannot get the smallest fish for money :
 And for a bunch of parsley we must fight,
 As 'twere the Isthmian games; then, should a hare
 Make its appearance, 'tis at once caught up—
 A partridge or a lark, by Jupiter!
 We can't so much as see them on the wing,
 And all on your account; then as for wine,
 You've raised the price so high we cannot
 taste it.

Philippides is as indignant as Diphilus—but rather with the price of the dishes than the luxuries they contain.

It grieves me much to see the world so
 changed,
 And men of worth, ingenious and well-
 born,

Reduced to poverty, while cunning knaves,
 The very scum of the people, eat their fish,
 Bought for two oboli, on plates of silver,
 Weighing at least a mina; a few capers,
 Not worth three pieces of brass-money,
 served

In lordly silver-dish, that weighs, at least,
 As much as fifteen drachmas. In times past
 A little cup presented to the Gods
 Was thought a splendid offering; but such
 gifts

Are now but seldom seen, and reason good,
 For 'tis no sooner on the altar placed,
 Than rogues are watching to purloin it
 thence.

Thank heaven! even with the Reform Bill hanging over our heads, we are better off in Auld Reekie. Here a fool may buy what fish he chooses, without being flogged for a knave—may be caught in the act of giving a guinea for a turbot, without danger of the treadmill. Our ten-pounders and our non-electors eat off common crockery. So simple is our own taste, that, had we flourished in that city, we should have defied all the beadles in Corinth. For a few oboli cod's-head and shoulders. Yet what are we dreaming of? There was no Newfoundland known in those days—and we can now eat, for sixpence, at Ambrose's, a deep-sea cod of twenty pounds to the upper cut, for which then we had in vain proffered a talent of silver! Yet what bustle might a beadle, on such principles, create in Billingsgate! Nay, let us be just. Among no other class of men is the spirit of the age more visible than among fishmongers. As for fish-women—in this part of the island at

least—witness the ladies of Newhaven and Fisherrow—they have from time immemorial been as courteous in their manners as correct in their morals. Male and female fishmongers with us are alike easy of access—and never seek to impose on a customer who comes not in the questionable shape of a flat or a flounder. Many thousand times have we been asked by enlightened and curious Southrons, “How is Edinburgh off for fish?” And “Dog-cheap, except on Mondays,” has still been our extemporaneous reply. But mind ye, we never purchase any fish, while that particular species is “coming in or going out.” We take them when the tide is at full—and following that rule, with all varieties, you may creditably and savourily support a large and voracious family on cod and haddock—and, pray, what fish are better?—on twenty pounds a-year.

We seldom sit down to supper before “ae wee short hour ayont the twal.” We beg to correct the expression “sit down.” The truth is, that we never, strictly speaking, sit down to supper. We do not mean to say that we never sup; but supper with us is the terminating point of dinner—the final consummation of that meal which alone seems entitled to a name by itself—dinner. It is pleasant to us to observe that Dr Daphnus Ephesius held the same

opinion with us respecting the salutary effects of late dinner-terminations or suppers—and as neither Dr Galenus Pergamenus, nor Dr Rufinus Nicæus says one word to the contrary, we cannot doubt that on this point the three physicians of the Delphnosophists were at one. Dr Daphnus, looking benignly on Laurentius, as doctors do on their victims, saith, “suppers taken late in the evening, (which, being interpreted, means early in the morning,) *καταγινώσκουσιν*, my good friend, are most conducive to the health of the body, for the moon contributes mightily to putrefaction, so does it to the digestion of food, which is the effect of putrefaction. For the same reason, animals that are killed by night, are in a putrescent state sooner, and timber that is cut by moonlight has the same tendency to rottenness; and moonlight contributes, in a great degree, to ripen many fruits.” This is sound physiology—but fishmongers being such unconscionable rascals in Rome during the third century, as to shame even those of Corinth during her most luxurious age, pray, how were rich men like Laurentius off for cooks? The Udes of those days seem to have been a pretty set of self-sufficients—and we have a specimen of their arrogance and presumption in a passage quoted from the Brothers of Hegesander.

A.

I know it, my good friend, much has been said,
And many books been written, on the art
Of cookery; but tell me something new,
Something above the common, nor disturb
My brain with what I've heard so oft before.

B.

Peace, and attend, you shall be satisfied—
For I have raised myself, by due degrees,
To the perfection of the art; nor have
I pass'd the last two years, since I have worn
The apron, with so little profit, but
Have given my mind to study all its parts,
T' apply that knowledge to its proper use;
So as to mark the different sorts of herbs;
By proper seas'ning, to give fish the best
And highest relish; and of lentils too,
To note the several sorts. But to the point,
When I am called to serve a funeral supper,
The mourners just return'd, silent and sad,
Cloth'd in funereal habits—I but raise
The cover of my pot, and every face
Assumes a smile, the tears are wash'd away,

Charm'd with the grateful flavour, they believe
They are invited to a wedding feast—

A.

What, and give such effect, from a poor dish
Of miserable fish, and lentils?—

B.

Ay;

But this the prelude only, not worth noting;
Let me but have the necessary means,
A kitchen amply stor'd, and you shall see,
That, like enchantment, I will spread around
A charm as pow'rful as the siren's voice;
That not a creature shall have power to move
Beyond the circle, forcibly detained
By the delicious odour; and should one
Attempt to draw yet nearer, he will stand
Fix'd like a statue, with his mouth wide open,
Inhaling with each breeze the precious steam,
Silent and motionless; till some good friend,
In pity to his fate, shall stop his nostrils,
And drag him thence by force—

A.

You are indeed

A master of the art—

B.

You know not yet

The worth of him you speak to—look on those
Whom you see seated round, not one of them
But would his fortune risk to make me his.

From this lively and forcible picture, it might seem that it was usual for guests to pay a visit to the kitchen before dinner was served up—and there to snuff the savoury steam of the ripening viands; but if you study it profoundly, we think you will end in believing with us, that the "grim features upturn their nostrils wide into the murky air, sagacious of their quarry from afar." The magician "but raises the cover of his pot," and the whole house at once is happy—and would have been happy had it been peopled twelve stories high. And then think what house! Filled with mourners from a funeral, who imagine themselves, at that smell, about to take their seats at a marriage-table—and ere long will be singing in chorus, *Io, Hymen!* drinking in bumpers without daylight or heel-taps, "*Luck and a Lad*"—"May we have in our arms whom we love in our hearts!" "*May the single be married, and the married happy!*" Yet

to our minds all this mirth does not so speak of the might of the master, as that exquisite line of still life,

"Fixed like a statue with his mouth wide open!"

"Not reeling and drunk with beauty," as Byron hath said, beyond war-rantry of nature, of the gazer on the Medicean Venus' charms—but "silent and motionless," as if the steam had "sunk like music in his heart." Indeed, were it not that he stands "with his mouth wide open," a stranger might imagine him engaged in prayer. But the brother of his heart knows better—who, in pity to his fate, stops those too sensitive nostrils, (his own having been plugged against the delicious infection,) and drags him by force, that he may not fall down in a swoon. O the heart-goodness and saving power of friendship!

The Cook, in the "*Painter*" of Diphilus thus describes the persons to whom he is ready to hire himself:

'Tis not my custom to engage myself,
Till first I know how I'm to be employ'd,
And whether plenty is to crown the board.
I first enquire by whom the feast is given,

Who are the guests, and what the kind of fare;
 For you must know I keep a register
 Of different ranks, that I may judge at once
 Whom to refuse, and where to offer service.
 For instance now, with the seafaring tribe.
 A captain just escap'd from the rough sea,
 Who, fearing shipwreck, cut away his mast,
 Unship'd his rudder, or was forc'd to throw
 Part of his loading overboard, now comes
 To sacrifice on his arrival; him
 I cautiously avoid; and reason good,
 No credit can be gained by serving him,
 For he does nothing for the sake of pleasure,
 But merely to comply with custom; then
 His habits are so economical,
 He calculates before-hand the expense,
 And makes a nice division of the whole
 Between himself and his ship's company,
 So that each person eats but of his own.

Another, just three days arriv'd in port,
 Without or wounded mast, or shatter'd sail,
 With a rich cargo from Byzantium;
 He reckons on his ten or twelve per cent
 Clear profit of adventure, is all joy,
 All life, all spirits, chuckles o'er his gain,
 And looks abroad, like a true sailor, for
 Some kind and tender-hearted wench, to share
 His happy fortunes, and is soon supplied
 By the vile pimps that ply about the port.
 This is the man for me, him I accost,
 Hang on his steps, and whisper in his ear,
 "Jove the preserver," nor withdraw my suit,
 Till he has fairly fixed me in his service.
 This is my practice.—If I see some youth
 Up to the cars in love, who spends his time
 In prodigality and wild expense,
 Him I make sure of.—But the cautious man,
 Who calls a meeting at a joint expense,
 Collects the symbols, and deposits them
 Safe in his earthen pot; he may call loud,
 And pull my robe, he'll not be heard, I pay
 No heed to such mean wretches, for no gain
 But blows can be obtain'd, by serving them;
 Though you work hard to please them night and day,
 If you presume to ask such fellow for
 The wages you have earn'd, he frowns, and cries,
 "Bring me the pot, you varlet;" then bawls out,
 "The lentils wanted vinegar,"—again
 Demand your money, "Wretch," he loudly cries,
 "Be silent, or I'll make you an example
 For future cooks to mend their manners by."
 More I could tell, but I have said enough.

B.

You need not fear the service I require,
 'Tis for a set of free and easy girls,
 Who live hard by, and wish to celebrate
 Gaily the feast of their belov'd Adonis.
 She who invites is a right merry lass,
 And nothing will be spar'd, therefore be quick,
 Tuck up your robe, and come away with me.

It is a saying of ancient wisdom—that too many cooks spoil the broth. The obvious meaning of the saw—that lying on the surface—must be skimmed off ere we can see down into the profounder significance asleep at the bottom. They spoil the broth by degrading the profession. “Fools rush in where angels fear to tread”—and the fat is in the fire. It has ever been so—just the same—with the fine arts, and with none more fatally than poetry. Mute now among us are all the great masters of the lyre. But what a chirping of grasshoppers and sparrows!

There is something very touching, we think, in the following complaint of a great cook, in a fine dramatic fragment of an anonymous author. Yet it is delightful to mark how his spirit kindles into flame as he turns from the “rude and untaught block-heads that dare to present themselves as cooks professed,” to the few great living artists, and from praise of their merits soars, in a fit of philosophical enthusiasm, up to the first principles of the art itself, as they are found in the immutable nature of things.

A.

If you consider well, my Demyle!
Our art is neither low nor despicable;
But since each rude and untaught blockhead dares
Present himself as cook profess'd, the art
Has sunk in estimation, nor is held
In that respect, and honour as of old.—
Imagine to yourself a cook indeed,
Vers'd from his infancy in all the arts
And mysteries of his trade; a person, too,
Of shining talents, well instructed in
The theory and practice of his art;
From such a one you will be taught to prize
And value as you ought, this first of arts.
There are but three of any character
Now living: Boidion is one, and then
Chariades, and, to crown all, myself;
The rest, depend upon it, are beneath
Your notice.

B.

How is that?

A.

Believe me, truth;
We three are the supporters of the school
Of Sicyon; he, indeed, was prince of cooks,
And as a skill'd professor, taught us first
The motion of the stars, and the whole scheme
And science of astrology; he then
Inform'd us of the rules of architecture,
And next instructed us in physics, and
The laws of motion, and th' inventions rare
Of natural philosophy; this done,
He lectur'd in the military art.
Having obtain'd this previous knowledge, he
Began to lead us to the elements
Of cookery.

B.

Can what you say be truth,
Or do you jest?

A.

Most certainly 'tis true;
And while the boy is absent at the market,
I will just touch upon the subject, which,

As time shall serve hereafter, we may treat
More largely at our ease.

B.

Apollo lend
Thy kind assistance, for I've much to hear.

A.

First, then, a perfect and accomplish'd cook
Should be well skill'd in meteorology;
Should know the motions of the stars, both when
They rise, and when again they set; and how
The planets move within their several orbits;
Of the sun's course, when he prolongs the day,
Or sets at early hour, and brings in night;
His place i' the Zodiac; for as these revolve
All aliments are savoured, or to please
And gratify the taste, or to offend
And pall the appetite: he who knows this
Has but to mind the season of the year,
And he may decorate his table with
The choicest viands, of the highest relish.
But he who, ignorant of this, pretends
To give directions for a feast, must fail.
Perhaps it may excite your wonder, how
The rules of architecture should improve
The art of cookery.

B.

I own it does.

A.

I will convince you, then. You must agree,
That 'tis a most important point to have
The chimney fix'd just in its proper place;
That light be well diffus'd throughout the kitchen;
That you may see how the wind blows, and how
The smoke inclines, which, as it leans to this
Or t'other quarter, a good cook knows well
To take advantage of the circumstance,
And make it favourable to his art.
Then military tactics have their use;
And this the learn'd professor knows, and like
A prudent general, marshals out his force
In proper files, for order governs all;
He sees each dish arrang'd upon the board
With due decorum, in its proper place,
And borne from thence in the same order, too;
No hurry, no confusion; his quick eye
Discovers at a glance if all is right;
Knows how to suit the taste of every guest,
If such a dish should quickly be remov'd,
And such another occupy its place.
To one serves up his food quite smoking hot,
And to another moderately warm,
Then to a third quite cold, but all in order,
And at the moment, as he gives the word.
This knowledge is deriv'd, as you perceive,
From strict attention to the rules of art
And martial discipline.—Would you know more?

B.

I am quite satisfied, and so farewell.

We almost fear to quote, after this
noble passage, fine as they are, from
the fragments of the "Milesians" of

Alexis, of the "Brothers" of Alexis,
of the "Thesmophoria of Diony-
sius," of the Samothracians of

Athenion. Yet the great cooks characterised by Euphron Magamust immortalize—to our ears their names are most euphonious—you might swear—by the eye—that they could belong but to men of genius. In the Thesmophoria of Dionysius, the cook descants as eloquently as the pedlar in the Excursion of Wordsworth. He in the Milesians

of Alexis reminds us of some of the milder morality in Cowper's Task. And we fear not to say that the culinary poetry of Athenion, in his Samothracians—though we mean not to insinuate that Milton made it his model—will bear comparison with any similar passage in the Paradise Lost.

COOK, IN THE MILESIAHS OF ALEXIS.

You surely must confess, that in most arts,
The pleasure that results from the perfection
Is not enjoy'd by him alone, whose mind
The rich invention plan'd, or by whose hands
'Tis fashion'd into shape ; but they who use it
Perhaps partake a larger portion still.

B.

As I'm a stranger, pray inform me how ?

A.

For instance, to prepare a sumptuous feast,
We must provide a tolerable cook ;
His work once done, his function 's at an end.
Then, if the guests for whom it is prepar'd
Come at the proper moment, all is well,
And they enjoy a most delicious treat.
If they delay, the dishes are all cold,
And must be warm'd again ; or what has been
Kept back, is now too hastily despatch'd,
And is serv'd up ill dress'd, defrauding thus
The act itself of its due merit.

COOK, IN THE BROTHERS OF EUPHRON.

I have had many pupils in my time,
But you, my Lycus, far exceed them all
In clear and solid sense, and piercing judgment.
Young as you are, with only ten months' study,
I send you forth into the world, a cook,
Complete and perfect in the rules of art.
Agis of Rhodes alone knew how to broil
A fish in due perfection ; Nereus, too,
Of Chios, for stew'd congers had no equal ;
For from his hands, it was a dish for th' gods.
Then for *white thrion*, no one could exceed
Chariades of Athens ; for black broth,
Th' invention and perfection 's justly due
To Lamprias alone ; while Aponëtus
Was held unrivall'd for his sausages.
For lentils, too, Euthynus beat the world ;
And Aristion above all the rest
Knew how to suit each guest, with the same dish
Serv'd up in various forms, at those repasts
Where each man paid his share to deck the board.—
After the ancient Sophists, these alone
Were justly deem'd the seven wise men of Greece.

COOK, IN THE THESMOPHORIA OF DIONYSIUS.

The wretch on whom you lavish so much praise,
I swear, by all the gods, but ill deserves it—
The true professor of the art, should strive
To gratify the taste of every guest ;

For if he merely furnishes the table,
 Sees all the dishes properly dispos'd,
 And thinks, having done this, he has discharged
 His office, he's mistaken, and deserves
 To be consider'd only as a drudge,
 A kitchen drudge, without art or skill,
 And differs widely from a cook indeed,
 A master of his trade.—He bears the name
 Of General, 'tis true, who heads the army;
 But he whose comprehensive mind surveys
 The whole, who knows to turn each circumstance
 Of time, and place, and action, to advantage,—
 Foresees what difficulties may occur,
 And how to conquer them,—this is the man
 Who should be call'd the general; the other
 The mere conductor of the troops, no more:
 So in our art it is an easy thing
 To boil, to roast, to stew, to fricassee,
 To blow the bellows, or to stir the fire;
 But a professor of the art regards
 The time, the place, th' inviter, and the guest;
 And when the market is well stor'd with fish,
 Knows to select, and to prefer such only
 As are in proper season, and, in short,
 Omits no knowledge that may justly lead
 To the perfection of his art. 'Tis true,
 Archestratus has written on the subject,
 And is allow'd by many to have left
 Most choice receipts, and rare inventions
 Useful and pleasing; yet in many things
 He was profoundly ignorant, and speaks
 Upon report, without substantial proof
 Or knowledge of his own. We must not trust,
 Nor give our faith to loose conjectures thus;
 For in our art we only can depend
 On actual practice and experiment.
 Having no fixed and settled laws by which
 We may be govern'd, we must frame our own,
 As time and opportunity may serve,
 Which if we do not well improve, the art
 Itself must suffer by our negligence.

R.

You are indeed a most renowned professor;
 But still you have omitted to point out
 The properties of that most skilful cook
 Who furnish'd splendid feasts with so much ease.

A.

Give but the word, and you shall see me dress
 A *thrion* in such style! and other dainties
 To furnish out a full and rich repast,
 That you may easily conceive the rest;
 Nay, you will think yourself in Attica,
 From the sweet fragrance, and delicious taste;
 And then the whole so various, and well dress'd,
 You shall be puzzled where to fix your choice,
 From the stor'd viands of so rich a board.

COOK, IN THE SAMOTHRACIANS OF ATHENION.

A.

What! know you not that cookery has much
 Contributed to piety? attend,
 And I will tell you how; this art at first

Made the fierce cannibal a man ; impress'd
Upon his rugged nature the desire
Of better food than his own flesh ; prescrib'd
Order and rule in all his actions ; gave him
That polish and respect for social life
Which now makes up his sum of happiness.

B.

Say by what means.

A.

Attend and you shall hear.
Time was that men, like rude and savage beasts,
Prey'd on each other. From such bloody feasts
A flood of evils burst upon the world ;
Till one arose, much wiser than the rest,
And chose a tender victim from his flock
For sacrifice ; roasting the flesh, he found
The savoury morsel good, and better far
Than human carcass, from which time roast meat
Became the general food, approv'd by all.
In order to create variety
Of the same dish, the art of cookery
Began t'invent new modes of dressing it.
In off'rings to the gods we still preserve
The ancient custom, and abstain from salt ;
For in those early days salt was not us'd,
Though now we have it in abundance ; still,
In solemn sacrifices, we conform
To usage of old times : in private meals
He who can season best is the best cook,
And the desire of savoury meat inspires
The invention of new sauces, which conduce
To bring the art of cookery to perfection.

B.

You are, indeed, a new Palæphatus.

A.

Use gave experience, and experience skill.
As cooks acquir'd more knowledge, they prepar'd
The delicate tripe, with nice ingredients mix'd,
To give it a new relish ; followed soon
The tender kid, sew'd up between two covers,
Stew'd delicately down, and smoking hot,
That melted in the mouth ; the savoury hash
Came next, and that disguised with so much art,
And season'd with fresh herbs, and pungent sauce,
That you would think it most delicious fish.
Then salted meats, with store of vegetables,
And fragrant honey, till the pampered taste,
High fed with luscious dainties, grew too nice
To feed on human garbage, and mankind
Began to feel the joys of social life ;
The scattered tribes unite ; towns soon were built
And peopled with industrious citizens.
These and a thousand other benefits
Were the result of cookery alone.

B.

Oh, rare ! where will this end ?

A.

To us you owe
The costly sacrifice, we slay the victims,
We pour the free libations, and to us
The gods themselves lend a propitious ear,
And for our special merits scatter blessings

On all the human race ; because from us
And from our art, mankind were first induc'd
To live the life of reason, and the gods
Received due honour.

B.

Prithee rest awhile,
And leave religion out.

From fishmongers and cooks, let us turn to parasites. Plutarchus, the Grammarian, has been long sitting silent, and we suspect asleep, but having been jogged by the elbow of Pontianus, the Philosopher, or Cynulcus, the clown, he stretches himself up with a gant (see *Dr Jamieson*), and for a good hour engrosses the palaver. He informs the company of what they must all have known as well as himself, that of old the name and character of parasite was not only respectable, but sacred—that with the ancients it was synonymous with guest—but by a perversion of terms, had now become ignominious. To prove the

respect in which parasites were held, he mentions, that on one of the columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, was this inscription,—"of the two best oxen that are chosen, one-third part shall be used in the celebration of the games; the other two-thirds, one part shall be given to the priest, the other to the parasite." The name of parasite was given (*παράσιτος*) from the first fruits of the sacred corn which was deposited by them in the granary. Plutarchus then spouts a great number of very curious passages on parasites from the Poets—of which we give the most characteristic:—

FROM ALEXIS.

I'm ready, at the slightest call, to sup
With those who may think proper to invite me.
If there's a wedding in the neighbourhood,
I smell it out, nor scruple to be there
Sans invitation ; then, indeed, I shine,
And make a full display of all my wit,
'Till the guests shake with laughter ; I take care
To tickle well the master of the feast ;
Should any strive to thwart my purpose, I
At once take fire, and load him with reproach
And bitter sarcasm ; 'till at length, well fed,
And having drank my fill, I stagger home.
No nimble link-boy guides my giddy steps,
But ' through the palpable obscure, I grope
My uncouth way ;' and if by chance I meet,
In their nocturnal rounds, the watch, I hail them
With soft and gentle speech ; then thank the gods
That I've escap'd so well, nor felt the weight
Of their hard fists, or their still harder staves.
At length, unhurt, I find myself at home,
And creep to my poor bed, where gentle sleep,
And pleasant dreams, inspir'd by generous wine,
Lock up my senses —

FROM DIPHILUS.

When I'm invited to a great man's board,
I do not feast my eyes by looking at
The costly hangings, painted ceiling, or
The rich Corinthian vases, but survey,
And watch with curious eye, the curling smoke
That rises from the kitchen. If it comes
In a strong current, straight, direct, and full,
I chuckle at the sight, and shake myself

For very joy ; but if, oblique and small,
It rises slowly in a scanty volume,
I then exclaim, Sad meagre fare for me !
A lenten supper, and a bloodless meal.

FROM ALEXIS.

A.

There are two sorts of parasites ; the one
Of middle station, like ourselves, who are
Much noticed by the comic poets——

B.

Ay,

But then the other sort, say, what of them ?

A.

They are of higher rank, and proud pretensions,
Provincial governors, who claim respect
By sober and grave conduct ; and tho' sprung
From th' very dregs o' th' people, keep aloof,
Affect authority, and state, and rule,
And pride themselves on manners more severe
Than others, on whose beetling brow there sits
An awful frown, as if they would command
At least a thousand talents—all their boast !
These you have seen, Nausidice ! and judge
My meaning rightly.

B.

I confess I do.

A.

Yet they all move about one common centre ;
Their occupations and their ends the same,
The sole contention, which shall flatter most.
But, as in human life, some are depress'd
Whilst others stand erect on Fortune's wheel,
So fares it with these men ; while some are rais'd
To splendid affluence, and wallow in
Luxurious indolence, their fellows starve,
Or live on scraps, and beg a scanty pittance,
To save their wretched lives.

FROM TIMOCLES.

Think you that I can hear the parasite
Abus'd ? believe me, No ; I know of none
Of greater worth, more useful to the state.
Whatever act is grateful to a friend,
Who is more ready to stand forth than he ?
Are you in love, he'll stretch a point to serve you.
Whate'er you do, he's ready at your call,
To aid and to assist, as 'tis but just,
He thinks, to do such grateful service for
The patron who provides his daily meal.
And then he speaks so warmly of his friend !
You say, for this he eats, and drinks scot-free ;
Well, and what then ? what hero or what god
Would disapprove a friend on such conditions ?
But why thus linger out the day, to prove
That parasites are honour'd and esteem'd ?
Is't not enough, they claim the same reward
That crowns the victor at the Olympic games.
To be supported at the public charge ?
For wheresoe'er they diet at free cost,
That may be justly call'd the Prytaneum.

FROM ANTIPHANES.

If duly weigh'd, this will, I think, be found
 The parasite's true state and character,
 The ready sharer of your life and fortunes.
 It is against his nature to rejoice
 At the misfortunes of his friends—his wish
 Is to see all successful, and at ease;
 He envies not the rich, and the luxurious,
 But kindly would partake of their excess,
 And help them to enjoy their better fortune.
 Ever a steady and a candid friend,
 Not quarrelsome, morose, or petulant,
 And knows to keep his passions in due bounds.
 If you are cheerful, he will laugh aloud;
 Be amorous, be witty, or what else
 Shall suit your humour, he will be so too,
 And valiant, if a dinner's the reward.

FROM ARISTOPHON.

If I'm at once forbid to eat or drink,
 I'm a Tithymallus or Philippides.
 If to drink water only, I'm a frog—
 To feed on leaves and vegetable diet,
 I am at once a very caterpillar—
 Forbid the bath, I quarrel not with filth—
 To spend the winter in the open air,
 I am a blackbird; if to scorch all day,
 And jest beneath the hot meridian sun,
 Then I become a grasshopper to please you—
 If neither to anoint with fragrant oil,
 Or even to behold it, I am dust—
 To walk with naked feet at early dawn,
 See me a crane; but if forbid at night
 To rest myself and sleep, I am transform'd
 At once to th' wakeful night owl.

FROM DIODORUS OF SINOPE.

I wish to show how highly dignified
 This office of the parasite was held,
 How sanctioned by the laws, of origin
 Clearly divine; while other useful arts
 Are but th' inventions of the human mind,
 This stands pre-eminent the gift of gods,
 For Jupiter the friend first practised it.
 Whatever door was open to receive him,
 Without distinction, whether rich or poor,
 He entered without bidding; if he saw
 The couch well spread, the table well supplied,
 It was enough, he eat and drank his fill,
 And then retired well satisfied, but paid
 No reckoning to his host. Just so do I.
 If the door opens, and the board is spread,
 I step me in, tho' an unbidden guest,
 Sit down with silent caution and take care
 To give no trouble to the friend that's near me;
 When I have eat, and filled my skin with wine,
 Like Jupiter the friend, I take my leave.
 Thus was the office fair and honourable,
 As you will freely own, by what succeeds.
 Our city, which was ever us'd to pay
 Both worship and respect to Hercules,
 When sacrifices were to be prepared,

Chose certain parasites t' officiate,
 In honour of the god, but did not make
 This choice by lot, nor take the first that offer'd,
 But from the higher ranks, and most esteemed
 Of all the citizens; they fix'd on twelve,
 Of life and manners irreproachable,
 Selected for this purpose. Thus at length
 The rich, in imitation of these rites,
 Adopted the same custom, chose them out
 From th' herd of parasites, such as would suit
 Their purpose best, to nourish and protect.
 Unluckily, they did not fix upon
 The best, and most respectable, but on
 Such wretches as would grossly flatter them,
 Ready to say, or swear to any thing;
 And should their patrons puff their fetid breath,
 Tainted with onions, or stale horseraddish,
 Full in their faces, they would call't a breeze
 From new-born violets, or sweet-scented roses;
 And if still fouler air came from them, 'twas
 A most delicious perfume, and enquiries
 From whence it was procured.—Such practices
 Have brought disgrace upon the name and office,
 And what was honest and respectable
 Is now become disgraceful and ignoble.

We cannot help thinking that there may be perceived a vein of good humour—even of kindness—running through all this satire on Toadies. The truth is, that praise is, after all, so pleasing to the organs of self-esteem and love of approbation—in most men's heads, we suspect, large—in our own, we confess, immense—that it is not easy—because it is not natural—at all times to dislike even what we cannot help knowing and feeling to be flattery, provided it be not very barefaced and coarse-spoken—or seen to be employed to beguile us for some base or dishonourable end. Flatterers are frequently rather amiableish persons, and we verily believe that not a few of them have a pleasure in flattering, independently of any prospect of positive gain to themselves, though enlivened by that of a series of good dinners. Kindness comes from custom—and by perpetually smiling on a fellow Christian, in his presence smoothing all asperities of temper, and strewing flowers before his feet, be they even but the faded flowers of speech, your flatterer, by inevitable association of feelings with forms, is cozened by his own courtesies into a friendship for the flattered, and poor Post-obit remembers you in his will. Nobody—we are sorry to say it—toadies

Us. In all this wide world, Christopher North has not a single parasite. Friends he has not a few—but friends use freedoms that ruffle his temper; and in the decline of life he sighs for the Favonian voice of a flatterer—for "o' a' the airts the wind can blow," that fans most soothingly the temples of an elderly gentleman sensibly waxing old.

Come, now—are not the above really seven worthy Parasites? The first is a useful citizen, ready to sup anywhere, at the slightest call and shortest notice, and to do the agreeable to the dullest congregation of loblollies that ever stretched their lazy lengths on a row of sofas.

There indeed I shine,
 And make a full display of all my wit,
 Till the guests shake with laughter.

What more could the cit he serves
 desire? That more he enjoys—for

I take care
 To tickle well the Master of the Feast.

And who—pray—better deserves to be tickled well than the master of the feast? Should any mannerless monster make mouths at the master—run the rig upon him—quiz—trot—or ggegg him—the watchful, ingenious, and intrepid parasite becomes a pillar of fire, and consumes the criminal to a cinder. But such outrage can rarely occur in such pre-

sence. His bitter sarcasm—for on occasion it is most bitter—inspires folly with fear—the rustic become urbane—the urbane metropolitan—the metropolitan mundane—and the mundane universal—and thus the peaceful night is spangled with stars. Well fed, and having drunk his fill, 'tis a pleasant picture to see him stagger home. No link-boy needeth he—and while vulgar bacchanals are knocking down in all directions the guardians of the night, with soft and gentle speech he accosts a chance unfallen or uprisen, and mistaking his own humanity for selfishness, congratulates himself on his escape from a Danger, who was in fact a Fear. Then how pious! He thanks the gods—creeps to his poor bed with a sound skin, whole bones, full stomach, and calm conscience—while gentle sleep—his sole servant—lets drop over him a coverlet of dreams!

The second is a plain-spoken parasite; and were we to take him, and interpret him, at his own word, we should be doing injustice to his worth. But it needs a philosophic eye rightly to read confessions. Yet construe his conduct literally, and what find you amiss? He prefers the sight of kitchen smoke, "on a strong current, straight, direct, and full," to that of painted drawing-room ceilings, and costliest draper-

ies—and don't you? *πικρὸν ἔσται*—so is it in the original—the exulting cock claps his wings and crows. If the chimney-mouth emit but thin blue mist, he is dispirited, but not depressed—no curse escapes his lips—he but slightly shrugs his shoulders, and says in an empty stomach, of all places that where anger is soonest bred of disappointment—"sad meagre fare for me!" That is a soliloquy. But seated at "lenten supper, and a bloodless meal," he looks the very picture of contentment—and is eloquent on the merits of a vegetable diet.

But why thus reduce into prose the poetry that has so vividly painted the seven parasites? We shall try now to bring our article to a close with a few quotations, to show what were the sentiments of our Deipnosophists regarding the fair sex. It is not easy to know what to make of the old foggies—for while they discountenance courtesans, they cannot endure the bare idea of wives, and seem to have but a poor opinion of the women-folk. Laurentius himself—who, we suspect, used to slip out on the sly in the dusk—would fain make his guests and us believe that he is the most immaculate of bachelors, by quoting the following most unjustifiable lines from Anaxilas.

Whoever has been weak enough to dote,
And live in precious bondage at the feet
Of an imperious mistress, may relate
Some part of their iniquity at least.
In fact, what monster is there in the world
That bears the least comparison with them!
What frightful dragon, or chimera dire,
What Scylla, what Charybdis, can exceed them?
Nor sphinx, nor hydra, nay, no winged harpy,
Nor hungry lioness, nor poisonous adder,
In noxious qualities, is half so bad.
They are a race accurs'd, and stand alone
Pre-eminent in wickedness. For instance,
Plangon, a foul chimera, spreading flames,
And dealing out destruction far and near,
And no Bellerophon to crush the monster.
Then Sinope, a many-headed hydra,
An old and wrinkl'd hag—Gnathine, too,
Her neighbour—Oh! they are a precious pair.
Nanno's a barking Scylla, nothing less—
Having already privately despatch'd
Two of her lovers, she would lure a third
To sure destruction, but the youth escap'd,
Thanks to his pliant oars, and better fortune.

Phryne, like foul Charybdis, swallows up
 At once the pilot and the bark. Theano,
 Like a pluck'd Syren, has the voice, and look
 Of Woman, but below the waist, her limbs
 Wither'd and shrunk in to the blackbird's size.
 These wretched women, one and all partake
 The nature of the Theban Sphinx, they speak
 In doubtful and ambiguous phrase, pretend
 To love you truly, and with all their hearts,
 Then whisper in your ear, some little want—
 A girl to wait on them forsooth, a bed,
 Or easy chair, a brazen tripod too—
 Give what you will they never are content,
 And to sum up their character at once,
 No beast that haunts the forest for his prey
 Is half so mischievous.

Leonidas now takes up the subject, and speaks in most contemptuous terms of a married life; and to justify his opinions, he gives the following passage from the *Seers of Alexis*.

What abject wretches do we make ourselves
 By giving up the freedom and delights
 Of single life, to a capricious woman?
 Then, if she brings an ample fortune too,
 Her pride, and her pretensions are increas'd,
 And what should be a benefit, becomes
 A bitter curse, and grievous punishment.
 The anger of a man may well be borne,
 'Tis quick, and sudden, but as soon subsides;
 It has a honied sweetness when compar'd
 To that of woman. If a man receives
 An injury, he may resent at first,
 But he will quickly pardon. Women first
 Offer the injury, then to increase
 Th' offence, instead of soothing, they inflict
 A deeper wound, by obstinate resentment.
 Neglect what's fit and proper to be done,
 But eagerly pursue the thing they should not—
 And then they grow fantastical withal,
 When they are perfectly in health, complain
 In faint and feeble tone "they're sick, they die."

Nothing will satisfy old Plutarchus, the Grammarian, but that he too shall have a fling at the sex, and calls in to his aid the *Phædrus of Alexis*.

As slowly I returned from the Piræus,
 My mind impress'd with all the various pains,
 And pungent griefs, that torture human life,
 I thus began to reason with myself.
 The painters and the sculptors, who pretend
 By cunning art, to give the form of love,
 Know nothing of his nature, for in truth
 He's neither male or female, God or man,
 Nor wise, nor foolish, but a compound strange,
 Partaking of the qualities of each,
 And an epitome of all in one.
 He has the strength and prowess of a man,
 The weak timidity of helpless woman;
 In folly furious, yet in prudence wise
 And circumspect. Mad as an untam'd beast,
 In strength and hardihood invincible,
 Then for ambition he's a very demon.

I swear by sage Minerva and the gods,
I do not know his likeness, one whose nature
Is so endued with qualities unlike
The gentle name he bears.

A young gentleman about sixty cannot stand this fustian of old Alexis, mouthed by superannuated Plutarchus, and hits the grey-headed Gram-marian hard with a billet from Theophilus.

He who affirms that lovers are all mad,
Or fools, gives no strong proof of his own sense;
For if from human life we take the joys
And the delights of love, what is there left
That can deserve a better name than death?
For instance, now, I love a music girl,
A virgin too, and am I therefore mad?
For she's a paragon of female beauty,
Her form and figure excellent; her voice
Melodiously sweet; and then her air
Has dignity and grace. With what delight
I gaze upon her charms! More than you feel
At sight of him who for the public shows
Gives you free entrance to the theatre.

Quotations now take a most agreeable turn and entirely change their character. The Deipnosophists are seen in their real colours, and are, without a single exception, as fine a set of old amorous fellows as ever nickered at a *Noctes*. One declares, on the authority of Lycophrontides, that "the beauty which attaches us does not arise from the full grown youth, the virgin richly adorned with gold, or the full-bosomed matron. However beautiful the face, it is the colour with which modesty suffuses the cheeks that gives grace to the whole." Nothing can be more orthodox. Aristotle—he continues, with much animation—advises lovers particularly "to inspect the eyes of those they love, for in them is the throne of Modesty." And Lycymnius of Chios, did not he sing "that Sleep being enamoured of Endymion did not suffer him to close his eyes when he reposed, that she might still have the pleasure of looking at them?" Quotations now wax warmer and warmer, and we have the old story of Hesperides baring the bosom of his lovely client at the bar. Phryne was, according to another

extract, much more beautiful than she appeared to be, as the "*peculiar* excellence of her person consisted in the nice conformation of those parts which were concealed from view" by the folds of her garments, however gracefully disposed, and it was no easy matter to see her without them, as she did not frequent the public baths. However, at the *Æleusian* feasts, and those dedicated to Neptune, she was seen to every advantage, for she was accustomed at these times to lay aside her garments, and with her fine hair floating carelessly over her neck and bosom, she entered the sea. Then Apelles studied her, and Grecco had the picture of Venus rising from the ocean. Waxing yet warmer, our *Inamorato* quotes a beautiful description from Cheremon, the tragic Poet, which he puts into the mouth of Oeneus, in the piece of that name, on the discovery of a party of females, who, supposing themselves concealed from public view, were indulging themselves in various innocent recreations by moonlight.

One to the silver lustre of the moon,
In graceful, careless attitude reclined,
Display'd her snowy bosom, full unzon'd
In all its naked loveliness; another
Led up the sprightly dance; and as she mov'd,
Her loose robes gently floating, the light breeze
Lifted her vest, and to the enraptur'd eye

Uncovered her left breast, Gods ! what a sight !
 What heavenly whiteness ! breathing and alive,
 A swelling picture !—This from eyelids dark
 Beam'd forth a ray of such celestial light,
 As dazzled whilst it charmed. A fourth appeared,
 Her beauties half uncover'd, and display'd
 Her delicate arm, and taper fingers, small,
 And round, and white as polish'd ivory.
 Another yet, with garment loosely thrown
 Across her neck and shoulders ; as she mov'd,
 The am'rous zephyrs drew aside her robe,
 Expos'd her pliant limbs, full, round, and fair,
 Such as the Paphian Goddess might have own'd.
 Love smil'd at my surprise, shook his light wings,
 And mark'd me for his victim.—Others threw
 Their careless limbs upon the bank bedeck'd
 With odoriferous herbs, and blossoms rare,
 Such as the earth produc'd from Helen's tears,
 The violet with dark leaves, the crocus too,
 That gave a warm tint to their flowing robes,
 And marjorum sweet of Persia rear'd its head
 To deck the verdant spot.

So charming a picture purchases
 from Venus pardon for the Deipno-
 sophists. The great painters have
 not feared to embody in glowing
 colours—nor the great sculptors—
 as far as their art allowed—such di-
 vinities of this our lower world,
 lovelier than the loveliest of Olym-
 pus. And why should not the great
 poets ? No poet is a prude. But
 this is a picture where no passion

breathes on air or water—all is pure.
 Youth, Joy, beauty, innocence—"in
 naked loveliness"—seen but by the
 stars—while she who rejoiced in the
 name of Diana, looks down on the
 bright bevy from her cloudless sky.

But before bidding good-night to
 Athenæus, we must gladden our
 hearts with a very beautiful passage,
 of quite another character, from
 Xenophanes of Colophon.

The ground is swept, and the triclinium clean,
 The hands are purified, the goblets too
 Well rinc'd, each guest upon his forehead bears
 A wreathed flow'ry crown; from slender vase
 A willing youth presents to each in turn,
 A sweet and costly perfume; while the bowl,
 Emblem of joy and social mirth, stands by,
 Fill'd to the brim; another pours out wine
 Of most delicious flavour, breathing round
 Fragrance of flowers, and honey newly made;
 So grateful to the sense, that none refuse;
 While odoriferous gums fill all the room.
 Water is serv'd too, cold, and fresh, and clear;
 Bread, saffron-ting'd, that looks like leaves of gold.
 The board is gaily spread with honey pure,
 And savoury cheese. The altar, too, which stands
 Full in the centre, crown'd with flow'ry wreaths;
 The house resounds with music and with song,
 With songs of grateful praise, such as become
 The wise and good to offer to the gods,
 In chaste and modest phrase. They humbly ask,
 Pouring their free libations, to preserve
 A firm and even mind; to do no wrong,
 But equal justice to dispense to all;
 A task more easy, more delightful far,
 Than to command, to slander, or oppress.

At such repasts each guest may safely drink
 As much as suits his sober appetite,
 Then unattended seek his home, unless
 His feeble age requires assistance. Him
 Above all others let us praise, who while
 The cheerful cup goes round, shall charm the guests
 With free recital of acts worthy praise,
 And fit to be remember'd; that inspire
 The soul to valour, and the love of fame,
 The meed of virtuous action. Far from us
 The war of Titans; or the bloody strife
 Of the seditious Centaurs; such examples
 Have neither use nor profit—wiser far
 To look to brighter patterns that instruct,
 And lead the mind to great and good pursuits.

Do you remember that noble passage in Epictetus, "*Νομὸς Σίλας ἀπιδίδου καὶ πανηγυρίαις;*" &c. In our heart it flows thus:—"Wilt thou have me to depart out of this festive solemnity? I am ready to go—and I render thee all thanks for that thou hast honoured me so far, as to let me keep the feast with thee, and behold thy works, and observe thy economy of the world. Let death sieze upon

me no otherwise employed than thus thinking, and writing such things." Something of the same spirit seems to us to breathe over the following lines on the Tarentines of Alexis, which are quoted in Athenæus by way of illustration of the opinion that the innocent gaiety of convivial meetings tends to soften the cares of life, and to correct the peevishness of old age.

Do you not know that by the term call'd life,
 We mean to give a softer tone to ills
 That man is heir to? Whether I judge right
 Or wrong in this, I'll not presume to say—
 Having reflected long and seriously,
 To this conclusion I am brought at last,
 That universal folly governs all;
 For in this little life of ours, we seem
 As strangers that have left their native home.
 We make our first appearance from the realms
 Of death and darkness, and emerge to light,
 And join th' assembly of our fellow-men—
 They who enjoy themselves the most, and drink,
 And laugh, and banish care, or pass the day
 In the soft blandishments of love, and leave
 No joy untasted, no delight untried
 That innocence and virtue may approve,
 And this gay festival afford, depart
 Cheerful, like guests contented, to their home.

MEMOIRS OF MIRABEAU.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, HIS FATHER, HIS UNCLE, AND HIS ADOPTED SON.

THESE Memoirs have, we understand, been called into existence by the expressed intention of Duke d'Artemberg to publish, *unpurified*, a great quantity of the Mirabeau papers, which he possesses. The adopted son of Mirabeau, therefore, or, to speak more correctly, his natural son, Monsieur Lucas Montigny, has, for the purpose of vindicating his father's memory, given these volumes to the world. They are compiled altogether from notices and letters, written by Mirabeau himself, by his father, and his uncle. The matter they contain is entirely new, and is preceded by a most interesting memoir, written by Mirabeau, on his more remote ancestors. It is with regret that, on the present occasion, we find ourselves obliged to pass this over, as the quantity of documents, still more interesting, touching his own private life, warn us that we should otherwise transgress our limits, and lose sight too long of our principal subject.

But of the father and the uncle it is necessary to say a few words. His father especially was a man of very superior mind; one of the last of those characters cast in the feudal mould, which are now lost; hard, stern, unbending, reasoning, self-opinionated, who took austerity for virtue, and any relaxation therefrom, for weakness and vice. But this characteristic does not so much describe the individual, as the whole system of moral notions which prevailed in the feudal times. In times morally barbarous, we shall find, indeed, that all duties take the shape of *simple propositions*. This simplicity gives them an energy which surprises us into admiration. It cuts *straight through* all opposing considerations and difficulties; but it is this very *cutting through* that proves their falseness, and their banefulness. It is this which made the moral heroes of the Pagan world as well as of the middle ages. To a few virtues, carried to their utmost extent, or rather excess, humanity was sacrificed—and this was considered perfection. It is to the prevalence

of this sort of moral notions, that we attribute the conformation of character which the father of Mirabeau presents. Esteemed, admired, and respected by all who knew him, he was towards his son inexorably savage; nor does a single compunctious visiting of conscience or of nature seem ever to have disturbed his serenity, or his firm conviction of his own justice and wisdom. We find the same man who was persecuting his own son with relentless cruelty, going down on his knees nightly to his aged mother, to crave her blessing, before he retired to rest; and at the same time that he was plotting a most atrocious scheme against his son, projecting an enterprise by which cheap *bread* might be made for the poor, applauding himself, no doubt, the while, for his own benevolence. His character is one which deserves to be studied, as exemplifying a whole system of ethics; besides, we can assure our readers, Sir Walter Scott himself never painted any portraits from the feudal times, more highly coloured, or with more prominent and characteristic traits, than this man, and even his brother, without the aid of romance or fancy, present. We now hasten to our details of Mirabeau himself.

He was born in 1764, and came into the world with such an enormous head, that the first words his father heard when his infant was brought to him was, "*Don't be frightened!*" At the age of three years, the child had the small-pox, which so disfigured and cicatrized his face, that his father writes to his brother, "Your nephew is as ugly as Satan." At the age of seven, he received confirmation; and it was on that occasion that he made the singular remark for a child, reported by himself: "It was explained to me that God could not make contradictions; for instance, a *stick with only one end*. I asked, if a miracle was not a *stick with one end*. My grandmother never forgave me." Even before this period, the severities of his father towards him began; we find him on all occasions urging

his tutor to harshness and rigour : yet he seems, even from his earlier years, to have discovered his wonderful faculties : indeed, his *bon mots* would do honour to a grown man. His father writes, " My son grows fast, his prattle increases, and his face grows uglier every day ; he is of the ugliest and the wittiest. His mother had been talking to him of his future wife ; he replied, he hoped she would not judge him by his *face*. What should she judge you by then, said his mother. The *inside will help the outside*, was his reply." We find another anecdote, a little posterior, which is quite in character with those sudden bursts of nobleness, which threw a splendour on, and, in some measure, redeemed his after career. " The other day," says his father, in a letter to his uncle, " he gained a prize ; it was a *hat*, and turning towards a youth present, who had only a cap, and putting the hat on his head, ' *Here, take it,*' said he ' *I have not two heads.*' He seemed to me then the emperor of the world. His attitude had something divine ; I wept and pondered, and the lesson was to me very good."

Perhaps no child in his infancy ever showed in so remarkable a degree what he would be as a man, as did Mirabeau. The following sentences from his father's letters would seem sometimes to describe the *man*. In one place the Marquis says, " he has a mind all athwart, fantastic, tumultuous, unmanageable, and tending to vice, even before he knows what it is." In another place, " the imp has a haughty heart under the jacket of a child, a strange instinct of pride, noble nevertheless ; an embryo ambition that would swallow the whole world, before it is twelve years old." Again, " he has an intelligence, a memory, a capacity, altogether astonishing ; but I know, from the physical conformation of such characters, that there is no making any thing of them ; to brutal appetites they will return, and carry them to excess ; and as pride never abandons them, even on the wheel, they will make themselves base with the base, vain with the vain, fierce with the fierce ; and even pique themselves on surpassing the very hogs ; there are excrements in all races." So atrociously does this man

express himself when writing of his son, and yet it is impossible to deny him a profound penetration into human nature.

The severity of his father always went on increasing. Not finding rigour enough in private tutors, he sent his son to a school, but refused to let him bear his name. He was sent as *Pierre Buffiere*. " In vain," says his father, " has he wept, begged, reasoned. I told him that to bear my name he must first merit it." It does not appear, however, that the boyhood of Mirabeau was vicious ; he was only wild and unmanageable, and probably rendered wild by the extraordinary rigour with which he was treated ; his father repeats constantly in his letters that "*rigour costs him nothing.*" He had, when his son was not sixteen years of age, formed the project of banishing him for ever from Europe, lest he should bring disgrace upon his name. This project was, however, abandoned, and young Mirabeau was, at the age of eighteen, placed in a cavalry regiment, under the command of the Marquis de Lambert, whose severe and savage character recommended him to the father. Here Mirabeau fell into some excesses very natural to his age ; he played, lost ~~forty~~ louis, was the successful rival of his colonel in love, and, exasperated by rigour and ill-treatment, left his regiment without leave, and went to Paris. This gave occasion to the first *lettre de cachet* that was launched against him. He was made prisoner in the castle of the Isle of Rhé. His father, whose letters against him always breathe the most implacable hatred and rage, wrote to the governor to enforce every severity in his power. On his release from this prison, Mirabeau joined the military expedition to Corsica, and there distinguished himself so much by his military talents and conduct, that his uncle seems to have been altogether softened towards him, and his father to have felt a more than stoic and unforgiving approbation. On his return from this expedition, Mirabeau, though he had not his father's permission for so great a liberty, to approach towards reconciliation, visits his uncle. We shall give the letter from the uncle to the father on this occasion at full length, because it exhibits Mirabeau's character at this

epoch, we think, in its true light, and shows the sternness of the domestic despotism under which he suffered even in its most placable and relenting moments. He writes to his uncle to ask permission to visit him, but the uncle, always under the ascendant of his brother, hesitates. "It appeared to me," says the uncle, "much to be feared that you would be offended, and that I should not suffer him to fail in the respect due to paternal orders; I told him, therefore, to defer his visit, and to go and wait for the passage of his regiment at Lambex, but he insisted, and yesterday evening a soldier brought me a note from *M. Pierre Buffiere*, begging me to fix an hour for seeing him. I told him to come. I was delighted to see him; my heart expanded; I found him ugly, but not with a bad physiognomy, and behind the marks of the small-pox, and his features, which are much changed, I thought I saw an expression graceful, noble, and intellectual. If he is not worse than Nero he will be better than Marcus Aurelius, for never do I think I have encountered so much talent and superiority; my poor head turned with it. He appears to fear you like the *prévôt*; he avowed that he had been guilty of many follies, but that it had been in his despair. He told the abbot, that he had been misunderstood from his infancy, and that his last Colonel, Viomenil, had gained upon him by gentleness and reason, and had made him see, in good conduct, a new order of things. I told him that, without wishing to rule over him, (*le régenter*;) I would give him a memorandum, containing reflections, for his future conduct. He replied—'RULE OVER ME! *May all who rule over me be such; why have they not always been such?*' He told Castagny, the other day, that his uncle might do what he would with him. It is true this uncle has received him well, treated him as a man, and represented to him, that his father and his uncle had acquired, the one celebrity, and the other general esteem, by their honour, probity, and justice. I assure you I find him very repentant for his past errors; he seems to have a sensitive heart; and as to talent, the devil himself has not so much. I tell you again that if he is not the most perfect and consum-

mate mocker in the world, he will be one of the greatest men in Europe, a commander by sea or by land, a minister, chancellor, or pope, any thing that he wishes. You were something at twenty-one years of age, but not the half; and as to myself, I am not worthy to play the part of Strabo to his Democrates. I will repeat it a thousand times, that if I do not deceive myself (of which I am not sure, on account of his past follies, and yet I would bet an hundred to one that I am right,) this young man, if God gives him life, will not differ from the greatest men that have ever lived, otherwise than by his position. You know what a solemn square-toes is Castagny; well, he opens his eyes and he weeps for joy when he hears him. As for me, this child has opened my heart. What makes me think well of him is that I see his faults, and therefore am not blinded by partiality. For three days I have been now ten hours a-day with him, and the Abbot Castagny near thirteen hours. Well, I can swear to you and the abbot also, that we have found nothing to blame in him but a little too much vivacity and fire, but not a word which did not denote uprightness of heart, elevation of soul, and force of genius, all perhaps a little too exuberant. The abbot says he could hardly restrain his tears when he said to him: *Alas! if my father would deign to know me! I know he thinks I have a bad heart, but let him put it to the proof!*"

To this letter the father replies with his characteristic ruggedness and penetration. "I thank you for the reception you have given my son, but take care that your goodness does not lead you too far; a good heart is the instrument of a dupe. His voracious vanity has found itself at ease with you, and completely successful; but take care, be upon your guard against the gilding of his beak, for he has the vanity and the presumption of Satan. By Saint John! listen not to his apologies, or he will belch in your hand (*il te pétera dans la main*). His head is a wind-mill or fire-mill; and his imperturbable audacity will be a fortune to him, if he ever gets over being a madman." . . . In another letter he writes, "The good *bailli* [his brother] has had him [his son] with

him many days, and the romance which exhales from this vagabond, from head to foot, has got into the brain of his uncle. Well, well! let him win over his uncle, he will not win over his father so promptly."

But his father was at last softened. He received his son, and, as he says himself, "with kindness and even tenderness;" but he adds, "I am on my guard, knowing how this elasticity of mind may deceive us as to the explosive soil which generates it; we must give him constant exercise and occupation, or what the devil can be done with this sanguine and intellectual exuberance? I know no one but the Empress of Russia, to whom it would be good to marry this man at present." He says, in another letter, "I continue to favour Mons. the Count of *Hurricanes*, whom you call with reason, *rudis indigestaque moles*. He has need to find me *debonnaire*, and indeed he merits it. But is it not true that he is two men at once? When he is inclined to speak reasonably, Cicero himself is a fool beside him; but he is sometimes more a child than he ought to be at his age."

Mirabeau then accompanies his father to Paris, and is introduced at the Court, where he meets with the greatest and most brilliant success, his father continuing to accord to him all this time, a kind of savage favour, a sort of resentment, always mingling with a proud but unaffectionate admiration. A short time after he marries Marie Emile de Lovet, the only daughter of the Marquis of Marignanne, and a great heiress; but this circumstance, instead of bestowing on him independence, rather involved him in pecuniary difficulties, by the stimulus it gave to his expensive and extravagant habits; his father, out of his love of power and despotism, refusing him any suitable provision. This appears from an expression of a letter to his wife on the occasion. "Our son will be married when you receive this, and he will remain under the power of his father, as you under the power of your husband."

The expensive habits of Mirabeau soon involved him in debts and difficulties; these his father-in-law would have extricated him from, but his father refused his security for the final repayment of the sum to be ad-

vanced. Mirabeau, therefore, retired into the country, but only to encounter new persecutions from his father. Under the pretence that his son was ruining the patrimonial property, (which was proved afterwards to be false,) he has him banished by a *lettre de cachet* to the little town of Manorque; from thence, under the pretext that he had transgressed the bounds assigned him, he was transferred to the narrower confinement of the chateau D'If, and his father wrote to the governor to impose upon him every kind of restraint, calumniating his son with the utmost ferocity, and painting him in the blackest colours. But we confess we can see, in the detailed account of the life of Mirabeau which the volumes before us present, nothing at the present period of his life even reprehensible, except, perhaps, the want of an almost impracticable and unsuitable economy in his affairs, which the parsimony of his father alone rendered necessary. On the contrary, when we consider the strength and the turbulence of his passions, and the sense of his own intellectual superiority which he must have had, we cannot sufficiently admire the strong moral sense of duty to his father, which made him, on all occasions, submit, and acknowledge and even aggravate his errors.

The following extract of a letter from him to his uncle, first published in these volumes, shows us his cruel position, and also truly "the very head and front of his offending," which had brought him into it. "If I knew a better heart than yours, or one more tender, a judgment more strong and unprejudiced, I would address myself to the privileged being who possessed it, to intercede for me with my father, and to ask him when he intends that the deplorable state in which I have so long been should finish. I should say to him: liberty is a right of nature—have I justly forfeited it? One should not be punished twice for the same offence, and certainly not for ruinous expenses, which have brought upon me so many humiliations, caused me so much remorse, and deprived me for a whole year of my liberty.

"Should I, my dear uncle, abandon all hope of obliterating the recollection of my follies? Of transmitting to

my son a name, which will not lose by my fault, a consideration it has acquired by my father and you. Should I exclude myself for ever from a career wherein my conduct and my efforts may make me in my time useful and distinguished? The times are regenerating, and ambition is at present permitted. Do you think that the emulation which my name inspires, should be altogether sterile, and that at the age of twenty-six, your nephew is already incapable of doing good? No, my uncle, you do not believe this. Raise me up then; save me from the terrible fermentation with which my mind labours. Believe me, there are men who *must* be occupied, and I am of the number; that activity which can accomplish all things, and without which nothing can be accomplished, becomes turbulent, and may become dangerous, when it has neither object nor employment."

This letter, which is most moving, as in it we see the lion, from the generosity of his nature, becoming a lamb, had no effect, and remained even unanswered. In it, and indeed in all his other letters, we see dignity and pride of intellect united with the most reverent respect towards his unnatural father; nor can this be attributed to tameness of spirit, for at the very period he was writing his *Essay on Despotism*.

But having by the ascendancy of his mind, and the fascination of his manner, rendered the governor his friend, his father had him removed from the chateau D'If to the chateau de Joux, where he enjoyed somewhat more liberty, being merely on his *parole*, and having the town of Portarlier for his prison. Here commenced his fatal intimacy with Sophia, whom he has rendered so unhappily celebrated. She was married, a young girl, to a man of near seventy, and the seduction was more on her side than on the side of Mirabeau. He indeed struggled hard against the passion. He wrote to his wife most urgently to come and join him, and partake of his fortunes, but she, it appears, had provided herself with another lover, and refused. He was then alone, abandoned, all his natural friends had, by the strange influence his father held over them, become his enemies and calumniators. It is no subject

of wonder, then, however much it may be of regret, that in his forlorn situation he did not possess the virtue of refusing to mingle, in the cup of bitterness he was condemned to drink up, the intoxicating ingredient love. Alluding, however, to the letter he had written to his wife, he says, "Madame de Mirabeau would not show you the letter I wrote to her from Portarlier, before I was intoxicated with all the philtres of love. If, at the last day, I must appear before that sublime reason which presides over nature, I will say: I am covered with dreadful stains, but thou alone knowest, great God, whether I should have been as culpable as I have been, if this letter had been answered, and answered as it should have been." And his father, also alluding to this fatal passion, which, as he repeats continually, *ruined him*, writes: "I reproach not myself, I assure you, for his removal from the chateau D'If to the chateau de Joux. If he had remained at the chateau D'If, with the attestations of that fool Dallègre, (the governor,) he would be there still crying out against injustice, and would not have been able to ruin himself, as he has done, and which is the salvation of his family."

His evasion from Portarlier—his wanderings in Switzerland—his rescuing Sophia from a convent, in which her parents had confined her—his flight with her into Holland, where he gained his subsistence by his literary labours,—are already known; but, as there is one passage in his letters from the dungeon of Vincennes, which describes most eloquently both his own character and that of Sophia, and forms the best apology for his fatal, but not singularly culpable love, we shall here transcribe it:—

"I was very unhappy, and unhappiness doubles sensibility. I met with the tenderest interest, and all the charms which most powerfully seduce—a generous soul and a fascinating intelligence. I sought consolation, and what consolation is more delicious than love? Till then I had known only gallantry, not love. Oh, how cold the passion, in comparison with that which began to embrace my being! I have the virtues and defects of my temperament. If it makes me ardent and impetuous

to excess, it forms that heart of fire which gives aliment to my inexpressible tenderness; it makes me burn with that precious and fatal sensibility, which is the source of all brilliant imagination, of all profound impressions, of all great talents, of all great success, and too often of great errors and great misfortunes. It was not that strong propensity of nature to gratify the senses which seduced me; it was not even the desire of pleasing a judge of exquisite taste. I felt too much to feel vanity. Uniformity of tastes, the need of the intimate society of a confidante, who is always much more under our ascendant than we are under hers; these things did not influence me at all—more powerful charms had taken possession of my heart. I found a woman who had all the virtues of her temperament, and none of its defects; soft, but neither too warm nor indifferent, as soft characters generally are; sensitive, but not flexible; benevolent, but with a benevolence excluding neither discernment nor firmness. Alas! all her virtues are her own, her faults are mine. I found this adorable woman all melting with love. I have studied her under all circumstances. I studied her too profoundly; I lingered over this delicious contemplation. I contemplated and probed a soul formed by nature in one of its moments of magnificence; and she has centred in herself all the scattered rays of my burning sensibility."

In spite of the strength of his passion, however, Mirabeau would have had strength of mind enough to detach himself from the fatal chain which bound him to his ruin, but he sacrificed himself to Sophia. When she was confined in the convent, she wrote him letters, in which she menaced her own life, if she should not be reunited to him; and her death, which happened afterwards by suicide, proved that such menaces were not vain words. In a letter to Mademoiselle Dauven, now first published, he says—"What could I do? Could I let her swallow the fatal draught, as I doubt not she would have done? This is the point of view from which you should judge me; and you will see then, it was myself, not her, whom I have sacri-

ficed. There was no longer any question of delicacy. It was a question of life or death. Could I hesitate?"

But the retreat of Mirabeau and Sophia in Holland was soon disturbed by new persecutions from his father, and the husband of Sophia, Monsieur de Monnier. Mirabeau was declared, by the judgment of the bailiwick of Portarlier, guilty of the crime of *rape* and *seduction*, and was condemned to be beheaded, which execution should take place in effigy; "and Sophia was sentenced to be imprisoned during her life in the house of refuge established at Besancon—to be classed among the public girls of the community—to forfeit all her rights, personal, as well as those arising from her contract of marriage—to surrender her marriage-portion to her husband—and pay an *amende* of ten louis to the king."

The two lovers were both captured at the same time. On this occasion the father of Mirabeau writes to his uncle in the following terms:—"I would have wished, had it been possible, to deliver over this ruffian to the Dutch, and to send him to the colonies, from whence he would never have escaped with his life. If he should there have been hanged, it would have been *incognito*; and, remaining here, he has reason enough, should he survive you and me, to keep him out of the madhouse, and madness and villany enough to disgrace the name which he bears. I endeavoured to engage the State to send him to India; but the reply was, *that that could not be done, except towards individuals very young, not married, and secretly*. I have, therefore, got him shut up, contrary to the advice of all who wished that I should let him run his course.

"This is their eternal song; but my conscience, which I sound every day before God, will not suffer me to do this; for independently of the crimes which he sows in his path daily, I am convinced that he would finally end by being broken on the wheel, and it is not for this that our ancestors have transmitted to us their name, with its advantages. And besides, he would soon again fall upon me and mine with all the weight of his intrigue, of his fatal talent, of

his age, his manners, his wickedness, with the money of his dupes, and the support of his worthy consorts; for in this town all follies and assassinations, moral and physical, are openly justified. Thus, then, as to this man, in spite of time, which unfortunately covers and diminishes all things, and in spite of the fools who say, '*the king will not have perpetual prisons for reasons of family, however he may permit them for reasons of state*,' my plan is resolutely fixed: only the state authority and myself alone will know it, and after my death, a sealed letter will make it known to my substitute."

Who, in reading this letter, would not imagine Mirabeau to have been one of the greatest monsters that ever lived; and yet his errors were such as few of his age escape from. With one exception, they involved little moral guilt, and even into that he had to a great extent been impelled and exasperated by a stern domestic despotism, almost without parallel.

But this father, or rather this lord and master—for all the other relations of life seem to have been absorbed in the sentiment of personal authority, with which the feudal system gratified Grantees—absolutely sported in his acts of despotism. M. de Monpezat one day meeting him, the following conversation took place, as related by himself: "*Your lawsuit with Madame the Marchioness, is it finished?*"—"I have gained it."—"And where is she?"—"In a convent."—"And Monsieur your son, where is he?"—"In a convent."—"And Madame your daughter?"—"In a convent."—"You have undertaken, then, to people the convents?"—"Yes, sir; and if you had been my son, you would have been in one long ago."

It is unnecessary to follow the history of Mirabeau during his imprisonment at Vincennes. His already published letters from his dungeon have made known the sufferings he endured there. Confined to a narrow cell for a long time, cut off from all communication, denied all correspondence, ill in health, his sight impaired, threatened with blindness, his privations extending down even to food and clothing, having hardly ragged apparel wherewith to cover

him, it is no wonder that we find in his work on *lettres de cachet*, the following fearfully eloquent passage: "I will not undertake to maintain, that the height of atrocity, after having deprived a man of his liberty—after having driven him to the despair of slavery—is to punish him for what he may do, be it the most excessively inhuman of actions, to deliver himself from the yoke; for is not an unhappy slave out of the pale of society, out of the power of the laws which govern it, which have been found impotent to protect him? Is there any law for him? Do nature and justice demand that he should respect the life of him who respects neither his property nor his person? Are not the instruments and satellites of oppression as culpable in his eyes as the oppressor? Is not all—ALL, I say, permitted to a man to break his chains? Know, then—know, oh you who have two weights and two measures—who put all the duties in one scale, and all the rights in the other—who make a traffic of the morals, justice, and liberty of the human race—who pretend to be ignorant that it is often criminal, and most criminal to obey—that the greatest crime which a man can commit against himself and his fellow-men, is to submit to the orders of a government, which, depriving him of the exercise of his will, of his opinion, and his conscience, may, at any moment, place crimes among the number of his duties. Know, then, that a despot, a jailer, and a merchant of slaves, are three beings, devoted by nature and justice to the poniard of those whom they hold in irons, if they have the least hope of breaking them at this price."

The object of these Memoirs is to exculpate the character of Mirabeau from charges of many crimes and many calumnies which have been heaped upon him. As to the *facts* of his private life, we confess we see little in them hitherto singularly culpable; little, at least, which could justify the extreme severity of invective which has been employed against him. But some of his own letters from the dungeon of Vincennes, show that, with all the grandeur, generosity, frankness, and nobleness of his sentiments, his habits and tastes were lowly

vicious; that which was surprising loftiness in speculation, became turbid impetuosity and violence in action; even his sensibility is sensual; and in his eloquent letters to Sophia, instead of his imagination etherealizing his love, and raising it to heaven as an object of adoration, it feeds only upon the earthly subsistence of passion, and unlike that of Rousseau, breathes more of voluptuous enjoyment than of mental idolatry. But with respect to the mutual and disgusting accusations by the father against the son, and the son against the father, which these letters also exhibit, there is some excuse for Mirabeau. 1st, Because his father had on all occasions striven to calumniate and blacken his character in the most unjust and cruel manner; and 2d, Because in all his works, intended for publication, and in all his letters, written calmly and seriously, he speaks of his father with that respect and reverence which he really felt for him, and which, considering what a father he had, places his character in its fairest point of view. Indeed, this filial respect and forbearance in him, and in this position, we look upon as a high virtue.

We shall now give a few extracts from the Correspondence which took place between Mirabeau, his uncle, and his father, during the four years' imprisonment of the former. This correspondence appears to us beautifully dramatic, picturing the passions, the characters, and the times in which it took place, with graphic fidelity. So perfect is the picture, and so finished, that it seems so be rather the work of imagination, than real, (for the *crisi* has generally something *unraisenable*, which spoils its effect). It puts us in mind strongly of the letters in Clarissa Harlowe, by the uncles Harlowe, and all their tribe of relations, where the oppressors harden themselves in their *moralité*, and are convinced that all their cruelty and injustice is only rigid righteousness. We shall begin by an extract from a letter from Mirabeau to his uncle, which is very characteristic.

"Your letter, my dear uncle, of the 24th of September, announces to me the pardon of my father for all my personal offences towards him. As

these are infinitely the gravest I have to reproach myself with, this happy news has taken a terrible weight from my bosom; but I cannot pardon myself; for, free or a captive, in health or suffering, it is dreadful to me to say to myself, *your father hates you!* This is the cruellest of my fears, the most piercing of my afflictions. I am not then confident, but consoled. This first point explained, allow me to pass to the others which compose your letter. And first, my uncle, I must tell you frankly, that in a country where there is neither constitution nor law, properly speaking, where society is in a real state of war, the greatest number of positive laws inspire me with little respect. One may be a very bad man, and these laws have no authority to punish; one may be a very good man, and have transgressed many, and even glory in having done so. I may deceive myself, but this is my firm belief, and when my conscience and natural law do not condemn me, I will avow to you that the positive law inspires me with as little respect as terror.

But, my uncle, I will, in addressing such a man as you, the only man among all I have ever met with, who puts me in mind of the men of Plutarch, put aside all private discussions, and at once come to the common right of men, that unquestionable arbiter of every virtuous man, who, like you, asks himself every morning, '*What is my duty? Let me follow it;*' and I shall begin by defining what I mean by *despotism*. It is, then, that tyrannic justice, which substitutes the will of one man for the decision of the law; which makes the life and fortune of a citizen depend on a surprise or an error; whose inflictions are the more terrible, as they are often silent and concealed; whose arrow is felt by the victim it pierces, while the hand which sped it is hidden; or which, separating him from the entire universe, and condemning him to live only that he may die daily, abandons him to the weight of his chains, far from liberty, whose august image is for ever veiled from his eyes, and far from law, which, in prison or exile, should always respond to the cry of the sufferer who invokes it.

Do you wish for another definition of this despotism, under which I groan, and which I deny not that I abhor. 'I will call it then, with the *Friend of men* [a work of his father's], an attribute which, were it given to equity itself, and she did not draw back with horror from accepting it, would degenerate into tyranny in her hand.'

* * * * *

As for you, my dear uncle, you, who, I repeat, owing me nothing, have deigned to write to me the first of all my relations, whilst the others, without a single exception, refused me news even of my poor child, whose death I only learned from a stranger; whatever you may decide respecting me, my vows will always be for you. I inhabit a place of grief, where I am dying daily, slowly, but surely; a painful gravel keeps me in constant suffering; a nearly inevitable cataract—especially in an absolute solitude, in which I have no other consolation but study—threatens to deprive me of my sight; pain and time, with decomposing hands, mine my being, too much wasted in every sense by my turbulent youth; but may I die, and die this instant, unworthy of all pity, if I regret any thing so bitterly as the impossibility of making you forget, or of softening at least to you and to my father, the recollection of my long errors. Call them *folies*, call them *crimes* as you wish, I will not defend myself against you; but certainly never was resolution to repair them more firmly formed than mine. Yet I am not allowed to put this resolution to the proof; I am denied even that pity which a tyrant of Asia felt who wrote to Alexander: *Rizimus in the dungeon of his prison lives not; he merely languishes, and is more than half-dead; it would be doing him a good office to send him, by a complete death, to those regions where he might enjoy an eternal repose.*"

The death of his son, alluded to in the above letter by Mirabeau, was the cause of his ultimate release from imprisonment. His father became alarmed at the probable prospect of the extinction of his name, and from that time it was resolved that Mirabeau should be liberated, and a reunion with his wife brought about if possible. But the love of power, or, as it appears in the present instance,

the love of torturing, which is often the same thing when power is confined to a narrow circle, prolonged his captivity yet a considerable time, when he was regaled by volumes of such letters as the following, from his uncle, as we have said above, quite in the Harlowe strain. "However useless a commerce of letters with me may be to you, however fatiguing it may be to me constantly to refuse all succour to a man, to whom, even before his existence, I had dedicated my laborious life, I will not add to your vexations that of receiving no answer from me. Supposing that age, reason, and reflection have given you as lively a repentance as your past actions call for, my moral exhortations are useless; supposing, on the contrary, that your present letters merit no more confidence than the promises, verbal and written, that you have given me so many times, and which have had no effect, these exhortations will be still ridiculous and useless. Recall to your mind, that in walking together in the hall of this very chateau, you made me protestations, to which I replied, that if you deceived me, you would obtain sooner the pardon of your father than my confidence; it was after that that I obtained your pardon from your father, who told me at the time that I was labouring for one who would soon belie my testimony in his favour. * * * * * You ask me, nevertheless, for my advice, and I have given it to you; I have pointed out the persons you have to propitiate, and by whom the pardon you have to demand should be transmitted. But the best counsel I have to give you is to reform yourself. I will not conceal from you that the most revolting pride is apparent in all your letters, even when you make every effort to hide it. I perceive it even in the motives which you tell me prevent you from writing to your father. I have no advice to offer you on this subject, for in truth, in his place, the sight of your writing would revolt me.

"You have always, too, some word of menace; you menace us with your despair; endeavour, on the contrary, to give your friends and me some gleam of hope, and believe me your letters give none; for I repeat to you, that pride, and the spirit of

independence, are seen through all the honied words you employ to hide them. But, in your last letter, I know not whether even you have taken any pains to hide your haughtiness. *I ought, you say, to be frank in the avowal of my errors, but not base in my supplications.* This whole phrase is impregnated with the most odious pride. I repeat, that I have pointed out the only manner of acting which can be useful to you. But I counsel you to persuade yourself that you have been guilty of very grave offences, of which you seem to be at present not at all sensible; this may render your style less offensive than that which you employ in the position in which you are; for you ought to feel that that which would be quite simple and right in a person who has nothing to reproach himself with, becomes offensive in a man who has never regarded any one, who has outraged all his relations, and trampled upon all which he ought to respect."

It does not appear that Mirabeau had outraged any of his relations, but only retorted on his father some of the atrocious calumnies he had spread against him. But these were the kind of letters he received daily. One cannot wonder that such exasperations drove him to madness; and that, feeling his own infinite superiority over such men, superior men themselves, his father and his uncle, as they really were; feeling, also, his own superiority, in morals as much as in talents, over such pedantic moralists, who had enchained him, and tortured him, and preached to him, and treated him at the same time like a schoolboy and like a felon, with indignity, insult, outrage, and mockings, trying to bend or to break his heart; it is no wonder, we think, that, when power came into his hands, he should have used it, *first* to avenge and to crush, and that he would have delighted in the consciousness of his own force to punish and to triumph, rather than to uphold and restore a society whose every arrow was sticking in his side. But we must advance. He was at last liberated, after long negotiations, or, rather, after long torturing correspondences. He came out of prison without a coat to his back, and we find him, some time

after, living with his father, who seems, however implacable towards him in his absence, to have felt somewhat his ascendancy whilst present with him. It was not, however, till several months after his liberation that he suffered his presence. In a letter to his brother he says, "You ask me if I have seen him; undoubtedly not. I do not even reply to him except by dictation through my secretary. It is true I found myself face to face with him coming out from Derjoberg; I found his eye piercing and his body robust and looking healthy; he stooped his head, and avoided me as much as possible, and I passed on." The father and son had not seen each other for nine years. But, when under the roof of his father, we have the following observations, which show what a curious and sometimes penetrating appreciation he had formed of the character of his son.

"Every thing is extraordinary in this man, and all conjectures about him must yet, for a long time, remain in the regions of imagination; he is unoccupied neither day nor night, having as much ardour for employment as he has activity in affairs. For my part, as I know that he is drawn to the right by the heart, and to the left by the head, all reflection and reverberation, I am convinced that his eagerness, his position, his talent, will make him figure greatly in an age where words are without signification, works without colour, rights without reality, and duties without authority." Again,— "He will go far, if *far* can be said of a country where nothing is *far*, where there is nothing left but the amiabilities of *côleries*, instead of the male and essential qualities of man; where, in a word, all is perishing; for, thanks to the presumption of fools duped by knaves, the cord which is strangling the state is every day drawn tighter; and every day new matches are put to 'the mine which is brooding fire under ground.'" Again,— "I pass my life in instilling into him principles; for this man, by his long and solitary studies, has only augmented the chaos in his head, which is a library turned topsy-turvy; his talent is to dazzle by superficialities; he knows every thing, and nothing substantially. His brain is

a furnace, and his talent and facility so great, that necessarily this poor devil must be withdrawn from the aspers, invitations, and dangers which society spreads for him." In another letter, "He is neither addicted to intemperance, nor to gambling, which he cannot endure, nor to idleness, and he loves occupation and books; but, to balance this, he is a basket with holes in it, an innate disorder, and credulous with the credulity of a nurse; indiscreet; a liar by exaggeration, affirmation, and effrontery, without necessity, and merely from the love of embellishment; confident, with a confidence that throws dust in the eyes of all, with an infinity of wit and talent. For the rest, his vices are infinitely less rooted than his virtues; all is facility, turbulence, weakness, (not indolence,) lined with resolution, a spirit which rushes into the vague, and builds in the air. But, brother, we must assist him, if he shows a constant good-will, and not let him hang himself on some tree, which will find him a heavy burden." In another letter, he writes, "I confess that this man, nearly without his fellow for talent, has no judgment, and that his heart, which is good, holds to nothing. For my part, I think that, instead of a soul, he has a mirror within him, in which all is reflected and effaced at the same instant, and nothing is realized." Again, "Honour is nothing, nothing at all; he has the talent of Satan, always on the alert, like the eyes of a hare; he has taste, charlatanism, discretion, turbulence, audacity, and sometimes dignity. Well! all this is only to make him abandon himself to the forgetfulness of yesterday, and carelessness of to-morrow, to the impulsion of the moment; child, parrot, abortive man, knowing neither the possible nor the impossible, pleasure or pain, action or repose." Again, "When I look upon this man, in spite of his bitter ugliness, his restless walk, his striking theatric precipitation, his look, or rather his atrocious frown, when he listens or reflects, something tells me that he is nothing but a scarecrow of cotton, and that all the savageness with which he has known how to furrow his person, his reputation, and his showiness,

with his decisive babble, and his knowledge, are but vapour, and that at bottom there is not a man in the kingdom more incapable of a pre-meditated act of wickedness than himself."

These sketches of the mind and character of Mirabeau, by his father, are very striking and interesting, but we must hasten towards our conclusion. We must pass over the proceedings, by which the sentence passed on him by the tribunal of Portarlier was annulled. We will only mention that the sentence against himself would have been annulled at once, if he would have suffered that against Sophia to stand; but this he nobly refused; and his eloquent memoirs and pleadings, the daring front which he presented to his enemies, his fearless exposition of the atrocious injustice he had suffered, and the popular principles which he advanced, filled the kingdom with admiration of his talents, and made him more than ever the darling of the populace.

A short time after, paying a visit to his uncle, who received him very unwillingly, being very reluctant to receive the "specious monster" into his house and sink under his ascendancy, which he did very shortly, the people received him and hailed him on his passage as they would a hero. The uncle writes to the father on this occasion.

"What has astonished me most is the joy of the people on seeing him arrive, although he is the debtor of many of them. To tell you the truth, he is much beloved here, though he owes much. The lively expressions of affection with which he has been received have touched me much."

We must also pass over the history of his suit for a re-union with his wife, though this also is prolific in the display it makes of the moral state of society at the time. We will only mention one instance, taken from a letter of the Bailli de Mirabeau. "Marignanne," (the father-in-law of Mirabeau,) says he, "has gone so far as to say that law-suits were natural to us; you against your wife, me against my niece; we could retort, that his daughter wishes to be separated from her husband; that she is the daughter of a woman se-

parated from her husband, and the grand daughter of one also separated from hers.

Mirabeau did not succeed in his suit, but the eloquence of his memoirs and his pleadings, in which he completely crushed and triumphed over his adversaries, kept the eyes of the whole kingdom fixed on him. The court in which he pleaded was crowded to excess, the windows and even the roofs were occupied by dense multitudes, and the Archduke of Milan came from Italy to Aix, for the express purpose of hearing an orator, the fame of whose eloquence had already travelled beyond his own country.

We have now given our readers some of the salient points which the volumes before us present. All our extracts are *new*, and, with one exception, have never been published before they appeared in these Memoirs. It is impossible to deny that they present a picture of the state of society previous to the Revolution, most intricately evil. We see the despotism of the system of government extending even to private families, and becoming *domestic*; fathers becoming the tyrants and persecutors of their wives, their sons, their daughters; the secret inquisition of an irresponsible state entering into all the details of private life; every honourable path of life only approachable by passing under the abasing yoke of court favour and intrigue; men thus made servile and tyrannic tools, or sequestering themselves in the independence of their chateaux, becoming, like their abodes, austere and domineering; all the educated classes of society, except the lords of the soil, lawyers of sharp wits and supple principles, subservient hangers-on upon the great, and, being incorporated as a body, ready at a moment's notice to rush in, oust their superiors, and take possession of their vantage-ground. In fact, no man had a right to stand upright but he who was, or was in a position to be, a tyrant. The prison was the natural appendage of the chateau, and the one half of the nobility incarcerated the other half. Yet with all this, the privileged independence of that class being the greatest good in life, all things else were sacrificed to it. Hence mar-

riage became not an affair of the affections, but an affair of territory, which secured the first good—*independence, privilege, and freedom* to its possessor. Thus we see a young girl, like the unhappy Sophia, married to a man of seventy, and the consequence, a life of crime, and a death by suicide; divorces, separations, infamous intrigues, concubinage, and libertinism, all marked and closed over by the emphatic seals of *lettres de cachets*, compose the private history of almost every family in France at that epoch. This is the picture, or at least one aspect of it. And we have heard it said, that this picture, which is so fully illustrated in the Life and Memoirs of Mirabeau, justified the Revolution. We say no; but it certainly justified a Revolution. We cannot confound the system of government, which produced all the evils we have enumerated, with the men who were, unfortunately for themselves, at the top of the scale of society. On the contrary, we recognise in these men, even in the Mirabeau family, (an example, be it remembered, taken as it were at hazard,) a superiority of intelligence, a vigour of understanding, a high cast of sentiment, a feudal robustness of mind, and so much of all those qualities which were fit to regenerate a state, as makes it impossible for us to say—*this race was irreclaimable: it was only fit to be destroyed*. In truth it was on this race, in whom the only hope of a rational and effective revolution depended; and they were willing and ready, and did cooperate, and would have accomplished (putting the vile tribe of mere courtiers out of the question) even fundamental changes. But though it is utterly impossible to justify, or even to palliate, the lengths to which the revolution proceeded after a revolution had been accomplished, it is easy to account for them, and the Memoirs of Mirabeau themselves give us the key for so doing. They present to us the unparalleled phenomenon which France then exhibited, the glaring contrasts and opposition which existed between her mind and institutions. This appears almost as strange as if Turkey should produce a Voltaire, with his host of satellites. We be-

hold civilisation growing wild out of barbarism—the extremes of both in presence of each other. Time, which had changed man, had passed by without touching the organization of society. Here was a vast discordancy, a vast gulf, which it seemed impossible to reconcile or to fill up. The *abyss*, in truth, which Burke observed the Revolution had made of France, existed before the Revolution. The past was separated from the present, and there was an immense gulf between them. What a distance between the institutions of Charlemagne and Voltaire's *Essai sur les Mœurs*, and yet they both co-existed! The gulf existed, though, being underground, it was not made apparent till the first trembling of the earth swallowed up all the past, and revealed it. But how came this monstrous state of things about? We attribute it to one simple cause: the rejection of the Reformation. This is the only great movement in advance society has made since the promulgation of Christianity. France refused to move with it. Wherever it prevailed, it changed, modified, remodelled. The face of society became completely altered, whilst nothing was destroyed. The past was brought into harmony with the present; and out of the transformation thus operated arose *liberty*. This liberty, however, was not *merely* the result of emancipation from superstition, it was still more emphatically the result of *subjection* to the gospel. The mind was not projected into a limitless *vacuum*, but its freedom was *religious*, and depended on, and was limited by the *Christian revelation*. France certainly would have acquired this only *true* liberty, if she had not rejected the Reformation. The history of the Huguenots proves this. It proves that she would have attained liberty, not as the fruit of abstract theories, but as growing out of specific privileges, out of municipal rights, out of charters given to industry and commerce, out of laws protective of per-

sonal freedom, and all those grand *details* of practical utility, which become, as it were, *materially*, from the fast hold they take upon the earth, landmarks against retrogradation, and beacons to further acquisition and advancement. The triumphs of Protestantism would, besides, have given weight and importance to provincial cities, and thus prevented Paris from absorbing all France; and from the free local government it established, it would at once have destroyed that system of *centralisation* which leaves France, at the present moment, only the choice of another revolution, or the certainty of remaining fettered for ever by the head of her government, whoever he may be. But the Reformation was rejected, and France *a manqué à ses destinées*. All the desolating career she has run through since, may be evolved, logically, we believe, from this one source. Still, though she rejected the Reformation, she possessed *philosophy*. Philosophy, however, has never been a legislator. Whenever it has been applied to purposes of legislation, it has lost its name and abstract nature, and has been controlled more by existing things, than ever it has controlled or modified them. The French, however, did not think that any thing existing in France was worthy of this compromise on the part of philosophy. To work then they went with their theories, their abstractions, their first principles, and their metaphysics, to create a new order of things, and the blasting corruscations of these electric fluids played upon the old edifice of the state, till they smote it to the ground. The new legislators did not consider that society is too *material* to be reformed by metaphysics. Metaphysics may be good for the mind, because the mind is pure spirit, but coming into contact with the frame-work of social institutions, it is like lightning coming into contact with matter—where it strikes, it destroys.

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Oh! Love is the soul of a neat Irishman.'

Donnybrook Fair.

"HAD you ever the luck to see Donnybrook Fair?

An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shillela and shamrock
so green."

"Now, do make less noise there,
my dear Listado—you will waken
the whole house with your uproari-
ous singing."

"Waken the whole house!—that's
a mighty one, friend Benjamin—
why, the whole house is broad awake
as a cat to steal cream, or the Devil
in a gale of wind—Awake! men, wo-
men, and children, black, brown,
and white, dogs, cats, pigs, and kit-
tens, turkeys, peafowls, and the
clucking hen, have been up and
astir three hours ago—Dicky Phan-
tom is now crying for his dinner—so,
blood and oons, man, gather your
small legs and arms about ye, and
get up and open the door—it is past
twelve, man, and Mother Gerard
thinks you have gone for a six
months' snooze, like a bat in win-
ter, only you don't hang from the
roof by the claws."

"I can't help it, man—I am un-
able to get up and dress without
assistance, so, like a dear boy, call
up old Nariz de Nieve,* the black
valet, and ask the favour of his step-
ping in to help me."

"Stepping in!—why, Benjie Brail,
your seven senses are gone a wool-
gathering, like Father Rogerson's
magpie—how the blazes can Nariz
de Nieve, or any one else, get to
you, through a two-inch door, lock-
ed on the inside?—you must get up
and undo it, or you will die of star-
vation, for no blacksmith in Havan-
na could force such a complication
of hardwood planks and brass
knobs."

Rather than be bothered in this
way, up I got, with no little diffi-
culty, to say nothing of the pain
from my undressed wound, and

crawled towards the door. But Lis-
tado had not patience to wait on my
snail's pace, so, setting his back to
it, he gave the door a thundering
push, sufficient to have forced the
gates of Gaza from their hinges, and
banged it wide open. It had only
caught on the latch, not having been
fastened, after all; but he had over-
come the *vis inertiae* rather too fierce-
ly, for in spun our gingham-coated
friend on his nose, with the slight of
a Congreve rocket, sliding across
the tiled floor on his breast a couple
of fathoms, like a log squirred along
ice. At length, he lost his way, and
found his tongue.

"By the piper, but I'll pay you
off for this trick, Master Brail, some
fine morning, take Don Lorenzo's
word for it—why the devil did you
open the door so suddenly, without
telling me?—see, if these cursed tiles
have not ground off every button on
my waistcoat, or any where else—I
must go into old Pierre Duquesne's
garden, and borrow some fig leaves,
as I am a gentleman."

I could scarcely speak for laugh-
ing—"The door was on the latch,
as you see—it was not fastened,
man, at all—but you are so impetu-
ous"—

"Himpetuous!—why, only look at
the knees of my breeches—there's
himpetuosity for you!—a full quar-
ter of a yard of good duck spoiled,
not to name the shreds of skin torn
from my kneecaps, big enough,
were they dried into parchment, to
hold ten credos, and—but that will
grow again, so never mind." Here
he gathered himself up, and, tying
a red silk handkerchief
round one knee, a white one round
the other, and my black cravat,
which he unceremoniously pick-
ed off the back of a chair, round
his waist, like a bishop's apron, he
rose, laughing all the while, and

turned right round on me—"There I am, all right now—but I have come to tell you of a miracle, never surpassed since Father O'Shauchnessy cured aunt Katey's old pig of the hystericals—stop! I must tell you about that game—She was, as you see, an ould maid, and after the last twelve farrow, she applied to"—

I laughed—"Which was the old maid, the pig or"—

"Hold your tongue, and give your potato-trap a holiday—didn't I tell you it was my maiden aunt Katey, that brought the litter of pigs to Father O'Shauchnessy?—so said she to him, 'Father,' says she. 'Daughter,' says he; and then before she could get another word—'Whose are them pigs?' says he.—'Moin, moy pigs,' quoth my aunt Katey.—'Your pigs!—all of them?' says Father O'Shauchnessy. 'Every mother's son of them,' says my aunt Katey—'and that is my errand, indeed, Father O'Shauchnessy, for the poor mother of these beautiful little creatures is bewitched entirely.'"

"Now, Listado, have done, and be quiet, and tell me your errand," said I, losing patience.

"My errand—my errand, did you say, Benjie Brail?—by the powers, and I had all but forgotten my errand—but let me take a look at you—why, what a funny little fellow you are in your linen garment, Benjie—laconic—short, but expressive"—and he turned me round in so rough a way, that he really hurt me considerably. Seeing this, and that I had to sit down on the side of the bed for support, the worthy fellow changed his tone—

"Bless me, Brail, I shall really be very sorry if I have hurt you, so I will help you to dress—but you certainly cut a comical figure in dishabille—however, you have not heard the miracle I came to tell you about, man—why, Adderfang, that you saw die last night, and be d—d to him—I cannot say much for his ending, by the way, if all be true that I have heard—is not dead at all."

"Impossible!"

"Ay, but it is true—he was only kilt by his own bad conscience, the big villain, and your fantastical *flower* of sulphur—your Scotch servant, Lennox, is below, ready to say so too—if the rascal does recover, what a beau-

tiful subject for the Garrote he will make.—What an expressive language this Spanish is, now—Garrote—Garrote—you don't require to look your Dictionary for the meaning of such a word, the very sound translates itself to any man's comprehension—when you say a fellow is *Garroteado*, don't you hear the poor devil actually *throttling*?—Oh! it's a beautiful word."

Here Manuel, the black butler, entered, to assist in rigging me, as Nariz de Nieve was occupied otherwise; and time it was he did so, for Listado was, without exception, the worst and roughest groom of the bedchamber that ever I had the misfortune to cope withal; but the plaguey Irishman must still put in his oar.

"Manuel, my worthy," said he, after the negro was done with me, "do me the favour, *paro tomar un asiento*—take a seat—*chaitez votre posterioribus, si vous plais*, old Snow Ball."

By this time, he had shoved Massa Manuel into an arm-chair, whether he would or no, close to one of the wooden pillars of the balcony, and, getting behind him, he, with one hand, threw a towel over his face, and twisted a handkerchief round his neck, and the pillar also, with the other, until he had nearly strangled the poor creature, holding forth all the while, "There is the real Garrote for you—a thousand times more genteel than hanging—see, Brail, you sit down on your chair thus, quite comfortable—and the Spanish Jack Ketch, after covering your face with the graceful drapery of a shawl, you may even choose your pattern, they tell me, instead of dragging over your nose a tight nightcap, through which every wry mouth you make is seen, with one turn of his arm, so!"—here, as he suited the action to the word, the half-choked Manuel spurred with his feet, and struggled with his hands, as if he had really been in the agonies of death, and I am not sure that he was far from them. At length, he made a bolt from the chair, cast off the handkerchief that had been wrung round his neck, and bolted out of the room.

"Now, there! did you ever see such an uncivil ould savage, to stop

me just in the middle of my beautiful illustration—However, we shall both go and see this arch scoundrel, Adderfang, *Garroteadoed* yet—and there I have rigged you now complete—not a bad looking little fellow, I declare, after your togs are fittingly donned—So good-by, Brail, I will go home and see about breakfast”—and away he tumbled with his usual reckless sort of shamble.

He had left the room, and was drawing the door to after him, when he turned suddenly, as if he had forgotten something, banged it open again, and re-entered, with all the *sang froid* imaginable, dragging at a large parcel that was stuffed into his coat pocket, and which he had considerable difficulty in extricating apparently. At last he tore it away, lining and all, and actually presented it to me, still sticking in the disrupted pouch.

“Now, there, if I have not torn out the very entrails of my coat skirt with your cursed parcel—but beg pardon, Benjie, really I had forgotten it, although, if the truth must be told, it was the main object of my coming here.”

I eagerly opened it—it contained, amongst a number of others, the following letter from the commodore:—

“H.M.S. Gazelle, Port-Royal,
Jamaica,

“Such a date.

“Sir,—We arrived here, all well, on such a day—but, to suit the convenience of the merchants whose vessels I am to convoy to Havannah, and of those who are shipping specie to England, the admiral has detained me for six weeks, so that I shall not be in Havannah, in all likelihood, before such a period. You will therefore remain there, taking all necessary precautions to ensure the health of the men, and you can use your discretion in making short cruises to exercise them, and to promote their health, but in no case are you to be longer than three days without communicating with the port.

“The enclosure is addressed to Corporal Lennox—it was forwarded here in the admiral’s bag by last packet from England, superscribed, to be returned to the admiral’s of-

fice at Portsmouth, in case we had sailed. It seems his friends, having ascertained that he was on board Gazelle, have made interest for his discharge, which is herewith enclosed.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

“OLIVER OAKPLANK, K.C.B.

“Commodore.

“To Lieutenant Brail, commanding the Midge, tender to H.M.S. Gazelle,” &c. &c. &c.

On receiving this I sent for Lennox, and communicated the intelligence contained in the commodore’s letter. I could not tell from the expression of his countenance whether he was glad or sorry.

The parcel contained letters from his father, the old clergyman of the parish, Mr Bland, and several of the poor fellow’s own friends, detailing how they had traced him, and requesting, in the belief that the letters would reach him in Jamaica, that he would find out a kinsman of his own, a small coffee planter there, who would be ready to assist him, and, in the meantime, for immediate expenses, the minister’s letter covered a ten-pound bank of England note, with which he had been furnished by old Skelp, who curiously enough would not trust it in his own, as if the clergyman’s envelope carried a sort of sanctity with it.

The marine consulted me as to what he ought to do; I recommended him to proceed to Jamaica immediately by way of Batabano, and to visit the relation, who had been written to, as he might be of service to him, and accordingly he made his little preparations for departure.

In the meantime, I continued rapidly to improve, and three days after this I found myself well enough to go on board the Midge to see how matters were coming on. It was the evening of the day on which Lennox was to leave her; and as the men’s dinner-time approached, I saw one of the boat sails rigged as an awning forward, and certain demonstrations making there, and a degree of bustle in the galley, that *prognosticated*, as Listado would have said, a treat to his messmates. However, I returned on shore, after having given Drainings, the cook, and old Dog-

vane, the quartermaster, leave for that afternoon to go on shore with the marine.

About sunset the same evening, as I was returning from an airing into the country in Mr Duquesne's volante, who should I overtake but the trio above alluded to, two of them in a very comfortable situation as it appeared. First came Dogvane and Lennox, with little Pablo Carnero and the Spanish ham merchant and pig butcher before mentioned, who was a crony of the marine, between them, very respectably drunk, and old Drainings bringing up the rear, not many degrees better.

The quartermaster was in his usual dress, but the little Spanish dealer in pork hams was figged out in nankeen tights, and a flowing bright-coloured gingham coat, that fluttered in the wind behind him, and around him, as if it would have borne up his tiny corpus into the air, like a bat or a Brobdignag butterfly, or possibly a flying-squirrel would be the better simile, as he reeled to and fro under the tyranny of the rosy god, and made drunken rushes from Lennox to Dogvane, and back again, tackling to them alternately, like the nondescript spoken of in his leaps from tree to tree. As for our friend the corporal, he had changed the complexion of his outward man in a most unexampled manner;—where he had got the clothes furbished up for the nonce, heaven knows, unless, indeed, which is not unlikely, they had all along formed part of his kit on board, but there he was, dressed in a respectable suit of black, a decent black beaver, and a white neckcloth; his chin well shaven, and in the grave expression of his countenance, I had no difficulty in discerning that idiotically serious kind of look that a man puts on who is conscious of having drank a little more than he should have done, but who struggles to conceal it.

Dogvane, in the ramble, had killed a black snake about three feet long, which, by the writhing of its tail, still showed signs of life, and this he kept swinging backwards and forwards in one of his hands, occasionally giving the little butcher a lash with it, who answered the blow by

shouts of laughter, while a small green paroquet, that he had bought, was perched on one of his broad shoulders, fastened by a string, or lanyard, round its leg to the black ribbon he wore about his hat.

The wrangle and laughter amongst them, when I overtook them, seemed to be in consequence of the little Spaulard insisting on skinning the eel, as he called it, which Dogvane resisted, on the ground that he intended to have it preserved in spirits and sent to his wife. The idea of a snake of so common a description being a curiosity at all, seemed to entertain little Carnero astonishingly, but when the quartermaster propounded through Lennox, (whose Spanish was a melange of schoolboy Latin, broad Scotch, and signs, with a stray word of the language he attempted scattered here and there, like plums in a boarding-school pudding,) that he was going to send the reptile to his wife, preserved in spirits, he lost control of himself altogether, and laughed until he rolled over and over, gingham coat and all, in the dusty road.

"Culebra a su muger!—valga me dios—tabernaculo del diablo mismo a su querida!—ha ha, ha," (hiccup,) "mandale papagayo, hombre—o pina conservada, o algo de dulce—algo de comer—pero serpiente!—culebra!—ha—ha—ha!"—"A snake to your wife!—heaven defend me—the tabernacle of the old one himself to your sweetheart!—send her the parrot, man—or a preserved pine-apple or some sweetmeats—something to eat—but a serpent!—a vile snake—ha—ha—ha!"

Lennox now made me out, and somewhat ashamed of the condition of his Spanish ally, he made several attempts to get him on his legs, but Dogvane, who seemed offended at little Pablo's fun, stood over him grimly with his arms folded, about which the reptile was twining, and apparently resolute in his determination not to give him any aid or assistance whatever.

"Surge, carnifex—get up, man—surge, you drunken beast," quoth Lennox, and then he dragged at the little man by the arms and coat skirts, until he got him out of the path so as to allow me to drive on.

At length he got him on his legs, and held him in his arms.

"Lennox," said I. He bowed.

"Hillo," quoth Dogvane, startled at my appearance; "the captain himself!"—and he tore off his hat with such vehemence, that the poor little paroquet, fastened by the leg to it, was dashed into Pablo Carnero's face.

"Marinero—animal—pendejo—quieres que yo pierdo mis ojos, con su paxaro inferno?"—"Sailor—animal—hangman—do you wish me to lose my eyesight with your infernal bird?" and he made at him as if he would have annihilated him on the spot. At this hostile demonstration, Dogvane very coolly caught the little man in his arms, and tossed him into the ditch, as if he had been a ball of spun-yarn, where, as the night is fine, we shall leave him to gather himself up the best way he can.

It seemed little Carnero's house was the haunt of the Batabano traders or smugglers, and that Lennox had bargained with him for a mule, and made his little arrangements for proceeding with a recua, or small caravan, across the island on the following evening.

Next morning Mr Duquesn  and I, accompanied by Listado and Mr M—, rode into the country about five miles, on the Batabano road, to visit Mr D— and family at their villa. I found M— a very intelligent Scotchman; indeed, in most matters of trade he is considered a first-rate authority in the place. He was a tall thin fair-haired man, with a good deal of the Yankee in his cut or appearance, although none whatever in his manner; and as for his kindness, I never can forget it. Mr D— was an Englishman, who had married a Spanish lady, and at the time I mention, he had returned from England with his children—a son, and several daughters grown up—the latter with all the polish and accomplishments of Englishwomen engrafted on the enchanting naivet  of Spanish girls; and even at this distance of time I can remember their beautifully pliant and most graceful Spanish figures as things that I can dream of still, but never expect again to see, while their clear olive complexions, large black eyes, and coal-

black ringlets, were charms, within gunshot of which no disengaged heart could venture, and hope to come off scatheless. Disengaged hearts! Go on, Master Benjamin Brail, I see how it is with you, my lad.

I had previously shaken hands with Lennox, whose heart, poor fellow, between parting with me and little Dicky Phantom, was like to burst, and did not expect to have seen him again; but on our return from Mr D—'s in the evening, we met a man mounted on a strong pacing horse, dressed as usual in a gingham jacket and trowsers, and a large slouched hat of plaited grass, with a cloak strapped on his saddle-bow, and a valise behind him. He carried his trabuca, or blunderbuss, in his right hand, resting on the cloak, and his heels were garnished with a pair of most formidable silver spurs buckled over *shoes*. His trowsers, in the action of riding, had shuffled up to his knee, disclosing a formidable sample of muscle in the calf of his leg, while his gaunt brown sinewy hand, and sun-burnt Moorish-looking features, evinced that he would, independently of his arms, have been a tough customer to the strongest man in the ship.

M— and Listado both addressed this brigand-looking subject with the greatest familiarity, and enquired where his comrades were. He nodded his head backwards on his shoulder, as much as to say, "Close behind me." Indeed, we now heard the clattering of mules' feet up the path, that here ascended suddenly from the level country, and more resembled a dry river course than a road, and the shouting of the riders to their bestias and each other.

Presently, about thirty odd-looking tailor-like creatures appeared on stout mules, riding with their knees up to their noses, and evidently not at all at home, but held in their seats by the old-fashioned demi-piques with which their animals were caparisoned. I directed an enquiring look at M—. He laughed.

"Batabano smugglers."

"What; this in the face of day?"

"Oh yes; those things are managed coolly enough here, Mr Brail. They are now on their way to the coast, where a vessel is doubtless

lying ready to carry them over to Jamaica, and to bring them back when they have laid out their money in goods. See there, those sumpter mules are laden with their bags of doubloons; when they return to Batabano, with the assistance of my friend Juan Nocheobscuro there, and some of his gang, their goods will soon be in the *teindas*, or shops of Havannah, to the great injury of the fair trader, who pays duties, I will confess—and I hope the evil will soon be put down; but there it is as you see it."

"But how comes Listado to know so many of the tailor-looking cavaleros?"

"They are all customers of ours," said he; "who only resort to Jamaica occasionally, and are mostly shopkeepers themselves, or have partners who are so."

"And our excellent Irish friend himself, may I ask, who is he—is he your partner?"

"No, no," said M——, "he is not my partner, but he is connected with most respectable Irish correspondents of mine, who consign linens and other Irish produce largely to my establishment, and for whom I load several ships in the season with sugar and coffee; so Monsieur Listado, who is rich since his father's death, (he was the head of the firm,) has been sent by the Irish house to superintend the sales of the outward cargoes, under my auspices, and to take a sort of general charge of shipping the returns; but," continued he, laughing, "as you see, he does not *kill* himself by the intensity of his application to business. He is a warm-hearted and light-headed Irishman,—one who would fight for his friend to the last, and even *with* him, for pastime, if no legitimate quarrel could be had.

We had a little bother with him at first, but, as I know him *now*, we get on astonishingly; and I don't think we have had one single angry word together for these six months past, indeed never since he found out from my letter-book that I had once done an essential mercantile service to his father, in protecting a large amount of his bills drawn while he was in New York, when dishonoured by a rascally agent at that time employed by him here. But who

comes?" Who indeed, thought I, as Lennox brought up the rear, on a stout mule, in his dingy suit of sables, cutting a conspicuous figure amongst the gaudily dressed Dons. He paced steadily past us, and when I bid him good-by, he merely touched his hat, and rode on. Presently the whole cavalcade was out of sight, and nothing else occurred until we arrived at Havannah, and I found myself once more comfortably lodged under Mr Duquesné's hospitable roof.

About a fortnight after this, we were all preparing to set off to visit Mr Hudson's estate; it was about five in the morning—we had packed up—the volantes and horses were already at the door, and Mrs Hudson, her daughter Helen, with Dicky Phantom, once more in his little kilt of a frock, in her hand, Sophie Duquesné, De Walden, Mr Hudson, and myself, all spurred and whipped, if not all booted, were ready in the vestibule, waiting by candlelight for Mr Listado, who was also to be of the party. Gradually the day broke, and as the servants were putting out the candles, in compliment to Aurora's blushes, in trundled our Hibernian friend, with his usual boisterosity.

"Hope I haven't kept you waiting, Mr Hudson?—that villain Palotinto, the black warehouseman, store *niger*—with a wink to me—"as you would call him in New York,"—Mr Hudson laughed good-naturedly—"got drunk, and be fiddled to him—never swear before ladies, Brail—and forgot to call me; and when he did wake me, he could not find my spurs, and the mule's bridle was amissing, and the devil knows what all had gone wrong, so I was bothered entirely—but here I am, my charmers, large as life, and as agreeable as ever—don't you think so, Miss Hudson?" She laughed; and as the blundering blockhead dragged, rather than hauled her towards her volante, I felt a slight comical kind of I don't-know-what, and a bit of a tiny flutter, not a thousand miles from my heart—"Ho, ho," thought I, Benjie. "But what an ass you were not to hand her out your"—"Death and the devil, what does the mouldy potato mean,"—continued I to myself, as Listado, after fumbling to get the

step of the New York built volture out, and knocking the Moreno or brown driver down on his nose for attempting to help him, desecrated the sweet little body's slender waist, with his rough arms, and actually lifted her, laughing and giggling (*skirling*, to borrow from Lennox,) bodily into the carriage.

Somehow I took little note for some time after this how the rest of us were bestowed, until I found myself in company with Listado, de Walden, and Mr Hudson, on horseback, without well knowing how I got there, followed by a cavalcade of six negroes, on mules, with two sumpter ones with luggage, and three led mules, with side saddles, all curveting in the wake of the carriage with the ladies, by this time trundling through the city gate, a cable's length a-head of us.

"I say, Benjie Brail," shouted Listado, "have you become a mendicant friar, that you travel without your hat?"

"My hat," said I, deucedly taken aback and annoyed; "true enough—how very odd and foolish—I say, Nariz de Nieve, do oblige me, and ride back for my sombrero."

* * * * *

We arrived, at five in the afternoon, at Mr Hudson's property, having stopped during the heat of the day, under a large deserted shed, situated in the middle of a most beautiful grass plat, and overshadowed by splendid trees. A rill of clear cold water ran past, in which we cooled our liqueurs; and the substantial lunch we made, enabled all of us to hold out gallantly until our journey was finished. The road at one time had wound along the margin of the sea, at another it diverged inland amongst tree covered knolls, and at every turn, one was refreshed by splashing through a crystal-clear stream.

Towards the afternoon we appeared to have made a longer detour, and to have struck farther into the country than we had hitherto done. We passed several sugar estates, and then came to a large new settled coffee property, with the bushes growing amongst the fire scathed stumps of the recently felled trees, (up which the yam vines twisted luxuriantly, as if they had been hop-poles,) and loaded with their red berries, that glanced like ripe cherries amongst the leaves,

dark and green as those of the holly. We had just been greeted by the uncouth shouts of the gangs of newly imported Africans, that under white superintendents were cultivating the ground, when Listado's horse suddenly started and threw him, as he rode a-head of us pioneering the way for the ladies, who were by this time mounted on their ponies, the volante having been left at the estate below. He fell amidst a heap of withered plantain suckers, which crashed under him, and in an instant a hundred vultures, hideous creatures with heads as naked of feathers as a turkey-cock, the body being about the same size, flew up with a loud rushing noise, and a horrid concert of croaking, from the carcass of a bullock they were devouring, that lay right in the path, and which had startled the horse. We were informed by one of the superintendents that the creature had only died the night before, although by the time we saw it, there was little remaining but bones—indeed half a dozen of the obscene birds were at work like quarrymen in the cavity of the ribs.

"Why, Listado, dear," said I, "you made an empty saddle of it very cleverly—no wax there—why you shot out like a sky rocket—but never mind, I hope you are not hurt?"

He laughed louder than any of us, and again pricked a-head as zealously as before. The Patlander was at this time making sail past Dicky Phantom, who was strapped on to a chair, that a negro had slung at his back, knapsack fashion, and who kept way with us, go as fast as we chose, apparently without the least inconvenience.

"I tink, Mr Listado," said the child to the Patlander, as he pushed a-head to resume his station in the van—"I tink you wantee jomp upon de back of one of dem big crow, Mr Listado. Horse must hurt you some place, so you want ride upon big turkey, eh?"

"You tink, you tiny little rascal, you! who put that quip in your head?"

"Mamma Hudson, Miss Helen tell me say so."

"Bah," quoth Lorenzo, and shoved on.

"Hold hard," I shouted, as the road dipped abruptly into the recesses of

the natural forest; and I pulled up, for fear of my mule stumbling or running me against a tree, or one of my companions, so sudden was the change from the fierce blaze of the sun in the cleared ground, to the dark green twilight of the wood. However, although the trees, as we rode on, grew higher, and their intertwined branches became more thickly woven together, and the matted leaves overhead more impervious to the light and heat, yet we all soon became so well accustomed to the dark shade that we saw every thing distinctly.

"Good-morning, ladies," quoth Listado, "how do you do? I have not seen you for sometime—do you know the beautiful verdure of your cheeks, in this green light, is quite entirely captivating. You would be the envy of all the mermaids of the ocean if they saw you—but I believe they are not given to walk much in woods. Miss Hudson's lovely face is of a cool refreshing pea-green, and her fair nose of the colour of a grey parrot's, or an un-boiled lobster's claw,—as for Mademoiselle Duquesne—may I die an old maid, if you are not a delicate shade darker—and look if the child don't look as green as a fairy. Did ever mortal man see such a sham-rock of a picanniny?"—Here our noisy friend put a bottle of *vin-de-grave* to his head.

"Do you know," said he, "I really require a cordial after my ground and lofty tumbling amongst those very damnable craters, the turkey buzzards down below there."

"Very true," said Miss Hudson; "and I presume, Mr Listado, since you are dealing in nicknames, you will not fire, if we call you Mr Bot-tlegreen."

"Fair enough that same, Helen—Fire!—why, I have half a mind to shoot you with this bottle of soda water," taking one from his holster—"if I could only get the string loosened—Ah, Miss Hudson, would that my heart strings were as tough." And he made a most lamentable face, as if his interior was disarranged, and heaved a sigh fit to turn the sails of a windmill.

"There he goes with his mock sentimentality again," cried the sweet girl, laughing.

We rode on, the ground becoming

more rugged and rocky at every step—the dry grey limestone rocks increasing and shooting up all round us, like pinnacles, or druidical monuments, but still immense trees found nourishment enough amongst the fissures, and the shade continued as deep as ever, while as the afternoon wore on the mosquitoes increased most disagreeably.

"Look at these two guanas chasing each other up that tree," shouted Listado; "what horrid ugly things they are. I declare that large one is three feet long from stem to stern, as friend Benjie there would have said." As we all stopped to look at the hideous lizard, it seemed to think, on the principle of fair play, that it might take a squirt at us, and accordingly came to a stand-still on a branch, about three fathoms above, where the negro stood with little Dicky on his back.

"What ugly beast," quoth the little fellow, as he lay back and looked at it—a musket shot was fired close to us from the wood—the sharp report shattering from tree to rock, until it rattled to rest in tiny echoes in the distance. At first we all started, and then peered anxiously about us, but we could only see a thin white smoke rise and blow off through a small break or vista in the woods, and smell the gunpowder—we could see no one. I looked up, the guana had been wounded, as it was now clinging to the branch with its two hind feet and its long tail, and fiercely biting and tearing its side with its fore claws, as it hung with its head downwards, and swung and struggled about in agony. I made sure this was the spot where the bullet had struck it, and just as the negro who had fired, a sort of gamekeeper of Mr Duquesne's, appeared at the top of the path, the dragon-looking lizard dropped right down on poor little Dicky Phantom, as he sat lashed into his chair, unable to escape. Here was the devil to pay with a vengeance. The child shrieked, as the abominable reptile twined and twisted about him, with its snake-like tail, and formidable claws, and threatening him, as it were, with its crocodile-looking snout. I saw it bite him on the arm—this was the signal for the women to scream, and Listado to swear, and for me to seize the creature by the tail, and endeavour to drag him away—but I was

terrified to use force, lest I should lacerate poor Dicky—while the negro, who carried the child, became frantic with fright, and jumped and yelled amongst the trees, like an ourang-outang bitten by a rattlesnake. The guana still kept his hold of the child, however, uttering a chattering noise between its teeth, like that of a small monkey, when Listado came up to me—"Stop, Brail, give me"—and he twitched the animal away with a jerk, and the sleeve of Dicky's frock in its teeth; but it instantly fastened on his own leg, and if the black game-keeper had not, with more presence of mind than any one of us possessed, come up, and forcibly choked the creature off with his bare hands, although he thereby got several severe scratches, he might have been seriously injured. However, it turned out that the damage was not very serious after all, little Dicky having been more frightened than hurt, as the creature's teeth had been fastened in his clothes, and not in his flesh, so we all soon got into sailing condition again, and proceeded on our way.

Suddenly, the road abutted on a high white wall, the trees growing close up to it, without any previous indications of cleared ground or habitation. This was the back part of Mr Duquesne's house, which stood on the very edge of the forest we had come through. It was a large stone edifice of two stories, plastered and white washed, built in the shape of a square, with a court in the centre, and galleries on both floors all round the inside, after the pattern of the houses of the nobility in Old Spain, especially in the Moorish towns. We alighted at a large arched way, and having given our horses to two black servants that were in attendance, entered the court, where the taste of the American ladies shone conspicuous.

In the centre there was a deep basin, hewn roughly, I should rather say ruggedly, out of the solid rock, and filled with the most crystal-clear water that can be conceived. Several large plantain suckers grew on the banks, to the height of twenty feet, so that their tops were on a level with the piazza above, and a fountain or jet of water was forced

up from the centre of the pool, in a whizzing shower, amongst their broad and jagged leaves, whereon the large drops of moisture rolled about with every motion, like silver balls or pearls on green velvet. Beneath the proverbially cool shade of these plantain suckers, a glorious living mosaic of most beautiful flowers, interspersed with myrtle and other evergreens, filled the parterre, which was divided into small lozenges, by tiny hedges of young box and lime bushes, while the double jessamine absolutely covered the pillars of the piazza, as I have seen ivy clinging round the columns of a ruined temple, scattering its white leaves like snow-flakes at every gush of the breeze; yet all these glorious plants and flowers grew out of the scanty earth that filled the crevices of the solid rock, seemingly depending more on the element of water than the soil. Every thing in the centre of the small square appeared so natural, so devoid of art, that I never would have tired gloating on it.

"Now, Master Hudson," quoth Listado, "you have made two" [pronouncing it *ten*] "small mistakes here. First, you have the trees too near the house, which brings the plague of mosquitoes upon you; secondly, this fountain, how pretty soever to look at, will make the domicile unfoundedly damp, and all your capital New York cheeses prematurely mouldy. I declare," feeling his chin, "I am growing mouldy myself, or half of my beard has been left unreaped by that villanous razor of Brail's there, that I scraped with this morning—shaving I could not call it."

"Come, come," said I, "the fountain is beautiful, and don't blame the razor, until you have a better of your own."

"It is indeed beautiful," said Mrs Hudson; "but, alas! that such a paradise should not be fenced against the demon of yellow fever."

The supply of water to the basin of the said fountain, by the way, which came from the neighbouring hill, was so ample, that it forced the jet from a crater-like aperture in the bottom, without the aid of pipe or tube of any kind, full six feet above the surface in a solid cone, or cube, of two feet in diameter, and the

spray some eight feet higher. No one who has ever lived in such a climate, and witnessed such a scene, ever can forget the delicious rushing and splashing of the water, and the rustling of the plantain leaves, and of the bushes as the breeze stirred them.

The lower gallery was paved with small diamond-shaped slabs of blue and white marble, the very look of which added to the coolness. "Why, Mr Hudson, how glorious! nothing superior to this even in *Ould Ireland*."

The American laughed, and nodded in the direction of his daughter. I turned my eye towards her, and met hers. She had apparently been observing how I was affected, at least so my vanity whispered—she blushed slightly, and turned away.

I saw I must say something. "Indeed, Miss Hudson, I thought you had not been above two months in the island—did you not come down in the American frigate?"—

She smiled.

"I did, Mr Brail; but it was the cruise before last—we have been six months here."

"Six months! and are all these glorious plants the growth of six months?"

"Ay, that they are," quoth Listado; "most of them have not been planted more than *six weeks*."

The inside of this large mansion was laid out more for comfort than show; the rooms, that all opened into the corridors already mentioned, were large and airy, but with the exception of a tolerable dining-room, drawing-room, and the apartments of the ladies, very indifferently furnished. They were lit from without by the usual heavy wooden balconies, common both in New and Old Spain, which appear to have been invented more for the purpose of excluding the light than admitting it.

In front of the house, and on each side, were large white terraced platforms, with shallow stone ledges, and built in flights, like gigantic stairs on the hillside. On this the coffee was thickly strewn in the red husk, or pulp, as it is called, to dry in the sun. Little Dicky took the berries to be cherries, until the pulp stuck in his little teeth.

The opposite hill had been cleared,

and was covered with coffee bushes; and right below us, in the bottom of the deep ravine, a tree-screened rivulet murmured and brawled alternately, as the breeze rose and fell over a rugged bed of limestone rock.

In the northernmost nook of the cleared field, the negro houses were clustered below an overhanging rock like eagles' nests, with blue threads of smoke rising up from them, in still spiral jets, until they reached the top of the breezy cliff that sheltered them, when it suddenly blew off, and was dissipated, and, as usual, surrounded with palm, star-apple, and orange trees. Beyond these lay a large field of luxuriant guinea grass, covered with bullocks and mules, like black dottings on green velvet. In every other direction one unbroken forest prevailed, the only blemish on the fair face of nature, was man; for, although the negroes that we saw at work appeared sleek and fat, yet, being most of them fresh from the ship, there was a savageness in the expression of their countenance, and in their half-naked bodies, that had nothing Arcadian in it.

We were all, especially the ladies, pretty well tired, and, after a comfortable dinner, we betook ourselves to rest betimes. Next morning at seven o'clock, we again mustered in force in the breakfast room, and, the instant I entered, little Dicky, to my surprise, bolted from Helen Hudson's side, dashing away her hand from him angrily, and ran to me—"Captain, Miss Hudson tell lie."

"Dicky, mind what you say."

"Oh, yes; but yesterday she say—Dicky Phantom, you put on petticoat and frock—to-morrow you put on trowsers again."

"Oh, Dicky, Dicky," cried Helen, laughing.

"Well, my dear boy, Miss Hudson must be as good as her word, and restore your trowsers—she does not mean to wear them, does she?"

"Indeed, Dicky, Helen did quite right to dress you as you are," said Mrs Hudson, perceiving her daughter a little put out, "your little trowsers were all tar and pitch, and you are too young to leave off your frocks yet."

The child, although there was no

help at hand, determined to show he would not be imposed on, so, like a little snake casting his skin, he deliberately shook himself, and with a wriggle of his shoulders slid out of his clothes altogether, and there he stood like a little naked Cupidon—"Now I shall go and catch fis," said the little fellow laughing; with that he toddled away into the basin of water, that was gurgling and splashing in the court-yard. I wish there had been a painter to have caught the group. There Sophie Duquesné, and Helen Hudson, were running about the small walks of the rocky parterre, dashing the water spangles from the flowers with their light feet, and laughing loudly as they strove to catch Dicky, who kept just beyond their reach in the water, and with child-like joy was squealing and splashing them with water, while a perfect shower of spray descended on the beautiful urchin's curly pate, the plantain leaves shaking in the breeze, and checkering the blue sky overhead. At length De Walden caught him, and swung him out of the water by the arms into Helen Hudson's lap.

When breakfast was over, we again mounted our mules, to explore the neighbourhood towards the coast; for notwithstanding the tortuosity of the road we had come, we were not, Mr Hudson said, above three miles from the sea after all. Listado, honest gentleman, chose to mount the smallest mule that could be had; and as he was upwards of six feet high, he looked, as he paced along, more like an automaton velocipede than any thing else.

After riding along for half an hour, in a path cut through the otherwise impervious wood, we came to a naked, storm-scathed, and sun-baked promontory of grey stone, which beetled over the sea so abruptly, that the line of vision struck the water at least a mile beyond the beach, which was thus entirely hid from our sight. The spot where we stood seemed to be the eastern headland or cape of a small and most beautiful bay, which opened to our view down to leeward. Beyond us, out at sea, the water was roughened by a fiery sea-breeze—to use the West Indian phrase—the blue

water being thickly speckled with white crests, and from the speed with which the white sails in the offing slid along their liquid way, like feathers, or snow-flakes floating down the wind, it might be called a brisk gale. Every now and then a tiny white speck would emerge from under the bluff into sight, and skim away until lost in the misty distance; and a coaster from the offing, as she hauled in for the bay, would as suddenly vanish for a time, until she again appeared, diminished in the distance to a sea-bird, gliding slowly along the glasslike surface of the small bay, when she would fold her white wings, and become stationary at anchor near the shipping-place, or Barquedier, as it is called.

"We must go down and see that beautiful bay, Helen—Miss Hudson, I mean—beg pardon"—

"We have not time, Mr Brail, to-day; we must return, as my father wishes us to visit some beautiful scenery in the woods; but we shall ride to it another day—only, why will you distress yourself about calling me Helen—why, I *am* Helen—everybody calls me Helen—with your formal *Miss* Hudson, and *Mademoiselle* Duquesné. If you stick to such formalities, I will positively treat you to a few *calculations* and *guessings*." Here the laughing girl gave the true nasal twang of Jonathan himself.

"Well, well, agreed—Helen you shall be—*my* Helen!" She looked at me, and blushing, held up her finger, and shook her head—as if she had said—"No, no—not quite *yet*." My heart stopped a beat to gather strength, and then gave such a devil of a bounce—"Hillo," thought I—"Ha, ha, Master Benjamin!"

We therefore returned homewards, and having extended our ride in another direction, and been highly gratified by the scenery, we found ourselves seated at dinner, in the lower piazza of the court facing the east, so as to be screened from the rays of the setting sun by the roof of the house.

The water of the clear pool in the centre of the yard was led away, on the side we sat on, in a little canal, amongst the rocks, out of which it was *born*, and this was thickly

planted with lotuses. We had dined, and the golden sky overhead began to be spangled with a bright silver star here and there, and the distant, and scarcely perceptible buzz of a solitary scout of a mosquito, would every now and then suddenly increase to a loud singing noise, as he reconnoitred your auricle—presently you heard the loud hum of a whole picket of them—the advanced guard of a host of those winged pests, which were thus giving token of the approach of evening.

"Now, Mr Hudson," quoth Listado—"You have a beautiful situation here, certainly; magnificent scenery, and a good house; fine water, and pure air—and a damnable quantity of mosquitoes—beg pardon, ladies, for the lapse—but really, just as I am expatiating, one of those devils has flown into my eye, half-a-dozen into my mouth, and—Lord, if a big fellow has not got into my ear, and is at this identical moment thundering away at the timpanum, as if he were a bass drummer!" Here our friend started up, and began to dance about and shake his head, as if he would have cast it into the pool.

"Mr Brail," said Helen, laughing, as soon as the Irishman had subsided—"do you see how carefully those beautiful water-lilies have folded up their silver leaves before retiring to their watery pillows?—there, that one nearest your foot has already sank below the water, and the largest, that is still gently moved by the small ripple that radiates from the splashing water in the middle of the basin, will soon follow—See, it is gone"—and, one by one, the whole of the plants gradually sank under the surface for the night.

I was struck with this, and fascinated by the tone and manner of the speaker, when suddenly the lotuses again emerged.

"Heyday," said De Walden—"your poetry is all lost, Miss Hudson, the flowers don't seem to sleep sound on the watery pillows you spoke of—they are all back to have another peep at you."

"Probably they found their beds were not made, De Walden," rapped out Listado.

"Very extraordinary;—what can that mean?" said Sophie Duquesné.

"My dear Miss Duquesné," said Listado, "I see I must give you some lessons in pronunciation still—why will you worry your R.'s so in your beautiful throat?"

"It is my French accent, you know, and I cannot help it," said the lovely creature, laughing.

"But really what *is* this," said Helen, and as she spoke, the jet gradually became weaker and weaker; the water in the pool rapidly subsided for a minute; and then, with a loud, gurgling noise, disappeared altogether, leaving the rocky bed dry, and the poor pet mountain-mullets wallowing amongst the water-plants like so many silver wedges.

"Hillo," shouted Listado, in extreme surprise—"Hillo, who has stolen our purling stream?—what the devil has become of the river, Master Hudson?" This was a thing neither Mr Hudson nor any one else could tell—that it had absolutely vanished as described was clear enough; but just as the girls and De Walden had secured the fish in a tub, the basin was again filled, as suddenly as it had been emptied, with the same loud gurgle, and in ten minutes one could not have told that any thing had happened.

"There must have been some subterranean convulsion to produce this phenomenon," said I.

"No doubt of it," rejoined Listado—"Old Nicholas had run short of water for his tay, and borrowed our beautiful jet for a little—but, hush! he has heard me, so sure as peas are pays in Ireland, and he has turned off the water again—Hush!"

It once more disappeared in the same manner, and with the same loud, gurgling noise as before; but after the basin was dry this time, we distinctly heard several distant reports, in the bowels of the earth, like the far-off reverberations of a cannon-shot amongst the hills.

"There was no earthquake?" said he, after we had a little recovered from our surprise—no one had perceived it if there had been. "I should not be surprised if this be the precursor of one, however," he continued, "after this long drought and intense heat."

* * * * *

The following evening was the

one we had fixed on, according to previous arrangement, to ride to the beautiful bay lying within the promontory already described.

The weather, as already hinted, for several weeks preceding this, had been uncommonly hot, even for that climate, and the earth was parched by intense drought. In many places in our rides we came upon fissures a foot wide, and several fathoms deep, and the trees had, in general, assumed the hue of our English leaves in November. There had been several "*tremblores de tierra*," or shocks of an earthquake, within this period—slight at first, but they seemed to increase in strength and frequency, as the dry weather continued, and it was therefore reasonable to refer the sudden disappearing of the jet of water to some internal convulsion of this nature.

On the day in question, there was not a cloud to be seen—a hot blending blue haze hung over the land and water, through which every object trembled as if the earth and sea had sent up a thin smoke through intensity of heat.

The sun when he rose, and until high up in heaven, had the same red magnified disk, as in a foggy winter morning in England, and a lurid purple hue pervaded all nature, as if he had been suffering a temporary eclipse, while the usual sea breeze entirely failed.

About noon every thing was deadly still,—the cattle had betaken themselves to the small river, where they stood chewing their cuds, as if overpowered with the density of the air. Not a bird was hopping in the trees, the very lizards were still, and the negroes employed in cleaning the coffee pieces, worked in silence, in place of shouting and laughing, and gabbling to each other, as is their wont—and when the driver or black superintendent gave his orders, the few words he uttered sounded loud and hollow, echoing from hill to hill. I could hear distinctly what he said on the opposite mountain side, situated above a mile off, although I was persuaded at the same time that he spoke in his natural tone, and with no greater exertion than he used in common conversation. The very clink of the negroes' hoes in the

rocky soil was unaccountably distinct and sharp.

Several inexplicable noises had been heard during the forenoon from the head of the ravine, and once or twice a strong rushing sound like the wind amongst trees, passed over our heads, as if cohorts of invisible spirits were charging each other in the air. At other times, a gradually increasing subterraneous grumbling noise would spring up, at first undistinguishable from distant thunder, but coming apparently nearer, it would end in a series of deadened reports, like a distant cannonade, and this again was followed by a sharp hissing, or hurtling, altogether different from the rushing noise already described, and resembling that made by the flight of a congreve rocket more than any thing else. But the most startling sound of all was the solitary wild cry of a crane, now and then, which resembled for all the world the high note of a trumpet, blown short and quick.

We had all been puzzling ourselves with these appearances and strange noises during the forenoon,—some arguing that a hurricane was impending, others that they betokened an earthquake, but the stillness continued without either occurring, and the day wore on very much as usual.

In the evening, the sun was again shorn of his flaming beams, as he sank in the west, and became magnified as in the morning, by the haze into a broad moonlight globe.

"Come," said our excellent host, "we have had no exercise to-day, I calculate, so let us order the mules, and ride to Helen's beautiful bay, that she raves about; we shall at least breathe fresher air there."

"Oh, papa," said she, but the ladies vanished, and soon reappeared all ready, when we mounted and set off accordingly.

By the time we reached the eastern cape, or headland of the small bay, the sun was near his setting, and had tinged the whole calm sea, as far as the eye could reach, with a bluish purple. The stars appeared larger than usual, some of them being surrounded with tiny haloes, and the planet Venus, as she struggled up in the east, looked like a small moon.

We wound downwards along a

zig zag path, hewn out of the rock, until we arrived at the beautiful white beach, which we had admired so much from above.

The swell in the offing tumbled in long purple undulations, and as it broke on the rocky coast beyond the promontory, the noise was like the roar of a populous town, born on the swell of the breeze. In the bay itself, however, all was still as death, and the surface of the sea was clear and calm as a mirror.

The sun was still visible to us, but already everything was in shade on the opposite side of the bay—here about a quarter of a mile across, where the dark trees and bushes were reflected with startling distinctness: There was no ascertaining the waterline in that direction, as the bank was high and precipitous, and the foliage darkened down to the water's edge; the beach on our side ending at the head of the bay, where a small wooden wharf ran into the sea, alongside of which lay a shallop with her sails hoisted, but hauging motionless on the spars. A solitary negro was walking slowly up and down this erection, smoking, his dark shadow in the water looking like his doppel ganger, or a familiar spirit. There was a large schooner lying right in the centre of the bay, very heavily rigged, and apparently armed, but I could see no one on deck at first; presently, however, there was a bustle on board of her, and two boats were hoisted out.

"What schooner is that?" I asked at Mr Hudson—he did not know—it must be some coaster, he thought; but I was not sure of this, for all at once, under the cliff on the opposite side, we heard the sound of a hammer, and could see a forge at work, by the light of a primrose-coloured jet of flame, spouting up as if under the action of a pair of bellows, that glanced on the water, and flashed on the hairy chest and muscular arms of a swarthy-looking fellow, naked all to his trowsers, and on the dingy figure of a negro that worked the bellows for him.

"When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove,"

sang Listado, but the sound of his own voice in the unnatural stillness, startled both himself and us, and he broke off abruptly. Next moment

the flame of the forge disappeared, and the sparks, like fire-flies, flew from a red-hot bar in all directions, under the strokes of the Cyclops we had seen at work, until the hissing iron became of a dull red, and gradually disappeared from my eye altogether; the clink of the hammer, and the groaning and asthmatic puffing of the bellows then ceased. A boat now put off from the schooner, and pulled in the direction of the forge.

From the clash and tinkling of the materials, as they were taken on board, it was evident that the whole apparatus had been dismounted. As the people returned towards the schooner, we heard a voice hail them from her to make haste, as the person speaking "did not like the weather."

The instant they got on board, another anchor was let go, topmasts and yards were struck, and had down on deck, boats were hoisted in, and other precautions were doubtless taking, which we could not see, from the bustle we heard, to ensure her riding easily through the coming night. Soon all was still again. The fire-flies now began to sparkle amongst the trees, when, as we turned to reascend the path by which we had come, De Walden said he thought the water of the bay trembled, and that the stars twinkled in it, but before I perceived anything it was again calm as glass. Several fish now leaped out, as if startled, shattering the surface into circling and sparkling ripples, others skimmed on the top with an arrowy rush, and their heads above water, and several owls broke from the shelter of the bushes opposite with a hoarse screech, rustling the leaves, and after a struggling and noisy flutter at the start, flitted across to us, ruffling the glass-like bay with the breezy winnowing of their wings.

"What can all this mean?" said Listado. "Did you perceive any thing, Brail?"

He was standing beside his mule, as he spoke, but none of the rest of us had dismounted.

"No; did you?"

"I thought there was a slight shock of an earthquake just now; but you might not have felt it from being mounted. There, listen!"

A rushing, as of a mighty wind, the same kind of mysterious sound that we had heard from the wood, in the morning, now breezed up in the distance once more, mingled with which, a report like a distant cannon shot was every now and then heard.

It was evident that some tremendous manifestation of the power of the Invisible was at hand, but none of us moved. Some unaccountable fascination held us riveted to the spot. What, indeed, was the use of flight. Where could we have hid ourselves from Him, to whom the darkness is as the noonday, and whose power pervades all space.

The water in the bay now began to ebb suddenly, and retired about twenty paces, leaving a broad white sandy beach where before there had been but a narrow stripe of pebbles. In another moment it again rushed in with a loud *shuling* noise,—I coin the word for the sound,—and then thundered against the rocks, as if the swell of the everlasting deep had been hove by a storm against the shore, flashing up in white smoke all round us and over us. A huge mass of grey rock was detached from the cliff above, and thundering with increasing bounds, was pitched over our heads, distinctly visible between us and the sky, a pistol-shot into the sea, where it dashed its shadow in the water into fragments as it fell into the bay with a flash like fire; rotten branches and sand showered down in all directions, the dew was shaken like a fall of diamonds from the trees, the schooner's crew shouted, birds and beasts screamed and bellowed, and the mules we rode started and reared as the earth quaked beneath their feet, and yelled forth the most unearthly sounds that ever issued from the throat of quadruped. The shallop at the wharf was dashed to pieces; the schooner was first dragged from her anchors by the sudden and tumultuous ebb, and then hove with inconceivable violence against the wharf, where I thought she would have been stranded, but the retiring surge again floated her back, and the next minute she was fast drifting out of the bay.

We hastened home, where we found every thing in great confusion. The house was filled with

dust, the walls and roof cracked in many places, and the wooden frames of the windows in two instances forced from their embrasures by the sinking of the walls. The field negroes were crowding round in great dismay, and the house servants were no less so; but amidst all this hubbub—lo!—the beautiful fountain was once more bubbling, and hissing, and splashing in its rocky basin, and amongst the leaves, as cheerily as if it had never intermitted at all.

"The old one has slaked his thirst. You see we have got back our purling stream again, Mr Hudson," said Listado.

The ladies immediately retired, their nerves having been desperately shaken; and I for one was glad to follow their example.

On the following forenoon we once more took the road to Havannah. On starting, it came to be my lot, purely by accident, of course, to assist Miss Hudson to mount her mule, and in the action it was equally natural to squeeze her hand a little. I thought the squeeze was returned; and "hillo!" said I to myself again.

The evening following our return, Mrs Hudson gave a small party; and, recollecting the transaction of the former day, as I took my partner's hand in the dance, for by another accident Miss Hudson was the lady, I thought I would see whether I was mistaken or not; so I tried the telegraph again, and gave her fair hand a gentle but *significant* pressure this time. By heaven! it was now returned beyond all doubt, and I started, and blushed, and fidgeted, as if the whole room had seen the squeeze, while a thrill of pleasure—no, not pleasure; of—of—phoo, what does it signify; but it was something very funny and delightful, at any rate. I looked at the fair little woman, and, as if to make assurance doubly sure, I saw the eloquent blood mantling in her cheek, and tinging her lovely neck like the early dawn in June.

"Oh Lord! I am a done man; quite finished for ever and aye."

"Why, Brail, what the deuce are you after?" shouted Listado, as he thundered against me in a furious pirouette. "You are in every body's way, and your own too; mind, man, mind."

With that he again floundered

past me with his partner, a bouncing girl, the daughter of an American merchant of the place, contriving in their complex twirlifications not only to tread heavily on my toes with his own hoofs, but to hop his partner repeatedly over the same unfortunate members.

Nothing worth recording happened after this event for three weeks; or, rather, I thought nothing unconnected with it of any the smallest importance, until Mr Hudson one morning at breakfast asked Listado, who had just entered, and who was a very frequent visitor, if he had ever heard any thing more of Adderfang?

"Yes; De Walden and I have just heard very surprising things of him. Tell it, De Walden; I have had such a long walk this morning that I am very sharp set. Coffee, if you please; Brail, some of that fowl.—So.—Now, De Walden, about Adderfang—you have nearly breakfasted, you know."

"Come, De Walden," said I; "let us hear the story, since we can get nothing out of Listado there."

"Out of me, Brail? you are mighty unreasonable; how the devil can you get any thing out of an empty vessel, which I am at this blessed"—nuzzle—nuzzle—nuzzle. Here, in his zeal to stow his cargo, he became quite unintelligible, and I again asked the midshipman to enlighten us.

"Why, sir," said he, "I know nothing regarding it, saving what Monsieur Listado told me."

"Well, tell what I told you then; that's a good fellow"—mumble, mumble, munch, munch, quoth our amigo.

"Brail, some of that ham;—go on, De Walden, will ye—devil take the fellow;—Bread, if you please, Monsieur Duquesné—thank you. How deucedly hungry I am, to be sure;—work along, Henry."

The handsome boy laughed. "Really, Mr Brail, I don't know that any thing I have heard can interest you—Monsieur Listado there has been frequently at the prison confabulating with the hangman."

"Bah, you be hanged yourself, Henry," shouted our uproarious friend, with his mouth full of bread and butter.

"Well, he is the jailer at the gen-

teelest, then—and he, it seems, told him first of all that Adderfang was unexpectedly better—then, that he was worse—then better again, until yesterday, when he told our accomplished friend"—

"Henry, do you value your life, you villain?" said Listado, threatening him with his knife in one hand, and the bread in another, but still munching away.

"To be sure I do, Listado, so let me get on. As I was saying, when he called yesterday—lo! the prison had been broken into, and the villain *stolen*—that's all."

"All!" echoed I, "why, there must have been connivance."

M. Duquesné smiled. "Ah, Monsieur Brail, de road—way you call, of dis country, and de habitants, you not know—I make no vunder not large at all—it has happen very customary."

"And so it has," said Mr Hudson; "the truth is, Mr Brail, that here in Havannah few people are inimical to the trade Adderfang was engaged in; on the contrary, it is all but openly encouraged; nor have they any great horror even to a piratical cruise now and then, if successful; and where could they get such a determined fellow for a leader as this same Adderfang, who, I learn, was bred a sailor in early life, although, for some years after his father's death, he remained at home? at least so said your man Lennox."

"What a splendid specimen of the powers of the garrote we have lost!" quoth Monsieur Listado, still busied in making a most substantial meal; "but, my dear boy, flown the villain is, however it came about, and before long he will be on the high seas once more, I make no manner of doubt, whether as slaver or pirate, heaven knows.—You, of course, Master Brail, will rejoice at this, as I would at the escape of a snared fox, which might afford sport another day; but, for one, I should be deucedly loath to fall into his hands, that's all."

"Indeed I don't," said I; "no joy in the world have I, that a scoundrel, who obliged me with six inches of steel under my ribs, should escape."

"Pray, Miss Sophie," said he, without noticing the interruption,

"have you ever seen him, this Ad-déríang? Fine man—square shoulders—small waist—a piece of that yam, Mrs Hudson—thank you—but a regular Don Juan—a devil among the ladies—and—oh, Lord! I declare a bone has stuck in my throat."

* * * * *

On that day week, I cannot say to my great joy, the frigate arrived from Jamaica. I was very curious to see how the Commodore would meet De Walden, but it seems the latter had written him to Jamaica, of which he never told me however, and there was no scene, although I could perceive the kind old man's eye sparkle, and a tear of joy trickle down his furrowed cheek, whenever he could steal what he thought an unobserved glance at him. However, it was not my province to pry into his secret, if secret there was.

The commodore now determined to sell the Midge all standing, and to turn her crew over to Gazelle once more—and it was accordingly done.

As old Dogvane came over the side, after having given up charge of her to the Spanish sailors that came to take possession, he grumbled out—"That same wicked little Midge an't done with her buzzing or stinging either, or I mistake; she has fallen among thieves, or little better, that's sartain, judging from the sample we have here,"—eyeing the strangers,—and "I'll lay a pound of baccy, she will either be put in the contraband slaving on the coast of Africay, or to some worse purpose, among them keys and crooked channels hereways. I say, my hearties," turning to the Spaniards, "what are your masters agoing to do with this here felucce?"

"To rone between Jamaica and dis, wid goods—passeugers—one trader to be."

"One trader—no honest one I'll venture—but all's one to old Dogvane."

Next morning, De Walden came to my room as I was dressing, with a packet from Jamaica, that had been sent to Batabano, and thence across the island to Havannah. I opened it, and had to read it twice over before I could comprehend the contents, or ascertain what the writer wanted to be at.

To understand this letter sufficiently, be it known that the author

thereof was suffering at the time from gout in his hand, and in consequence had to employ a brown clerk as an amanuensis—a simple creature, as I afterwards found, when I came to know him, whose only qualification for his post was the writing, like all his cast, a most beautiful hand; but, unfortunately, in his blind zeal, he had given a little more than had been intended to stand as the text, by the party whose signature was appended to it; in fact, he had written down, *verbatim et literalim*, all that his master had said while dictating the letter; and the effect of the patchwork was infinitely ridiculous. The reason why the superfluous dialogue in it had not been expunged by the latter, was the loss of the spectacles, as stated.

"Ballywindle Estate, Jamaica,
"Such a date.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I had letters from England, although none from you—you boy of slender manners. Knowing how much I made of you when you were a little potato button—telling me, the devil fly away with this infernal gout, that makes me employ a brown chap, who, they say, is somewhat like me about the snout, as an amanuensis—mind you spell that word now—and fortunately for you I do so employ him, as he writes as beautiful a list as one would like to see in a long winter's morning, when the fog is thick—but, as I was saying, I had letters telling me that you had gone out with your kit packed in a ready-made coffin, to the coast of Africa, with my excellent old friend Sir Oliver Oakplank, who, as a recompense for a life spent in the service, had been sent to die in the Bight of Benin—that's a parenthesis, mind—to gather negroes from others who stole them—and that, according to practice, the Gazelle, that is the name of the commodore's ship, although it is probable you already know as much, having been six months on board of her from all accounts—put that in a parenthesis also—was to make the round voyage by Jamaica to Havannah, and home. Judge, then, my great surprise when, after trudging to Kingston, I found that you were not there in the old frigate at all, but had been detached to Havan-

nah in the tender; so, to drown my disappointment, I had a wet week with Sir Oliver and some Kingston friends, for it was the rainy season you must know, and devils are those same Kingstonsians, in the way of gentlemanlike libations of tepid Madeira and cold claret, whereby I got another touch of my old remembrancer the gout, under which I am at this blessed moment suffering severely—I say, boy, bring me a rummer of Madeira sangaree, and a hot yam with the brown crisp, and well scraped, do you hear—well, I declare the skin of it is as beautiful as a berry, and the mealy inside as fragrant as the driest potato from Ballywindle in old Ireland—well, here's the glorious and immortal memory, and confound the Pope; but never mind, although you may just confound the gout too, when you are at it; but, as I was saying, I came home with the gout brewing all the way, and got so wet one day, that I dreaded lest it should be driven into that fortress, or rather that citadel, the stomach—there's a poetical image for you—so I took a warning, that is, I made another comfortable week of it on my return home, just to keep up the circulation, and to drive the enemy—don't be surprised at the militariness of my lingo—for I am colonel of the regiment of foot militia here—another parenthesis, Timothy—from the interior, and compel him to develope his strength in the out-works, or rather to retreat to them, which he, the gout, viz. has done with a vengeance, let me tell you, having clapperclawed what you would call my larboard peg, and my starboard fin, zigzagging in his approaches, as it were, as regularly as Vauban or Cohorn—fair play, you know—a sound limb on each side, which is a mercy of its kind, for I hop from table to bed, and *vice versa*, and balance myself the whole way like a rope-dancer, for I hate a crutch, and my servants are unanimous with me in that same, as somehow I break one a-day, when I am driven to it, over their woolly skulls, and that costs money—if you could pick up a cheap lot of lancewood in Havannah, that would stand a blow—you might fetch me a hundred or so—it is tough, and bends, and doesn't break like mahogany or cedar.

“During my confinement, old Ja-

cob Munroe, the storekeeper at Montego-bay, called to see me, and get his account settled—he brought a handsome clergyman-looking man with him, dressed in black—ah, you may leave that out—he will guess as much, if I tell him he was a clergyman-looking person—whom he introduced to me as *Mister Lennox*, and who had arrived in one of the Cuba smugglers some days before. Judge my surprise, when this young gentleman told me, with all the appearance of truth, that he had been a corporal of marines on board the *Gazelle*, although old Jacob called him at first an officer of marines, forgetting to say whether *commissioned* or not—and had actually been with you in the Midge—how could you trust yourself in such a mussel-shell?—until he had, through the interest of his friends at home, obtained his discharge.

“He told me the whole story of your being wounded, and taken into a Frenchman's house, and being desperately in love with some young American lady—but you know, Benjie, I don't like Americans—a Yankee girl, forsooth!—put the Yankee girl in a parenthesis—and a variety of other entertaining anecdotes, which made my heart yearn towards the only son of my dear sister, Jane, although you have had the misfortune to have a Scotchman to your father—but, poor boy, he can't help that, so out with all about the Scotchman—he was born in Ireland anyhow—for I am getting old now, Benjamin; and although rich enough, I begin to feel desolate and lonely, being without chick or child to comfort me, excepting some yellowhammers—no, not you, Timothy—so write away, my good lad—that claim a sort of left-handed interest in me here; but I have been kind to them, and no doubt must answer for the sins of my youth; but they are not just the sort of representatives one would wish to leave behind them; although, indeed, if this blessed state of things goes on at the pace it is doing at home, we may see a woolly-headed Lord Chancellor shortly—I hope he will have a civil tongue in his head—and a flat-nosed, dingy-skinned Speaker of the honourable House.

“However, so far as I see, that will be a while yet; and, in the

meantime, I want you to invalid, if you can do so honourably, for we are now in a state of peace, and no scope, so far as I can judge, in your service as heretofore. But as I am a reasonable man, and so are you; and as I may not like you after all, when I do see you, I think it but fair to send you the enclosed notarial copy of a bond in your favour for L. 10,000 sterling, as a sort of compensation for the measure I recommend, *if you take it*, which expresses in the body of it, as you see, that it is only to become onerous on me, when you arrive in my house here, after having invalidated, as aforesaid. Now, Benjie, dear, if you are conscious that you are a gentlemanlike, pleasant, honourable, young fellow, that can ride a bit, and shoot, and drink a bottle of claret now and then—alas! there are no foxhounds here—foxhounds in a parenthesis again—come to me and change your ploughshare into a pruning-hook—no, that's not it—your ploughshare into a bill-hook—no, and that's not it neither—your bill-hook into a pruning-hook—bah, otheration—if you are all that I ask you, and what my nephew *ought to be* by descent, and be d——d to him—if, in one word, *you are a gentleman*—come to me, man—come and comfort the poor desolate old fellow, who is pining in his helpless days for the want of something to love; and who, since he made up his mind to write for you, is every moment grappling you to his Irish heart, in joyous anticipation, with hooks of steel. Write me immediately, and follow yourself as soon as you can—or you may follow yourself first, and let your letter come after—and enclosed you have also a draft on Mr M—for 1000 dollars as earnest, and to clear you at Havannah.

“Regards to Sir Oliver, who will by this time—no, write *that* time—that is, the time when he will get this—be with you, and to young Donovan—a prime boy that same Donovan would make, with a little training, as ever carried a shamrock in his hat-band, or a shillelah in his fist—and old Sprawl, I love the rum-looking, warm-hearted creature, because he likes you—what shall I ever dislike that you love, Benjie?—so believe me, your attached uncle,
LATHOM FRENCHÉ.”

“P. S.—The post is just going off to Montego Bay, so I have no time to correct this; nor, indeed, could I read it over if I had time, as I have mislaid my spectacles—so excuse blunders.”

Here was a new vista opening up with a vengeance—so, after having read over the letter repeatedly, I determined to submit it at once to Mr Hudson, who I knew to be a clear-headed man, notwithstanding his guessings and calculations, and friendly withal. He thought the advice given sound.

“And as a proof of it,” said he, “if my son William had such an offer made to him, I would not hesitate a moment in recommending him to accept it. Indeed, you are in a great measure in duty bound to obey the only kinsman you have, by your own account, in the world, who can be of service to you, especially when he counsels you so reasonably.”

I will not conceal that many a fond hope fluttered about my heart, as I reflected what this new state of things might bring about; and that very morning I struck while the iron was hot, and like a very wise person, I took Miss Helen Hudson, of all people on earth, to my councils, and asked *her* advice, forsooth.

“Helen, what would you *advise* me to do?”

“Benjamin, I cannot *advise*—I am a simple girl—but whatever you may do, or wherever you may be—heaven knows”—her voice faltered—“heaven knows your happiness will always be,” &c. &c. &c. So she burst into tears, and I caught her in my arms, and—oh Lord, what a devil of a bother this same love is!

“Now, Helen,” said I, “let us compose ourselves—I am as yet in a manner unknown to you; but to convince you that I am an honourable man, all that I ask is, that you shall hold this engagement sacred, until I can communicate with my uncle. If he makes satisfactory settlements, I will then immediately return, and throw myself at your feet; if he does not, I will still prefer my suit, but you shall not be bound by your promise. So now, my Helen.”

"Yes," said the darling girl, as she rose, smiling through her tears like—oh, all ye gods, for a simile, but never mind—from the sofa where we had been sitting—"yes; your Helen now, Benjamin."

"Heyday," quoth Mrs Hudson, as she entered the room; "here's a scene. Why, Helen, you have been weeping, I see—and Mr Brail!—Now what is wrong? Tell me, dearest?"

"Oh not now, mother—not now. Come with me—come, and I will tell you all."

And as they passed towards the door, who should stumble in upon us but Monsieur Listado.

"Good-morning, Mrs Hudson—good-morning. Halloo—and is it off they are, without so much as a bow, or—Brail, what is the meaning of all this?—Miss Hudson is weeping, as I am a gentleman. You cannot have been uncivil to her—it is impossible. But, Benjamin Brail, much as I esteem you, if I thought!"

"Out of my way, you troublesome blockhead," said I in the hurry of the moment; and I brushed past him and fled to my own room, with the most comical mixture of feelings possible. It was full half an hour before I could control them, and recover my composure; and I had just begun to subside into my every day character, when I received a message from Mr Hudson, to whom his wife had communicated all that had passed between his daughter and me. I never can forget the anxiety I felt to construe the expression of his face, when I first entered the room. It was favourable, heaven be thanked.

"Mr Brail, I know what has passed between you and Helen,"—oh Lord, thought I,—"I would have been better pleased, had you explained yourself either to Mrs Hudson or me, before matters had gone so far; but this cannot be helped now."—He paused a good while. "From what I know of you, Mr Brail, I have more confidence in you, I rejoice to say, than I ever had before in any young man I have known for so short a period." I bowed. "And your very prudent proposals to my daughter argue you possessed of sound discretion." Beyond my hopes, thought I. "So

I calculate you had better let me see that same letter of your uncle's again that I read before, and we will also take a look at the bond."

Here shone out the Yankee; but he was using no more than common circumspection, in a matter involving his daughter's happiness so largely. Both were submitted to him, and on the morrow we were to hold a grand palaver on the subject. He had left me, and I had just dressed for dinner, when a gentle tap was heard at my door, and an officer of the American frigate presented himself with a grave face at the door.

"Beg pardon, Mr Brail; I am sorry our friend Listado should have pressed me into the service in this matter; but I pray you to believe that I shall be most happy, if I can be instrumental in making up the quarrel, without resorting to extreme measures."

"Here's a coil," thought I. "Mr Listado! a quarrel? I have no quarrel with Mr Listado that I am aware of."

"My dear sir, I am afraid he thinks otherwise. Here is his letter," said the American, handing it to me.

"Let me sec."

I opened it.

"SIR—I am as little given to take unnecessary offence as any man; but as I have good reason to believe, from what I saw, that you have affronted Miss Hudson; and as I am quite certain you have slighted me, I request you will either apologize to her and myself"—(her and myself, indeed, interjected I)—"or give me a meeting to-morrow morning, at any hour most convenient for you, that does not interfere with breakfast.—I remain, your humble servant,

"LAURENCE LISTADO."

"Now, Mr Crawford," said I, "this is a mighty ridiculous affair altogether. I am not aware, as I said before, of having given Listado any offence; and what he can mean by attempting to fasten this very unnecessary quarrel on me, I cannot for the life of me divine."

"So far as his own injuries are concerned," said Mr Crawford, "I

am authorized to say, that he perceived you were confused at the time, and did not well know, apparently, what you were about; so he makes no account of your conduct to himself, but the affront to Miss Hudson."

Here William Hudson entered, with a knowing face; and on being informed by Crawford what had happened, he burst into a long fit of laughter. Crawford looked aghast, and was beginning to get angry, just as Hudson found his tongue.

"Now, Crawford, back out of this absurd affair altogether; why, surely I am the man to take up my sister's quarrel, if quarrel there must be."

"I'll be d——d if you or any man shall take up her quarrel, now since I have made it mine," quoth Listado, as he entered the room.

"What brings *you* here, in the name of all that is absurd," said Hudson.

"Why, William, I was thinking that the loud laughing possibly portended some fresh insult; at any rate, from the time Crawford was taking to fix matters, I began to fear that the quarrel might miss fire after all."

"Be quiet now, Listado," said Hudson, still laughing; "who ever saw a matter of this kind managed by the principals. I am Brail's second; leave me to deal with Crawford."

"Well, Brail," quoth Listado, addressing *me direct*, to my great surprise, "let you and I sit down here, until our friends there fix when and where we may shoot each other comfortably;" and he hauled me away by the button-hole as familiarly as ever.

The two lieutenants walked to the other end of the room, where Crawford's face soon became as joyous as Hudson's had been; and both of them had to turn their backs on us, and apply their handkerchiefs to their mouths to conceal their laughter. At length they mustered sufficient command of feature to turn towards us, and approach; but every now and then there was a sudden involuntary jerk of Hudson's shoulders, and a lifting of his eyebrows, and a compression of his lips, that shewed how difficult it was for him

to refrain from a regular explosion.

"If I understand you rightly," began Crawford, slowly and sedately, "addressing his principal, you do not press for an apology on account of any slight to yourself in this matter, whether intentional or not on the part of Mr Brail?"

"Certainly not—by no manner of means—I have a great regard for him, and I am convinced he intended none. I perceived he had been pushed off his balance, some how or other, and I can allow for it."

"Then the whole quarrel depends on this: He has, *according to your belief*, affronted Miss Hudson; he must therefore either apologize for what he said or did to *her*, or turn out with *you*?"

"Do you know, Crawford," said our friend, rubbing his hands, "you are a devilish clever fellow; you have hit it to a nicety, upon my honour."

"Well, now," quoth Crawford, turning to me, "will you, Mr Brail, to save further bother, make this apology to Mr Listado?"

"No," said I, deliberately, and with a strong emphasis.

"That's right, Benjie," quoth Listado, as if the certainty of the quarrel was now put beyond all doubt. "Didn't I tell you that he would make no apology? Now, mind you, don't interfere with the breakfast hour to-morrow, Crawford, as I am invited to come here."

Hudson could stand it no longer.—"I'll tell you what, my dear Listado, I have my sister's, Miss Helen Hudson's, commands, that nothing more be done in this matter; and farther, that so far from Mr Brail having affronted her, he really paid her the most profound compliment that a gentleman can pay to a lady."

"As how, so please you?" quoth Listado, with a most vinegar grin, although deucedly puzzled at the same time; "a lady don't weep at a compliment usually."

"In plain English, then, Laurence, Mr Brail had just, as you entered, asked my sister to—*to marry him*."

Listado's face altered—his jaw fell—"Marry *him*! I thought so; why, this is worse and worse. Now, I

will pink him, by Jupiter! Marry him, indeed! While Laurence Listado lives she shall be *compelled* to do no such thing. I am a man of some fortune, and, as you all know, I am desperately in love with her myself; so fix time and place, and damn the hour of breakfast now entirely. I will shoot him—any time—now—across that table. Oh Brail! you incomparable hyp!”—

“Hush! hush!” said Hudson, clapping his hand on Listado’s mouth; “hush! he has not only had the insolence to ask her to marry him—[here Listado clenched his hand, bit his lip, and gave three or four tremendous strides to the other end of the room]—not only has he asked her to marry him, but *he has been accepted!*”

Poor Laurence faced right round.

“Say so again, and—Poo, Hudson, you are jesting with me; but here comes Mrs Hudson. Madam, has Mr Brail had the audacity to ask your daughter in marriage? And has she had the egregious folly to accept him in preference to your servant, and her humble admirer, Laurence Listado?”

Mrs Hudson looked at me, and then at her son, and then at me again—as much as to say—“very indelicate conduct this, on *your part*, at any rate”—at length, “Mr Brail, I am thunderstruck—how came my daughter to have been made the subject of a brawl?—was this?”—

“My dear mother,” chimed in her son—“it is all a mistake—Brail is not to blame, and no more is Listado—say, has Helen Hudson accepted Brail, or has she not?”

“She certainly has accepted him—on conditions.”

Listado’s eyes, during this colloquy, were riveted on Mrs Hudson’s face. When she uttered these words, he slowly turned them on me, and while the tears hopped over his cheek, he advanced, and took my hand.

“Brail, I wish you joy—from my soul, I do—even although I—curse it, never mind—but, man, could you not take Sophie Duquesné?—yet—even at the eleventh hour, Benjamin?—it would mightily oblige me, do you know.”

I smiled.

“Well, well, I have been a fool;

and I have ill-used you, Brail, but I am sorry for it—so, God bless you, my dear boy—you are a fortunate fellow”—and, so saying, he ran out of the room, without saying good-by to any one.

Next morning, I had a visit from him, before I got out of my bed. He came into my room with a most ludicrous, serio-comic expression of countenance, and drawing a long sigh, he sat down on a chair by my bedside without uttering a word.

As I had not forgotten his strange conduct the day before, I thought I would let him have his own way, and leave him to break ground first. He sat still about a minute longer, and then clasping his hands together, with his Barcelona most pathetically sticking out between his fingers—he turned round, and looked at me with his great prominent eyes.

“Do I look as if I had been weeping, Benjamin—are my eyes blood-shot?”

“They are certainly inflamed,” said I, rather shortly.

“Ah,” said he, in a small, dolorous whine—“I knew it, Benjie—my heart is as soft this morning as a waxy potatoe. I was a great, big fool last evening, Brail, and I don’t think I am much wiser to-day, and all for a little, hook-nosed, dumpy woman. Do you know, I took the affair so deeply to heart, that I went home, and drank three bottles of claret *solus*, and afterwards topped off with hot brandy grog?” (A very sufficing reason for your bloodshot eyes, thought I),—“and I believe I will go hang myself.”

“Poo, poo—hang cats and blind puppies, man,” said I. “Come, come, now, Listado—you are not here to renew our quarrel, or rather *your* quarrel, for I declare I have none with you—but why bring Miss Hudson on the carpet again? She did not deceive you, Listado—you know she never gave you any encouragement.”

“*She did not deceive me, certainly; but did she not persuade that I admired her; so why did she allow me to deceive myself?*”

I laughed outright—“Come, man, you are expecting too much at the hands of a young lady, who of course is accustomed to admiration. She was not aware you entertained any

very tender regard for her; why, it was only three days ago at breakfast that you broke off in the middle of a beautiful compliment to her eyebrow, which is certainly the worst feature in her face, to ask for a plate of broiled ham and eggs. You may rest assured, my dear Listado, that Miss Hudson never dreamed you were in love with her—and, in sober earnestness, are you, now?—come, out with it.”

He looked at me, with the strangest twinkle of his eye, then slewing his head from side to side, he twitched up one corner of his mouth, as he said—“Will you, or will you not, take Sophie Duquesné, Brail?—Lord, man, she is the finer woman of the two, and surely you have known neither of the girls long enough to have any peculiar preference.”

‘The idea of my *swooping* my be-

trothed wife, as one would do a horse, merely, forsooth, to oblige him, was exceedingly entertaining.

“Really, Listado, you are a most curious animal—I have told you No—and I reiterate, No.”

“Well then, Brail, may the devil fly away with you and your dearie, for I was not in love after all—I am sure I was not, although I confess being at one time very near it—so all happiness to you, my darling. Do you know, Benjie, that I have been quizzing you all this while?”

I did not know it, nor did I believe it, but, by way of letting him down gently, I said nothing; and that very day, I underwent the necessary examination by the ship’s surgeon, was regularly invalidated, and next morning I secured my passage in a Kingston Trader, that was to sail for Jamaica that day week.

MY COUSIN NICHOLAS.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was in the course of a long *tête-à-tête* ramble that I first learned from Amelia those particulars of the history of Fortescue with which she was herself acquainted. The father of Eustace had been the proprietor of a small estate in one of the south-western provinces of the sister island; the greater part of which, being fond of agricultural pursuits, he kept in his own hands, letting off the remainder to tenants at an easy rent. In no science, perhaps, has real or fancied improvement made greater progress of late years than in that of husbandry; and although the substitution of mechanical for manual labour had not then reached the height it has since attained, enough had been done to excite among the lower classes considerable distaste for inventions which they conceived calculated to deprive them of employment. Mr Fortescue, naturally of a speculative turn, was one of the principal encouragers of these ingenious contrivances, much to the dissatisfaction of his Milesian neighbours, many of whom doubtless would consider the application of traces to a plough an impious interference with the designs of Providence, which had furnished

the horse with a tail to tie it to. The patronage which he extended to machinery made him unpopular; the expulsion of an idle and dissolute tenant cost him his life. Three months had not elapsed from the date of the ejection alluded to, when his habitation was entered at the dead of night by a band of ruffians, and the sun, which had gilt with its declining beams the cheerful, comfortable-looking homestead of Mount Kavenagh, rose on a blackened pile of smoking ruins, from which the scorched remains of the owner were afterwards drawn forth, the skull exhibiting a long and deep fracture, apparently produced by a blow from a scythe or pole-axe. The half consumed bodies of his wife and two infant children were subsequently discovered, and all consigned in the same day to the same grave. Of the domestics, two, who had ventured to raise their hands in defence of “the master,” had also perished; the rest, including the nurse, had saved themselves by flight, the latter bearing with her the young Eustace, but not before the terrified child had witnessed with horror the destruction of both his parents. His very escape, indeed, appeared a miracle,

and could only be accounted for on the presumption, that a story, which came some time after to be whispered about, had its foundation in fact. This secret tale insinuated that Edith, who so courageously carried off the only surviving scion of her master's stock, was aided in eluding the general massacre by a devoted swain of her own, who had carried his regard for her so far as to become a member of the murderous crew principally for the purpose of preserving his *amorata*. The truth or falsehood of this account Edith would never admit or deny, even to Lady Manningham, who received her and her *protégé*, and in whose family the young Fortescue was thenceforth brought up. Frederic Stafford, then her only son, was delighted with a companion of his own age, while Matilda, the daughter, soon learned to feel for the youthful stranger an affection of even a stronger nature than that which she experienced towards her own more boisterous brother; and when the boys, under the superintendence of a private tutor, were at length removed to a public school, it may be doubted whether, in spite of the acknowledged depression produced among young gentlemen and their manias by the recurrence of "Black Monday," her little heart were not the saddest in the family. These feelings were more than returned by the object of them. During his vacations, Matilda was the cherished companion of his walks, his sports, and, to a certain extent, even of his studies; while the more giddy Frederic, an utter stranger to that melancholy pensiveness which, from the fatal night so memorable in his history, had never entirely faded from the countenance of his friend, failed not constantly to rally him on account of what he designated his "apron-string propensities."

Time flew rapidly on. Lord Manningham's regiment was ordered on foreign service, and as the place of its destination was one of those colonies, the distance of which from the mother country renders a frequent change of troops unadvisable, the gallant soldier made up his mind to bid a long adieu to his family. To this arrangement his attached wife could by no means be brought to consent. Though occupied by

the cares attending a young family, which, since Fortescue's introduction, "had increased, and was increasing," she hesitated not to declare her unalterable resolution of accompanying her husband wherever his duty might call him. Inwardly rejoicing at a determination which his heart sanctioned while his head disapproved, a but half-reluctant acquiescence was wrung from the Viscount, and the whole family embarked together, including Frederic, for whom his father had now procured a commission in his own corps. Unwilling to be separated from almost all the friends he had ever known, Eustace earnestly entreated to be allowed to accompany them; but this his guardian positively refused, as well as his request to be permitted to enter the army at all, till time should decide whether the wish which he expressed to that effect were indeed the offspring of a decided preference for a military life, or only one hastily and inconsiderately adopted, in the hope of still remaining among the friends of his youth. Perhaps it might have been better for Fortescue had his inclinations not been thwarted. It is true, that for some time after the departure of the Staffords, he continued to apply himself to his studies with a greater share of industry than nine-tenths of his equals in age, and that he derived from his ability and application much solid and useful information; but it is also true, that in spite of what our "New Lights" may aver, the fruits of the tree of knowledge are not all of a wholesome description;—many bitter crabs are to be found among its pippins; and poor Eustace gathered but too many of a kind, to minds of a temperament like his, of all others, perhaps, the most deleterious. I have already alluded to the melancholy turn which his disposition had taken—the natural effect of the catastrophe he had witnessed, and so narrowly escaped. The tales of Edith, herself a mine of legendary lore, had not, even in his childhood, tended to diminish his propensity to the sombre and the marvellous; Fetches and Ban-shees, the warnings of good angels and the shrieking of bad ones, "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," omens, prognostica-

tions, and presentiments of death or desolation, with all the mysterious machinery of an invisible world, formed no slight portion of Edith's creed. The very act which drove her and her foster-child from the paternal hearth, had been as plainly predicted to her, as death-watches, dreams, and candle-snuffs could shadow it forth; nor can it be for one moment supposed, that all this valuable stock of information on supernatural subjects should remain a secret from him, whom the very fact of her having saved his life had contributed doubly to endear. It is true that Lady Manningham did much to neutralize this delicious poison, while added years did more. Early impressions, however, are not easily effaced; visionary musings continued occasionally to body forth to his mind's eye "the forms of things unseen;" nor could Fortescue ever entirely divest himself of certain undefinable feelings respecting influences and intelligences above mere mortality, more nearly allied to superstition than experience. Whether Eustace might not have eventually outgrown this unlucky twist in his moral organization, as reason and education came more fully into play, is a point difficult to be decided; as, after the departure of his friend Frederic, he formed an acquaintance, which soon ripened into intimacy, with a young man, whose turn of mind did much to resuscitate and encourage the half-extinguished errors of his own. Henry Lambert, the only son of a Sectarian father, was a few years older than Eustace. He had early imbibed the wildest fancies of the enthusiastic Swedenborg, and became deeply versed in all the half-crazy mysticism of his followers. Dreams, visions, and all the fantastic imagery of his own immaterial world, were poured by wholesale into the ready ears of his new friend. On a soil already so well prepared, such seed could not fail of taking root, and bringing forth fruit in rank and precocious abundance. Sympathy became the connecting link between them, and together they plunged into the most recondite *penetralia* of their great apostle, with an ardour increased by being shared. The better genius of Fortescue, who had so long slept upon his post, at last

seemed to awaken from his nap, but not before great, and, to a certain extent, irreparable, mischief had been done to his charge. The friends were separated before the rosy crucianism—if there be such a word—of one of them, at least, was quite complete. Lambert, whose singular opinions had begun to manifest themselves in certain extravagancies of manner and conduct, was closeted one fine morning with his tutor; a longer interview with the provost succeeded on the following day; and on the next, he took his last farewell of Cambridge. Eustace, thus deprived of the associate of his pursuits, once more felt alone in the world; he, too, had undergone the ordeal of an enquiry, naturally suggested by his known intimacy with Lambert, but in him an understanding, originally by no means feeble, had battled strongly with its insidious enemy. Where the fatally perverted intellect of his ally had rioted in full assurance, he had paused in doubt, and even in dismay. The result of his examination was so far favourable, that his superior found little to blame, much to pity, but enough to fix him in the opinion that an entire change of scene and pursuits was in the highest degree advisable for the health of the young philosophizer, mental as well as corporeal. For the present, however, he contented himself with writing his opinion to the guardian of his pupil. Some months elapsed, and at length the very day which acquainted Eustace that his poor friend Lambert had been consigned to a lunatic asylum, brought him also Lord Manningham's consent that he should embrace a military life, and a few weeks saw him gazetted to an ensigncy. Thus, at the age of nineteen, Eustace Fortescue entered the world. The kindness of his disposition, joined to his conciliating and gentlemanly manners, soon won him golden opinions at the mess, while his aptitude and intelligence secured him the respect of his superior officers, who saw with approbation the extent of his acquirements, nor once dreamed of the unfortunate *monomanie* which lay dormant in his mind, while nothing occurred to expose it to observation. Unwearied assiduity, and a retentive memory, soon advanced the military neophyte far in the

study, theoretical as well as practical, of his new profession. For many of the high-spirited and ingenious youths, with whom he was now thrown into contact, he conceived a regard as sincere as reciprocal, nor was it without some feelings of regret that he at length received permission to absent himself from his regiment, on being appointed aid-de-camp to his noble guardian, now a general officer, and whose talents, civil and military, had pointed him out to the Government at home as peculiarly calculated for a high command in a country where diplomacy was at least as requisite as strategics. India, the theatre on which the powerful resources of Lord Manningham's mind were now to be displayed, was, at this period, in a very ticklish state. A formidable combination among the native chiefs was more than suspected; the nature and extent of the confederacy was as yet but imperfectly understood, enough however was known to prove, that the prosperity, and even the very existence, of our settlements in the East were menaced.

A cool head, a quick eye, and a vigorous arm, were imperiously called for, and Manningham, who had given ample proofs of uniting in his own person the qualities of the statesman and the soldier, had proceeded to the Carnatic.

When Fortescue, too, reached the banks of the Hoogley, he found the family of his benefactor plunged in the deepest affliction. Frederic, his early friend, was no more. A fever, contracted by imprudently bathing while his blood was in a high state of fermentation, had carried him off almost before his danger was suspected. It was fortunate perhaps for Lord Manningham, that the important affairs which at this time forced themselves upon his attention, compelled him to abstract himself from private griefs, and to devote his undivided energies to the public welfare. On the parade or at the council-board but little alteration could be detected by a common observer in the general or the politician. His cheek, it is true, was somewhat paler, and an added furrow might be seen upon his brow; but his eye had lost little of its fire, nor, except perhaps when some youthful subaltern, high in health, and buoyant in spirit, came

suddenly athwart his course, was its lustre dimmed, or his tongue perceived to falter. On Lady Manningham, the effect of Frederic's death was not less severe, and far more visible; "her beautiful, her brave," was levelled with the dust, and she bowed indeed beneath the stroke. Time, and the affectionate caresses of her surviving offspring, succeeded in restoring her accustomed tranquillity of manner; but the fiat had gone forth, and, though even years elapsed before its full severity was manifested, the seeds of her eventual dissolution but too surely took their root on the premature grave of her boy.

The arrival of Fortescue was at first most painful to both of them—the wound, as yet uncicatrized, bled afresh at the sight of one by whom were called forth so many reminiscences connected with him who *had been*; yet such, and so inexplicable is the human heart, these very sensations soon acquired a new character, in the words of the son of Fingal, "mournful, yet pleasing to the soul," while the younger branches of the family received him at once with unalloyed pleasure, and soon learned to consider him as a substitute for the brother they had lost.

The anticipated insurrection at length broke out. In the course of the desultory, but sanguinary struggle which ensued, Fortescue did not belie the opinion formed of him by his fellow-soldiers; active, vigilant, patient, and intrepid, he displayed in this his first campaign an almost intuitive knowledge of tactics—a coolness and an energy which ranked him with the veteran, nor, in the fierce and final conflict which eventually broke the power of the enemy, and forced him to sue for peace from the depths of his native jungles, were his valour and conduct less conspicuous. A wound, inflicted by the sabre of a Subahdar, who fell in the act, was just of sufficient consequence to call forth all the cares and attentions, without exciting the alarms, of those who loved him. Need it be said, that those of Matilda were the foremost—that her hand was readiest to adjust the bandage, her arm the one most eagerly tendered and accepted as a support? It was during the temporary seces-

sion from his duties, occasioned by this accident, that the hearts, the sentiments, the very thoughts of the lovers became more thoroughly unveiled to each other. Reminiscences of "auld langsyne," the occurrences of the days that were gone, formed, as may well be imagined, no unfrequent topics of discourse between them—the freaks and pastimes of their earlier years were a never-failing theme, nor was Edith, with her legendary treasures, forgotten. The frequent allusions to her fanciful creed made by Matilda, on whose romantic mind her marvellous tales had produced a deeper impression than she was herself aware of, once more aroused in the bosom of her auditor thoughts and feelings which, though dormant, were any thing but dead. The visionary and the enthusiast becomes not less so under the influence of love; the nature of his reveries may be changed by passion—they may vacillate between gloom and ecstasy, but their power on the imagination is even increased, and, if partaken by the object of affection, may be urged by sympathy to the very height of excitement. By degrees Matilda became the *confidante* of all the day-dreams which had floated through the mind of Eustace. To one of her tender and affectionate turn, there was a something so congenial and endearing in the theory of a communion of spirits freed from the grosser and embarrassing clog of matter—in the idea that, although bodies might be divided, nought could interfere to prevent the union of souls—that it is scarcely to be wondered at if, listening with eagerness to the object of her young affections, she soon learned to inhibit the most extravagant of his notions, and to believe, because she wished, them real. Screened from the intolerable heat of a vertical sun by the intercepting verandah, or courting the coolness of the evening breeze beneath their favourite tree, minutes, nay, hours would fly by unheeded, and leave the pair, as they found them, occupied like our first parents, so beautifully described by the poet, in the discussion of mysteries too recondite and abstruse for human intellect to penetrate.

"He, with his consorted Eve,
The story heard attentive, and was filled

With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange!"

The attachment of the disembodied spirit after death to those it loved, ere it "had shuffled off its mortal coil," its presence, and capabilities of watching over their welfare, and holding a communion with them at once intimate and mysterious, was a favourite contemplation of Fortescue. He exulted in a persuasion, which seemed to place his love beyond the reach of accident, and to render it indissoluble, even by death itself.

Meanwhile, their union, contemplated as it was with approbation by both the parents of Miss Stafford, met with repeated obstructions, not more annoying in themselves to the lovers, than lamentable from the circumstances which produced them. These were the events alluded to in the earlier part of these memoirs. For several years might Lord Manningham's house indeed be called "The House of Mourning." One by one, his children sickened, faded, and were no more. No less than five of them were borne in succession to the tomb, and at intervals so brief, that hardly had one been deposited in the "place appointed unto all living," ere another exhibited tokens, but too fatally verified by the event, that its doors would soon again open to receive a kindred victim. It is not to be concluded that, during the whole of this season of affliction, Fortescue was constantly present at headquarters; his military duties, on the contrary, had repeatedly drawn him, on various occasions, up the country. Hordes of those restless and predatory tribes, whom the courage and conduct of the Lord Governor had once before so effectually quelled, had been again in arms, and Fortescue, by this time appointed to a majority, had taken a prominent part in the expeditions sent out to suppress them. But the events of the Pindaree war belong to history; it is sufficient for my purpose to state, that, on its successful termination, Eustace returned, with unimpaired health, and an increased reputation, to lay his newly gathered laurels at the feet of his beloved. He found her as beautiful, as fond as ever; nor did his entreaties that, now at length his long and tried attachment might meet its

dearest reward, experience any farther repulse.

Lord Manningham, in whose favour Fortescue had, if possible, continued to rise, did not affect to conceal his pleasure in consenting to their immediate union, and the nuptial day was fixed. The very evening before the morn that was to crown his fondest hopes had arrived, and Fortescue, after several hours passed in the society of her who was so soon to be united to him, had returned, for the last time, to his quarters, it having been arranged that, for the present at least, the young couple should take up their residence in the Government House. The expectant bridegroom had retired for the night, and was in the act of throwing himself upon his couch, to obtain, if anticipated happiness would let him, a short repose, when, as he ever after averred, a single shriek, shrill and piercing as horror and agony could utter, rang in his ear; he sprang in disorder from the bed; he could not be mistaken—the tones of that voice were too firmly fixed in his memory not to be recognised, even though strained to an unnatural pitch by pain or affright. It was Matilda's cry he heard; and, as the conviction struck upon his heart, the sound of his own name, uttered as with difficulty, seemed to his startled fancy to float upon the night breeze. It was an appeal for succour, for protection; and with a bosom throbbing with anxious and undefined apprehension of he knew not what, a few seconds saw him retracing his steps to the residence, with all the speed the utmost energies of his agile frame could command.

Swift is the pace of him who thinks the beloved of his heart in danger, and few were the minutes which sufficed to transport Fortescue again to the habitation which enshrined her; yet, ere he reached the portal, a sound of hurry and confusion from within, and lights seen rapidly traversing the interior, increased his forebodings to almost

the certainty of misfortune. Nor were his anticipations deceived—forcing his way through the alarmed domestics, in whose countenances grief and consternation were too plainly visible, he rushed towards the apartments of Matilda. They were already occupied by a group, the expression of whose countenances would have defied the efforts of the painter. On one side lay Lady Manningham, pale and senseless, in the arms of two of her female attendants; at the foot of the bed stood her husband, apparently unconscious of her situation, and with every faculty absorbed in contemplating his darling daughter, on whose pallid features death had set his seal. The household physician, and another medical officer attached to the forces, were vainly employed in endeavouring to restore animation to the pale frame before them, while their countenances sufficiently demonstrated the hopelessness of the attempt. Not far from the couch of death, and gazed at with undisguised horror by the attendants, as they hurried to and fro, lay an object, which too fatally explained the scene. One of the most venomous of the serpent tribe that curse the arid shores of Indostan—one whose poison is scarcely more deadly than instantaneous in its effects. A single glance at the crushed reptile, and the sight of his unfortunate mistress, revealed the maddening truth to the miserable Fortescue. He threw himself in unrestrained agony by the side of her whom he had so lately left high in hope and glowing with affection, of her whose parting spirit had, as he verily believed, called on him for aid in those more than mortal accents, which yet vibrated on his ear.

The shock was, under all the circumstances, too severe for human endurance, and, after a burst of irrepressible agony, he was borne from the apartment, insensible alike to the misery of those around him, and to his own.

CHAPTER XIV.

It were needless to dwell on the melancholy blank in Fortescue's existence which succeeded the annihilation

of his fondest hopes, nor shall I detain my readers by expatiating on the feelings of Lord and Lady

Manningham on so overwhelming a calamity. It is my cousin Nicholas, whose "whereabouts" I have charged myself with the task of recording, nor dare I suffer any minor consideration to interfere longer with the concerns of that interesting individual. Indeed, but that the impression produced on Fortescue by the incidents already related eventually exercised a material influence on his fortunes as well as on my own, I should scarcely have ventured on so formidable a digression from the highway of my history. It will only be necessary, therefore, to state, that the bereaved mother never recovered the shock inflicted on her. Her enfeebled frame sank wholly beneath the repetition of blows which had long since prostrated its best energies; and, after a few short months of hopeless lingering, she followed her beloved children gently and unrepining to the tomb; bequeathing the young Amelia to the concentrated affection of him who was now her only parent. In this affection towards the blooming girl Fortescue soon became a sharer; and often, as he turned from gazing on her animated features, his upraised eye and quivering lips would seem to intimate, that he was even then holding high and mysterious converse with some unseen being, of which the fairy form beside him was the subject. Certain it is, that from this period the fondness of Lord Manningham himself for this "sole daughter of his house and heart" could hardly be said to exceed his own; nor could a father watch more tenderly over the welfare of the most beloved child. Every word and action announced that Fortescue considered himself bound by some sacred obligation to be her guardian and protector against every mischance; and as she advanced towards womanhood, this self-imposed task was only the more strongly manifested. From the broken expressions and half-uttered sentences which occasionally escaped him, a doubt would, it is true, sometimes arise in the minds of those who witnessed them, whether the task were indeed self-imposed; and more than one of the female part of the establishment, especially, had listened awestruck to the insinuations of the wonder-loving valet, Mr

Pipeclay, as he more than hinted, that, at the dread hour of night, he had often heard "his master the major argufying with a ghost about miss." That he entertained towards her the warmest affection none could doubt, as little could the nature of that affection be questioned. Love, at least the passion usually known by that name, in him was manifestly dead. No—his was the fervent but pure and hallowed attachment of an elder brother. Her father saw and hailed its progress with the greatest satisfaction, without being for one moment blind to its quality or origin; and, when affairs of importance connected with his official duties induced him to cause Eustace to precede him to Europe, nothing gave him greater satisfaction than the conviction which their parting hour afforded, that, happen what might to himself, his daughter would still possess an affectionate and disinterested protector. On his own return to England with Amelia, Fortescue was in the north, having been induced to accompany a brother officer into Cumberland; nor did the friends again encounter each other till the moment when Eustace had the happiness of placing in his noble patron's arms the daughter he had so opportunely rescued from the particularly impudent abduction of my cousin Nicholas.

I have said, that of this "tenth transmitter" of the Bullwinkle physiognomy no recent accounts had been received. That he was yet in *rerum naturâ*, however, was to be inferred from certain interesting *memoranda*, which occasionally reached Sir Oliver in the shape of sundry paper parallelograms, adorned with goodly columns of arithmetical ciphers, and surmounted by "the Roman initials of pounds, shillings, and pence." To all these applications, and they came "thick as leaves in Valombrosa," did Sir Oliver put in a demurrer. "Nick had a handsome allowance, and if he exceeded it, he might take the consequences."

Many of the items, too, excited the good Baronet's surprise no less than his indignation. Of the effeminacy of the race of daudies he had heard something; but that they should have arrived at the sybaritism of wearing "satin shoes," and "pearl ear-rings," astounded, while

it disgusted him; yet many of the invoices of goods sold and delivered, which had been sent in on account of "N. Bullwinkle, Esq.," comprised articles of a similar description, while long bills for "lace" seemed to intimate that, in the revolutions of fashion, the Mechlin cravats and ruffles of the first Georges were again become the prevailing mode. "A Chinchilli muff, with boa to match," was absolutely abominable. Sir Oliver had, indeed, seen something like the latter encompassing the throat of a guardsman off duty, during his late sojourn in the metropolis; some of the household troops, too, had, as he remembered, borne an article not unlike the former on their heads at the last review; but, then, "Nick was not in the Blues, and why the d——l should he want to stick his head in a muff?" He could have no pretensions to a uniform, while every notion of propriety was outraged by the supposition, that any man would introduce such an innovation into his ordinary costume. But it mattered little; "if Nick chose to make an ass and a monkey of himself he might," but not one penny would he, Sir Oliver, contribute towards such a degradation of the natural dignity of man. A large proportion of the bills were, in consequence, returned, with an intimation to the above effect, any thing but agreeable to his numerous correspondents. As Sir Oliver made no secret of these protocols, or the extent of Mr Bullwinkle's pecuniary engagements, some of which were of considerable standing, a new light broke in upon me. That a gentleman, whose *menus plaisirs* required such ample supplies, should find four hundred a-year, paid quarterly, insufficient for his occasions, was to be expected; and although experience had taught me that he would readily borrow of any friend who would lend to him, yet such resources were clearly too limited, and too precarious, to form a very material item in his budget for the current year. The mystery of Mr Arbuthnot, then, and his Hebrew correspondent, seemed to receive a solution. Again did I task my memory to recall every thing that had passed on that very unsatisfactory morning, when our united researches after my fair *incognita* had terminated in no-

thing but fatigue and disappointment. That Nicholas must have seized some opportunity, that very day, to purloin my letter I had before felt satisfied, and now entertained little doubt that he had availed himself of the moment when I was discharging our bill at the coffee-house to put in practice one of those clever pieces of *legerdemain*, on which he piqued himself. That the Jew money-lender's letter was then substituted for my mother's I became convinced, as well as that the needy gentleman, on whose attempt to raise cash by "de Post obit" it put so decided a negative, was either Nicholas himself, or some accommodating associate in the noble art and mystery of "kite-flying."

In the absence of all positive information on the subject of his present place of sojourn—for the address at Frump Paddock I looked upon as clearly apocryphal—one circumstance still induced me to believe that he was, in fact, at no great distance from the alleged locality of that retreat of the domestic virtues.

A morning paper of high Tory principles, had copied from the *Sussex Conservative*, a formidable paragraph, to which, by way of "gracing its tale with decent horror," it had prefixed the words, "Atrocious outrage, and horrible violation of the sanctuaries of the dead." The account which followed was dated from Brighton, and stated that, in substance, in the dusk of the preceding evening, a truculent-looking ruffian had been detected in the very act of carrying on his disgusting trade of a resurrectionist, in the very churchyard of that Marine Metropolis: That being hotly pursued, he had excited the greatest alarm and consternation among the elegant promeneaders of the Steyne, by running the whole length of that fashionable lounge, with the dead body of a child under his arm, the bare sight of whose projecting legs had, *inter alia maxime deplenda*, frightened the honourable Mrs Faddle into fits, and would, it was to be feared, from her interesting situation, effect a change in the succession to the earldom of Fiddlefumkin. It was gratifying "to be able to assure their readers" that "the monster" was eventually secured by the "intrepidity of Mrs Martha Gun,"

and conveyed, with the *corpus delicti* upon him, to the nearest justice of the peace. On his examination before the Magistrate, he was fully identified as a distinguished Radical Reformer, and a leading member of Lodge No. 275 of the Grand National Consolidated Trades' Union. The "article" concluded with an animated apostrophe on the increasing depravity and licentiousness of the lower orders.

A "Liberal" Journal, of the same date, gave a different version of the same story, extracted from the "*Brighthelmstone Independent*," and headed in what are technically called "small caps" — THE TORIUS AGAIN!!—INFAMOUS ATTACK ON THE RIGHTS OF THE PUBLIC!!!—One of "those hereditary nuisances," who so arrogantly "tyrannize over the people," had, according to this liberal statement, committed a daring and felonious robbery upon an eminent dealer in all kinds of spirituous liquors. This "*Gentleman*, for so he called himself, and boasted that he belonged to a noble (!!) family," in his sheer, wanton, aristocratical, love of oppressing the useful classes, had snatched up, and run away with, a bran new Jolly Bacchus, just come from the painters, and about to be placed astride upon a barrel over the door of Mr Juniper's *emporium*. The "world was challenged" to "ransack the annals" of Nero and Nadir Schah for a parallel to the "heartless and insolent barbarity" of this wresting from an "honest operative" the emblem of his calling, and "opposing the march of intellect," by depriving "the people" of a guide to useful knowledge, which taught them where to apply for consolation "under the miseries inflicted on them by peers and parsons." "Dukes and princes, as they styled themselves," were, it was added, *always* committing "outrages on the people," by their "larks," and "it was notorious," that, when the "h—l-born minister, Pitt" was in office, a lantern had been tied to an old woman's tail in Pall Mall by the hands of royalty itself; but "the people" would "no longer be trampled upon," the time was come, &c. &c. &c. It was "much to be lamented," that "several operatives," occupied at the moment in partaking of choice com-

pounds, had suffered severely from the breaking of a large case bottle of oil-of-vitriol, which *happened* to be in the shop, and was overturned in the first rush after the fugitive, who, bolting across the Steyne, with his prize under his arm, would doubtless have escaped with it altogether, had he not, by the greatest good fortune, run against a lady who was crying mackerel, knocked her down, and rolled over her into the channel. The examination, it was added, was strictly private, and the delinquent "received permission to speak to the prosecutor," but the editor "had authority to state," that all attempts at compromise *would have been* indignantly rejected by the truly patriotic Mr Juniper, who was only induced to relinquish farther proceedings, by the reflection that, as the painter's bill had not been paid, he could not conscientiously swear the image of the son of Semele to be his own property; the culprit, therefore, was of course "discharged with an admonition."—"We should ill perform our duty to the public," (said the *Brighthelmstone Independent*.) "were we to refrain from publishing the name of the delinquent; and this we should undoubtedly do, had it not unluckily escaped our reporter's memory; we have reason, however, to believe, that he was identified as the heir to a baronetcy." The whole was wound up *en règle* by an elaborate *enlogium* on the virtues of "producers," and an *exposé* of the practical inconvenience of a House of Peers.

That Nicholas was the hero of this absurd adventure I considered far from improbable. From boyhood he had been a great collector of emblematic rarities; wooden hats, golden boots, the lion gules of the publican, and the azure globe of the pawnbroker, the solitary barber's pole that graced the village of Underdown, and every commercial device that the neighbouring town could supply, had early constituted the most cherished ornaments of his private apartment. In this his *museum*, the Highlander of the tobacconist extended his mull courteously towards the black doll of the dealer in marine stores, and the gigantic spectacles of the optician seemed to gaze undismayed at the goldbeater's uplifted mallet. Knockers, scrapers,

shutter-pens, and pump-handles lay scattered around in elegant and unstudied variety. Nor were the finer arts neglected; a portrait of Admiral Lord Rodney, done in oil, and in excellent preservation, needed not its legend of "good entertainment for man and horse," to prove that Nicholas's taste in painting had withdrawn it from a more elevated situation, while a Galen's head, unquihle the property of "Pig-tail Drench," and gorgeous as gold leaf could make it, evinced that he was equally alive to the charms of sculpture. That to these treasures of the moderns he should wish to add some specimens of a more ancient school was to be expected from one of my cousin's classical mind. The convivial dely of heathen mythology would harmonize admirably with a magnificent bunch of golden grapes which already depended temptingly from his ceiling, and of all "the gods of the Greeks" *Lyæus* was the one for whom he professed and felt the greatest veneration. Hence, as I was persuaded, the attack upon the unpaid for property of the conscientious Joseph Juniper, and I looked forward with confidence to the time when, "flushed with a purple grace," the jolly god would yet "show his honest face" in one of the back attics of Underdown Hall.

Meanwhile my own affairs went on smoothly and happily as heart could wish. My health was now perfectly re-established, and no obstacle existed to the completion of my wishes save what might arise from the "law's delay" in the due preparation of settlements, with all those provisoes respecting pinmoney and alimony, which, in what is termed high life, usually accompany matrimony, and which, in the joining two persons together for life, contemplate the probability of their separating for ever. Lord Manningham affected no unnecessary secrecy on this occasion, nor was Uncle Oliver the man to hide his candle under a bushel;—various paragraphes, therefore, soon found their way into different journals from the trades-people employed on the wedding *paraphernalia*, the *trousseau* of the bride, the equipage of the bridegroom, "the names of the horses and colours of the riders,"

were duly announced with all the pomp and circumstance usual on these occasions, and with a minuteness of detail as laudably accurate as that which blazoned forth the Ollapod livery "tastily turned up with a rhuarb-coloured lapelle."

At length, after a proper proportion of these pilot-balloons had sufficiently informed the expectant public which way the wind was blowing, the Morning Post put forth the following clincher.

"H. M. S. the Superb, 74, Hon. Captain Loblolly, has been ordered round to * * *, where she will take on board the Right Reverend the new Bishop of Bengal. His Lordship was consecrated on Sunday the 4th instant, in the chapel appertaining to the Archiepiscopal Palace at Lambeth, and is about to embark forthwith, with his amiable family, for the important diocese over which he has been called upon to preside. On his way to the coast, his Lordship will visit Underdown Hall, the seat of Sir Oliver Bullwinkle, Bart., for the express purpose of solemnizing the marriage ceremony between Charles Stafford Esq., nephew to the hospitable proprietor of the mansion, and his cousin, the Hon. Amelia Stafford, the beautiful and accomplished heiress of Lord Viscount Manningham, K. B., late Governor General, &c., &c., &c. Immediately after the ceremony, the Right Rev. prelate will proceed to the place of embarkation, while the happy couple will set out for Belvoir Abbey, on the banks of the Wye, the splendid domain recently purchased by the noble Nabob, from the heirs of the late Lord Cumberville."

This announcement was substantially correct in all its parts. The Bishop was an old and valued friend of Lord Manningham, whose interest indeed had mainly contributed to his appointment; and, as the state of my mother's health presented an impediment to her sanctioning our union with her presence in the metropolis, it had been determined that the ceremony should take place in the parish church of Underdown, the good prelate consenting, not without some personal inconvenience to himself, to deviate a few miles from his direct route to the coast, for the satisfaction of bestowing the nuptial benediction upon his patron's daughter.

The 10th of the month was the anniversary of my mother's birth, and this day, which had been fixed upon at her request, to unite Amelia and myself, despite Time's ambling progress, at length arrived. The sun rose fair and brilliant; and if all nature did not absolutely "wear one universal grin" on the occasion, neither had we to accuse her of being niggardly of her smiles. Sir Oliver was early in the field, ordering, superintending, and confusing every thing and every body. Miss Pyefinch was not idle; a handsome *déjeûne à la fourchette*, spread under her delegated auspices, loaded the long table in the cedar parlour, flanking which, stood her brother in full uniform; a suit of regimentals that had long since fallen into desuetude, and from their cut, might have belonged to my Lord Ligonier, having been drawn forth from the very inmost recesses of the gallant officer's wardrobe for the purpose of doing credit to the day. Four fine blood-horses, with a white favour at each ear, were champing their bits in the stable, impatient of delay, and eager for the moment when they should have the honour of whirling the bride and bridegroom over hill and dale; the "handsome travelling barouche," so glowingly described in Messrs Honeyman's advertising paragraphs for the last fortnight, stood ready loaded, with imperial fixed, and all the baggage, save the lady's maid and her band-boxes, properly adjusted. "The church was decked at morning tide;" the sconces well supplied with miniature *bouquets*, and the pews with expectant rustics, curious to witness the "grand wedding." Within the belfry sat eight or ten "college youths," eager to ring out Heaven knows how many "triple-bob-majors," while in front of the old ivied porch were ranged in two goodly rows, a pleasing sample of the village Ophelias, each with her basket of moral-bearing flowerets, blushing, giggling, and wondering "what made the gentle-folks so late;" every body in short was in a bustle, for every thing had long been ready, but—an awful *but* on such an emergency—the parson!

It is recorded of an eminent practitioner of the art of abstraction, that,

when on his way to that fatal tree, as Mat Prior tells us,

"The Squire of the Pad and the Knight of the Post,

Find their pains no more baulked, and their aims no more cross'd,"

he addressed the crowd, which was running up Holborn Hill beside him, with all that *politesse* which distinguished the golden age of thievery, an age when the coarse expression that so disgusted Juan,

"D—n your eyes, your money or your life!"

never disgraced the lips of a highwayman of any mark or likelihood, and when the Macleans and Duvals, whose loss posterity has so much reason to lament, would rather have left a man's brains unscattered, than have blown them out in a rude and indelicate manner. "Gentlemen," said the professor alluded to, "pray do not hurry, you will heat yourselves, and that most unnecessarily; on my honour, *there will be no fun till I come!*" Alack, that the good Bishop of Bengal did not despatch some monitory messenger fraught with a similar hint! What hurrys and scamperings, what wonderings, and toilings, and turmoilings, would not such a trifling attention on his part have prevented! So at least thought Sir Oliver.

As the special license with which I was duly armed, did away with the necessity of attending to hours strictly canonical, one o'clock had been the time fixed upon for the ceremony, our Right Reverend friend having promised to be with us before noon. But "the bell of the castle toll'd one," and the wheels of his chariot still tarried; the groom stationed, by way of outpost, at the head of the avenue, to telegraph his lordship's appearance in the offing, still gazed and "made no sign;" jellies and cold chicken stood untasted; Sir Oliver began to look fidgety, and the Captain voracious, the eyes of the former oscillating between his watch and the window, those of the latter between a pyramid of prawns and a lobster salad. The great clock that had for years enlivened the hall with its tickings, now distinctly sounded two! The vibration served to unlock the lips of Miss Pyefinch,

who, breaking the taciturnity which seemed to have hermetically sealed those of the rest of the party assembled, gave vent in a whisper to a remark which, though neither very profound nor very original, was unquestionably both true and appropriate; she said, "it was very odd!" Sir Oliver gasped, and the Captain helped himself to a glass of Madeira, but neither replied; their looks, however, were so encouraging, that the lady ventured to follow up her observation with a hope that "nothing was the matter!" The charm was now dissolved; every tongue recovered its functions, and it was unanimously resolved, in contradiction to her so kindly expressed wish, that "something *must be*, and that something *was* the matter," and away dashed the Baronet, watch in hand, on a solitary visit to his sentinel, who still remained in warder guise, looking "as far as he could see." The muttered ejaculation that escaped my uncle as he sallied forth, satisfied me that the wish then uppermost in his mind was connected with the speedy translation of our Right Reverend friend to a diocese, even more sultry and extensive than the one just subjected to his pastoral superintendence. I doubt whether at the moment I should myself have interposed a *veto* to the *cong   d'clire*.

Our wedding party seemed now much in the same situation with that which the bard records to have been so unseasonably marred by a certain "Jock of Hazeldean," save that, fortunately for myself, the only personage missing was the bishop, and not the bride, who still remained closeted above stairs with my mother, and, of course, in a state of suspense rendered any thing but enviable by this flagrant instance of episcopal remissness. Lord Manningham himself had become uneasy, and as another hour was now fast drawing to a close without any sign of the prelate's appearance, a serious enquiry ensued as to "what was to be done?"

The Viscount, expressing his fears that his friend had met with some accident, hinted at the necessity of postponement. Against this measure I entered my most vehement protest, suggesting, by way of *contre-projet*, that, as the parson of the parish could tie the nuptial knot

quite as firmly, if not quite so handsomely, as his ecclesiastical superior, the services of our old acquaintance Bustle, should be put in requisition. That reverend gentleman was, of course, in attendance as an invited guest, and now readily proffered his assistance towards rescuing us from our dilemma, the prospect of officiating seeming almost to console him for missing an introduction to so dignified a pillar of the Church. The discussion waxed warm, and Miss Pyefinch was preparing to issue forth and summon Sir Oliver to "the talk," when a glance from the window shewed us that personage returning to the house, and in company with a domestic in a sad-coloured livery, who led by the bridle-rein a hot and jaded steed, from which he seemed just to have dismounted. "News at last from the Bishop!" quoth Lord Manningham. The Captain nodded. "Of course, then, we must not now expect him in person!" The Captain shook his head, and helped himself to another bumper of Madeira.

When Sir Oliver entered the room, he bore an epistle in each hand; the one was open, the seal of the other had not been broken. I saw at a glance that my good uncle was in one of his old fits of mystified excitement.

"Why, what is the meaning of all this, Lord Manningham? Is your confounded Bishop drunk or mad?"

"Neither, I will venture to affirm," responded Lord Manningham gravely.

"Then, who the devil's Pumpe?" asked the Baronet.

"I know no such person," replied the Viscount.

"Why, zounds! he's your very particular friend," shrieked Sir Oliver.

"I never heard the name before," said his Lordship.

"Then read your own letter, my Lord, and see if it will throw any light upon the cursed rigmarole stuff I have got here; as I am a living soul, I can't make head or tail of one word of it."

The exhausted Baronet threw himself into a chair, puffing like a stranded grampus, while the peer quietly received from his extended

hand the proffered billet, which he unsealed, and retreated to the window to peruse; meanwhile, I gently drew its fellow from my uncle's grasp, and, sanctioned by his mute permission, read it thus :—

"SIR OLIVER,

"Though personally unacquainted with you, I beg to express to every member of your family my sincere sympathy on an event so distressing to their feelings. Strong as his mind is, I tremble to think on the effect which the shock must have produced on poor Lord Manningham, though the fears of his friend, Sir Willoughby Pumppe, have, I trust, exaggerated an evil in itself sufficiently formidable. I would fain hope that the object of the infatuated girl's choice is not so utterly depraved as he has been led to believe. When his Lordship returns, pray take a proper opportunity to present the enclosed. You will agree with me, that, under the circumstances, my presence at Underdown-Hall would be not only useless but distressing to all concerned; I proceed therefore at once to the vessel in waiting for me. As the wind is now fair, I dare scarcely hope for any farther intelligence before we sail, but I shall expect it with anxiety by the very first means of communication. To the kind attentions of Sir Willoughby Pumppe and yourself, I commit my excellent friend with confidence, regretting that I am precluded from offering my personal condolences; and earnestly praying that he may be strengthened to support this heavy calamity.

"Yours very faithfully,
"GEO. BENGAL."

No great degree of light, it must be confessed, was thrown upon the cause of his lordship's absence by this mysterious missive, which might, in verity, have puzzled much wiser heads than that of Sir Oliver, and went far towards realizing the sarcastic simile of the satirist. "As obscure as an explanatory note." From a review of the context in Lord Manningham's hands, however, better things were to be hoped, and although after all attempts at elucidation, much remained to be guessed at, sufficient *data* were ob-

tained from that quarter to satisfy every one that the Bishop had been victimized by some impudent impostor. I shall not pretend to give the letter in detail, and for this piece of forbearance, I claim the especial thanks of all who hate, as much as I do, closely written epistles of three sides and a postscript, particularly as, after all, it left a great deal to be inferred. Thus much was, however, perfectly clear from its contents; a gentleman, or one whose outward man bespoke him such, had called at the Bishop's temporary abode in London, late on the day preceding that of his intended departure; he had announced himself as "Sir Willoughby Pumppe," and, after apologizing, in much apparent agitation, for his intrusion at so unseemly an hour, had apprized his lordship, that the whole family of "his dear friend and relative Lord Manningham," had been just thrown into the greatest confusion and distress, by the sudden elopement of the Hon. Miss Stafford with a *soi-disant* Polish count, one Wiskerewski, with whom she had unfortunately contracted an acquaintance soon after her arrival in this country. By the aid of white teeth, black mustache, diamond shirt buttons, a profusion of rings and chains that would have put an Alderman to open shame, this person had succeeded, said "Sir Willoughby," in palming himself upon society as a nobleman expatriated for Political offences, a sworn foe to autocrats, and a "martyr to the sacred cause of liberty." The young lady, who was deeply read in the history of Thaddeus of Warsaw, wanted but a *chansonnette* or two sung in a corner *sotto voce* to the guitar,—an accomplishment, by the way, in which his countship beat Miss Porter's hero "all to sticks"—to surrender at discretion; and these were plentifully supplied. With a degree of finesse scarcely to be expected in one so young, and acquired no doubt from the lessons of so able a tutor, she had dissembled her disinclination to the match with her cousin, on which she knew her father had set his heart, till it was on the very eve of accomplishment, and had then taken advantage of a dark night, and four stout post-horses, to give her friends the slip.

The fugitives had been traced on their route to the sea-side, and Lord Manningham, accompanied by the deserted bridegroom, had gone in pursuit of them, but, from the start they had got, the vicinity of the coast, and the facility of communication with the continent, little hope was entertained of overtaking them on this side the Channel. "Sir Willoughby" added, that, under these untoward circumstances he had been deputed, as a near connexion of the family, to wait on his lordship, and to apprize him of an event which, so much to the affliction of all parties, would render his kind offices unavailing; and expressed the greatest possible regret at having every reason to believe, from information recently received, that the rascally Wiskerewski, who had thus carried off his noble friend's daughter, had not only been a hanger on in a low gaming-house with a Greek name, but had previously figured on the continent as an escaped *Forger*.

Such it appeared was the sum and substance of the communication made to the astounded prelate by Sir Willoughby Pumpepe.

His lordship, having dismissed his visitor, went to bed grieved and afflicted at the misfortune of his friend, and indignant at the villany of the seducer. He left London, of course, the next morning, according to his original design, as farther delay was impossible, even could his remaining in England a few days longer have allowed him to witness the termination of an affair in which he took so strong an interest. His arrangements were, therefore, only so far countermanded as regarded his purposed deviation from the direct route to the seaport; and the hour which he had intended to pass at Underdown Hall was devoted to writing these manifestations of his sympathy from the nearest town, at which he rested a short time for that purpose. These despatched, the Right Reverend the Bishop of Bengal and suite proceeded leisurely on to * * *, where he was received with all due attention to etiquette by the Honourable Captain Loblolly, and, having embarked under a grand salute

from a regulated number of guns, set sail "in H. M. S. the Superb, 74, for the important diocese over which he had been called upon to preside," to the immortal honour of the accuracy of the Morning Post's reporter.

The developement of this extraordinary affair gave rise, as may well be imagined, to no slight discussion among the bridal party assembled in the cedar parlour. Vexed and indignant as we were, there was, after all, a something so ludicrous in our position, that, had I filled any other situation than that of bridegroom-elect, it is a hundred to one if I should have been able to forbear laughing. At this distance of time, when the annoyance is no longer felt, and the "old familiar faces" rise before my mind's eye, the compressed lip and flashing glance of the Viscount, the incensed floridity of the Baronet's physiognomy, Miss Pryeluch's "My goodness me!" and Bustle's heartfelt "Bless my soul!" cannot but give to the muscles of my countenance an expression very different from that which it exhibited on the day in question. The Captain was the only one who retained his perfect self-possession; the single word "Curious!" alone escaped his lips, as reverting to the table his eye plainly demanded—"Since the Bishop will not be here, had we not better begin breakfast?" But this was not yet to be. I now insisted on my former proposition with respect to the reverend rector's assistance, to which little or no opposition was ultimately offered; some slight excuse for the prelate's absence was made to the bride, who had hitherto been kept in a laudable state of ignorance as to what was going on; and, before the gallant officer was allowed to masticate a custard, that ceremony was performed, which, in our case, had begun, as it always ends, with "amazement." I had become the happy husband of my beautiful and blushing Amelia, despite the *laches* of the Bishop of Bengal, and the machinations of "Sir Willoughby Pumpepe."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ALL governments in the end are founded on one of three bases. They are either rested on military force and the affections of the soldiery; or on property, and the influence of those in the State who enjoy, or hope to enjoy that stake in society; or on the sway of Government produced by the multitude of civil and military officers, by which the suffrages and support of the majority of the citizens are obtained. Every Government that exists, or ever did exist for any length of time, on the face of the earth, may be distinctly seen to be grounded on some one of these three foundations, and without resting on one or more of them, every Government must in a very few years be destroyed, to make way for one which does.

We say, and we say intentionally, "every Government that exists, or ever did exist *for any length of time*, on the face of the earth, must be grounded on one or more of these three foundations;" because we are perfectly aware that there is a *fourth* basis on which it is the great, or at least the professed, object of the Movement party to establish Government, and that is the influence of "public opinion;" or, in more correct language, the sway of the mere majority in number of those who are invested with any influence in public affairs. A very little consideration, however, must be sufficient to shew that this is not in reality a fourth basis for Government, but only a form in which the working of one or other of the other foundations is perceived. Without doubt, public opinion—that is, the consent and support of the majority of the people—is the foundation of all Governments, and just as much of that of Gengis Khan or Tamerlane, as of Necker or Lord Grey; because, unless the bulk of the people have been brought from the influence of *one motive or another*, to support, or at least cease from resisting the ruling power, it must soon be overturned. In Turkey, the majority of the nation are of opinion, that it is hopeless to resist the Sultan; in Egypt, that it is impossible to withstand the regal

Pacha; in Russia, that it is expedient to support the Czar, and advance a power which promises soon to overshadow the earth; in France, that it is for the interest of most people to rally round the Sovereign, who is at once the last barrier between them and anarchy, and the dispenser of the hundred thousand offices which flow from the Tuilleries. In all these different cases, public opinion, in other words, the consent of the majority, is the foundation of Government; but, in the first cases, it is gained by the terror of military power, or the spirit of military ambition; in the last, by the dread of revolutionary spoliation, and the corruption of official patronage.

We will not dispute, however, about words. We know perfectly what is meant in common parlance by a Government founded on public opinion; it means a Government seated in power by a popular effort, and maintained there by popular support, to the exclusion of the property or influence which were previously predominant in the national councils. Such a Government may maintain its ascendancy, and for a short time acquire very great power, far greater than can ever be at the command of any other, just as an individual, under the stimulus of passion, will for a season make greater efforts, than one guided by prudential considerations; but its sway will be of short duration, and unless it soon casts anchor on military force, wealthy influence, or official patronage, it will speedily be swept from the face of the earth. The reason is obvious. The great bulk of mankind are totally incapable, even in the most enlightened age, of appreciating or comprehending what is for the ultimate interests of society; but perfectly of understanding what promises, in the first instance at least, to gratify their desires. The only political desires which are generally influential, are the love of gain, the love of power, the spirit of religion, and the love of country. And, therefore, it is by the excitation of these active and universally felt propensities, that Government alone

can ever gain the active support of the great masses. The love of country, often of prodigious force in foreign, is comparatively powerless in domestic contests; the spirit of religion is all exerted on the other side; and therefore it is soon found that the love of power, or the love of gain, are the only means of exciting the energetic support in civil dissensions of the great body of the people. It is to these active desires, accordingly, that every popular or revolutionary Government immediately addresses itself; it is by the hopes of gaining one or other of these glittering objects, that the popular support is at first gained; and it is by continually keeping up such a hope, that its influence is alone upheld. The moment that this stimulus is withdrawn; the instant that the prospect of an increase of power or spoliation of the opulent is at an end, the wand of the magician is broken, and the boasted strength of a popular Government has melted into air. It is in this circumstance that the early decay in the popularity of all the first leaders of Revolution is founded, and to it, that the invariable rapid succession, and increasing violence of revolutionary Governments, is to be ascribed. When the first object held out to the multitude has been gained, the *besoin* of a fresh stimulus is felt, or the Administration finds itself sinking; if it has wickedness enough to go on with the Movement, and rouse the people by throwing out new objects to their desires, it may for a time keep itself afloat; if not, it is destroyed, to make way for less conscientious statesmen, more thorough-paced revolutionists, who will rouse their desires by presenting fresh objects of ambition. Public opinion, therefore, in this sense, is nothing but a gentler expression for revolutionary desires, and it never can be the foundation for any length of time of any Government.

The revolutionary war which so long distracted Europe was the great contest of property against spoliation of the Governments founded on the support of proprietors against those resting on the passions of the destitute. In such a contest, the advantages long remained on the side of anarchy, because the vigour and talent which

were brought by the attacking party to the charge were more powerful than the energy which the aristocracy and property of Europe could at first array for the defence. Still, however, the victory would have been earlier determined, had it not been for the alluring words with which the Jacobin party uniformly veiled their hateful actions, and the constant and too successful attempt which they made to excite those passions in other States on which their power was founded in their own. Hence the necessity of each in its turn tasting the bitter realities of revolutionary conquest, before a cordial and universal alliance of kings and people could be formed for its overthrow. Such a coalition, however, was at length produced by extremity of suffering; the bitterness of revolutionary rule was felt by every continental State; even the genius of Napoleon, and the might of his army, could not stand against the aroused indignation arising from the experienced horrors of revolutionary Government; and with the capture of Paris, the victory of property over Jacobinism was completed.

The inestimable blessings conferred by this glorious triumph upon the cause of freedom were soon apparent. In every country of Europe, Freedom, relieved from its worst enemy, Democracy, revived; Russia was advancing with the steps of a giant; education was established on an admirable basis, and immensely extended in Prussia and Austria; Italy, amidst the maledictions of the Revolutionists, rapidly healed the wounds of war under the Imperial rule; France, for the first time in its existence really free, exhibited a degree of internal prosperity almost incredible after the disasters of the Revolution; England, amidst much partial suffering, made strides in liberty and wealth unparalleled in any former age; and even Spain, in fifteen years, added three millions to its population, and nearly a half to its national industry. The cause of liberty, therefore, had gained immensely by the result of the triumph of property over spoliation; and freedom, divested of its most dangerous ally, innovation, was rapidly and generally taking root in its only secure

soil, diffused property. When the efforts of the Jacobins in France were again successful, the Government of Charles X. was subverted; the ascendancy of Jacobinism over property was again restored in that monarchy, and by the *contre-coup* in this country, aided by the efforts of our own revolutionists, the British Constitution was overturned.

Then England, whose arm was so strong, whose moral weight was so extraordinary; England, which had hitherto stood foremost in the fight of freedom founded on property, against Jacobinism founded on spoliation; England, under whose banners the assembled nations had joined in the crusade against revolution, and which for a hundred and twenty years had exhibited to the world the rare combination of unlimited personal liberty with perfect security to property, suddenly wheeled round to the other side! The other nations of Europe were constrained to look to the only other power capable of affording them effectual protection in the contest which was apparently approaching; and the passing of the Reform Bill, in London, gave at one blow as important an addition to the continental influence of Russia as the overthrow of Napoleon and the fall of Paris.

Glorious as were the triumphs of freedom and property over organized and military Jacobinism, which signalized the close of the last war, there was one circumstance, which to every lover of liberty considerably weakened the satisfaction that must otherwise have been so generally experienced. Jacobinism, converted by the genius of Napoleon into the passion for military conquest, had fairly beat down all the armies of Europe: it had crushed all the energies of European civilisation, and subdued all but the dauntless navy of England. In the last extremity, regulated freedom had to call in the aid of barbaric vigour: the liberties of the continent were gone, if the might of Russia had not been put forth in the struggle. Freedom was extinguished in Germany till the voice of the desert roused it to exertion: it was not by the chivalry or the infantry of Europe, but the Cossack and the Tar-

tar, that the resurrection of the Fatherland was accomplished. Civilisation, amidst all its pride, was not ashamed to owe its deliverance to the forces which empassioned ignorance had led to its support.

It is not with impunity, however, that any state calls in the aid of a foreign power, however generous: it is not without disastrous consequences that a deliverance, even from revolutionary rule, by external aid, is accomplished. Russia acquired a great and most alarming addition of power by the overthrow of Napoleon. With 150,000 men at her command, she took possession and kept possession of Poland at the Congress of Vienna, and brought her frontier as near both to Berlin and Vienna, without either mountains or fortified towns between, as from York to London. Nor was this all. Her internal power, her military energy, her political ambition, were doubled by the extraordinary successes of the war. *Serpens nisi serpentem comederit non sit draco.* The Russians had found the way to Paris; they had tasted the wines of Champagne and Burgundy; they had felt the force of civilized beauty; the ancient and hereditary desire of the North for Southern conquests had been revived; their armies had met and vanquished Napoleon; the last perfection of the military art had been attained by their soldiers; while still an infant in civilisation, Russia was already a veteran in arms. The consequences of this prodigious addition to barbaric energy and power were soon apparent. In one campaign she struck down the power of Persia, subdued the towers of Eristan, and established her dominion far to the south of the Caucasus, in the richest province of Khorassan. In two more she overthrew the ancient and redoubtable power of the Osmanlis, captured the fortresses on the Danube, burst through the barrier of the Balkan, and dictated a glorious peace from Adrianople, the ancient seat of the Turkish power in Europe. Every person of common foresight, therefore, lamented, long before the convulsions of 1830, the perilous ascendancy which Russia had acquired in Western Europe.

Still there remained one hope to

Europe, and it was a hope apparently founded on the most solid foundation. England and Germany still remained; united in policy, interest, and determination, as in character, lineage, and descent; prepared alike to face to the eastward against an irruption of the Scythian hordes, or westward against the invasion of French Democracy. These two powers, the one irresistible on the waves, the other possessing, when thoroughly roused, a still formidable preponderance on the continent, appeared adequate to the task of repelling, at least for a very long period, the fatal invasion of the Russian power. Their interests, their institutions, their character were identified. Descended from the same common stock, united by the same blood, speaking at bottom the same language, still preserving the same institutions, they were still farther united by identity, in part, at least of religion, and, in all, by the recollection of common glories and dangers. Together they had fought against revolutionary France, through many a long and disastrous campaign; they had maintained together the great cause of liberty against Jacobinism for twenty years; they had stood side by side on the field of Waterloo; and their united standards had passed in triumph through the walls of Paris.

The public spirit in Germany is at bottom the same as it was in old England: in both it is diametrically opposed to that of revolutionary France. The disposition in Germany is that of order and method: they would rather have order without liberty, than liberty without order. Slow and methodical in their ideas, they are what we should have been had the Anglo-Saxons alone formed the parent stock of the nation, and no infusion of Danish enterprise and Norman fire given additional energy and impetuosity to the Gothic blood. We preceded them, therefore, in the career of freedom, but they were following in our footsteps, and would ultimately have arrived at the same result. Liberty was there slowly arising on the basis of united ORDER, PROPERTY, AND RELIGION; the only foundation on which it ever was, or can be permanently raised; the tripod on

which alone the glorious fabric can be securely rested.

The cause of European freedom, therefore, of real liberty in every quarter of the globe, rested on the alliance of England and Germany; on the union of the first with the second-born of Gothic independence; on the sympathy of the only nations who upheld the cause of property and freedom against those of despotism and democracy; and the only ones, in this part of the globe at least, which had the courage to defend these inestimable blessings. It was in vain to look out for an alliance for freedom in any other quarter. The Russians were too young a nation to prize, the Italians too old to defend it. The first, in the pursuit of conquest, were insensible to the blessings of liberty; the last, in the quest of pleasure, were too effeminate to uphold it. The liberty of France, cursed by the blight of Jacobinical triumph, was obviously only of a transient endurance; irreligion had polluted the fountains of virtue; ambition had misdirected the national spirit. There remained only for that great and guilty people, as the punishment of their revolutionary sins, an old age of corruption, despotism, and decline. In Germany alone the foundations of real freedom were to be found: a resolute spirit, a love of order, the sway of devotion: minds yet untainted by revolutionary delusions; hearts yet unpolluted by revolutionary desires. It is in the combination of these and of these *alone* that the means of constructing durable liberty are to be found.

The dread of Russia had gone far, before the Revolt of the Barricades arose, to produce an approximation towards such a union of the only two Powers in existence capable of maintaining the cause of property and freedom against military or democratic despotism; and the cabinet of Vienna had made repeated advances to that of Great Britain for an alliance to stem the progress of Russian ambition in the East of Europe. England did not wish to see Russia extend itself over Central Asia, and menace her splendid eastern dominions, any more than Prussia and Austria wished to see it establish itself in Central Germany, and menace

the capitals of Berlin and Vienna. Identity of interest, therefore, the sense of a common danger, proceeding from the same quarter, must, ere long, have united these two great powers in a league against the northern conquerors; and from such a combination, the fairest prospects to the independence of Europe, and the cause of real freedom throughout the world, might have been anticipated.

But all these prospects were blown to the winds by the Triumph of the Barricades in France, and the success of the Reform mania in England. These events at once detached Great Britain from the league of freedom and independence, of which she had hitherto been the head, and placed her in the van of democratic despotism. Separating herself from the cause of order, property, and religion, which she had so long supported, she espoused that of anarchy, spoliation, and infidelity, which she had so long resisted; with an insensibility to former fame, an insensibility to past achievements, a treachery to deathless renown, which would have been deemed incredible if it had not been actually witnessed, she at once lowered the standard of England, and hoisted the tricolor in its room. Her treaties, her obligations, her interests, her character, were scattered to the winds. The consequences of these measures have been all but irreparable; they have necessarily thrown the Continental Powers, with the exception of France, into the arms of Russia. *Germany, instead of the bulwark of Europe, has become the advanced post of Muscovy.* The jealousy of Russia, the danger to independence, have been forgotten; England and France, as Chateaubriand has well observed, like two enormous battering-rams, have assailed the institutions of all other states, and entirely overturned every second-rate government which was within their reach. Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, have been revolutionized. Conduct so inexplicable—dereliction of principle so flagrant—has struck foreign nations like the yawning of an earthquake; and amidst the overthrow of all the ancient allies of England, and the success of her efforts to re-establish the principles which for twenty

years she obstinately combated to overturn, they have been led to distrust altogether the possibility of reconciling the liberty with the stability of nations, and to draw into a closer league those Powers which, by the rude arm of despotic authority, still kept up protection to life, property, and religion.

But what are all these dangers, it is said by the revolutionary party, when France and England are united; and these two great states, the Lords of the Earth and the Sea, are closely drawn together by the bonds of interest, and the sympathy of common representative institutions? In reply to this argument, let us consider on what basis the Government of France is now really rested, and what chance there is that the bonds of revolutionary fraternization are long to subsist between the two countries. France is at the close, England is at the outset, of democratic innovation. The great work of Jacobinical spoliation has been completed in the one country, it remains to be done in the other; revolutionary fervour has there worn itself out, and the Parisian national guard would rather see the foreigners of 1814 again, than another *émeute* in favour of freedom. Here democratic fervour is still, comparatively speaking, in its infancy. There can be no real or permanent alliance between two states in so entirely different a stage of the revolutionary fever.

Are the English people, who so readily, under their democratic demagogues, are led to believe that an interminable security, a bulwark against every species of danger is to be found in the French alliance, aware what is the real character of Louis Philippe's Government? Are they aware that it is neither more nor less than that of imperial Rome, with an obsequious senate to register the decrees of the sovereign, and take away from his government the odium of the most unpopular measures, a praetorian guard to overawe the capital, and innumerable offices in the disposal of government, to secure the acquiescence of the departmental electors? Are they aware that this monarch, the people's choice, elevated to the throne amidst the shouts of the Barricades, rules more despotically than any sovereign

in Europe; that he has waged an inveterate, and what promises to be soon a successful, war against the freedom of the press; that thousands of political prisoners languish in the state prisons of France, without the slightest appearance of being brought to trial; and that, aided by the terror of another revolution, the cabinet of the Tuileries is rapidly laying the foundation of a thoroughly organized and deep-rooted despotism, which will for ever extinguish the liberties of France? If they know these things, on what ground can they expect that a durable alliance is to be formed between such a state and one like England, leading the van of revolution? If they do not, on what grounds do they conceive themselves qualified to take a part in the self-government of the nation, when they are ignorant of, or wilfully shut their eyes to, the political condition and prospects of their boasted and only powerful ally?

Farther, even if the French Government, instead of being, as it really is, a despotism founded on military force and official patronage, were in truth as free as our deluded or deluding liberals wish to represent it, are the advocates for such a connexion in this country aware of the deep, the inextinguishable, and increasing hatred of England, and jealousy of the English naval power, which pervades all classes of that community, and most of all, the democratic members of it? Are they aware that all the French political and historical writers, without one single exception, represent Great Britain as ruled entirely, under every administration, by a selfish and Machiavelian system of policy,—that this falsehood is eagerly swallowed and implicitly believed by the whole population, Royalist, Doctrinaire, and Republican, in that kingdom,—and that if you were to poll its whole thirty-three millions, you would probably not find thirty-three individuals who would not willingly lend his hand to send England to perdition? As long, indeed, as we serve their purposes—as long as we shelter them under our wings, and bear the brunt of European indignation in supporting their system of revolutionary propaganda—so long will we be bespattered with

praise by their official organs. But let us halt in our career—let us renew our connexions with governments which resist revolution—let us cease to support the cause of insurrection all over the world, and instantly it will be seen how hollow and insidious were their praises, how deep-felt, sincere, and inveterate their hatred! Do they suppose that Waterloo and Trafalgar ever can or ever will be either forgotten or forgiven? Is there no jealousy at what they call our maritime rights? And what in reality is our maritime power in every Frenchman's estimation? Let but the signal be given—let Russia and America proclaim the principles of the armed Neutrality, and invite other nations to join in a crusade to establish what they call the liberty of the seas—in other words, to destroy the navy of England—and soon will it be seen on how hollow a foundation our reliance upon France is rested. Joyfully, right joyfully, will her people unite with the general confederacy. In an instant our aid to Louis Philippe in the moment of peril will be forgotten, and we shall be recollected only as their deadly and hereditary foes.

And who are the other allies that we have selected to support us in the monstrous revolutionary career into which, in imitation of the French republicans, and undeterred by their woful example, we have so precipitately plunged? Do we expect effectual aid in the hour of need from Spain, with its navy now reduced to *two* sail of the line and six frigates, and whose population is so divided that the existing Government has been unable to suppress an insurrection maintained for months in Biscay by six or seven thousand men! Or from Portugal, which for two years was paralysed by a furious intestine war, and where the present Government was only forced upon the unwilling inhabitants by the aid of Admiral Napier and his gallant British seamen, and fourteen thousand foreign auxiliaries who entered the service of Don Pedro! Or do we expect to be powerfully supported by Leopold and his rickety dominions of Belgium, who, with four millions of *braves Belges*, was brought to the verge of destruction

by Holland with two millions only, and the justice of a conservative cause, and has since been unable to prevent the pillage of Brussels by a vile Jacobin mob, under his very eyes, or to convict one out of two hundred prisoners charged with the crime! In short, if we except France, the aid of which doubtless would be most powerful, if it could be relied on, but which is certain, on a crisis, to go over to the other side, what allies have we secured to ourselves, in order to uphold our revolutionary career, but wretched imbecile governments, forced upon unwilling subjects by the name and the terror of England; a perpetual drag upon our resources, but, so far from being able to aid us on a crisis, hardly adequate without our support to maintain themselves against the just indignation of their subjects?

And what have been the deeds of these our new and redoubtable allies which have entitled them to the confidence of mankind, and enabled them to supply the place of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, in combating one day for the liberties of Europe? Do we find either credit at present, or likelihood of support in future, from the murder of two hundred priests in their cells by a frantic Jacobin rabble in the streets of Madrid? Or in the total confiscation of the whole property of the church by the first-born of our revolutionary affections in Portugal? Or in the pillage of a hundred of the richest and most respectable houses in Brussels, under the very eye of our redoubtable ally Leopold? Really we are in a hopeful way. Murder is committed on a great and truly revolutionary scale in the capital of one of our allies—the whole property of the church is confiscated by a decree of the Government of a second, and the whole palaces of the adverse faction are plundered with impunity, and without one shot being fired in resistance, in a third! And it is with SUCH ALLIES—with the aid of governments whose authority is so well established—under whose wings spoliation is so completely subdued, where life is so thoroughly secured, and property is so completely safe from plunder, that we hope to

counterbalance the influence of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, by our acts forced into a cordial and hostile alliance!

On the other hand, while such is the woful and disgraceful set of revolutionary allies which we have chosen for ourselves, let us recollect what eternal and indelible infamy we have acquired to gain them. To win the aid of such associates, we have partitioned the dominions of the King of the Netherlands, and when he was on the point of regaining his authority over his rebellious subjects, we interfered and forced him to retire. What business had we or France to force the Prince of Orange, after his double victory over the *brave Belges*, to retreat when within half an hour's march of Brussels? Is there any man now alive who doubts that, had it not been for England and France, the Belgian revolt, which Lord Brougham has justly characterised as "wholly unnecessary," would have been long since extinguished, and peace and prosperity restored with the Orange Government to the wretched people of Belgium? What right had we to place a revolutionary king on the throne of Belgium, and guarantee to him the half of our old ally the King of the Netherlands's dominions? What right had we to force him to submit to the arbitration of the Five Powers, and then take part with France against him in opposition to Austria, Russia, and Prussia, a majority of the very arbiters selected? Is this non-intervention—the perpetual object of Whig approbation—the policy which Lord Grey declared his Ministry were pledged to support?

Turn to Portugal. Can any thing be more disgraceful than our conduct to that ancient ally of two hundred years' standing? Is it not notorious that for fifteen months we secretly nourished the war at Oporto, and allowed no less than 14,000 foreign auxiliaries to lend their powerful aid to the Brazilian Usurper, and at last placed him on the throne, and overthrown alike the legitimate monarch and the people's choice, by the Quadruple Treaty? We long ago stated the arguments from which it conclusively appeared that Donna Maria had not a shadow of a legal

claim to the crown of Portugal, and that Dom Miguel was the undoubted legal sovereign; and the Quarterly Review has since followed on the same side, and not left the revolutionists there a vestige of legal argument to support their case. Nothing can be clearer than that, by the Portuguese law, the acceptance of a foreign crown disqualifies the accepting sovereign and his descendants from succeeding to the crown of Portugal, and that in this matter the Brazilian crown was to be regarded as a foreign crown, so that Donna Maria stood disqualified by her father's acceptance of the throne of Rio Janeiro. And that the people of Portugal were averse to the succession of the Brazilian branch of the royal family, is proved to demonstration by the fact that Dom Pedro was supported throughout solely and exclusively by English and French auxiliaries, and that at last the contest was decided in favour of the Brazilian Usurper by the Quadrupartite Treaty of France and England. And this is allowing the people the choice of their sovereign and non-intervention!

Consider again the case of Spain. It is equally clear that Don Carlos was the legal sovereign there, and that the Queen is a mere usurper, from the consideration that the standing law of Spanish succession to the crown is the Salic law, which expressly and in all cases excludes females from succeeding to the throne. Ferdinand VII. indeed pretended that a deed had been executed by his father which allowed females to succeed; but it is sufficient to say that no one ever saw that pretended deed—that it was kept entirely secret for forty years—and that if it had existed, it was totally inadequate to set aside the order of succession established at the Peace of Utrecht, and guaranteed by France, England, and Austria. On this subject also we formerly made some observations which to this day have remained without an answer, for the best of all reasons, that they are altogether unanswerable. We shall not resume the argument then given, but content ourselves with the following extract from an article in that able journal the Edinburgh Evening Post, furnished, we

believe, by one of the best informed diplomatic scholars of which this country can boast.

"Hostilities were at last terminated by the Peace of Utrecht, which was signed in March, 1713, to which all the belligerent powers, with the exception of Austria, were parties. By this treaty, Spain with the Indies were to remain with Philip and to his heirs, whom failing, to the heirs-male of the Duke of Savoy. Gibraltar and Minorca were to be ceded to England, while Austria was offered the Spanish Netherlands with Milan and Naples. Shortly after this, 12th May, same year, Philip executed a deed, after a very animated discussion in the Cortes, expressly introducing the Salic law, which had hitherto varied in Spain—it prevailed in Arragon, but not in Castile—taking the succession of Spain to the heirs-male of his own body and to their *heirs-male*, whom failing, to the heirs male of the Duke of Savoy. This, though posterior to the treaty of Utrecht by a few months, is prior to the particular treaties with France, Austria, and England. Queen Anne expressly guarantees the Salic law as fixed by Philip, who, in return, guarantees the English succession as fixed by the Revolution.

"This settlement remained the international law of Europe till an attempt was made by Ferdinand the Seventh to exclude his brother Don Carlos, and to alter it in favour of his daughter. He pretended to have found in an old chest, a private Act of his father Charles Fourth with his cortes annulling the Salic law. Were any one to pretend to find in an old chest at Windsor, a private Act of George the Third, with his parliament annulling the revolution settlement, few would, we think, believe in its authenticity. The arguments against its validity are so well stated in the Quarterly and Blackwood, that we may safely refer our readers to them; and if any person still remains unconvinced, we shall recommend to him to answer their arguments.

"Since the three leading States, Austria, France, and England, are bound by specific treaties to the order of succession established by Philip the Fifth, it is of less import-

ance to discuss the point, whether this was a European treaty. Nevertheless, we shall offer a few observations on that point. Philip the Fifth, it is quite evident, had no common law-right to the kingdom of Spain. Maria Theresa, Queen of France, was unquestionably heiress after her brother's death, to the whole Spanish dominions, including the Spanish Netherlands, Milan, and Naples. There is hardly a kingdom in Europe that is not interested in the preservation of this famous treaty, since the whole of these potent kingdoms would now appertain to Charles the Tenth, lineal heir to Maria Theresa. The King of Spain is what in our law is called a *singular* successor, who must conform, implicitly to the terms of that deed from which alone he derives his title to the Spanish throne."

Here there is an order of succession, solemnly established by the Spanish government, with the full concurrence of the nation, in 1713, which we are bound by express treaty to respect, but which is disregarded by our government, in order to make way for a revolutionary sovereign on the throne of Spain. That this revolutionary queen is as much adverse to the choice of the bulk of the Spanish nation, as the usurper we have placed on the throne of Portugal is to our old allies in that kingdom, is also proved by the fact, that the express interference of England and France by the quadrupartite treaty has been found necessary to establish her on the throne; and that, even in spite of that signal act of *non-intervention*, Don Carlos still, in the face of France and England, maintains a doubtful contest for the crown in the mountains of Navarre. If the government of this country really believe that the Queen is the people's choice in Spain, we would recommend them to try the experiment of putting it to the test, by repealing the quadrupartite treaty, and getting France to do the same. Let the revolutionary and conservative parties fight it out in the Peninsula, with a clear stage, and no favour. They will not do this: they sign a treaty with France in direct violation of the treaty of Utrecht, imposing a female usurper upon the Span-

ish monarchy—and this again is non-intervention!

Whence this extraordinary mania for imposing QUEENS, in opposition alike to legal right, and the people's choice, on both the thrones of the Peninsula? What are we to gain by violating the order of succession, and thwarting the people's inclinations in this way? What *France* is to gain is sufficiently clear. Independent of the natural desire to have her rear closed up by a revolutionary ally, she has two young and promising princes who long for the crowns of Lisbon and Castile, and would form, doubtless, most eligible matches for the heiresses of Spain and Portugal. Are we resolved to give Spain to the eldest son of France, and Portugal to the second, in defiance of all the objects for which we fought and bled so long under Marlborough and Wellington? Is the fruit of Ramillies and Blenheim, of Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, of Salamanca and Vittoria, of Toulouse and Waterloo, to be wholly thrown away? Is marriage—marriage sanctioned, prepared and supported by England, to annul the treaties of Utrecht and Paris, overturn all the acquisitions of the wars of the succession and the Peninsula, and accomplish that which the arms of Louis XIV. and Napoleon were unable to effect? Are we insane enough, amidst our democratic fervour, to assist France in realizing the fond wish of Louis XIV., "*Il n'y a plus des Pyrénées*?" If not—if our rulers have not arrived at this last act of political insanity, in the name of Heaven, what is the object of putting these two revolutionary Queens on the thrones of the Peninsula? Is it to gain for us powerful allies in the two sail of the line, and six frigates, which now constitute the united navies of Spain and Portugal? Is it to manifest merely our sympathy with the cause of insurrection all over the world? Is it to evince the good faith with which our rulers have followed out their pledges of non-intervention? Is it to illustrate the nation of Nelson and Wellington, by the reflected lustre of massacred priests and confiscated church property?

But turn to the Levant, say the

partisans of administration ; there is to be seen the appropriate and worthy field of Whig diplomacy. There we have indeed put a bridle in the mouth of Russia ; there we have truly arrested the march of Nicholas to the forts of the Dardanelles ; there we have really upheld the honours of the British name. Let us see how far these boasts are well founded ; and examine whether the honour of England, deeply tarnished by the events of Western, has been relieved by the diplomatic exertions of Eastern Europe. On this subject, we are desirous not to exaggerate ; we wish to state the facts impartially, and, therefore, we shall take the account of our share in this transaction, from a Review, once of great celebrity, and still possessing the confidence, and receiving the official communications, of the Whig party.

"There is much reason to suspect," says the Edinburgh Review, "that the revolt of Ali Pacha, like many others of the same kind, was secretly instigated by Russia, with the intention of interfering on one side or another, as chance and the fortune of war should decide. *The Sultan applied to this country for aid.* But this application came in a form, and at a time, when it was hardly possible for our government to comply with it. For it was in October when the late parliament, though not yet defunct, had closed its labours, and could not, with any decency, have been reassembled, and when there was no possibility for the new Parliament to meet till January. The government, therefore, would have been rash and inconsiderate, which, without the power of soon acquiring the sanction of Parliament, should have complied with a request that would instantly have incurred a very large expense, and incurred the hazard of a general war. *We had also other important matters on our hands.* Portugal and Belgium demanded the strictest attention, while our fleets occupied the mouths of the Scheldt and the Tagus. Russia, no doubt, foresaw the impossibility of our complying with the Turkish requisition, when she

so magnanimously pressed its acceptance upon our government. It smoothed the way for the substitution of her forces for ours, and obtained for her, with all the semblance of disinterestedness, the opening for an armed intervention ; the original cause for which it is probable her own intrigues had prefaced, and which, at all events, she most ardently desired. At the same time, we must have appeared to the Turks, who cannot possibly comprehend the working of a free government, to have coldly neglected their interests. By these lucky circumstances, or well-conducted intrigues, Russia has for the present acquired a PARAMOUNT SWAY AT CONSTANTINOPLE. We hear of a special treaty between the Sultan and the Czar having been signed without even the knowledge, much less the acquiescence of the other powers accredited to the Porte. We have read letters and addresses between the ministers and officers of those two Powers, filled with all the flowers of Oriental rhetoric, but which cannot hide the tone of gratitude employed by the one party, and the strain of protection assumed by the other. The gratitude of Mahmoud for the preservation of his throne, and of his life, both of which were fearfully endangered by the victories of Ibrahim Pacha, is natural and praiseworthy ; but the rest of Europe must take not the less care, that this gratitude does not lead him too far." *

Here, then, we have it admitted by the leading Whig Review, and by a writer evidently behind the scenes in Downing Street, that we were applied to by Sultan Mahmoud to interpose our powerful aid in the agony of his throne and life, after the forces of the Turks had been prostrated by the battle of Koniah ; that we REFUSED, and compelled him to have recourse to his worst enemy, Russia. And why did we refuse ? Was it because we dared not to send a few ships of the line to the Dardanelles, because we were bankrupt in money or men ? Oh no ! we had a fleet, we had money, amply sufficient to have arrested the

victorious career of the Pacha, and made Turkey contract those close connexions with us, which she has been compelled by us to do towards Russia. We could not aid the Turks, because our fleets were engaged in the blockade of the *Scheldt* and the *Tagus*! We were so busy revolutionizing Flanders and Portugal, we were so actively engaged, in conjunction with France, in beating down our ancient and hereditary allies, that we had not a man or a guinea to spare to rescue Turkey from the fangs of Russia, and avail ourselves of the unhopedor opportunity which here occurred of interposing with decisive effect in the East. The consequence was, what easily might have been anticipated. Russia was not such a fool as to throw away the golden prize; she instantly stepped forward when we held back: Fifty-thousand Moscovites were speedily at Scutari; the Dardanelles, fortified by Russian engineers, were hermetically closed against the other fleets of Europe; and a treaty concluded between the two Portes, which completely prostrates Turkey at the feet of the Czar, and gives Sultan Mahmoud no chance of saving either his crown or his life from the indignation of his subjects, but in an unreserved submission to his imperial will. How wonderfully, in political as in private life, does one false step lead to another, till we irrevocably land in the gulf of perdition! The crime of violating our engagements with the Netherlands and Portugal, soon brought on another fatal step; it compelled us to throw Turkey into the arms of Russia, and advanced the Moscovite influence on the shores of the Bosphorus infinitely more than it could have been by the result of several successful campaigns.

The excuse set up in the Review, that if we had lent our aid to Turkey at this crisis, we should have irritated Russia, incurred a great expense, and run the risk of exciting a general war, is totally devoid of foundation. It is admitted that Russia urged us to support the Sultan, assigning as a reason, as Lord Palmerston stated, that the English fleet could do it much more effectually, and at a less cost, than the Russian army. How

then could Russia have objected if we had followed her advice, and complied with her entreaties? But, in truth, the dread of a general war was entirely chimerical. The Pacha of Egypt rests solely on the commerce and the support of the naval powers of Europe. Navarino had made him feel the weight of the English arms. Let an English squadron blockade Alexandria, and all his hopes of ambition are scattered into air. A word from us would have arrested the victorious arm of Mehemet Ali, even if he had been within sight of the minarets of Scutari.

Nor was Russia *then* in a condition to have thrown down the gauntlet to England. By stationing a British fleet in the Dardanelles—by getting possession, in conjunction with Turkey, of those formidable Straits, we should have hermetically sealed all the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire. Her land forces would have been of no avail. The campaigns of 1828 and 1829 have sufficiently demonstrated that the support of a fleet is absolutely indispensable to enable the armies of Russia to conquer Turkey. The vast desert and waterless plains of European Turkey, her rugged Balkan ridge, clothed with almost impervious thickets, render it no easy matter for an invading army to advance to Constantinople, even with the aid of a great fleet, *more Romano*, following the footsteps, and supplying the wants of the soldiers. Without such support, the thing is totally out of the question. Had ten hostile British ships of the line been in the Black Sea in 1828, the Moscovites would never have taken Varna. Had they been there in 1829, Diebitsch would never have ventured across the Balkan. It was the support of the fleet which constituted all their strength; a British, joined to a Turkish squadron, would soon have forced them back to the Danube. Russia is perfectly aware of this; and being aware of it, she never would have incurred the risk of bringing the English navy in force into the Euxine by any hostile demonstrations, in consequence of England following her recommendation to lend our support to rescue the Sultan from the danger of Ali Pacha.

Besides this, have we shewn ourselves so very fearful of the hostility

of the northern powers when the object was to support the cause of revolution anywhere in the world? Against whom were the breaching batteries of Marshal Gerard, and the fleet of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, at Antwerp, directed? What cause did the brave veteran Chasse defend? Were not the French shot discharged at the advanced posts of the northern potentates? Were not the Dutch casements lined with the defenders of conservative principles? Did not Russia and Austria, in the most undisguised manner, evince their indignation at this unauthorized, violent, and illegal act, on the part of *two* only out of the *five* powers to whom the settlement of the Belgian affairs was referred? Did not Prussia collect an army on the Meuse to cover her increased possessions? We had courage, men, and money enough to brave the united forces of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, when the object was to support the rickety revolutionary throne of Leopold, and give Flanders and Antwerp in reality to France; but the dread of the single frown of Russia prevented us from aiding our old ally Turkey, when the object was to save the Ottoman empire from destruction, and prevent the Moscovite empire from acquiring an irresistible ascendancy at Constantinople!

We have said, and said advisedly, that Russia was not *then* in a condition to have hazarded the hostility of England, and that when the Sultan applied to us, in the crisis of his fate, after the battle of Koniah, we might have interposed, not only without risk, but with decisive effect. Would that we could add that the same is *still* the case. In truth, however, our Whig rulers, while declaiming incessantly on the danger of Russia, have contrived to add so grievously to its power, both in the centre and the south of Europe, that it is difficult to see *now* how any effectual barrier can be opposed to its career. It is too late to get our fleets into the Euxine; Russia stands sentinel at the gates! In return for the seasonable assistance rendered to him in his extremity by the Czar, the Sultan, with a Russian fleet lying at the Golden Horn, and fifty thousand Moscovites encamped on the shores of Scutari, signed a treaty, binding the Porte to

admit the ships of war of *no nation save Turkey and Russia through the Dardanelles*. The wolf has taken the sheep under his protection. It is now too late to talk of the difficulties of the land journey from the Pruth to Constantinople; of the waterless plains, rugged hills, dauntless horsemen, of Turkey. We have given the Russians the means of avoiding all these obstacles. Her engineers have fortified the Dardanelles; her cannoniers, with lighted matches in their hands, stand on the castles of Europe and Asia. Five hundred guns, on the formidable fortifications of the straits, are ready to sink any fleet, manned even by British seamen, which may attempt to force the passage. The Euxine has become a Russian lake; the defences of Turkey are gone; the wind in the Bosphorus almost constantly blows from the north, and three days of such a wind will bring fifty thousand Moscovites, under Paskewitch or Langeron, to the gate by which, from time immemorial, the Turks have predicted their northern conquerors are to enter. Such have been the results of Whig diplomacy in the east of Europe.

What is the excuse set up by the partisans of Ministers for the French alliance? The necessity of providing some counterpoise to the enormous and overbearing influence of Russia. Admitting that the object is good, and that the liberties of Europe are really threatened by the Scythian hordes, what have we done to avert the evil? Have we strengthened our alliances and our influence in the centre of Europe, to form an impenetrable phalanx to resist the Cossack spears? Are two hundred thousand of our allies ready to take post on the Vistula and the Oder? Are our connexions with Austria and Prussia, the only powers capable of permanently resisting the advances of Russia, so close and cordial, as to enable us to calculate with certainty on their support when the Northern Macedon is advancing to the Chæroneæ of European independence? Have we secretly organized Germany into an united mass to withstand the fifty millions of Scythians who are ready to pour down on Southern Europe? Have we united in a close alliance the constitutional

monarchies of Europe, those which are founded on the protection of property and religion, and the due discharge of the duties of Government, to resist the Colossus which threatens to overwhelm them? Alas! we have not only done *none*, we have done the *reverse* of all these things. By threatening the property of Germany with spoliation; by raising, in conjunction with France, the revolutionary standard in Flanders, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal, we have struck such consternation into these powers, that, in the extremity of their alarm, they have thrown themselves, without reserve, into the arms of Russia; and in this way, we have not only lost the support of that great central power, which ever, when thoroughly roused, has ultimately decided the fate of a general war, but we have caused it to pass over to the other side. We have voluntarily brought back the line of European defence from the Vistula to the Rhine; and, instead of the prospect of fighting in Poland, with Germany at our back, the battle of European independence, we have reduced ourselves to fight it on the Rhine, with Germany in our face, and the whole weight of the Gothic, added to that of the Scythian power. The result of such a struggle in former days, when the North of Europe was comparatively desolate and barbarous, may teach us what to expect if it is renewed in our own or future times, when the utmost skill in the military art has passed over to the Northern nations. Thus, while the professed object of our policy, and the just object of our apprehension, has been to restrain the advances and provide a counterpoise to the power of Russia, we have managed matters so, that, in the East, we have given that ambitious state the entire command of the resources of Turkey, and brought down the Moscovite power to the gates of the Dardanelles, while, in Central Europe, we have thrown Austria and Prussia into its arms, and enabled Nicholas to wield at will the whole military force which hurled Napoleon from the throne of Charlemagne.

Poland too; unhappy, ill-fated, enthusiastic, and infatuated, but still generous and devoted Poland! What has it suffered in the cause of Eu-

ropean Revolution! After that disgraceful and disastrous day, when it was partitioned by the Northern Powers, and swept from the book of nations, nothing was done for its relief, till England, at the Congress of Vienna, interposed in its behalf. The justly won, because richly deserved, weight of Lord Castlereagh co-operating with the philanthropic character of the Emperor Alexander, procured, for a part at least of that unhappy people, a remnant of existence. Four millions of Poles, with Warsaw as its capital, received an acknowledged and independent existence; they had troops, and fortresses, and governors, of their own; the Polish language was spoken, taught, and preserved; Alexander and Nicholas were the sovereigns of this interesting state, and a nucleus at least was preserved, to which, in happier times, the whole lost provinces of the once noble kingdom of Sarmatia might unite. Poland was not lost as long as the Polish kingdom was separate from that of Russia. And of the benefits—the enormous and unspeakable benefits which this remnant of Poland received from its junction with Russia, and the effectual manner in which the nationality of that unhappy kingdom was preserved, even under a foreign crown, we have decisive evidence, in the astonishing stand which this fragment of its former dominion made against Russia in 1831, and the universal instantaneous junction at that crisis of the whole Polish army to the cause of national independence. Poland, even when whole and unpartitioned, with its sixteen millions of inhabitants, had never been able to resist for a hundred years the advances of Moscow; Kosciuszko was driven back in a few months to Warsaw, and that capital was stormed by Suwarrow in 1794, with 24,000 men; but four millions of Poles, in 1831, aided by the previous organization and force acquired during its subjection to Russia, resisted, for nine months, the whole forces of the Czar, defeated Diebitsch, the conqueror of Turkey, at the head of 80,000 men, and were at length only subdued by the insidious aid of Prussia, which enabled Packewitch to get into the rear of Warsaw. One quarter of

Poland, organized and improved under the government which England had procured for it at the Congress of Vienna, did deeds which all Poland could not effect under its former and anarchical rule! Stronger evidence cannot be imagined of the prosperity which had flowed into this interesting country between 1815 and 1830; greater, it is plain, than in any three centuries of its former existence, which was one of continued and painful decline. And who gained for Poland this transient gleam of prosperity? Was it the Liberals, or the Whigs, French Jacobins, or English Democrats? No; it was the English Conservatives—it was the noble and worthy minister of Britain, Lord Castlereagh, who, amidst the maledictions and abuse of the popular party all over the world, did more for real freedom, and the happiness and liberty of that gallant and suffering people, than has been achieved by the whole liberal party of Europe since the beginning of Time.

But where is the Polish kingdom now? We have seen what the Conservatives did for it—What have the Whigs and Revolutionists done? Can they point to a growth in prosperity, strength, and national vigour unparalleled, in so short a time, in any age or country? Have they preserved, amidst the wreck of its fortunes, the nationality of Poland? Have they saved the remnant of *Harmatia*, a portion at least of the descendants of the Jagellons and the Sobieskis from the fangs of the oppressor? Alas! they have done the reverse; they stimulated a brave and enthusiastic, but inconsiderate and unreflecting people, to revolt from a government under which they had made such astonishing advances; they have neither, in the hour of victory, moderated them by their counsels, nor, in the moment of distress, aided them by their arms; they left them alone and unsided, to struggle with the power which had vanquished Napoleon, and in consequence Poland has been utterly overwhelmed, its population scattered, its nationality destroyed, and the Moscovite standards brought down in sullen and resistless sovereignty to the shores of the Vistula. These are the works of liberal po-

licy; of French propagandism and English imbecility; of a profligacy in foreign democracy without excuse, of a blindness in British Government without example.

What, it is said, could we have done; where were our legions to transport to the Vistula; where the power which was to conduct the French armies from the Rhine to the Niemen? Most true; neither France nor England could have averted from Poland that eventual subjugation which was its destiny, from the moment that the fumes of French propagandism had stirred up that unhappy revolt; but we might have moderated their transports, and eased their fall. After the astonishing victories which signaled the early period of Shrynecki's career, the Russians were thoroughly humbled; they had but scanty funds for so great a contest, and would willingly have withdrawn, if they could have done so with credit, from the strife. They offered to the Poles an *unconditional amnesty in February, 1831*; and most willingly would they have closed with any reasonable offers of accommodation. *Then* was the time for England to have come forward, and, on the one hand, strenuously urged upon Russia the great duty of clemency, and, on the other, incessantly impressed upon the Poles the *necessity of submission*. What kept up the spirit of the Poles, and made them refuse the proffered clemency of the Czar, and run the hazard of a desperate struggle with Russia? The democratic party, the democratic Press of France and England; the incessant promises of support held out in those great organs of revolution, and the firm belief entertained all over the Continent that they spoke, if not the intentions, at least the wishes of their respective Governments. We know perfectly Ministers could not coerce the Press, but they might have publicly and emphatically disclaimed its principles. They might have solemnly warned the Poles, that neither England nor France could render them any assistance, and have *repeatedly and strongly stated in Parliament, that they could do nothing for Poland*, and that it was the first duty, as well as the evident in-

terest of its rulers, to embrace the terms proposed by the Czar. That was their duty in the cause of humanity, their first interest in the cause of European liberty; for the maintenance of a nucleus of Polish independence on the shores of the Vistula was of the very utmost moment to every continental state. Did they do any of these things? They did none; they were too much in awe of the democratic Press to gainsay any of its extravagances; they allowed the Government journals, day after day, month after month, to go on stimulating the unhappy Poles to continue their resistance; they never uttered one word in contradiction in Parliament; and the ruin and subjugation of Poland was the consequence.

But look at Antwerp, say the supporters of Government; there, at least, was an achievement worthy of the renown of England; there England and France braved the threats of the Holy Alliance. Let us consider what claims the Whigs have to the national gratitude for this exploit. Supposing that it were conceded, that it was proper and necessary to partition the territory of our old ally, and support the revolutionary throne of Belgium, the question remains, was it expedient to give Leopold Antwerp, and establish the son-in-law of France in full possession of that magnificent fortress? To illustrate this matter, we shall quote a most unexceptionable authority, an authority to which Lord Grey says he yields implicit credit, and which, in military affairs at least, and the means of annoying this country, may safely be pronounced to be paramount:—"Napoleon," says Las Cases, "attached the utmost importance to the possession of Antwerp. He had formed for it the most gigantic projects; he was accustomed to say, that *Antwerp alone was worth a province, a little kingdom*. He was attached to it as one of the most important of his creations. He had done much for Antwerp, but nothing to what he intended to have done. By sea, he wished to have made it a point of

mortal attack against England; by land, to have made it a *point d'appui* in case of disaster; a refuge for an army, where it might withstand a year of open trenches. Such was his attachment to it, that he repeatedly declared, at St Helena, that Antwerp was one of the chief causes of his being there; for that *if he could have prevailed upon himself to part with it, he might have obtained peace at Chatillon*."* Now, this being the vast, the vital importance of Antwerp, as an advanced post for French hostility against this country, is it conceivable that it was for the interest of England to restore it to France, or, what is the same thing, to the revolutionary outpost of France, ruled by the son-in-law of Louis Philippe? If Napoleon was right in regarding it as the grand point of attack against England, how can Lord Grey be justified in restoring it to the French empire? What has come of that statesman's respect for the authority of the French Emperor, on which he so loudly descanted in the House of Peers? Napoleon's authority is considered as paramount by the Whigs, when it goes to support any of their favourite dogmas about the spirit of the age; but it is totally overlooked, when it goes to point out, with his usual sagacity and penetration, what is for the vital interests of England. Napoleon lost his throne rather than resign Antwerp, because it was the most effectual point for aiming a mortal stroke at England. But let France be of good cheer; that which Napoleon could not do, the Whigs have done. Wellington tore it from his grasp; Earl Grey restored it to his successor.

If France is really the great, and thriving, and powerful empire which the ministerial partisans represent, was ever madness so great as, with our own hands, to aid in restoring Antwerp to its power, and thus undo all that we had been fighting for twenty years to effect? If France, on the other hand, is no longer the power from whom we have to apprehend danger;—if Democracy has

* Las Cases, vii. p. 44.

one time he had practised as a surgeon in some other part of the country, but, on his accession to a considerable fortune, had retired to the beautiful neighbourhood of Chester; and now that he had assumed the gentleman, was very anxious to conceal that he had ever been engaged in compounding pills. The tastes, however, of his ancient calling still stuck to him in spite of his attempts to enact the country squire—his conversation smelt of the gallipot—and his love for natural history had converted his house into a museum. Stuffed birds hung round his walls instead of pictures—you hung your hat in the lobby on the dorsal extremity of an antediluvian bear, and his chimney-piece ornaments were composed of a long row of bottles, filled with the most horrid tadpoles and two-headed monsters it was possible to conceive. But his collection was not restricted to the dead—he had a sort of menagerie of the living. Foxes, wolves, jackdaws, and all manner of birds and beasts, hooted, howled, screamed, and belled throughout the mansion. Squire Jenks might have left his doors quite open in the most lawless of times, as few housebreakers, I imagine, would run the risk of furnishing so many ravenous animals with a mouthful. All this, and a good deal more information of a similar sort, Mr Bryan picked up at the reading-room frequented by Mr Jenks. But though all the other subscribers were garrulous in their descriptions of the gentleman and his establishment, not one of them pretended to be acquainted with either. The gentleman, indeed, they bowed to, and sometimes exchanged a word within the room; but the mansion, with all its monstrosities and curiosities, was to them a *terra incognita*. ‘But his sister?’ said Bryan Jones; ‘you’re sure he has a sister? The detestable, inhuman villain, to keep a beautiful young creature like her in the very same den with wolves and foxes!’ And Bryan was prodigiously in love, without even seeing the object of his passion.

“For two or three days the lover kept prowling in the neighbourhood of the villa. As evening came on, he advanced his approaches to the garden-wall, looked attentively at all the

windows, and fixed upon one of them, as if by intuition, as the chamber-window of the unhappy prisoner. It was about half-past eight, in a beautiful night in August; he lifted some fine gravel, and threw it against the window-pane. It was immediately opened, and there appeared, in the dimness of the twilight, a very graceful figure, dressed all in white, with a countenance which Bryan declared to be beautiful, though he was forced to confess that he came to that conclusion in total ignorance of its features, the darkness being so considerable as to put it out of his power to make affidavit to the lady’s possession of either nose or eyes.

“‘I am come to rescue you, you adorable creature,’ he exclaimed, ‘from the infernal Noah’s Ark they’ve put you into!’

“‘You’re very kind,’ said the lady, in a voice that even Bryan’s enthusiasm could not hinder him from thinking rather cold than otherwise. ‘This is not Noah’s Ark—’tis Buffing Villar.’

“‘Buffing Villar!’ replied Bryan. ‘Never mind the name of it—it is a confounded place—Leave it, my dear Miss Jenks, and make me the happiest of men.’

“‘Why should I leave it; and why will my leaving it make you the happiest of men?’

“‘By being mine!—by allowing me to throw myself and fortune at your feet!’

“‘Yourself!’ replied the lady.—‘Who are you? Your fortune, how much is it?’

“‘Come,’ thought the persevering Bryan, ‘this looks like business.—As to myself, madam, I have the honour to be Bryan Jones, esquire, holding a lieutenant’s commission in his Majesty’s—th regiment of foot, five-and-twenty years of age next fourteenth day of September, five feet seven inches and three quarters (with my boots on), and a certainty of a regiment, (if I live long enough, and have money to buy my steps.) My fortune is not large at present, though quite enough (with the help of unlimited tick) to keep me with all the comforts of a gentleman; but my prospects are considerable. Indeed, I see no reason to despair of shortly coming into possession of

twenty thousand pounds, (she will never think of keeping it in her own possession?)'

"The sentences in brackets were spoken aside, and the gentleman's description of himself seemed to have made a favourable impression, for the lady, after a short pause said,

" 'I think it would be delightful. Do you look well in a red coat?'

" 'Why, if you insist on an answer to so perplexing a question,' replied Bryan, 'I should say that, considering I am not so tall as Major Flannigan, who is six feet four, nor so heavy as our colonel, who broke his charger's back, I am as good-looking as any officer on parade.'

" 'I think I must give up the captain.'

" 'Certainly, by all means,' interrupted Bryan, 'order him to the right about. Shall I shoot him?'

" 'Oh no, there's no occasion; he is very obedient.'

" 'Who the devil is he? What is his name? In what service is he captain?'

" 'He is in my service,' replied the lady. 'I loved him very much.'

" 'You did?' said Bryan. 'Well?'

" 'I don't love him now at all. He sometimes tries to bite me.'

" 'The scoundrel!'

" 'So I think of turning him off, and giving myself entirely to you.'

" 'Best! dearest! What an angel you are! You can't possibly do better.'

" 'I think not.'

" 'Then throw yourself at once into my arms, and'—

" 'Oh no; I can't do that. This is a very high window; and besides, look! they have put bars to it.'

" 'Then let me come to you.'

" 'Whenever you like—the sooner the better—but stop! Are you blue faced?'

" 'Yes; I am very dark in the complexion.'

" 'Have you a ring?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'What is it? Rough or smooth?'

" 'A plain one. The ladies, I fancy, like that the best.'

" 'Oh yes. And how tall did you say?'

" 'Five feet seven inches and three quarters.'

" 'Why, that nasty little captain was only three feet two.'

" 'Then I fancy he was not in the grenadiers.'

" 'Five feet seven! What a beauty you must be,' continued the lady. 'Get to me as soon as you can.'

" 'I will call and offer myself to your brother.'

" 'He will be delighted to see you, and so shall I. Good-night.'

" 'Was there ever such a lucky fellow in the universe?' said Bryan, as he cantered back to Chester—'though Miss Jenks is certainly a bit of a rum one. Who the deuce could that disgusting little captain be? Can it be Fusby of ours? But no; he is more than three feet two. And asking me so plump about the ring; that shews she's up to snuff. I shall marry her next week, and get my company in a fortnight.'

" Bryan consulted me that night as to his farther proceedings. After turning over many plans, we at last fixed that the boldest way was the best; that he had better go at once to Mr Jenks's house, and open the business in form.

" Before we retired to our couches, Bryan had given me an invitation to his shooting-box next season, and let me into all his intentions about the disposal of his money; and that night, I will be bound for it, if no other in his life, he enjoyed golden dreams.

" Next day, Bryan mounted after parade, and I don't think Chester-gate ever gave exit to so finished a dandy. A barber had been curling his hair, his servant brushing his coat half the morning, and such a powerful perfume filled the town as he ambled along the street, that you might have fancied him one of the three Kings of Cologne.

" When he arrived at the gate, he rang the bell with a lordly air; but waited for a long time before any one came to the door. At last it was opened by a slipshod wench, with long red hair, and Bryan began his interrogatories.

" 'Is Mr Jenks at home?'

" 'Suppose a be, what's that to you?'

" 'I wish to see him.'

" 'Like enough; he doan't want to see thee though.'

" 'Is he engaged?'

" 'Yes; a be.'

" 'With company?'

" 'Yes; he and missus be shaving the captain.'

" 'That cursed captain again.—What did you say, my pretty girl? that your mistress was shaving the captain?'

" 'Yes; and cuttin' the nails o' um.'

" 'Shaving, and cutting his nails! He must be a cursedly odd fellow, this captain. What is his name, my girl?'

" 'His name be Captain—that be all—his coat be finer than your'n—but missus be tired o' um now; her told me her had got a new sweet-heart.'

" 'Oh, she did?—did she say any thing more?'

" 'Yes—that a were far handsomer, and taller than the Captain.'

" 'That is very pleasant, at all events,' thought Bryan, as he pulled up his stock. 'Pray, my dear, would you tell Mr Jenks, a gentleman is very anxious to see him on business of importance?'

" 'What be your business about, sir? be it any thing out o' the common? he never sees nobody as hasn't summat wonderful to tell him.'

" 'Tell him, I have been long very anxious to see him; that I have long had a great curiosity'—

" 'A great curiosity? And why didn't ye say that afore? He'll see you immediately, and welcome too. Don't be feared o' the wolf,' she said, as she guided Bryan along the passage, 'he's only stuffed—take care of the fox; he bites sometimes;—and keep away from that corner—he ha chained a dog there, as is mad with the heederfobo, to see how long it will take it to die.'

" 'The devil he has!' said Bryan, 'I wish I were safe out again.'

" The red-haired housemaid ushered the visitor into a room, with the oddest description of furniture in it Mr Bryan Jones had ever had the happiness to see.

" 'Donna be frightened—some on um doesn't bite'—said the maid, as she shut the door.

" 'And what the deuce do the others do?' said the soldier, in no very comfortable frame of mind.

" The windows were half closed—there were book-shelves round the walls, paroquets, macaws, jackdaws, and all the birds of the air, occupy-

ing the places which, in ordinary libraries, are filled with volumes—a squirrel was twirling in its cage, on the table before him, some snakes were writhing in layers of cotton within some network of wire, and four or five dogs, of very foreign appearance, glared with red eyes on the stranger, from their little kennels, planted all around the room, and kept up a low, continuous growl, that by no means tended to restore Bryan's equanimity. He stood, with his hand on the hilt of his sword, in case of any unforeseen attack, and began to persuade himself, that the stories of knight-errants, and dragons, in enchanted castles, were not such allegories as he had supposed. At all events, he was fully convinced, that if he succeeded in carrying off the twenty thousand pounds, he had amply earned it, by his exposure of life and limb. At last, there arose in the west room the most diabolical squalling, roaring, whistling, scolding, hooting, and howling, that ever fell upon mortal ear. Bryan turned as pale as death, muttered a sort of prayer, and, drawing his sword, stood on the defensive. At this moment, the door of the library was opened by a neat, well-dressed, dapper little man, with reverend white hair, growing long and thin down the side of his face, and a cue behind, elegantly tied in a beautiful bag of black silk. He started when he saw the warlike attitude assumed by the gallant lieutenant. That valorous gentleman's blood was now fairly up, and instead of apologizing for the extraordinary appearance he presented, he said,

" 'Set them all loose at once; none of your palaver, old gentleman; but turn out a crocodile or two—I'll spit them as I would a rabbit!'

" The stranger became a little alarmed in his turn, and, going gently to the door, he desired the same slipshod damsel who had ushered his visitor in, to desire the captain to walk up stairs, and keep watch in the lobby.

" 'Well, thank heaven it's no worse,' thought the brave Bryan; 'I shall soon make mince-meat of a captain three feet high.'

" The gentleman, who was no other than Mr Jenks, now demanded the reason of such unusual behaviour,

and also to what circumstance he was indebted for the honour of a visit. Bryan explained pretty well the reason of his alarm, and he perceived that Mr Jenks was considerably pleased with the sensation his collection had excited. He therefore dilated so long on the wonders he saw around him, that insensibly he inveigled his companion into a conversation. Once embarked on his favourite topic, there seemed to be no end of his communicativeness.

"Pray, have you made comparative physiology your study?" he said, with a patronising smile. Now, Mr Bryan Jones could tell a horse from a cow, and was also a considerable judge of spaniels and pointers, but farther his researches had not extended; not to mention that he had never heard of any such science before. He therefore answered at a venture,—“Oh yes; in fact it is a most delightful study. Comparisons are odorous, as Mrs Malaprop says.”

“Malaprop? I don’t know the name,” replied Mr Jenks; “is she a naturalist?”

“Faith I don’t know whether she is a naturalist or not, but she’s as natural as if she were a real woman.”

“My dear sir,” exclaimed Mr Jenks, taking out his pocketbook with the greatest animation, “not a *real woman*! what is the nature of her peculiarity? you will do me the greatest favour in the world if you will tell me where I may meet with her.”

“Oh, you may see her any night you please in Covent Garden.”

“Thank you, I will certainly find her out next time I go to town. I myself have an instance in this very collection of a very extraordinary *Lusus natura*. I have a cat, sir, with five legs.”

“Oh that’s nothing at all,” replied Mr Bryan, with the utmost assurance, “we have a cat in our bar-racks with nine tails.”

“You surprise me; have you it with you? That I conclude was the curiosity which induced you to come here. Sir, I am much obliged for your very great politeness. May I see it?”

“See it! my dear sir, I shall be happy to make you a present of it.”

“The little man jumped up from
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his seat, and seized the happy Lieutenant’s hand. ‘What have I done,’ he said, ‘to deserve such kindness, such generosity? Have you any wish for any thing I have got? It shall be yours?’

“Why, yes, I must confess, Mr Jenks, I had another object in visiting you to-day. You have another object in this house, the possession of which would indeed crown my felicity.” Bryan sighed as he said these words, and looked romantic with all his might.

“I shall be truly happy, I assure you, Captain—may I beg the favour of your name?”

“Bryan Jones.”

“I shall be happy, Captain Bryan Jones, to give you a large vial, containing, I believe, the finest specimen of a bicephalous reptile in England.”

(“My heavens!” thought Bryan, “here’s a pretty fellow, to keep his bucephalus in a vial!”)

“Or a box, containing the dorsal vertebrae of an ichthyosaurus; or some of the hair of the huge Megatherion that was found a few years ago at the mouth of the Tanais or Don.”

Bryan bowed very low to all these polite offers, but did not seem to jump at them so zealously as the enthusiast expected.

“Perhaps,” he continued, “you have set your heart on some particular object—if so, name it.”

“Unfortunately I am not acquainted with the name.”

“That’s a pity—can you describe it? is it coleopterous or lepidopterous? terrestrial, aerial, or marine? carnivorous, graminivorous, or omnivorous? oviparous or viviparous? animal, mineral, or vegetable? Whatever I have I shall be happy to give it to you in exchange for your inestimable present of nine-tails; by the beard of Aristotle, half the number would set Buckland dancing.”

“I believe they would—but really, sir, you embarrass me with your kind offers—my whole ambition has but one aim: it is not for any of your curiosities, packed up in boxes or bottles, that I am anxious; but for one far more valuable, far more lovely, than any of them, the prime jewel of all your possession; your beautiful, your charming”——

“Miss Sophy!—I know from your

rhapsodies all you are about to say. It would, indeed, be dreadful to part with her; so sweet, so gentle; dear, dear Miss Sophy!

"Ah! dear, indeed," echoed Bryan; "I think I never saw so perfectly lovely and angelic a creature."

"Saw, sir? Where did you see her? I thought no one had seen her but myself."

"Mr Jenks flushed in the cheek as he said this, and cast a glance of angry suspicion on his visitor."

"Why, sir, I saw her," replied the Lieutenant; "and what is more, I spoke to her; and what is more, it is solely on her account that I came here. Your kindness has already been so excessive, that I hope you will not withdraw it, after having gone so far, but allow me to make a better acquaintance with her, in order to secure her affections."

"Oh, you need be under no uneasiness about that. A little kindness is sure to make her fond of any one: indeed, I am so selfish in exacting all her love to myself, that I consider her facility in bestowing her affections one of her principal faults. It is not a very common one in beauties of her sex."

"Ah! but if I should be so unfortunate as to fail in acquiring her love!" said Bryan, pretending to look modestly dejected.

"Why, then, take a stick and give her a thump on the head. She will like you all the better for it."

"Bryan looked at the old man as he propounded this monstrous idea, and felt very much inclined to kick him out of the room. He laughed, as if he considered the old man's observation a joke."

"I'm afraid, sir, that would scarcely be the way to conciliate her regards."

"The best in the world, my dear sir,—even I myself am very often forced to employ the whip, and leave the marks of it on her shoulders, I assure you."

"Well," thought Bryan, "if this isn't bedlam it ought to be. First of all a young lady is courted by a captain three feet high, and turns him off because he bites her; then she pairs his nails, to keep him, I suppose, from scratching; and then a cursed old scoundrel like this thrashes his own sister with a whip, till he leaves the marks of it upon her shoulders."

The scoundrel! I've a great mind to swing him out of the window by his pig-tail." Bryan, however, moderated his wrath, and answered,

"I hope, sir, when she is mine, she will not require such harsh discipline."

"I hope not," said the other; "but I can assure you, she suffered more than that when she was in another gentleman's keeping."

"Good Heavens, sir! what do you mean by such low, such ribald insinuations? I say, sir, it is impossible she can ever have been in any other person's keeping—what do you mean?"

"What do I mean, Captain Bryan Jones? I must say, sir, I am astonished at such warmth.—Why, if she were your wife, you could not be more interested—I say, sir, she has been kept, and housed, and fondled by fifty people; I gave her an asylum under this roof after she had been nearly starved and beaten to death while under the protection of an Italian mountebank."

"Then, by Heavens, sir," said Bryan, in a prodigious passion, "you may keep her to yourself! and such a dissolute disreputable couple as you are!—an old scoundrel glorying in the shame of one whom he pretends is very dear to him,—devil take me if there is such an unprincipled old rascal unhung."

"Sir! what do you mean? do you speak to me?" said the old gentleman, starting up in a tremendous rage; "you shall answer for this,—I'll unchain the dogs."

"If you move from that chair, as I hope to live another moment, I'll run you through the body, you inflexible abortion; so stir not on your peril."

"I'll call for the Captain."

"Captain, major, colonel, field-marshal; call for the whole army list—but if you move one step, I'll break every bone in your body: And what is more, I'll have Miss Sophy, in spite of you—and take her with all her faults upon her head; for I know, you old rascal, you only spread these calumnies against her that you may keep her to yourself. And as to your champion, your three feet high captain of the Patagonians, if I but lay my hands on the cuff of his neck, he'll make but one flying jump into the middle of next street."

"Bryan's rage knew no bounds; he sputtered forth these and other more terrific denunciations, standing over the astonished Mr Jenks with his sword drawn—'Show me your sister's room this moment, sir, and let me judge of the truth of your story for myself.'

"My sister, sir!" said Mr Jenks, in a state of great alarm, 'what do you want with my sister?'

"Every thing—herself, her heart, her soul, her body, and every shilling of her fortune.'

"Alas! this is too sad a matter, young man; my sister is——"

"The loveliest of her sex, and never was under any mountebank's protection but your own.'

"Young man, you are terribly deceived, my sister is quite happy, she is harmless, but from her birth she has been insane.'

"I knew it; I knew you would try to do me over with some rigmale story of that kind; but Miss Sophy I will have, whether she is as wise as her noodle of a brother or not. Show me to Miss Sophy this very moment, or by St David, your life is not worth the lower end of a leek.'

"If I do show you into Miss Sophy's presence, I warn you, you will heartily repent of your folly. But since you insist on it, I will.'

"He then conducted Bryan, who still kept his sword under his arm, along several passages, and at length descended into a place like a cellar; at the farther end of the passage there was a door, and beyond all was darkness.

"And is it in this dismal den, you hard-hearted old villain, you keep so much beauty in durance vile? shame on you, shame on you; I will go in, I will comfort the afflicted; I will take her to my arms, and tell her her miseries are over; and depend upon it, old gentleman, we'll have a famous action against you for false imprisonment; swinging damages, you may depend on't.'

"This oration was addressed to Mr Jenks by Bryan, as he was pushing open the door—he entered the palpable obscure, and listening attentively, he heard a low sigh in the corner—'I have come, you see,' he whispered, 'my dearest Sophy, in fulfilment of my promise; I will rescue you from the thralldom of that

old rogue, your brother, and we shall be as happy as the Fates will let us.' As he said these soft sentences, he groped with his hand in the darkness—'Ah! I have caught you at length; I have laid hold of your fur tippet; come forth my darling from this pris'——"

"But at this moment the fur tippet was snatched, as if by an earthquake, out of his hand; a growl shook the whole cellar where he stood, and Bryan felt himself squeezed nearly to a mummy—'Paws off, paws off,' roared the disconsolate lieutenant. 'You infernal old Jenks, you have sent me into a den of lions; here's Nero or Wallace tearing me with all his might; lights, lights! help, help!'

"All this while he kept struggling with his invisible foe; but the gripe of the ferocious monster grew tighter and tighter. At last, just as his strength was failing, the door was opened, and Mr Jenks and the servant maid appeared with candles. A few blows, well laid on, made the horrid animal relax its hold of the now breathless Bryan, and before him he saw an enormous black bear, puffing with its exertions, and still glaring at him with the most ferocious eyes.

"Is this the Miss Sophy you meant, sir?" said Mr Jenks, now under no uneasiness from the indignation of poor Bryan; 'I hope you are convinced that what I told you was the truth?'

"Not quite, sir; who was the lady I spoke to last night? she certainly invited me to this house, accepted me in place of a Captain somebody, a wooer she discarded, and told me to make my proposals as soon as possible to you.'

"Ah! that, I suppose, was my poor sister; and since you have been undeceived so far, you shall be satisfied quite. You shall see her before you leave the house.'

"In a few minutes Bryan, having recovered his wind, was conducted to a parlour, in which a middle-aged lady was sitting, with no symptoms of insanity about her, except a very wandering expression in her eyes. Her manner was stately and composed, and her language rather formal and stiff. She bowed on Bryan's entering.

"You see, madam," he said, 'I visit you according to my promise.'

" 'I have expected you for some time; I told the Captain I should dispense with his visits in future.'

" 'Indeed—and what did he say to that?'

" 'Oh, he said nothing; he don't speak; I never had any one that spoke except yourself.'

" 'He must be rather dull company, I imagine.'

" 'Not half so lively as you; but do you know, if it were not for that, I think he is far handsomer than you are?'

" 'You are plain, I perceive, Miss Jenks, and I like your sincerity. Have you thought of the offer I made you last night?'

" 'Oh! yes. I have thought of it ever since,—but I don't think you are so blue in the face as you told me.'

" 'Why, no, not exactly blue; but dark, you perceive; very dark.'

" 'I should have liked you better if you had been green and yellow; but bless me! I haven't asked about your tail'——

" Lieutenant Bryan Jones, of his Majesty's —th regiment of foot, hereupon rose and made a low bow to the lady—who bowed very politely in return—and said to him just as he was opening the door to effect his retreat,—'It is perhaps better for you to go—the Captain has had his nails paired, and will do very well; I like little monkeys better than great baboons.' Bryan hurried out of the house with the utmost expedition, running divers risks of hydrophobia and scorpion stings in his progress, and as he jumped on his horse and galloped off, he heard Mr Jenks bellowing after him—'Don't forget to send me the *nov qui-candal* specimen of the feline tribe.'

" Bryan kept the adventure a profound secret from all but me; and I don't think any man in the regiment was so profoundly happy as he, when the route came for merry Carlisle, and took us far away from the scene of his disaster."

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT OF ITALY.*

WE have long been persuaded that there is no subject on which more misconception and party prejudice exist in this country, than in regard to the condition of the Austrian provinces of Italy. The liberal press, without exception, represent it as deplorable; Austria, in as far as Italy is concerned, is, in their eyes, a mere fiend, without one redeeming virtue; its government an unmixed and intolerable tyranny; and, of course, every attempt to rid the political world of such a monster, be the means what they may, is praiseworthy and honourable. Every petty outbreaking in Modena, every movement in Piedmont, is sure to call forth new denunciations against the barbarous, unjust, and oppressive government of the double eagle. And even calmer and more impartial observers, hearing the same strain incessantly repeated, and apparently without contradiction, are ultimately led to adopt the same views, and to receive, as matter of history, all the distorted and exaggerated pictures, which Italian libe-

ralism or English radicalism may have drawn.

It is certainly one consoling circumstance, in regard to the influence of the press, that it ultimately furnishes the refutation to the calumnies and prejudices which it has put in circulation. The vindication may come tardily, but it comes at last; the repetition of the attack provokes reply, discussion, investigation; and truth is at last triumphant, by means of the very weapon by which it had been assailed.

This result has already been visible in regard to the state of public opinion, as to the Austrian Government and the Austrian character, in the hereditary dominions of Austria, and its Hungarian and Bohemian provinces. How far correct ideas on these subjects as yet generally prevail in Britain may be doubtful; but assuredly on the continent it would now be impossible to hazard, without ridicule, the assertion, that the Austrian Government was unjust or oppressive, the character of the people degraded, their

* Della felicità che gli Italiani possono e debbono procacciarsi dal Governo Austriaco, Dal Conte Ferdinando Dal Pozzo. Parigi: 1833.

condition unhappy, their submission secured only by military force, or any of the other doctrines which are still occasionally propounded on the subject of Austria, by individuals in this country, who either are, or ought to be, better informed. The honourable testimony of Madame de Staël to the mildness, equity, and beneficence of the Government, and to the well-being and happiness of the nation,* did much to dispel the prejudices which had existed in regard to it—prejudices which, in truth, were all bottomed on the mere assumption, that a Government theoretically absolute must be practically oppressive, intolerant, and intolerable. Even the most violent of the continental Liberals, who have had an opportunity of examining, with their own eyes, the condition of Austria, have been constrained to admit, that however unaccountable it may be, Austria is really a great, prosperous, and happy nation; that in their eyes, confidence and mutual attachment between the subjects and the sovereign, subsist there to an extent not often found even in constitutional governments, and that liberty of thought and action are to be found there at least in an infinitely higher degree than they had ever imagined. Of this a very remarkable example is afforded by the late tour of Wolfgang Menzel,† the editor of the *Morgenblatt*, one of the acutest and most eloquent of the German critics; and it is almost needless to add, to any one at all conversant with the German press, a Liberal of the most decided kind—a very Hebrew of the Hebrews. But though prejudiced, Menzel was neither blind to the evidence of facts, nor so disingenuous as to pervert or materially to disguise them; and his whole book is an extorted tribute of respect, and occasionally of admiration, for Austria and the Austrian character. He stood upon the banks of the Danube; he saw that majestic river rolling its waters towards the Euxine, through towns, villages, and fields, covered with the traces of industry and increasing trade and manufac-

tures; he saw what was still more important, “a race of faces happy as the scene,” a population healthy, contented, earnest, hospitable, and honourable, not lightly moved, but steadfast in their feelings, their convictions, their attachments, and loving their sovereign, equally from duty and from feeling. He found the material element of happiness, competence, widely, almost universally diffused; no startling contrasts of splendour and misery—the shed of the poverty-stricken peasant built against the very wall of the noble, as in Russia—the beggar sleeping in the porches of palaces, as in Italy or Spain—or starving in garrets, unnoticed and unrelieved, as even in enlightened England, or regenerated France. He came, expecting to find every look watched, and every word denounced; to meet with endless annoyances of passports and police regulations. He found, to his astonishment, as he confesses, the conversation at the very first *table d’hôte* he entered at Salzburg almost as free as in the constitutional quarters he had left. As for passports, he never heard of them from his entrance to his exit; and the much dreaded police was to him as courteous as a master of the ceremonies. He came to Vienna, the very *ninth* circle, as he expected to find it, in this political inferno; still, to his surprise, perhaps also a little to his disappointment, comfort, content, loyalty, intelligence, learning, even genius, stared him in the face. He was introduced to Von Hammer, Mailath, Baron Zedlitz, Grilparzer, Deinhardstein—to many of those whom he had, through his literary life, been endeavouring to cover with ridicule. He found them to be men of honour, as all the world already knew them to be men of talent; men as incapable as himself of bartering principle for place, or making science or poetry subservient to the interests of State. He returned, in fine, not converted, indeed, from his political notions, for your liberal Ethiopian does not easily change his skin, but constrained to admit that,

* De l'Allemagne, tom. i., chap. vi.; De l'Autriche. This chapter, as Mad. de Staël mentions in a note, was written in 1808.

† Reise nach Oesterreich im Sommer 1831. Von Wolfgang Menzel.

if the "greatest happiness principle" consisted in the happiness of the greatest number, there were other ways in which, to all appearance, that object might be obtained, than by the machinery of representative chambers, publicity of legal procedure, or the abolition of a censorship. Upon every modern principle of theoretical science, he was still disposed to maintain, like the physician of old, that the patient ought to have died long ago; but he felt it to be a startling fact, that he was still alive and well, without a symptom of moral or political atrophy about him; nay, flourishing like a green bay tree, while many of his juniors who, according to the popular notion, had taken far greater care of their constitutions, had long ago been quietly inurned. His general impressions after his visit, are thus summed up.* "Austria resembles its own Danube. Though that river turns its waters in a contrary direction to other European streams, yet through the Black Sea and Mediterranean they all unite in the same Atlantic. I shall be much gratified if these pages contribute any thing to dispel the prejudices with which Austria is so frequently regarded by the rest of Germany. This people, amiable and healthy to the core, (*Kern-gesund*,) stands at this moment in the position in which Joseph the II. laboured to place it. It has become by degrees, and of its own accord, 'Josephized,' and information has made far greater progress in Austria than men in general believe, or venture to state. In the exterior and less favoured provinces, experience and necessity; in the more favoured interior of the empire, reading and scientific culture, have been the instructresses; an education which neither a censorship nor a secret police have impeded. I confess that observations of this nature were, in my eyes, more important than the wish to display what hundreds of writers had done before, the dark side of the Repressive System, (*Stockungs System*)."

A still more distinct and important palinode on the subject of Austria, lately attracted our attention in

one of the French liberal papers. The author, we believe, is Alphonso Rabbé, an able and well-known journalist, and the author of the article on the coronation of Charles the X.th, which led to the celebrated dispute between the *Cour Royale* and the Polignac ministry.

"Austria, it is said, makes no progress, and has made none for forty years. And this people thus penetrated by the spirit of obedience, the religion of social order, are we, therefore, to suppose them poor, naked, famished; the nobility tyrannical or cruel, living by the sweat of the peasantry, purchasing by the tears of their slaves, the pearls that glitter on their embroidery? Nothing of the kind. There is not a syllable of truth in such representations. The people are happy; they live in abundance and security. In six years there was but one execution in Vienna, and that was of a foreigner, a Pole. The noble bears no whip, is no tyrant, has no rights of preference, makes a patriarchal use of his power; the prince and the peasant dwell together in peace, side by side. But we shall be told, Austria is sunk in superstition, hoodwinked by the priests, and thus it is that the people are fleeced by the nobles at their ease. Here also I must answer, the charge is untrue. Doubtless you meet with mendicant monks and stately abbots; the people bow to both with respect—but of priestcraft there is none. The country clergymen prohibit not the cheerful dance among their youthful flock; on the contrary, look along this rich country where you will, there is nothing to be seen in village or meadow but the song and the dance, young and old mingling in happiness together.

"But now we come to the worst. Since the nobility are so powerful and so looked up to, it must of course follow that the sovereign himself is surrounded with solemn pomp, invested with a mysterious and inaccessible glory like a Dalai-Lama. Yet the consequence does not follow. He moves about in an open carriage, drawn by two horses, with no attendant hussars, gens-d'armes, or lancers, not even a courier or a running footman. Does any

one wish to speak to the Emperor?—the door is open to him; twice a-week he gives an audience of eight hours to all comers; he listens patiently to their stories and complaints; he is the very man to say to them occasionally, you seem weary, sit down.

"This amiable prince occupies himself earnestly and incessantly with the good of his people; he encourages and favours industry; and many an active workman, driven by our ministry from the door, has found in Austria welcome and support."

But though the greatest political opponents of the Austrian policy have thus been compelled to recant the calumnies they were in the habit of venting against its administration within its ancient dominions, its Italian government still remains the mark against which unqualified abuse is directed. Englishmen go into Italy;—they encounter much annoyance from passports and police-officers; blunder out, with characteristic nationality, attacks upon a system and government they do not understand; get involved in disputes with the police, which require the intervention of English consuls or ambassadors; and they listen to the absurd rhodomontade of Italian liberals, believe in the practicability of their schemes for a united and regenerated Italy, and return to this country, in the persuasion that the Italians are the most oppressed and injured people in the world. Now, we may say at once, we are far enough from admiring, in all its points, the system pursued by Austria in her Italian provinces; in two or three matters of considerable, and in many of minor importance, we are satisfied, that it may be and ought to be improved; but it would be singular, indeed, if a government, whose sway within its own hereditary dominions is so mild, equitable, and beneficent, and a prince, who, according to the admission of all who know any thing of his character, has the good of his subjects constantly at heart, should, in the case of Italy alone, sanction a system of tyranny, oppression and ignorance, such as that ascribed to them by the liberal writers of France and England.

Satisfied, as we have all along been, therefore, that the Austrian government of Italy has been completely misrepresented, and that the balance of its advantages over its evils was very considerable, we were happy to find, that even among the Italians themselves, juster views on the subject were beginning to prevail. The recent work of Count dal Pozzo,* which has excited great attention on the continent, shows, that among the sounder and calmer part of the community, the folly of those day-dreams of national independence, in which "*La Giovane Italia*" indulges, and the criminality of those frequent and abortive attempts at insurrection, "whereat all Europe rings on every side," (with laughter,) are now sufficiently appreciated. Dal Pozzo must certainly be regarded as a most impartial witness in favour of Austria. He was a liberal, and acted as minister of the interior during the brief constitutional régime of Piedmont. For his share in these transactions, he was banished, and still remains an exile.

He writes, therefore, with no fear of a censorship impending over him; with no feelings which should induce him to view in too favourable a light the policy or government of Austria; while his undoubted legal abilities, knowledge of the subject, and high character, give more than usual weight to the testimony which his work bears in favour of Austria. The manner is no doubt rather formal and pedantic; nor does he always seem, to us at least, to see very clearly where either the strong or the weak points of his case lie, while in almost all, he rather alludes to, than describes matters at length. He forgets, in short, that he is addressing not merely the inhabitants of Venice and Lombardy, who practically feel and know what he touches on so briefly, but the rest of Europe, who know little or nothing of the matter, and that only through the distorted medium of revolutionary journals.

The main cause of the unpopularity of the Austrian Government with a portion of their Italian subjects, is the continued belief, not even yet eradicated, of the possibility of ren-

* "One of the most distinguished juriconsults and publicists now in Italy."—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xl. p. 209, note.

dering Italy once more an independent kingdom, "rolling back the barbarian side" beyond the Alps, and establishing the old Roman supremacy in arms as well as arts. To hear an Italian talk on this subject, one would imagine the German rule in Italy was a thing almost of yesterday, a comparatively recent innovation; and that by a vigorous effort its dominion might be shaken off, and Italy become and remain an independent kingdom in Europe. Now, the truth is, that the Emperors of Germany have been masters of Lombardy since the tenth century; that their hold of these provinces has survived wars, revolutions, and political changes of all kinds, including even that of the French Revolution; that from its geographical position and conformation, Italy could not, even if the Austrians were expelled, exist for a year as an independent power in Europe, but must, as a matter of course, fall into the hands of France, a union the most dangerous to the tranquillity of Europe;—nay, further, that the provincial jealousies which prevail among the different Italian provinces themselves would render every attempt at a national union impracticable. Unity has, in fact, never existed in Italy since the dissolution of the Roman empire. "Did there not recently exist," says Dal Pozzo, "a strong antipathy between the Genoese and the Piedmontese? It slumbered, no doubt, during the dominion of the French; but awoke again most vividly on two occasions—in 1814, when the empire of Napoleon was broken up, and during the revolution of 1821. Does not the same antipathy exist between the Romans and Neapolitans, between the latter and the Sicilians? If, under the dynasty of Napoleon, a kingdom of Italy appeared to flourish, uniting together the different races of Italy, Milanese, Venetians, Modenese, Bolognese, the union was produced only by the strong pressure of his powerful hand."—P. 16.

That any permanent union, therefore, could ever exist among the different Italian states, except under the pressure of an equal yoke, or that any efforts on their part, even if conducted with all the courage and address, for the absence of which their former attempts at insurrection

have been remarkable, we are satisfied are mere visionary imaginations. Austria will always remain as it has done, the sovereign of some of its fairest provinces, and the power which mediately or immediately influences the rest; and well it is for the repose and tranquillity of Europe that it should be so. But is it equally well, it may be asked, for Italy herself? Is the Austrian government in that quarter an equitable and, in the sound sense of the word, constitutional government, or an oppressive and arbitrary tyranny? Is its object to suppress intelligence, to strangle improvement, or, by an education conducted upon sound and religious principles, to make its subjects a moral population, as the best, the only permanent basis on which even the intellectual advancement of a nation can be made to rest?

In an article on Prussia, in our CCX. number, we showed that in that country, which until lately was regarded in England as a mere military despotism, popular education was cultivated to an extent and degree altogether unknown either in France or England, and that France had given the best proof of her conviction on this point, by appointing one of the most eminent of her philosophers to visit Prussia, for the purpose of studying her system, with a view to its introduction into France. The sketch we there gave for the first time has since been assiduously filled up by all our leading journals, and Prussia, and Prussian education, is now the favourite theme even with our liberal projectors themselves. But probably not one in a hundred of them are aware, that the system of popular education to which we there alluded is not in the least peculiar to Prussia, but exists in a shape almost exactly similar throughout the empire of Austria. Nay, more, Austria was, in fact, the first to organize and reduce to practise the great scheme of providing education for its subjects at the expense of the state. The system of elementary schools was commenced so far back as 1774, by Maria Theresa, and most actively assisted and extended by Joseph II. His instructions for the discipline of the Bohemian schools (January 29, 1783) are a model of philanthropy

good sense, and knowledge of the true principles of popular education. He even imposed a small tax on every transference of succession to property of a certain value, in order to form a fund for the purchase of books for the poor. The same system has been pursued ever since with such improvements as experience, and the changes in society, have suggested, and exists at this moment in all the dominions of Austria. The schools are at present attended by a thirtieth of the whole population.*

It is to Austria, and Austria alone, that Italy is indebted for the introduction of popular education. Under Napoleon, who had the amplest means of doing so, nothing was done. His attention was directed to the more material concerns of roads, bridges, and fortifications, or to the establishment of polytechnic institutions, as nurseries for the army. His object was not to make men better citizens, but better soldiers,—and accordingly, save in the case of military education, no encouragement from the state was given. But even amidst all the confusion and embarrassment consequent upon the change which took place in 1814, the Austrian government at once determined to introduce into their Lombard-Venetian territories the same course which had been pursued so successfully in Germany. By the existing law every village or commune must have its school, which is supported from the municipal fund, the schoolmasters receiving a salary of from 250 to 400 Austrian livres.† Besides the elementary schools for boys and young men, there are similar elementary

schools for girls,—with of course such variation in the subjects taught as the difference of their future position and pursuits requires.

By the statistical tables of the Venetian provinces, which form about one half of the Austrian territory in Italy, there are 1402 elementary schools to a population of 1,894,000 inhabitants, attended by 62,000 pupils, and directed by 1553 teachers. This is exclusive of 29 female schools, chiefly at Venice and Verona, frequented by 2390 girls.

The higher courses of education are liberally provided for by gymnasia, lyceums, and the two universities of Pavia and Padua, the former of which has the highest reputation of any university of Italy. In medical science it is peculiarly distinguished; and scarcely less so in philosophy. The number of students is at present above 1400.

The university of Padua, though fallen from the high estate which it enjoyed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, still possesses distinguished professors, an excellent curriculum of study, and about a thousand students.

The salaries of the professors at the university of Padua have been raised by the present government from three to six thousand francs. The professors enjoy high consideration, and rank among the nobility. The names of Volta, Scarpa, Tamburini, alone would be sufficient to show that their universities are not deficient in even enjoying a European reputation; and the fact that Tamburini, though almost deemed a heretic at Rome for his antipapal opinions and writings, continued to enjoy the protection of the Austrian

* Dupin Forces Productrices. Paris: 1827.

† The classes in these schools are as follows;

1st class. Spelling, slate-writing, elementary religious instruction, the first two rules of arithmetic.

2nd class. Reading, writing, catechism, the four rules of arithmetic, fractions.

3d class. Calligraphy, orthography, Italian grammar, first easy specimens of composition, epistolary or narrative, reading and writing Latin under dictation, catechism, the gospels, for Sundays and other festivals, arithmetic, fractions, and the rule of three.

4th class, established in 1828. Architecture, geometry, mechanics, stereometry, drawing, geography, natural history, physics.

There is even a 5th class established in the chief towns of provinces, for history, science of commerce, book-keeping, mathematics, chemistry, history of the arts, German, French, and English languages.

The two first classes are found in almost every village, the third is also very general.—*Journal of Education*, vol. iii., pp. 17, 18.

government to his death, is a strong presumption in favour of the religious tolerance of its ideas.*

We shall be somewhat surprised, if those who are constantly representing Austria as an opaque planet in the midst of the general illumination of Europe, "dark amidst the blaze of noon," will show us where, either in Italy or elsewhere, more has been done towards laying the foundations of a sound, useful, and moral education among the people, or even greater facilities afforded for the cultivation of its higher branches. True, politics and political economy are excluded from these primary schools; and we believe, in one of these manuals of education inculcating the duties of subjects towards their sovereign, (*Manuale dei Maestri Elementare Milano, 1821,*) disobedience to the prince is actually placed among the mortal sins. These, and such like, are the enormities of which the liberal journals complain. What they wish for is not moral, but political education. To render a man a happy or useful citizen, is with them entirely a secondary consideration to familiarizing him with the principles of political theory, and accustoming him to discuss the measures of government. To this certainly the Austrian system of education lends no direct encouragement; nor, when it is kept in view how few out of the mass of the community are ever called upon to mingle in political affairs—or, from their position in life, and imperfect opportunities of observation, can ever take a part in them with a knowledge of their complicated and delicate bearings, or with advantage to the general welfare, do we think that the Austrian system is in this particular erroneous or objectionable.

But though education be thus liberally provided for under the Austrian government, perhaps the liberty of the subject is exposed to hazard, his property insecure; he may be exposed to arbitrary violations or suspensions of the laws, or subjected to an invidious inequality of privileges? Let the reader judge by

the short outline of the government given by Count dal Pozzo.

"The rights of private property are there sacred. It is under the guardianship of the tribunals, with which the sovereign does not interfere.

"The Emperor makes general laws for his subjects, but never special laws for particular individuals or things.

"There is perfect equality in the eye of the law.

"No odious privileges exist.

"The abuse of power on the part, either of ecclesiastics or of the nobles, has been rooted out beyond revival.

"The independence of the judicial power is maintained, and never interfered with particular receipts.

"No delegation or commission of judges is ever issued to interfere with the operation of the ordinary jurisdictions.

"There are none of those arbitrary illegal punishments elsewhere known by the name of economic. Of all those who were prosecuted for political offences in 1820 and 1821, not one, for instance, was either imprisoned or banished without form of trial. They were either condemned or acquitted.

"The administration of civil justice is expeditious and not expensive.

"As to civil laws, though these have been carried to a high degree of perfection in France, there are some in which she is surpassed by Austria, and well worthy the imitation of other countries. For example, the system of registration and publication of mortgages,† which by means of the intricacy and difficulty of tracing the security, have elsewhere placed the most valuable of property, that of land, *extra commercium*, has long ago in Austria been placed on so simple a footing as to render the disposal of land as easy as that of movables.

"With the exception of political offences, the penalties for which are perhaps excessive, the criminal law is extremely mild. The punishment of death is reserved for the rarest cases; and, what is most singular, none of those condemned for politi-

* For these details we are chiefly indebted to an interesting and important article on Italian Education, in the *Journal of Education*, vol. vi.

† Analogous to our Scotch system of registration of real rights.

cal offences were actually executed. The Emperor commuted the punishment in the case of all the accused in 1820 and 1821, whose object had been his entire expulsion from Italy—and his example stands alone.

"The regulations for the primary instruction of the people, the commercial and provincial institutions, may serve as a model.

"Few countries in Europe, and perhaps none, enjoy more real, or, as it is commonly called, material prosperity, than the Austrian monarchy. The repugnance which the Emperor Francis seems to feel against altering the political *form* of his government need not appear strange even in the eyes of the most liberal. What is the object in *substance* which the advocates of a Constitutional Government propose to themselves? The happiness, the welfare of the people. Francis, who has seen in his own lifetime the most important, the most useful alterations, introduced throughout his dominions, without the introduction of any new political constitution, which would divide the Sovereign power, and throw the State into confusion; Francis, who has, on the other hand, witnessed the state of France, its everchanging variety of constitutions and forms of government, without the people being ever able to flatter themselves into the belief of real stability in any, can hardly be expected to lean towards the Constitutional Governments of modern device. His system, therefore, need not be wondered at. But as, on the other hand, the Austrian Government, as we have said, practically moves in a constitutional, not a despotic course, and far from being averse, seems rather inclined to such public institutions as strengthen the monarchy in the path of right, the liberal nations ought to be contented with this situation of things, and believe, that with quieter times and increasing intelligence, they will obtain a higher progress, both in the theory and practice of the social science."—Pp. 125-126-127. Such is the picture given of the practical administration of the Austrian Government in Lombardy, by one who has been all his life, and still is, a liberal politician. Protection for property and person, equality before

the laws, independent tribunals, cheap and expeditious justice, a mild criminal code, both in theory and practice, a system of popular education, which may serve as a model, and a measure of material comfort and happiness enjoyed by few countries in Europe. "I eat well, drink well, and sleep well," says Sir Oliver in the farce, "but that's all." So the Italians have every natural element of natural happiness and prosperity, but because they have them not under what they call a Constitutional Government, they ought to be miserable. Will the recent examples of Spain and France never teach men how little there is in a name; what oppression may be perpetrated under the name of liberty, what despotism may exist under a so-called Constitutional Government? Why, the truth is, that the Austrian Government, unlimited, as it appears, in theory, is as effectually limited in practice, by custom and usage—more conducted according to a system of unvarying rule and method, which excludes every arbitrary step or interference with particular cases, than almost any other in Europe. In no country, we will venture to say, have fewer stretches of prerogative, fewer invasions of the rights of the subject, taken place for the last century than in Austria. The steps to which Louis Philippe has habitually resorted since the establishment of the throne of the Barri-cades, and which in France, sick as she now is of revolution and its consequences, scarcely excite a remark, would never have been ventured on in Austria, or would have shaken that empire to its foundations.—Well may Dal Pozzo observe, that Austria, warned by the examples around her, has reason to hesitate ere she exchange the system, call it by what name you may, under which she has advanced, slowly perhaps, but steadily, in a career of improvement, for any of those modern devices by which a sudden and forced developement is given to the intelligence and social energies of the people, which having no root in morality and religion, shortly withers away. The path in which she advances may indeed be slow and circumvoluntary, like a spiral, but how much more expedient in the end than those de-

celtful curves, which appear for a time to shoot forward almost in a straight line, but suddenly bend round and return into themselves, leaving the race of improvement to recommence from the beginning!

It was a proof of the liberal spirit in which Austria was disposed to exercise her newly regained rights after the expulsion of Napoleon, that one of her first steps was to introduce into the Lombardo-Venetian territories, local and general chambers of representatives on the model of the *Land staende*, which had existed from time immemorial in her other dominions. The edict, which is dated 24th April, 1815, commences, "It being our intention to form colleges of deputies, chosen from the different classes of the nation, with the view of ascertaining, by constitutional means, the wants and wishes of the country, we have divided the kingdom into the Milanese and Venetian territories, and have established for each a central commission, the one to be resident at Milan, the other at Venice." These central assemblies are composed (Art. 1) of the nobles, of proprietors who are not noble, and of the representatives of the towns, the governor of the territory, or his lieutenant, being president. The numbers are chosen by the Councils of Communes, the Emperor having only the power of choice from a leet of three presented to him by the corporations, (Art. 8,) and retain their office for six years (Art. 13). To these assemblies the whole internal management and administration of Italy is committed; such as (Art. 22) the imposition and distribution of the new taxes, or imposts proposed by the Emperor, the examination of the accounts and burdens of the different communes, the distribution of military duties and services, the inspection of roads, bridges, and charitable institutions, (Art. 25,) the exercise in their own names of the judiciary and executive powers, and of the legislative in so far as regards local ordinances, imposts, and taxes. Generally speaking, it may be said, therefore, that the central congregations have the power of a deliberative assembly in all matters not formerly fixed by law and custom; these

being committed to local assemblies pretty nearly on the same model. It may be granted, that in all this there is but a slender approach to the powers which the English constitution reposes in Parliament, but the voluntary introduction, even of this qualified system of representation, which must at least prevent the possibility of ignorance or misrepresentation as to the state of Italy, is sufficient to show, that in so far as it was thought likely that the benefits of representation could be safely imparted, they were bestowed. Austria gave to Italy, all she herself possessed, a measure of liberality not always to be found when a nation similarly situated regains, by force of arms, possession of dominions of which she has been dispossessed by force.

There are, however, one or two points which are generally selected by the liberal opponents of Austria, as in themselves sufficient to neutralize every other advantage of the Austrian government: These are the vexatious annoyances of the police, the exclusion of foreign journals, the censorship, and the severity of the punishments against political offences. In the charges here made against the Austrian government there is some truth, mingled with much exaggeration.

It is true the police of Lombardy is jealous, and the system of passports and surveillance to which travellers and Italians are equally exposed, often extremely annoying; and it is true, that the exclusion of publications supposed to be of a dangerous character, is carried to an excess which is unjustifiable, and is often ridiculous. But in judging how far the conduct of Austria is blameable in this matter, it is but fair to look a little to its cause. How comes it, that in the rest of the Austrian dominions, the traveller and the nation meet with no such annoyances; that you talk politics at every *table d'hôte* from Salzburg to Belgrade, without meeting with a "knight templar" in the shape of the waiter, or a police-officer in Boniface himself? Simply because the conduct of the Italians themselves, their repeated and most treacherous attempts at insurrection, the intrigues of foreign revolutionists, and the exposure, in

1820, of a vast and most widely diffused chain of secret societies, of which the object was the entire expulsion of Austria and the establishment of an Italian republic, have naturally rendered Austria jealous, suspicious, and perhaps over-anxious, on these points. After the evidence of the existence and extent of such a scheme, afforded by the evidence before the *Central-Untersuchung's-Commission*, shortly after the eruption and suppression of the Neapolitan and Piedmontese revolutions in 1820 and 1821, we really cannot wonder that Austria should have pushed its preventive measures too far. That matters were very different prior to these attempts at revolution, every traveller who visited Italy at that time must be aware; and Dal Pozzo himself bears ample testimony to the fact. "These restrictions," says he, "are not of ancient date—no older, it appears, than since 1820, that is, the time when revolutionary sects were laying down the plan of those insurrections which burst forth from one end of Austria to the other. Before that time, I remember having occasion now and then to visit Milan, and the impression on my mind was, that the citizens practically enjoyed much liberty, and that the action of the police was scarcely felt. Foreigners came and went without being subject to so many inquests and examinations. The Milanese assembled when and where they wished, in casinos, in coffee-houses; life, in short, was as joyous, as free as could be conceived. When I returned to my *triste* and formal Turin, I used to heave a deep sigh, and long for the gaiety of Milan."

The same observation applies also to the censorship of the press. Dal Pozzo assures us, that prior to 1820, that power was exercised with the greatest mildness; and as the best proof of the fact, he refers to his own case, his *Opuscoli Politico Legali*, a work which attracted considerable attention, and one of decidedly liberal tendency, in which the anxiety for a constitutional form of government was quite distinctly avowed, and some very delicate questions of political right discussed, as he admits, with great freedom, having never encountered the least opposition from the Austrian Go-

vernment. Doubtless times are now changed, and writings, apparently exceedingly harmless, are thought worthy of being placed under the ban of the empire; but here also, as in the case of the vexatious police regulations and prohibition of foreign journals, the true cause of the increased and unnecessary severity of the Administration is to be found mainly in the conduct of the Italians themselves.

It would be well, also, to bear in mind, in regard to a censorship, what the true state of the question always is. Every Government must have the right of prohibiting and suppressing, in some way or other, publications believed to be injurious to public morals; the only question is, whether that shall be done before or after publication, by a preliminary censorship, or by prosecutions, injunctions, or seizures of the objectionable articles after publication. In France there exists at present no censorship; there is perfect theoretical liberty to publish; but the instant consequence of an obnoxious article against the ministry, is the seizure and destruction of the newspapers, types, and printing materials, the probable ruin of the publisher, and the fine and imprisonment of the author. We doubt whether the editors of the *Tribune*, or the *National*, or indeed any one who looks over the list of Louis Philippe's political prosecutions, now amounting to many hundreds, will be disposed to rate the advantage derived from the want of a censorship so highly as to sympathize very deeply with the lamentations of Italian liberals on the subject of its existence.

Still, however, we would certainly say, upon the whole, that we think both the restrictions on the liberty of the press, and the surveillance of the police, is needlessly rigorous and severe. True, the disturbances at Modena, at Ancona, and in the Papal States, which have followed the revolution of July, have shown that the disposition at least to insurrection and conspiracy exists; but they have not less distinctly evinced, that the number of the disaffected is but small, their means, influence, and talent utterly contemptible, and their hopes of any effectual assistance from foreign

powers, all of whom have their hands full at home, completely unfounded. With these examples before her, with the consciousness, that with the thinking, the candid, the moderate part of Italy, the substantial benefits of her government, and the folly and absurdity of such attempts, are appreciated as they deserve. Austria, we think, might safely relax the rigour of her policy in these respects—the only point, we really believe, in which the clamour which has been raised against her administration is even partially well founded. Italy, after her numerous attempts—many of them most treacherous and most unprovoked—against the Austrian dynasty, may not be entitled to claim this boon as a matter of justice; but Austria can afford to be more than just—she may with safety, with advantage to herself, afford to be generous. Sardinia is certainly not an instance of a peculiarly free government; yet even there, the most needless and embarrassing prohibitions and impediments to foreign travel which exist in the Austrian states are unknown. Yet what evil has resulted from the liberty thus given, even to the “extravagant and erring spirit to wander beyond his confine?” Generally speaking, we think at the present day the traveller is likely to return more sobered than he went. If he has looked upon the state of Belgium, shorn of its commerce, sunk into insignificance as a European power, discontented with its sovereign, exposed to the violence of lawless assemblages, as far as ever from any prospect of tranquillity, internal or external; if he has traced the working of the revolutionary principle in Spain, in Portugal, in Switzerland, in Bavaria, in Southern Germany; if he has witnessed in France the insurrection of June, the sad *pendant* to the triumphs of July; or seen the bloody and prolonged struggles of Lyons and Marseilles, scarcely put down by half the military force of France, and the thunder of hundreds of cannon; if he has witnessed its state prosecutions, its imprisoned patriots, the circle of modern bastilles which are silently rising around Paris, the gloomy despondency, or hopeless apathy, into which its once enthusiastic population appear to have sunk for ever on the subject of constitutional liberty;

if, even in our own England, happily not yet engulfed in the revolutionary vortex, though, we fear, already within the ever-narrowing circle of the fatal Maelstrom, he has seen the disruption of the bonds of society, the reckless projects, the contempt for authority, for law, for religion; the riots, the plunderings; the burnings, which the last four years have witnessed, he must indeed be deeply wedded to revolutionary opinion, who does not return to his own country a sadder and a wiser man, distrustful of names and theories, and disposed in his heart to admit the truth of Pope's much contested maxim, that in matters of government, “that which is best administered is best.”

The excessive rigour of the punishment applicable to political offences, might also, we think, expediently and justly be relaxed; the more so, as, in point of fact, the punishment is rarely carried into effect to the extent which theoretically is prescribed. Of all those condemned for participation in the revolutionary movements in 1820 and 1821, not *one* was actually executed; a proof that, at least, theoretical rigour is largely tempered with a spirit of practical mercy. But a milder code, more constantly enforced, would probably be more efficient. Above all, the Austrian Government ought instantly to turn its attention to the petty vexations and cruel treatment which seems, whether with or without its sanction, to have accompanied the punishment of imprisonment, to which so many of the conspirators of that day were condemned. Death might have been perhaps inflicted with justice; imprisonment most certainly was a punishment as mild as the nature of the crime could admit, but the petty miseries of bad food, cold, excessive heat, the suppression of all intercourse with relations and friends, and the other evils by which the gloom of the prison was deepened and aggravated, all these were beneath the character of a nation like Austria, and a sovereign like the Emperor Francis. We believe entirely with Count Dal Pozzo, that of all these the Emperor personally was ignorant; indeed even Silvio Pellico, by whose very beautiful and affecting volume on the

subject of his imprisonment,* a work of *art*, in every sense of the word, these particulars have of late been brought forward with peculiar prominence, admits that when the unfortunate situation of one of the prisoners, who had suffered a surgical operation, (Maroncelli,) was communicated to the Emperor, he at once ordered him to be supplied with every comfort from the Governor's establishment during his illness. All these petty, but, from their accumulation, serious annoyances and sufferings, may have emanated, as Dal Pozzo suggests, from the mistakes, or narrow views of inferiors, but it argues a want of proper superintendence on the part of the government, to which we should hope the disclosures contained in Pellico's *prigioni*, by bringing them distinctly under the notice of the government and of the Emperor himself, will effectually put a close.

It is time also that an amnesty should be given to the political offenders of 1820 and 1821; that the exiles should be restored to their own country; years of imprisonment or exile have surely expiated their offences, and many might return, like Dal Pozzo, with amended views and enlarged experiences, to regret the delusion into which they had been led by enthusiasm acting on ignorance, to resume their honourable place in society, and perhaps, by the diffusion of their altered sentiments, and more correct information, to assist in eradicating the prejudices which exist in the minds of many of their countrymen. It is by proofs of clemency and generosity like these that Austria will overpower the clamour of her enemies, and extort the admiration, and ultimately the attachment, of her Italian subjects.

Something might be done also, as Dal Pozzo remarks, in rendering the Italian administration as independent of Vienna as possible, in regard at least to details; as also in employing as much as possible Italian functionaries in public employments. One obvious reason, however, why this has not hitherto been done to the extent it might, is the reluctance of the Italians to make themselves masters of the German language—an indispen-

sable qualification for those who are in constant communication with a seat of government in Vienna. On the other hand, there are few educated Germans who are not conversant with Italian. The study of the German ought, with this view, we think, to be made part of the course of primary instruction.

The introduction of foreign journals, and the liberty of foreign travel, ought, we think, to be at once permitted. No police cordon will prevent the importation of opinion; but, as matters stand at present, little finds its way into Italy surreptitiously, but the worst and most libellous of the liberal journals. Let the permission to import be made open and general, and the antidote of sound sense and truth has some chance of meeting and overcoming the poison of democratic falsehood.

Finally, we are convinced much, very much, might be done to render Austria more popular in Italy, by the occasional residence of the sovereign and the court at Milan or Venice. It would flatter national pride, it would stimulate industry and talent, it would tend to remove misconceptions, and correct many faults of detail which, at a distance, escape observation; above all, it would make the Italians familiar with the kind, paternal, and excellent character of the Emperor, who is himself an Italian (born, we think, at Florence), and who only requires to be better known by his subjects to be better loved. If they had witnessed for a time, as the Viennese daily do, his quiet unassuming manners, without pomp and ceremony, the patience with which he listens to the complaints of the meanest of his subjects, the unaffected anxiety and zeal with which he endeavours to redress them, they would soon perceive how distorted were the lines, how exaggerated the colours in which his portrait had been drawn by the hand of Italian agitators; and the Corso of Milan, or St Mark's Place at Venice, might witness the same kindly greetings between the subject and the sovereign, the same testimonies of respectful homage and attachment with which *Vater Franz* never fails to be saluted in the walks of the Prater or the alleys of Schönbrunn.

* *Le mie Prigioni*.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS.*

POETS win to themselves by their works a personal regard and affection from all who have derived delight from their genius. All their readers may be said to be their friends; and admiration is almost always mingled with love. Nor is it wonderful that it should be so. We converse with them in their purest and highest and holiest moods; we are familiar only with the impress of their character, stamped, without alloy of baser matter, on gold. We speak now, it is manifest, but of those poets—and thank heaven the greatest are among the number—who have been faithful to their calling on earth—have not profaned the god-given strength by making it subservient to unworthy or unhallowed ends—nor kindled any portion of the sacred fire on the altars of impurity or superstition. Genius and imagination do not save their possessors from sin. That fatal disease is in all human veins—and circulates with the blood from all human hearts. But genius and imagination can beautify even virtue—that is the noblest work they were intended to perform for man—and poetry has performed it far beyond any other power that spiritualizes life. A great or good poet, in his hours of inspiration—and that word has been allowed by the wisest—is as free as mortal man may be—except when under the still holier influence of religion, its services, and its ministrations—from all that ordinarily pollutes, or degrades, or enslaves our moral being;—and we are willing, not without deep reason, to believe that the revelations he then makes before our eyes of the constitution of his soul are true—that by them he is to be judged on earth what manner of man he is;—so that should aught at other times appear perplexing in his character or conduct, and inconsistent with that ideal which his own genius, in its purest apparition, induced and enabled us to form of him in our fancy, we

are bound—unless all belief be baseless—in spite of much that may trouble us in what we cannot understand or reconcile—to hold fast our faith in the virtue of the superior powers of his being—nor fear that the glory is but “false glitter,” because, like every thing beneath the sun, it may for a while be clouded or eclipsed.

The personal character of our most illustrious poets has, with very few exceptions—and in those cases there are mournful mysteries never perhaps to be understood in this “unintelligible world”—been all that we who owe them an unappreciable debt of gratitude—best paid in brotherly love and Christian charity—could desire; and if some flaws and frailties have been shown by the light of genius, that would have been invisible or unnoticed in ordinary men, it is worse than weak, it is wicked, to point with pleasure to stains on the splendour. “Blessings be with them and eternal praise,” is the high sentiment of enlightened humanity towards the memory of all such benefactors. There is no wisdom in weighing in scales misnamed of justice, and neither of gold nor diamond, the virtues against the vices of any one of our fellow-creatures. The religion of nature prompts no such balancing of praise and blame, even with the living—therefore surely not with the dead; nor does the religion of the New Testament. Yet unholy inquisition is too often made even into the secrets hidden in the heart of genius—and from wan cheek, or troubled eye, or distracted demeanour, or conduct outwardly “wanting grace,” have unjust inferences been cruelly drawn, calculated to lower what was in truth highest, and to cloud what was in truth brightest in the nature of some glorious creature, who, if clearly known to the whole world, would have been held worthy of the whole world’s love.

* The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge. 3 vols. London: William Pickering, 1834.

" Call it not vain ! they do not err,
Who say that when a poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies ! "

Mute nature mourns not ; but with the tears in our eyes for some great loss—she seems to weep with us—with sobs in our heart, every whisper in the woods sounds like a sigh. The day our Minstrel was buried, there was no melancholy upon Dryburgh tower or woods. Yet thinking on his death, to us Scotland even now seems sad. Another great poet—and another—have since disappeared. Yet a little while, and lights no less resplendent will go out in dust. Scott, Crabbe, Coleridge—names for so many years pronounced with a proud, kind emphasis, as if it raised us in our own estimation to love and honour such compatriots—now but names, and with almost a mournful sound !

" Nor draw their frailties from their dread abode."

That line has lost not a breath of its holy power by perpetual repetition from millions of lips. Frailties, no doubt, had those Sons of the Morning, though framed in " all the pomp and prodigality of heaven"—even like the humblest of their brethren, whose lot it was in life to live like paupers in mind on the alms of niggard nature. The frailties of the low obscure are safe in the grave. Some love-planted flowers flourish awhile over their dust, and then fade away for ever, like their memories, that live but in a few simple and unrepining hearts. But the famous tombs of the Genii are sometimes visited by pilgrims that are not worshippers—and who come not there in entire reverence. All eyes are not devoutly dim that read the letters on such monuments—all hearts are not holily inspired when dreaming on such dust—and Envy, that knows not itself to be Envy, sometimes seeks in vain to

believe that the genius, now sanctified by death, was not in life but another name for transcendent virtue.

No man was ever more beloved by his friends—and among them were many of the great as well as the good—than the poet Coleridge. We so call him ; for he alone perhaps of all men that ever lived was always a poet—in all his moods—and they were many—*inspired*. His genius never seemed to burn low—to need fuel or fanning ; but gently stirred, uprose the magic flame—and the flame was fire. His waking thoughts had all the vividness of visions, all the variousness of dreams—but the Will, whose wand in sleep is powerless, reigned over all those beautiful reveries, which were often like revelations ; while Fancy and Imagination, still obedient to Reason, the law-giver, arrayed earth and life in such many-coloured radiance that they grew all divine.

But others are better privileged than we are to speak of those wonderful displays, spontaneous as breathing, of those wonderful endowments ; and therefore we now refrain from giving further utterance to our admiration of the only eloquence we ever heard that deserved the name—and assuredly from no lack of love. A holier duty is incumbent on them who were nearest and dearest to him ; ere long we know it will be worthily done ; and then it will be confessed by all who have an ear to hear and a heart to feel

" The still sad music of humanity,"
that he who was so admirable a poet, was one of the most amiable of men. Who, now, can read unmoved, " his own humble and affectionate epitaph ?"—well so called by one who was to him even as one of his own sons—written with calm heart but trembling hand—a month or two before his death !

" Stop, Christian passer-by ! Stop, child of God,
And read with gentle heart. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he ;—
O lift in thought a prayer for S. T. C.
That he, who many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death !
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame,
He asked, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same."

Nor are we going now to compose a critical essay on the genius of Coleridge. For many years it has been understood by all who know what poetry is; and all that future ages can do for his fame, will be to extend it. His exquisite sensibilities of human affection will continue to charm, as they have charmed, all kindred spirits—who feel that the common chords of the heart, touched by a fine finger, can discourse most excellent music; but in coarser natures, though kind—"and peace be to them, for there are many such"—some even of his loveliest lays will awaken no answering emotion of delight—though

"Like unto an angel's song
That bids the heavens be mute!"

The imagery he raises before their eyes will be admired—for almost all eyes communicate with some inner sense of beauty; but the balmy breath in which it is enveloped—adding sweetness to the Spring—will escape unfelt—and so will the ethereal colouring that belongs not to the common day—for to be aware of the presence of that air and that light—so spiritual—you must, "in a wise passiveness," be yourself a poet. Thus—

"Oft, with patient ear,
Long listening to the viewless skylark's
note,
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen,
Gleaming on sunny wings,) in whisper'd
tones,
I've said to my beloved—'Such, sweet
girl!

The unobtrusive song of happiness,
Uncarthy minstrelsy! then only heard,
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is
hush'd,

And the heart listens.'"

Even his Love Poems, though full of fondness and tenderness, to overflowing, nor yet unimpassioned, are not for the multitude; they are either so spiritualized as to be above their sympathies, or so purified as not to meet them; but, to all those who are imaginative in all their happiness—to whom delight cannot be delusion—where in Poetry is there

another such Lay of Love as Genevieve?

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame!"

All Poets who have held close communion with what is called inanimate nature, have given her, not only life, but a mind, a heart, and a soul; and though Philosophers, for doing so, have been very generally called Atheists, few have accused of irreligion the mere poetical creed. Only think of calling Wordsworth an Atheist! He, far beyond one and all of all other men, has illustrated the Faith of Universal Feeling. In Coleridge there are many fine touches of the same attributive Fancy; but his conceptive power, though strong and bright, was not equal to that of his Master—"that mighty Orb of Song." It is a strange assertion to make at this time of day, "that no writer has ever expressed the great truth, that man makes his world, or that it is the imagination which shapes and colours all things, more vividly than Coleridge. Indeed, he is the poet, who, in the age in which we live, brought forward that position into light and action." The writer had surely forgot Shakspeare; nor, had he remembered him, could he well have said this in the glorious face of Wordsworth. That Imagination

"bodies forth

The form of things unknown, turns them
to shapes,"

"and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," is the finest of all possible expressions of the oldest of all possible truths—and no Poet ever sang who did not exemplify it. But we agree with the enlightened and amiable critic, that Coleridge has, throughout all his Poetry, delightfully exhibited such creative process of the Imaginative Faculty, and, in one rich and rare passage, expounded most philosophically, and illustrated most poetically, a great and universally-acknowledged Truth. Here it is:—

"A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—

O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
 All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green :
 And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye !
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
 That gave away their motion to the stars ;
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen :
 Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;
 I see them all so excellently fair,
 I see, not feel how beautiful they are !

“ My genial spirits fail ;
 And what can these avail
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?
 It were a vain endeavour,
 Though I should gaze 'or ever
 On that green light that lingers in the west :
 I may not hope from outward forms to win
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

“ O Lady! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does nature live :
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the Earth—
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

“ O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be !
 What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful and beauty-making power.
 Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that no'er was given,
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
 Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
 A new Earth and new Heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
 We in ourselves rejoice !
 And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colours a suffusion from that light.”

But there is one region in which Imagination has ever loved to walk—now in glimmer, and now in gloom—and now even in daylight—but it must be a nightlike day—where Coleridge surpasses all poets but Shakspeare—nor do we fear to say—where he equals Shakspeare. That region is the preternatural. Some of Scott's works strongly excite the feelings of superstitious fear and traditional awe; witness the Ballad of “Glenfinlas,” and the Lady in “the Lay of the Last Minstrel.” So do the “Thorn,” “Lucy Gray,” “Hartleap Well,” and the “Danish Boy,” of

Wordsworth—which overflow, too, with many other exquisite kinds of imaginative feeling, besides the superstitious. But in prodigious power and irresistible, the Ancient Mariner bears off the bell from them all, which he tolls till the sky grows too dismal to be endured; and what witch, at once so foul and so fair, so felt to be fatal in her fearful beauty, an apparition of bliss and of bale—as the stately Lady Geraldine? What angel—in her dread so delicate—in her distress so graceful—as she—the Dove of her own Dream—fascinated to death by that hissing serpent—like the meek, pure, pious Christabel—whose young virgin life has been wholly dedicated to her Father and her God?

But here are Coleridge's *Poetical Works* lying before us—and our chief wish in what we have now been saying, and are going to say, is, that all the young lovers of poetry will provide themselves with the three volumes—and study them till they come to feel and understand all therein contained, more profoundly than we, their grey-headed adviser, who were familiar with “all of wonderful and wild” before they were born.

These delightful volumes are divided into four compartments—*Juvenile Poems*—*Sibylline Leaves*—*Miscellaneous Poems*—and *Dramas*, original or translations. All the compositions in the first were the product of boyhood, or early youth—many in the second of a season of life that belonged still to the strong spring of manhood—and all the rest—with a few assuredly beautiful, but perhaps not very important, exceptions—were the rich growth of life's summer, ripened in the sunshine of rejoicing genius, yet even the most luxuriant not untouched with a shade of sorrow, and their loveliness not undimmed with tears. Strange and sad to think, that all the poetry of this divinely endowed spirit should have been breathed into utterance before

his thirtieth year! For other thirty years and upwards, many a profound response was given forth by his voice from the temple's inner shrine—and recorded in language that will never die. Much of that philosophy is poetry, too, and of the highest; but it is lawful in those who loved him—and looked up to him as one of the largest lights of the age—to lament that his harp, so many-stringed, and which he could sweep with a master's hand, should so long have been mute, especially while it seemed all the while to need but a breath to reanimate

“The soul of music, sleeping in the chords.”

Without caring about the order of time—for over all the poetry of Coleridge, whether boy or man, when conversant with nature, hangs the same one beautiful spirit of love and delight—let us look at some more of his inspirations, and see how his very senses are refined by his imagination.

Coleridge had not what is commonly called an ear for music; and the more's the pity. An ear for music is a great mystery, but the want of it is a greater mystery still—especially in poets—and yet, if you believe them and their friends, many true poets have possessed not that source of delight—the purest that flows in the soul. Yet music affected him deeply—and his “*Lines composed in a Concert-room*,” as rich as simple, must be far dearer to St Cecilia than Dryden's and Pope's pompous odes. The poem appears steeped in music, like a full-blown rose in dew. The second and third stanzas we have always felt to be expressed too strongly; yet a friend of our heart told us that the instant transition from them, in their almost grating harshness, made by enchanted memory to far-off passages in evanished being, in their coming back still more divine, never fails to transport him into a blissful world.

“Nor cold, nor stern my soul! yet I detest
These scented rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,
Heaves the proud harlot her distended breast,
In intricacies of laborious song.

“These feel not Music's genuine power, nor deign
To melt at Nature's passion-warbled plaint;

But when the long-breathed singer's uptrilled strain
Bursts in a squall—they gape for wonderment.

“Hark! the deep buzz of vanity and hate!
Scornful, yet envious, with self-torturing sneer
My lady eyes some maid of humbler state,
While the pert captain, or the primmer priest,
Prattles accordant scandal in her ear.

“O give me, from this heartless scene released,
To hear our old musician, blind and gray,
(Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kissed,)
His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,
By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,
The while I dance amid the tedded hay
With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.

“Or lies the purple evening on the bay
Of the calm glossy lake, O let me hide
Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees,
For round their roots the fisher's boat is tied,
On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at ease,
And while the lazy boat sways to and fro,
Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow,
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.

“But O, dear Anne! when midnight wind careers,
And the gust pelting on the outhouse shed
Makes the cock shrilly on the rain storm crow,
To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe,
Ballad of shipwrecked sailor floating dead
Whom his own true-love buried in the sands!
Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice re-measures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The things of Nature utter; birds or trees
Or moan of ocean-gale in weedy caves,
Or where the stiff grass mid the heath-plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.”

These exquisite lines are placed among the Sibylline Leaves—but there are some exceedingly sweet, which we find among the Juvenile Poems. Even in moods little elevated—and in which the current of thought and feeling flows gently along simple scenery—the true poet is recognised in the whole tone of his inner being, musically tempered to repose that belongs to a quieter world than this, yet brings this, as if by a silent operation of nature, within that

undisturbed sphere. This earth, without becoming unsubstantial or aerial, waxes wondrous still and pure—all unlike the earth men tread with wayfaring weary feet—yet green with human hopes, murmuring with human joys, and not without the whisper of sorrows secreted in the glimmering glades of the old woods. Of this character—like music by moonlight—are “the Lines to a Beautiful Spring in a Village.”

“Once more, sweet Stream! with slow foot wandering near,
I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.
Escaped the flashing of the noontide hours,
With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers
(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
For not through pathless grove with murmur rude
Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, Solitude:
Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
The hermit-fountain of some dripping cell!
Pride of the Vale! thy useful streams supply
The scattered cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.

" The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks
 With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
 Released from school, their little hearts at rest,
 Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast,
 The rustic here at eve with pensive look
 Whistling lorn ditties leans upon his crook,
 Or starting pauses with hope-mingled dread
 To list the much-loved maid's accustomed tread :
 She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
 Loiters, the long-filled pitcher in her hand.

" Unboastful Stream! thy fount with pebbled falls
 The faded form of past delight recalls,
 What time the morning sun of Hope arose,
 And all was joy ; save when another's woes
 A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
 Like passing clouds impictured on thy breast.
 Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
 Or silvery stole beneath the pensive Moon :
 Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
 Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along !"

These lines were composed in very early life—and some of them might possibly be improved in the expression—but here is an Inscription absolutely perfect.

" This Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
 Such tents the Patriarchs loved ! O long unharmed
 May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy
 The small round basin, which this jutting stone
 Keeps pure from falling leaves ! Long may the Spring,
 Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
 Send up cold waters to the traveller
 With soft and even pulse ! Nor ever cease
 Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
 Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's page,
 As merry and no taller, dances still,
 Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.
 Here twilight is and coolness : here is moss,
 A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
 Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
 Drink, Pilgrim, here ; Here rest ! and if thy heart
 Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
 Thy Spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
 Or passing gale, or hum of murmuring bees !"

If you do not feel that such compositions as these, unpretending and humble as they are, are nevertheless the finest poetry, you had better burn your books at once—all your books of the bards—and confine yourself to practical chemistry. Congenial with them, but of a higher character, are many passages of "Fears in Solitude"—a composition of a later date—when the poet indeed was in the prime of youthful manhood. As yet he could have been benefited but little by the conversation of Wordsworth—yet the poem is inspired with the true Wordsworthian spirit—and the versification, with-

out being very various or pauseful, is felt to obey, in all its movements, the commands of a gentle, or a grave, or an indignant mood—the poet's love of country, though passionate, being throughout ennobled by his love of humankind.

" Oh ! my countrymen !
 We have offended very grievously,
 And been most tyrannous. From east to west
 A groan of accusation pierces Heaven !"

But our object now is to show the kind of communing Coleridge then held with nature, rather than the views he took of the character and

conduct of this nation. Such sentiments as we have now quoted kindle forth, and burst out, through the calm in which his gentler genius envelopes the whole region of his natal land. That England should not have been true to the cause of humanity—and in much he believed she had been false—gave rise in his heart to grief and anger—moral both; but as they ebbed—or subsided—or were exhausted in eloquent outpourings—more beautiful before the eyes of his

imagination, re-appeared England's hills, and vales, and fields—because of the almost unfilial fit of indignation in which he, “not sure a man ungently made,” had dared to reprobate his country's crimes. With love in his heart he begins—and with love in his heart he concludes the strain—and it is those exquisite passages we wish to lay before them we love—as most characteristic at once of the genius and the disposition of the poet.

“A green and silent spot, amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing sky-lark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely: but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly, as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the singing-lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark;
That singest like an angel in the clouds!”

This is in itself a poem. But the times were troubled; and no man—so felt the Poet—was entitled long to indulge even in such dreams, though they were from heaven. Therefore he breaks the spell of that deep enchantment of peace, and cries to himself in the solitude—

“My God! it is a melancholy thing
For such a man, who would full fain pre-serve
His soul in calmness, yet perforce must feel
For all his human brethren—oh! my
God!
It weighs upon the heart that he must think
What uproar and what strife may now be
chasing
This way or that way o'er these silent hills.”

The “Fears in Solitude” were conceived during the alarm of an Invasion—and the danger lay in our own sins. The Poet therefore tells his brethren “most bitter truths, but without bitterness”—some of which it might be for their good were they to be told again; for though the evil has changed its form and aspect, it is the same evil still, and springs from the same deep roots—that almost seem ineradicable—in the human heart. But here comes the delightful close—an Invocation, and a Warning, and a Blessing, that the patriot sons of Britain may sing aloud, while her cliffs fling back the seas.

" But, O dear Britain! O my Mother Isle!
 Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy.
 To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
 A husband, and a father! who reverse
 All bonds of natural love, and find them all
 Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
 O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
 How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
 To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
 Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
 Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
 All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
 All adoration of the God in nature,
 All lovely and all honourable things,
 Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
 The joy and greatness of its future being?
 There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
 Unborrowed from my country. O divine
 And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole
 And most magnificent temple, in the which
 I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
 Loving the God that made me!

" May my fears,
 My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
 And menace of the vengeful enemy
 Pass like the gust, that roared and died away
 In the distant tree: which heard, and only heard
 In this low dell, bowed not the delicate grass.

" But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
 The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze:
 The light has left the summit of the hill,
 Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful,
 Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
 Farewell awhile, O soft and silent spot!
 On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
 Homeward I wind my way, and lo! recalled
 From bodings that have wellnigh wearied me,
 I find myself upon the brow, and pause
 Startled! And after lonely sojourning
 In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
 This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main,
 Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty
 Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
 And elmy fields, seems like society—
 Conversing with the mind, and giving it
 A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
 And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
 Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
 Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
 And close behind them, hidden from my view,
 Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
 And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
 And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,
 Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
 And grateful, that by nature's quietness
 And solitary musings, all my heart
 Is softened, and made worthy to indulge
 Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human kind."

"Reflections on having left a tree Bower my Prison"—and the
 Place of Retirement"—"the Lime- "Nightingale"—are all full of the

same delight in nature—a delight which grew more and more creative of beauty—making the food it fed on, and devoutly worshipping the only true—that is, the imaginary world. In these and other compositions of equal and kindred excellence, the poet's heart and imagination minister to each other; emotions and images come upon us with united power; and even when metaphysical, more than seems safe in the poetry of passion, there is such a warmth and glow in the winged words, wheeling in airy circles not inextricably involved, that Mind or Intellect itself moves us in a way we should not have believed possible, till we experience the pleasure of accompanying its flights—or rather of being upborne and wafted on its dove-like but eagle-strong wings. The law of association is illustrated in the "Nightingale" more philosophically than by Hartley or Brown—and how profound to the understanding heart is the truth in that one line—sure as Holy Writ—were man but faithful to his Maker,

"In nature there is nothing melancholy."

In not one of the poems we have yet quoted or mentioned, can it be truly said that there is any approach to the sublime. Indeed, only in the "Fears in Solitude" might we be justified in expecting such a strain—and the subjects of some of the other pieces necessarily exclude both sentiment and imagery of that character. In the "Fears in Solitude" there is, as we have seen, much stately and sustained beauty; and we are not only roused, but raised by the pealing music. In the happiest passages, even on reflection, we miss little that might or should have been there—though something; and it would be ungrateful to criticise in our cooler moments what so charmed us in our glow, or to doubt the potency of the spell that had so well done its master's work. In much of what we have not quoted—though the whole is above pitch and reach of common powers—there is a good deal of exaggeration, and we fear some untruth—as if sense were sometimes almost sacrificed to sound—and the poet's eyes blinded with the dust raised by the whirlwind of passion, carrying him along the

earth, and not up the ether. But in one poem, Coleridge, in a fit of glorious enthusiasm, has reached the true sublime. Out of the Bible, no diviner inspiration was ever worded than the "Hymn before sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni." We doubt if there be any single strain equal to it in Milton or Wordsworth. If there be, it is Adam's Hymn in Paradise. The instantaneous Impersonation of Mount Blanc into a visible spirit, brings our whole capacity of adoration into power, and we join mighty Nature in praise and worship of God. As the hymn continues to ascend the sky, we accompany the magnificent music on wings up the holy mountain, till in its own shadow it disappears, and

"We worship the invisible alone."

That trance is broken, and the Earthen Grandeur reappears, clothed with all attributes of beauty and of glory, by words that create and kindle as they flow, as if language were omnific.

"Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Coherald: wake! oh wake and utter praise!"

How does not imagination embrace, with a spirit of worship, all those lifeless things—now lifeless no more—and how they all sympathize with the Poet's song—

"Ye pine-groves! with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder God."

Yet the sublime is often tinged with the beautiful—and the beautiful is often prevalent for glimpses—for the hymn is a hymn of love as well as of awe—and both emotions are but one as we exclaim,

"Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost."

But why waste our weak words in vain—when here is the Hymn—once heard by us from the poet's own lips—by sunrise among the coves of Helvellyn—and can it be that the fire soft as music, and the music clear as fire, that burned and breathed there, are extinguished—and those lips now cold and mute!

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Riseest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

"Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

"Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

"Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

"And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came,)
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!

And they too have a voice; yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

“Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!—
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

“Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.”

We do not know that there is a truly great ode in our language; but there are many noble ones, and among them must be placed one of the three odes of Coleridge. Laud to the skies, ye who choose, the odes of Dryden and Pope; but to our eyes they are lost before they reach the lower strata of clouds. Were we to liken them to balloons, we should say that the silk is well inflated, and better painted; but that the aeronauts, on taking their seats, are too heavy for the power of ascension, so that luckily the cords are not cut, and the globes are contented to adhere to the dædal earth. Gray's odes are far finer, and, though somewhat too formal, perhaps, the Welsh bard is full of Greek fire. Some of Mason's choruses are sonorous, and swing along not unmajestically; and Tom Warton caught no small portion of the true lyrical spirit—witness his Killkerran castle song. But Collins far surpassed them all—and his odes are all exquisitely beautiful—except his Ode to Freedom, and it is sublime. Let us call it, then, and contradict ourselves, the only truly great ode in the English language. Wordsworth's Ode on the Immortality of the Soul is pervaded by profoundest thought—philosophical in its spirit throughout—in many parts poetical in his very finest vein—and in some, more than is usual with

him, impassioned; but the poet does not carry, much less hurry, us along with him—the movements are sometimes too slow and laborious, though stately and majestic—and though often many of the transitions are lyrical—nay, though, as a whole, it is a grand lyrical poem, it is not an Ode, and nobody will call it so who has read Pindar. His “Dion” is an Ode, but is deficient in impetuosity; and that Image of the Swan on Locarno's wave, beautiful as it is in itself, is too elaborate for its place, nor yet enough original to open with such pomp such an ambitious strain. But we shall have an article on Odes in an early Number—in which we hope to make good all we have said, and far more—and shall not then forget Campbell, who, in our estimation, stands next to Collins.

Coleridge has written three Odes—“Dejection,” “France,” “The Departing Year.” We have already quoted part of “Dejection;”—and perhaps the finest part of what is all good—nor have we room for more—except a wild passage about the Wind, which nobody would have thought of writing, or could have written, but Coleridge. But, strangely touching in itself, it not only occupies too much space in the Ode, but is too quaint for a composition of such high and solemn character.

"Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,
Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
Mak'st devil's yule, with worse than wintry song,
The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among;
Thou actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!
What tell'st thou now about?
'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!
And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!
A tale of less affright,
And temper'd with delight,
As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,
'Tis of a little child,
Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her way,
And now moans low, in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear."

The transition from this fanciful rather than imaginative dallying with the midnight wind, to an invocation to gentle Sleep, whom he prays to visit his beloved,

"While all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as if they watched the sleeping earth,"

is very tender and very beautiful; and the feeling is perfected in peace at the harmonious close of the ode, which is as natural as its commencement is artificial. It begins thus—

"Well! if the bard was weather-wise who made

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence

Unroused by winds that ply a busier trade,
Than those which mould you cloud in lazy flakes,

Or the dull sobbing draft that moans and rakes

Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
Which better far were mute."

Surely that is, if not affected, far from being easy language—and, to our ear, the very familiar exclamation "Well!" is not in keeping with the character of what is—or ought to be—that of an ode. What follows is even less to our mind.

"For, lo! the new moon, winter bright!
And overspread with phantom light,
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread,
But rim'd and circled by a silver thread,)
I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain," &c.

How inferior the effect of this over-

wrought picture, (and in his poetry nothing is underwrought—for he was only at times too lavish of his riches), to that of the verse he expands from "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens!"

"Late, late yestreen, I saw the new moon,
With the old moon in her arm;
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
We shall have a deadly storm."

In the ballad, the "deadly storm" is predicted from one omen, and in the fewest possible words—and in as few is told the sinking of the ship. In the ode, the meteorological notions, though true, and poetically worded, are got up with too much care and effort—and the storm passed, and played the part of Much-ado about Nothing, among cliff-caves and tree tops that soon returned to their former equanimity. 'Tis an ingenious and eloquent exertion of the fancy—touched, as we have seen, and more than touched—in parts embued with the breath of a higher power—but it wants that depth, truth, and sincerity of passion, without which there can be no "great ode."

This Ode deals with dreams—day dreams and night dreams—and dreams are from Jove—thoughts and feelings glanced back from heaven on earth—for on earth was their origin and first dominion—but on their return to earth they are of higher and holier power—because etherialized

dreams dearest to the poet as a man, with his own environments, of which home, and the hopes of home—with loveillumined—are the strongest and the chief. They have all a personal interest to him—in them is his very being, and his very being is theirs—at least it is his desire and design to indulge and declare that belief—though we have not hesitated to hint that “the higher mood” is not sustained—and hence imperfect execution—so that while many parts are eminently beautiful—something—nay much—is felt to be wanting—and the Ode—so call it—though brilliant, and better than brilliant—with all his genius—is not a sincere, satisfying, and consummate Whole.

In the “Departing Year,” the Poet takes a wider sweep—or we should perhaps speak more truly were we to say, that in it his personal individuality is merged in his citizenship or patriotism—and that again swallowed up in his philanthropy or enthusiasm in the cause of liberty all over the world. In the prefixed argument we are told, “the Ode commences with an address to the Divine Providence, that regulates with one vast harmony all the events of time, however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The second strophe calls on men to suspend their present joys and sorrows, and devote them for a while to the cause of human nature in general. *The first epode speaks of the Empress of Russia, who died of an apoplexy on the 17th of November, 1796; having first concluded a subsidiary treaty with the kings combined against France.* The first and second antistrophe describe the image of the departing year, and as in a vision. The second epode prophesies, in anguish of spirit, the downfall of the country.” No “Great Ode” could have such an argument. It is false and hollow, and altogether delusive. There was here no true spirit of prophecy—and the poet who is deceived by appearances, in vain aspires to soar into the Empyrean. The wings of genius must be impeded with the plumes of truth—else the flight will be short and low, and fluttering it will fall to earth.

Perhaps we have just now employed too strong an image; but of bad politics it is not possible to make

good poetry—and though Coleridge's politics were never bad—how could they, being those of a man of genius and virtue?—they were even at this period very imperfect—and very imperfect, therefore, is this political poem. The death by apoplexy of the Empress of Russia, on the 17th November, 1796—as stated in the obituary to the Ode—is exulted over in the Ode itself with undignified violence of declamation, which in spite of very magnificent mouthing sounds very like a scold:—

“Stunned by death's *twice mortal* mace,
No more on murder's lurid face,
‘Th’ insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken
eye!”

“The exterminating fiend is fled—
Foul her life, and dark her doom.”

All true. But how unlike Isaiah in his ire! We fear, too, that the feeling is a false one, in which he addresses, on that event, the manes of them who died on “Warsaw's plain:”—

“And them that erst at Ismael's tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in conquest's gluttied hour.”

The poet who calls upon ghosts must, in his invocation, speak like a heaven-commissioned prophet. His words must sound as if they had power to pierce the grave, and force it to give up its dead. To evoke them, shrouded or unshrouded, from the clammy clay—bloodless or clotted with blood—needs a mighty incantation. The dry bones would not stir—not a corpse would groan—at such big but weak words as these:

“Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Off, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling.”

“Nightly armies of the dead
Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
There with prophetic song relate,
Each some tyrant murderer's fate.”

“Sudden blasts of triumph,” indeed, swelling from the uncoffined slain! Alas! dismal is Hades—and neither vengeance nor triumph dwell with the dead. But if fancy will parley with the disembodied, and believe that they will obey her call, let her speak not with the tongue of

men, but of angels—and on an occasion so great—at a time so portentous—that the troubled hearts of the living may be willing to think, that a human being can “create a soul under the ribs of death.” But here there is no passion—no power. “The mighty armies of the dead” keep rotting on. Their dancing days are over. Yet if they could indeed become “death-fires,” dance would they not round the tomb of the imperial murderess—nor would they with “prophetic song relate *each* some tyrant murderer’s doom.” If true Polish patriot ghosts, with Kosciusko at their head, they would rather have implored heaven to let them be their own avengers—and

that one spectre, pursued by many spectres, might fix on the mercy-seat its black eye-sockets in vain.

The time was when even Coleridge, alas! could say,

“Not yet enslaved, *not wholly vile*,
O Albion!!”

Nor better, higher comfort, at the close could he find, than to desert his lost country, and

“Recentre my immortal mind,
In the deep Sabbath of meek self-content.”

Yet there are many flashes of elevated thought in the midst of smoky clouds whose turbulence is not grandeur, and one strain, and one only, approaches the sublime.

“Departing Year! ’twas on no earthly shore,
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimagineable groan
Thou storied’st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o’er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choired gods advancing,
The Spirit of the earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

“Throughout the blissful throng,
Hushed were harp and song:
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven,
(The Mystic words of Heaven)
Permissive signal make:
The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread his wings and spake!
‘Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth’s unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of night!
By peace with proffered insult scared,
Masked hate and envying scorn!
By years of havoc yet unborn!
And hunger’s bosom to the frost-winds bared!
But chief by Afric’s wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Synod, “full of gifts and lies!”
By wealth’s insensate laugh! by torture’s howl!
Avenger, rise!
For ever shall the thankless Island scowl,
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?
Speak! from thy storm-black Heaven O speak aloud!
And on the darkling fœc
Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud!
O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow!
The Past to thee, to thee the Future cries!
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature! rise.’”

We have said that this is almost sublime; yet we have never been able to read it without a sense—more or less painful—not of violation of the most awful reverence, for that would be too strong a word—but of too daring an approximation to the “cloudy seat” by a creature yet in the clay. The lips of the poet must indeed be touched with a coal from heaven, who invokes the Most High, and calls upon the God of Nature to avenge and redress Nature’s wrongs. A profounder piety than was possible with the creed the poet then held, would have either sealed his lips, or inspired them with higher because humbler words. Insincere he never was; but in those days his philosophical and poetical religion spoke in words fitter for the ear of Jove than Jehovah. And that the mood in which he composed this passage was one—not of true faith—but of false enthusiasm—is manifest from the gross exaggeration of the feeling which is said to have followed the passing away of the vision. These lines should yet be struck out of the Ode :

The voice had ceased, the vision fled;
Yet still I gasped and reeled with dread.
And ever, when the dream of night
Renews the phantom to my sight,
Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs;
My ears throb hot; my eye-balls start;
My brain with horrid tumult swims;
Wild is the tempest of my heart;
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of death!
No stranger agony confounds
The soldier on the war-field spread,
When all foredone with toil and wounds,
Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead!
(The strife is o’er, the day-light fled,
And the night-wind clamours hoarse!
See! the starting wretch’s head
Lies pillowed on a brother’s corse!)

Shelley, we are told, “pronounced the ‘France’ to be the finest English Ode of modern times.” Not if Gray and Collins belong to modern times—but assuredly it is a noble composition. “France” is a misnomer. It is in truth an Ode to Liberty—and a palinode. We quote it entire—for it will be new to tens of thousands—never, we believe, having before been so quoted in any periodical.

“Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye Ocean waves! that, wheresoe’er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o’er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe’er ye be,
With what deep worship, I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

“When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard’s wand,
The Monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain joined the dire array;

Though dear her shores and circling oceans,
 Though many friendships, many youthful loves
 Had swol'n the patriot emotion
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves ;
 Yet still my voice, unalt'ored, sang defeat
 To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
 And shame too long delayed and vain retreat !
 For ne'er, O Liberty ! with partial aim
 I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame ;
 But blessed the peans of delivered France,
 And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

" ' And what,' I said, ' though Blasphemy's loud scream
 With that sweet music of deliverance strove !
 Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
 A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream !
 Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
 The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light !'
 And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
 The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright ;
 When France her front deep-scarr'd and gory
 Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory ;
 When, insupportably advancing,
 Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp ;
 While timid looks of fury glancing,
 Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,
 Writhed like a wounded dragon in its gore ;
 Then I reproached my fears that would not flee ;
 " And soon," I said, ' shall Wisdom teach her lore
 In the low huts of them that toil and groan !
 And, conquering by her happiness alone,
 Shall France compel the nations to be free,
 Till Love and Joy look round, and call the earth their own.'

" Forgive me, Freedom ! O forgive those dreams !
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
 From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent—
 I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams !
 Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
 And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
 With bleeding wounds ; forgive me, that I cherished
 One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes !
 To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
 Where Peace her jealous home had built ;
 A patriot-race to disinherit
 Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear ;
 And with inexpiable spirit
 To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
 O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
 And patriot only in pernicious toils,
 Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind ?
 To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
 Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey ;
 To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
 From freemen torn ; to tempt and to betray ?

" The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
 Slaves by their own compulsion ! In mad game
 They burst their manacles and wear the name
 Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain !
 O Liberty ! with profitless endeavour
 Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour ;
 But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.

Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
 (Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee,)
 Alike from Priestcraft's happy minions,
 And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
 Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
 The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
 And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
 Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
 Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
 Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
 Possessing all things with intensest love,
 O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there."

It is indeed a noble Ode—and we agree with Shelley. Notice—but you have noticed it—though notice is a puny word but pretty expressive—how it revolves upon itself—and is circular—like music—and like the sky, if earth did not break the radiant round. The last strain is in the same spirit as the first—and did nothing intervene, there would be felt needless repetition of imagery and sentiment. But much intervenes—the whole main course and current of the Ode. You float along with the eloquent lyrist—who is at once impassioned and imaginative—full of ire, and full of hope, and you end where you began—on the sea-cliff's edge—with the foam so far below your feet you but *see* it roar—for to your ear the waves are silent as the clouds far far farther above your head—and all above, and below, and around, at the close now, as the opening then—earth—sea—and air—mute and motionless, or loud and driving—bespeak or betoken—are or symbolize—"the spirit of divinest Liberty!"

Yet, after all, this is not the highest mood of imagination. In the highest she would have scorned the elements. Earth, sea, air, would to her have been nothing, while she saw in all their pomp the free faculties of the soul. Or the elements would have been her slaves—and the slaves of liberty—or, if you will, their servants, their ministers; and the winds and the waves would then have been indeed magnificent—in their glorious bondage working for man the charter'd child of God.

In an ode of the highest kind—of which the subject is external to the Poet—a kingdom or country—say France—the Poet, while he would make himself felt in the power of his pervading and creative spirit,

would not choose to be—as Coleridge is in this ode—not the most prominent personage merely—but the sole. It is different in such an ode as Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*; for to enable us to comprehend them at all, he must bring them forth from his own soul, and show how they rose there, and how he felt them, and what they are in him, that we may compare the mysteries of our own life's earliest experiences with his—and regard them with clearer knowledge, and profounder awe, from discerning that our spirits are, and ever have been, in sympathy with that of Nature's Priest. But in "France," an Ode, Coleridge should not have spoken so much of himself—both of the present and the past—nor set himself right before the spirit of liberty, whom he fears he had offended in his Ode to the Departing Year, or some other strain, in which he had expressed opinions proved false by events. Collins loved liberty as well as Coleridge; but in his glorious ode, he seldom, and shortly—only once or twice, and momentarily—is heard in his personality, and the voice is oracular as from a shrine.

It may seem to some that we have not done justice to these Odes; and it is not improbable that the fault may in some degree lie with ourselves—that our fancy and imagination are not sufficiently alive to such modes of poetical feeling and thought—too much devoted in their delight to other kinds of composition, to be either willing or able to follow or accompany such flights. But if we have underrated their merits, we make bold to say, that the chief cause of our having done so, is our admiration—in which we yield to none—of the original genius of Coleridge. That genius was too ori-

ginal transcendently to excel in Poetry—of which the model had been set, the mould cast, by the great poets of old—and which had been cultivated with high success by some gifted spirits of our own time. In his odes, his genius is engaged in imitation. It works in a fine spirit, but in trammels; his Pegasus is in training, and he takes his gallop in grand style; but Imagination hears afar off in the dust the hoofs of the desert-born. In short, be his Odes what they may, no one, on reading or hearing them read—nay, not even on hearing them recited by his own sweetest voice of purest silver—ever felt that undefinable delight that steals into the soul, and overflows it like one of its own unquestioned dreams, from “a repeated strain” of the veritable Coleridge.

Nay, we could almost find in our heart to extend the spirit of these remarks even to the “Remorse.” So many great tragedies have been composed, and in so many styles of greatness—and such multitudes that are not great, but good—that it may be safely predicted that another great one will never be called into existence on any model now known—however numerous may be the future good. Coleridge wisely shunned Shakespeare; and we defy you to mention two dramas more unlike than Macbeth and Remorse. But that drama is constructed on the model of Rowe and Otway. Neither in it, therefore, any more than in his odes, is Coleridge seen in the power of the originality of his genius—as to conception of design. But he is so seen in the mode of his execution, and in great splendour, though not in all his might. The play is full of poetry, nor is it deficient in action; for though the incidents are not many, they are striking or impressive—and there is a current felt setting in towards the shore of death. The characters of the good and of the guilty brothers are finely conceived and contrasted, and in nature. The catastrophe is brought about well, and is just; and Pity and Terror are relieved by an awful Joy, in the deliverance of the virtuous, and the prospect of their happy life. But the power of the play lies in the metaphysical exhibition of the passion of Remorse—in a character of

very peculiar conformation; and though the workings of that mind may sometimes be somewhat too curiously, elaborately, and ostentatiously dealt with by the poet, who is then himself seen engaged in his magic, yet the beauty of the language, and the music of the versification—though neither the one nor the other are so dramatic as they might be—never lose their charm over us; and as we grow familiar with the rich, and ornamented, and even gorgeous style of the work, we forget that our living flesh and blood brethren speak not so—and are beguiled into the belief that such is their natural speech.

The Remorse, which is to be shown at work, is expressed, at the beginning, in a few words—and to evolve the meanings lying latent in these few words is the grand object of the drama.

“Remorse is as the heart in which it grows;
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the
 inmost,
Weeps only tears of blood.”

The heart of Ordonio is “dark and gloomy;” and on his death, inflicted by retributive justice, his noble brother solemnly pronounces the valedictory moral:

“In these strange dread events,
Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
That conscience rules us even against our
 choice.
Our inward monitor to guide or warn,
If listened to; but if repelled with scorn,
At length as dire Remorse she reappears,
Works on our guilty hopes and selfish fears!
Still bids remember! and still cries, Too late!
And while she scares us, goads us to our
 fate.”

The play contains many passages of the most exquisite poetry—so very beautiful, indeed, that we care not for the impropriety of their introduction—considered dramatically—if there be impropriety in time or place—and feel that they justify themselves by the delight they impart. Here is a Soliloquy which first met our eyes in the Lyrical Ballads, before the “Remorse” was performed—and miserably performed we remember it was—though the scenery was good—and the mu-

is not amiss—that mournful Miserere, so Shakspearean—and which may be chanted—without losing any of its holy charm—after the dirge sung by the spirit of air, in Prospero's enchanted Island.

“Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-linging knell.

“And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,

Shall the chanter, sad and saintly
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere, Domine!

“Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say
Miserere, Domine!”

The Soliloquy is spoken by Alvar in a dungeon, in which he has been thrown by his wicked brother Ordonio.

“*Alv.* And this place my forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure! Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart
And stagnate and corrupt, till, chang'd to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot!
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks;—
And this is their best cure! uncomfortable
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity!—
With other ministrations thou, O nature!
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters!
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.”

“Most musical, most melancholy!” and melancholy because of the music—for all divine music is so—in which the loveliest images of rejoicing gladness are enshrined. In Wordsworth you may meet with some kindred strain as sweet and high—at once elegy and hymn—yet there are tones here indescribably touching—that characterise the beauty as an emanation, in its most celestial mood, of the genius of Coleridge.

Teresa, the tender and the true, and by her tenderness and truth

sustained in her long distress, in that sorest of all trials, when a wild crazed hope will break in on what would else be the stillness of despair, is invested throughout with a mournful interest; and the scene where her father, Valdez, vainly renews his persuasions, that she would marry Ordonio, seeing that Alvar must be dead, is a charming specimen of that mingled poetry and pathos, which reminds one, but without any thought of its being an imitation, of the style of Massinger.

“*Ter.* I hold Ordonio dear; he is your son,
And Alvar's brother.

Val. Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.
Ter. I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Valdes;
But heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.

Val. Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves,
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look with which he gave thee to me;
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother, with a mute entreaty,
Fixed her faint eyes on mine. Ah! not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.

Ter. There are woes
Ill bartered for the garianness of joy!
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight! If it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear him tell them;
(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid
Who dress'd her in her buried lover's clothes,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and played the selfsame tune
He used to play, and listened to the shadow
Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
That I had died, died just ere his return!
Then see him listening to my constancy,
Or hover round, as he at midnight oft
Sits on my grave, and gazes at the moon;
Or haply in some more fantastic mood,
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
And there to wait his coming! O my sire!
My Alvar's sire! if this be wretchedness
That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
If in a most assured reality
He should return, and see a brother's infant
Smile at him from my arms?
Oh what a thought!"

In early youth Coleridge conceived the highest idea of the genius of Schiller, and one of the finest of his sonnets was composed after his first perusal of the "Robbers." But what can we say of his Translation of Wallenstein? That it is the best translation ever made; and that in it, the poem appears only somewhat more majestic—like the image of the noble hero himself reflected in a perfect mirror that, without distorting, magnifies.

But though we have now been enriching our pages (why will good people say that Maga is too sparing of poetry?) with specimens of compositions that would of themselves have given Coleridge a high place among the poets, we have scarcely spoken at all, and quoted not one word, of those that set him among the highest; nor need we surely at this day, at any length either speak of, or quote from, Christabel and the Ancient Mariner; yet while tens of

thousands on tens of thousands of copies of poems—of far inferior excellence—in pamphlet shape and size, were fluttering far and wide over all the fashionable and unfashionable world—and Byron—Byron—Byron was in all literary and illiterary parties, morning, noon, and night, the catchword and reply—when Medora, and the names of other interesting lemans of pirates and robbers, were sighed or whispered from all manner of mouths—how seldom was heard the name of Coleridge—and then as if it belonged to some man “in a far countree” and how rarely—though both sounds are beautiful—Christabel and Geraldine—were they murmured by maid or matron! Yet maids and matrons all were devoted to romance, and so sensitive to the preternatural, that they wept to see the moonlight through the ghostlike hand of a heroine who held it up for no other reason in the world than to show that she had died a natural death of love! Byron himself—the idol of the hour—rejoiced to declare Christabel singularly wild and beautiful—Scott that it had inspired the “Lay”—all our true poets delighted in the vision which they loved too well to loudly praise—for admiration is mute, or speaks in its trance but with uplifted eyes. But the sweet, soft, still breath of praise, like that of purest incense, arose from many a secret place, where genius and sensibility abided, and Coleridge, amidst the simpers of the silly, and the laughter of the light, and the scorn of the callous, and the abuse of the brutal, and the blackguardism of the beggar-poor—received the laurel crown woven by the hands of all the best of his brother bards—and wore it ever after cheerfully but without pride—round his lofty forehead—and it was green as ever the day he died.

Christabel is indeed, what Byron said it was, a singularly wild and original poem. No other words could so well characterise it. It did not appear in a dearth, but at a time when a flush of poetry overspread the land. Genius as high, as various, and as new as had ever adorned any era, was then exultingly running its victorious career—taking its far sweeping aerial flights over its native seas and mountains

—or bringing within the dominion of its wings the uttermost ends of the earth. All our best living poets had done their greatest—they had all achieved fame—some universal; and each bard had his own band of more devoted worshippers. The poets themselves knew right well, and so did almost all the poetical minds in England, that there was not within the four seas a brighter genius than Coleridge. But why had the sweet singer so long been mute? We know not—and it is far better for us all that we know not—much of what is always happening in one another's hearts—nor do we always distinctly understand—even while we feel it most—what is happening in our own. Perhaps Coleridge was not ambitious—perhaps the love of fame was not one of the most active principles of his nature—perhaps despondency too often dimmed the visions that were forever passing before the poet's eyes, and that in happier hours would have become all glorious with the light of song—or pleasanter to those who loved him, to believe that his visions were often too ethereal, in their floatings by over the heaven of his imagination, to bear being *worded* even by him who knew better than all his compeers the most hidden mysteries of words—of those finest words that by their utterance give power to thought and delicacy to feeling, and in the very language of our lips, lend our souls assurance that their origin is divine.

Christabel resembles no other poem, except inasmuch as it is a poem. Here was a new species of poetry, and the specimen was felt to be perfect. It was as if some bright consummate flower had been added to the families of the field—discovered growing by itself—with its own peculiar balm, and its own peculiar bloom—mournful as moonlight—delicate as the dawn—yet strong as day—and in its silken folds, by its own beauty, preserved unwithered in all weathers. Or may we liken the music of Christabel to that of some new instrument, constructed on a dream of the harp, on which in forgotten ages the old harpers played—ere all those castles were in ruins—and when the logs now lying black in the mosses were green trees

rejoicing in the sky? True, at least, it is, that in all the hanging gardens of poetry—Imagination—the head-gardener—declares there is but one single Christabel.

What means the poem? Coleridge himself could not have answered that question—for it is a mystery. What is the meaning of any mood of Superstition? Who shall explain Fear? One flutter shall make you dumb as frost. If ghosts come from graves—or fiends from regions deeper than all graves—or if heaven lets visit earth its saints and angels—and such has ever been the creed of Imagination—you must not hope—nay, you will not desire—that such intercommunion as may then befall shall bear any but a strange, wild, sad resemblance to that of life with life—when both are yet mortal—and the voices of both have as yet sounded but on this side of the boundary between time and eternity.

From the first moment you see her, do you not love Christabel? No wonder—for if you did not love her, you could have none—or but a hollow heart. Look at her!

"Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

"The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

"She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak-tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

"The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak-tree."

You love her, and you fear for her
in her fear—yet what the dread, and

what the danger, you know not—but that they are not from the common things of this world.

"The lady sprang up suddenly."
"It moaned as near, as near can be."

What but an evil spirit could have terrified her so in such a trance, and with her unfinished prayer forgotten, forced her to her feet? The moan was wicked—perhaps from some hideous witch-hag, to look on whose ugliness would be to die.

"Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?"

"There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-vein'd feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glitter'd here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!"

"Mary mother, save me now!
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou?"

"The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet."

What poet ever before made "frightful" such an Apparition? "and her voice was faint and sweet." Yet Christabel had that "moan" among the beatings of her heart—or worse, its suspension of all beatings, when won by sight so bright, and sound so sweet, she said, nor more in her own new fear could say, "stretch forth thy hand and have no fear." The Lady's tale is touching, but in some strange way, that genius by a few sprinklings of dubious words effects, discoloured with tinges of untruth, unsuspected by the simple Christabel—for she is simple as innocence; and all the while the two are gliding together out of the wood—across the moat—the court—the hall—from stair to stair—till they reach her chamber-door—and

"Her gentle limbs she did undress,
And lay down in her loveliness"

—an impression of something evil designed against the good continues to be conveyed by circumstances so carelessly dropped, that each in itself may mean, perhaps, nothing;

but the whole, by fine affinities working together as one, now convince us, and now leave us in doubt among a crowd of vague apprehensions, that in Geraldine's exceeding beauty is veiled one of the powers of darkness, and that Christabel is about to suffer some unimaginable woe. The story of the five warriors on white steeds furiously driving her on on her white palfrey—"and once we crossed the shade of night;"—her affected—for we feel somehow it is not real—ignorance of all about them, and of when, and where, and why they left her—and yet it may be true;—"her gracious stars the lady blest"—hardly the words of a Christian lady on such a rescue, yet haply blameless;—her sinking down on the threshold as if beneath the weight of wicked intent towards her who mercifully lifts her up in her arms;—her incapacity of prayer—

"And Christabel devoutly cried
To the Lady by her side;
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!"—
'Alas, alas!' said Geraldine,
'I cannot speak for weariness'—"

yet she had been speaking eloquently—and yet faintness from fatigue may have come over her—who can say?—not Christabel, who fears not now, and only pities;—the moaning of the old mastiff in her sleep, of which we had before been told that she howls—as some say—"at seeing of my lady's shroud"—the shroud of Christabel's mother, who died the hour she herself was born;—from the ashes of the dead fire in the hall a tongue of light shooting out as the stranger lady passed by—and by that light her eye seen—and manifestly it is an evil eye—the dimming of the silver lamp "fastened to an angel's feet," as Geraldine slinks down upon the floor below, unable to bear the holy light;—her agitation, and transformation into a demoniac muttering curses at mention by Christabel of her mother's name, and proffer of "a wine of virtuous powers, my mother made it of wild flowers," and which are all laid by the compassionate creature to the charge of that "ghastly ride;"—the restoration of the possessed to her senses, and more than her former beauty—when

"The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, 'tis over now!
Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady from a far countrée!"—

—all these occurrences happening momentarily in utter stillness and solitariness—ominous of far-away evil nearing and nearing—and many other half-lines—or single words freighted with fear—all sink down our heart for sake of the sinless Christabel—yet all have not prepared us for the shock that then comes—a horror hinted, not revealed—and indescribable as something shuddered at in sleep.

"But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

"Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast;
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side—
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!"

Christabel is a dream—and so is the Ancient Mariner—though the poet does not call them dreams—and how many worlds, within the imagination of a great poet, are involved in the wide world of sleep! A poet's dream, put into poetry, is seen to be as obedient to laws as a philosopher's meditation put into prose—and though made up of the wild and wonderful, consistent with itself, as the gravest mood of speculative thought. A fairy's palace, and a mermaid's grot, are constructed by processes as skilful and scientific, as the towers and temples of the cities of men—and the visionary architecture is as enduring as the Pyramids. Of the beauty or the grandeur of a thousand dreams, one beautiful or grand dream is built; and there it gleams or glooms among entities recognised as illustrative of the mystery of life—unsubstantial, but real—a fiction, but a truth. Imagination is no liar—a veracious witness she

of events happening in her own domain—invisible to sense—and incredible to reason—till she pictures them in her own light—and then seeing is believing—and the miraculous creates its own faith. The ordinary rules of evidence are set aside—improbability is a word without meaning—and there is felt to be no limit to the possibilities of nature. Unnatural! Nothing is unnatural that stirs our heart-strings—her voice it is, if from some depth within us steals a response. The preternatural—and the supernatural—thank heaven—is an empire bounded only by the soul's desires—and what may bound the soul's desires? Not the night of baffled darkness, that lies, in infinitude, behind all the stars.

Coleridge has told us, in his *Biographia Literaria*, that he and Wordsworth used, during the first year of their friendship, frequently to converse on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting sympathy by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination. The sudden charm—he beautifully says—"which accident of light and shade, while moonlight or sunset diffused over a true and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself, (to which of us I do not recollect,) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of just emotions, as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real, and real in *this* sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity, where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves. In this idea

originated the plan of the 'Lyrical Ballads;' in which it was agreed, that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or, at least, romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a purer interest, and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of belief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and diverting it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand."

How gloriously Wordsworth has achieved his gracious object, all the world knows; in poetry that, beyond that of any other man, has purified, and elevated all those feelings that constitute our faith in the goodness of God, as displayed in the external world, and in the internal senses by which we hold communion with nature. Coleridge fell far short of the completion of his magnificent design—from other causes than want of power; but *Christabel* is a fragment of the beautiful belonging to it, and the *Ancient Mariner* a whole of the sublime, in a region where the sublimities are as endless as the shapes of Cloudland which Fancy every moment can modify into a new world by a breath.

Coleridge was commanded by his genius to choose the sea, and sing of the power superstition holds in the empire of the hoary deep. "There was a Ship, quoth he," and at his bidding she sailed away into the realms of frost and snow. No good Ship the *Endeavour* circumnavigating the globe. No *Fury* bound on voyage of discovery to the Pole. No name hath she—captain's name too unknown—"the many men so beautiful" the only notice of the number of her crew—and such epithets are bestowed on them only as on deck

they all lie dead. The sole survivor narrates "her travel's history"—and he is

"Long, and lank, and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand."

The "Ancient Mariner" is laden with countless years—generation after generation has left him wandering to and fro over many lands—and his life, long as the raven's, has been all one dream of that dreadful voyage—silent as the grave—till ever and anon the ghastly fit waxes into words, and then "he hath strange powers of speech." To him the sweet and sacred festivities of the human world have no meaning—no being:

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

"He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he!
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

"He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

"The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner."

The magician has prepared his spell in his cave obscure remote from our ken, and the first words of the incantation have wrought a charm beneath which imagination delivers herself up in a moment, and surrenders herself, in full faith, to all the wonders and terrors that ensue, chasing to and fro in an empire chiller even with fear than with frost. "The bright-eyed mariner!" Aye, well may his eyes be bright—for has he not for scores of years been mad—and the "Spirit that dwells in frost and snow" his keeper—but the walls of the house, in which he wanders ruefully about, wide and wild as the wasteful skies.

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop,
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top."

These are the last sweet images of the receding human world—and for

one day—and many more—happily sails the bark away into the main.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea!
Higher and higher every day,
'Till over the mast at noon."

In a few words, what a length of voyage! The ship is in another world—and we too are not only out of sight, but out of memory of land. The wedding-guest would fain join the music he yet hears—but he is fettered to the stone.

"The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

"The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner."

We have a dim remembrance either of having read or written something to this effect—twenty years, or less, or more ago—that the actual surface-life of the world is here brought close into contact with the life of sentiment—the soul that is as much alive, and enjoys and suffers as much in dreams and visions of the night as by daylight. One feels with what a heavy eye the Mariner must look and listen to the pomps—merry-makings—even to the innocent enjoyments—of those whose experience has only been of things tangible. One feels that to him another world—we do not mean a supernatural—but a more exquisitely and deeply natural world—has been revealed—and the repose of his spirit can only be in the contemplation of things that are not to pass away. The sad and solemn indifference of his mood is communicated to his hearer—and we feel, even after reading what he had heard, it were better "to turn from the bridegroom's door." But we are thinking now—as we were then—on the most mournful and pathetic close of the poem—whereas we began to speak of the beginning—and come ye with us on board, and drive southward in storm.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!"

It has been said by the highest of all authorities—even Wordsworth himself—that in this wonderful poem, the imagery is somewhat too laboriously accumulated—but we are glad not to feel that objection; and in due humility, we venture to say that it is not so. The Ancient Mariner had told his tale many a time and oft to auditors seized on all on a sudden, when going about their ordinary business, and certainly he never told it twice in the self-same words. Each oral edition was finer and finer than all the preceding editions, and the imagery in the polar winter of his imagination, kept perpetually agglomerating and piling itself up into a more and more magnificent multitude of strange shapes, like icebergs magnifying themselves by the waves frozen as they dash against the crystal walls.

Neither can we think, with our master, reverent follower and affectionate friend as we are, that it is a fault in the poem, that the Ancient Mariner is throughout passive—always worked upon—never at work. Were that a fault, it would indeed be a fatal one, for in that very passiveness—which is powerlessness—lies the whole meaning of the poem. He delivers himself up—or rather his own one wicked act has delivered him up, into the power of an unerring spirit, and he has no more will of his own, than the ship who is in the hands of the wind.

"And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us,
From the land of mist and snow."

Death, and Death-in-Life, are dicers for his destiny—and he lies on deck—the stake. All he has to do is to suffer and to endure; and even after his escape—when "the ship goes down like lead," he continues all life long a slave.

"God save thee, Ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus."

We remember the time when there was an outcry among the common critics, "What! all for shooting a bird!" We answered them then as now—but now they are all dead and buried, and blinder and deeper even than when alive—that no one who will submit himself to the magic that is around him, and suffer his senses and his imagination to be blended together, and exalted by the melody of the charmed words, and the splendour of the unnatural apparitions, with which the mysterious scene is opened, will experience any revulsion towards the very centre and spirit of this haunted dream—"I SHOT THE ALBATROSS." All the subsequent miseries of the crew, we then said, are represented as having been the consequence of this violation of the charities of sentiment; and these are the same miseries that were spoken of by the said critics, as being causeless and unmerited. There is—we now repeat, without the risk of wanting the sympathies of one single human being—man, woman, or child—the very essence of tenderness in the sorrowful delight with which the Ancient Mariner dwells upon the image of the pious bird of good omen, as it

"Every day for food or play,
Came to the Mariner's hollo!"

and the convulsive shudder with which he narrates the treacherous issue, bespeaks to us no more than the pangs that seem to have followed justly on that inhospitable crime. It seems as if the very spirit of the universe had been stunned by his wanton cruelty, as if earth, sea, and sky had all become dead and stagnant in the extinction of the moving breath of love and gentleness.

"Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!"

Yes, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reef and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

The sufferings that ensue are painted with a power far transcending that of any other poet who has adventured on the horrors of thirst, inanition, and drop-by-drop wasting away of clay bodies into corpses. They have tried by luxuriating among images of misery to exhaust the subject—by accumulation of ghastly agonies—gathered from narratives of shipwrecked sailors, huddled on purpose into boats for weeks on sun-smitten seas—or of shipfuls of sinners crazed and delirious, staving liquor casks, and in madness murdering and devouring one another, or with yelling laughter leaping into the sea. Coleridge concentrated into a few words the essence of torment—and showed soul made sense, and living but in baked dust and blood.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,

We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

"With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,

Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all."

This is the true Tragedy of Remorse—and also of Repentance. Thirst had dried, and furred, and hardened his throat the same as the throats of the other wretches—but God had cracked too his stoney

heart, and out of it oozed some drops of blood that could be extorted but by its own moral misery. "I bit my arm, I sucked the blood," and why? Not to quench that thirst, but that he might call a sail! a sail! Remorse edged his teeth on his own flesh—Remorse mad for salvation of the wretches suffering for his sin; and in the act there was Repentance. But Remorse and Repentance, what are they to Doom? They neither change nor avert—and seeing themselves both baffled, again begin to ban and to curse, till there is a conversion; and out of perfect contrition arise, even in nature's extremest misery, resignation and peace.

* * * *

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gush'd,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the
sky,

Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

"Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;

But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red.

" Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracts of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

" Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

" O happy living things ! no tongue
their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware :
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

" The selfsame moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

In reference to another senseless objection, we may be pardoned for saying, what all but idiots know, that the crime of one man involves in its punishment the death of hundreds and thousands—on shore and at sea—even in the ordinary course of nature—and while death is their doom, life is his, as in this strangest of all shadows of the wild ways of Providence. Nor were the rest of the crew innocent, for they approved the deed—they suffer and die—and after death, the chief criminal beholds their beatified spirits—but he

who in wantonness and madness killed the beautiful bird, that came out of the snow-cloud whiter than snow, and kept for days sailing along with the ship on wings whiter than ever were hers in the sunshine—he lives on—a heavier doom—and in his ceaseless trouble has but one consolation, and out of it the hope arises that enables him to dree his rueful penance—the Christian hope that his confession may soften other hearts in the hardness, or awaken them from the carelessness of cruelty, and thus be of avail for his own sake before the throne of justice and of mercy at the last day.

" O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarcely seemed there to be.

" O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !

" To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

" Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

" He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

DEATH OF MR BLACKWOOD.

It is expected, we hope without presumption, that the habitual readers of this Magazine will bear with regret that he to whom it owed its name and existence, and who for seventeen years superintended all its concerns with industrious zeal, is no more among us. Mr WILLIAM BLACKWOOD died at his house, in Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, the 16th of September, at 6 o'clock A.M., in the fifty-eighth year of his age. His disease had been from the first pronounced incurable by his physicians. Four months of suffering, in part intense, exhausted by slow degrees all his physical energies, but left his temper calm and unruffled, and his intellect entire and vigorous even to the last. He had thus what no good man will consider as a slight privilege—that of contemplating the approach of death with the clearness and full strength of his mind and faculties, and of instructing those around him by solemn precept and memorable example, by what means alone, humanity, conscious of its own frailty, can sustain that prospect with humble serenity.

Mr BLACKWOOD, though his respectable parents were in a much humbler station of life than that which he ultimately occupied, had received an excellent early education; and it was his boyish devotion to literature which determined them in the choice of his calling. He served his apprenticeship with the well-known house of Bell and Bradfute; and before he quitted their roof, had so largely stored his mind with reading of all sorts, but more especially Scottish History and Antiquities, that on his establishing himself in business, his accomplishments soon attracted the notice of persons whose good opinion was distinction. For many years he confined his attention almost exclusively to the classical and antiquarian branches of the trade, and was regarded as one of the best informed booksellers of that class in the kingdom; but on removing from the Old to the New Town of Edinburgh, in 1816, he disposed of his stock, and thenceforth applied himself, with characteristic ardour, to general literature, and the business of a popular publisher. In April, 1817, he put forth the first Number of this Journal—the most important feature of his professional career. He had long before contemplated the possibility of once more raising magazine literature to a rank not altogether unworthy of the great names which had been enlisted in its service in a preceding age: it was no sudden or fortuitous suggestion which prompted him to take up the enterprise, in which he was afterwards so preeminently successful as to command many honourable imitators. From an early period of its progress, his Magazine engrossed a very large share of his time; and though he scarcely ever wrote for its pages himself, the general management and arrangement of it, with the very extensive literary correspondence which this involved, and the constant superintendence of the press, would have been more than enough to occupy entirely any man but one of first-rate energies.

No man ever conducted business of all sorts in a more direct and manly manner. His opinion was on all occasions distinctly expressed—his questions were ever explicit—his answers conclusive. His sincerity might sometimes be considered as rough, but no human being ever

accused him either of flattering or of shuffling; and those men of letters who were in frequent communication with him, soon conceived a respect and confidence for him, which, save in a very few instances, ripened into cordial regard and friendship. The masculine steadiness, and imperturbable resolution of his character, were impressed on all his proceedings; and it will be allowed by those who watched him through his career, as the Publisher of a Literary and Political Miscellany, that these qualities were more than once very severely tested. He dealt by parties exactly as he did by individuals. Whether his principles were right or wrong, they were *his*, and he never compromised or complimented away one tittle of them. No changes, either of men or of measures, ever dimmed his eye, or checked his courage.

To youthful merit he was a ready and a generous friend; and to literary persons of good moral character, when involved in pecuniary distress, he delighted to extend a bountiful hand. He was in all respects a man of large and liberal heart and temper.

During some of the best years of his life, he found time, in the midst of his own pressing business, to take rather a prominent part in the affairs of the City of Edinburgh as a Magistrate; and now that he is no more, it will be admitted, we doubt not, by those who most closely observed, and most constantly opposed him in this capacity, that he exhibited on all occasions perfect fairness of purpose, and often, in the conduct of debate, and the management of less vigorous minds, a very rare degree of tact and sagacity. His complete personal exemption from the slightest suspicion of jobbing or manœuvring, was acknowledged on all hands; and, as the civic records can show, the most determined enemy of what was called *Reform*, was, in his sphere, the unwearied, though not always the triumphant assailant of practical mischiefs. Already, we are well assured, the impression is strong and general among the citizens of Edinburgh, of all shades of political sentiment, that in WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, they have lost a great light and ornament of their order—a man of high honour and principle, pure and patriotic motives, and very extraordinary capacity.

In the private relations, as in the public conduct of his life, he may safely be recommended as a model to those who come after him. He has left a widow, exemplary in all the domestic virtues, and a large family, some of them very young; his two eldest sons will carry on the business, in which, from boyhood, they were associated with their honoured parent; and as they are generally esteemed for their amiable dispositions, their talents, and their integrity, it cannot be doubted, that if they continue to tread in his footsteps, they will not want to aid and sustain them under the load of duty which has untimely devolved on them, the assistance of their father's friends, and the favour of that great party, which, through evil report and through good report, he most strenuously and efficiently served.

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Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. LXVIII.

XPΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩ'ΓΙΑΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE I.—*Green in front of TIBBIE'S—Head of St Mary's Loch—Time,
Four afternoon—SHEPHERD standing alone, in a full suit of the Susalpine
Tartan.—Arrive NORTH and TICKLER on their Norwegians.*

SHEPHERD.

True to time as the cuckoo or the swallow. Hail, Christopher! Hail,
Timothy! Lords o' the ascendant, I bid ye hail!

TICKLER.

Hoo's a' wi' ye, Jecms?

SHEPHERD.

Brawlies—brawlies, sir; but tak ma advice, Mr Tickler, and never at-
temppt what ma excellent freen, Downie o' Appin, ca's the Doric you Doug,
for sic anither pronouniation was never heard on this side o' the North
Pole.

NORTH.

My beloved Broonie! lend a helping hand to your old accomplice while
he endeavours to dismount.

SHEPHERD.

My heart hotches, like a bird's nest wi' young anes, at the sound o'
your vice. Aye—aye—I'll affectionately lend a helpin' haun to my auld
accomplice while he endeavours to dismount—my auld accomplice in a'
kinds o' innicent wicketness—and Clottie shinna tak the ane o' us without
the ither—I'm determined on that—yet Clottie's a great coward, and wull
never hae courage to face the Crutch!

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TICKLER.

And how am I to get off?

SHEPHERD.

Your feet's within twa three inches o' the grun already—straught your knuces—plant your soles on the sward—let gae the grupp, and the beast 'll walk oot frae aneath you, as if he was passing through a triumphal arch. Cream-coloured pownies! Are they a present frae the Royal Stud?

NORTH.

They are Norwegians, James, not Hanoverians. Lineally descended from the only brace of cavalry King Haco had on board at the battle of Largs.

SHEPHERD.

His ain body-guard o' horse marines. Does he bite?

NORTH.

Sometimes. But please to observe that he is muzzled.

SHEPHERD.

I thocht 'twas but a nettin' over his nose. Does he kick?

NORTH.

I have known him kick.

SHEPHERD.

I canna say I like that layin' back o' his lugs—nor yet that twust o' his tail—and mercy on us, but he's gotten the Eevil Ee!

TICKLER.

Tibbie! a stool.

[TIBBIE places a cutty-stool below TICKLER's left foot—and describing half a circle with his right, TIMOTHY treuds the sud—then facing about, leans with his right elbow on Harold's shoulder—while his left forms the apex of an isosceles triangle, as hand on hip he stands, like Hippolitus or McInerger.

SHEPHERD (admiring TICKLER).

There's an equestrian statue worth a thoosan' o' that o' Lord Hopetoun and his horse in front o' the Royal Bank—though judges tell me that Cammel the sculptor's a modern Midas. Hoo granly the figures combine wi' the back-grun'! See hoo that rock relieves Tickler's head—and hoo that tree carries aff Hawco's tail! The Director-general was wrang in swearin' that sculptur' needs nae scenery to set it aff—for will ony body tell me that that groopp would be as magnificent within the four bare wa's o' an exhibition-room, as where it noo stauns, in the heart o' licht, encircled by hills, and overhung by heaven? Gin a magician cou'd, by a touch o' his wand, convert it intil marble, it would be worth a ransom. But, alas! 'tis but transitory flesh and bluid!

TICKLER.

Why don't you speak, James?

SHEPHERD.

Admiration has held me mute. I beseech ye, sir, dinna stir—for sic anither attitude for elegance, grace, and majesty's no within the possible combinations o' the particles o' maitter. Tibbie! tak aff your een—it's no safe for a widow woman to glower lang on sic a spectacle! Then the garb! what an advantage it has owre Lord Hopetoun's! His lordship looks as if he had louped oot o' his bed on sae sudden an alarm, that he had time but to fling the blankets owre his shouthers, and the groom nae time to saddle the horse, which his master had to ride a' nicht bare back'd—together beneath the dignity o' a British general. But there the costume is a' in perfek keepin'—purple plush jacket wi' great big white horn buttons—single breasted—cape hangin' easily owre the back o' the neck—hawncuffs fliped to gie the wrists room to play—and the flaps o' the mony-pouch'd reachin' amast doon to the knee, frae which again the ee travels along the tartan trews till it feenally rests on a braw brass buckle—or is it gowd?—bright on his instep as a cairngorum. But up wi' a swurl again flees imagination, and settles amang the lights and shadows o' the picturesque scenery o' that mony-shaped straw hat—the rim o' its circumference a Sabbath-day's journey round—umbrageous umbrella, aneath which he stauns safe frae sun and rain—and might entertain a select pairty

in the cool o' the air! which he cou'd keep in circulation by a shake o' his head!

TICKLER.

Now that I have stood for my statue, James, pray give us a pen and ink sketch of Christopher.

SHEPHERD.

There he sits, turned half roon' on the saddle, wi' ae haun' restin' on the mane, and the ither haudin' by the crupper—no that he's feared to fa' aff—for I've seldom seen him tumble at a staun-still—but that I may hae a front, a back, and a side view o' him a' at ance—for his finest pint is what I wou'd venture, wi' a happy audacity, to ca' the circular contour o' his full face and figure in profile—sae that the spectawtor has a comprehensive visay o' a' the characteristic attributes o' his outward man.

NORTH.

The circular contour of my full face and figure in profile? I should like to see it.

SHEPHERD.

I fear I sha'na be able to feenish the figure at ae sittin', for it's no easy to get rid o' that face.

NORTH.

I am trying to look as mild as cheese.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna fasten your twa grey, green een on mine like a wull-cat.

NORTH.

Verily, they are more like a sucking dove's.

SHEPHERD.

Surely there's nae need to look sae cruel about the doon-drawn corners o' your mouth—for that neb's eneuch o' itsel'—every year liker and liker a ggem-hawk's.

NORTH.

I am a soft-billed bird.

SHEPHERD.

A multitude o' lang, braid, white, sharp teeth's fearsome in the mooth o' an auld man, and makes aye suspek dealins wi' the enemy, and an unhal-lowed lease o' a lang life.

NORTH.

Would that I had not forgotten to bargain for exemption from the tooth-ach!

SHEPHERD.

I wuss there may na be mair meant than meets the ee in thae marks on the forehead. They tell na o' the touch o' Time, but o' the Tempter.

NORTH.

I rub them off—so—and lo—the brow of a boy!

SHEPHERD.

Answer me ae question—I adjure you—hae ye sel't your sowle to Satan?

NORTH (*smiling*.)

James!

SHEPHERD.

Heaven bless you, sir, for that smile—for it has scattered the dismal darkness o' doubt in which ye were beginning to wax intil a demon, and I behold Christopher North in his ain native light—a man—a gentleman—and a Christian. But whare's the crutch?

NORTH.

Crutch! The useless old sinecurist has been lying in velvet all autumn—henceforth I believe I shall dispense with his services—for the air of the Forest has proved fatal to gout, rheumatism, and lumbago—of which I behold the pleasant proof—James—here goes!

[*North springs up to his feet on the crupper, throws a somerset over Haco's rump, and bounds from the greensward as from a spring-board.*]

TICKLER.

Not amiss. Let's untackle our cattle—and make our toilet.

[NORTH and TICKLER strip their steeds, and turn them loose into the meadow, green as emerald with a flush of after-grass, in which they sink to the fellochs, as at full gallop they describe fairy-rings within fairy-rings, till in the centre of the field they subside into a tropt, and after diversely careering awhile with flowing main and tail, and neighings that thrill the hills, settle to serious eating, and look as if they had been quietly pasturing there since morn.]

NORTH.

That's right, my good Tibbie. Put my pail of water and my portmanteau into the arbour.

TICKLER.

That's right, my pretty Dolly, put my pail of water and my portmanteau into the shed.

[NORTH retires into the arbour to make his toilet, and TICKLER into the opposite shed. The SHEPHERD remains mid-way between—held there by the counteraction of two equal powers of animal magnetism.]

SHEPHERD.

Are ye gaun in to the dookin' in thae twa pails?

NORTH.

No—as rural lass adjusts her silken snood by reflection in such pellucid mirror—so am I about to shave.

SHEPHERD.

Remember the fable o' the goat and the well.

NORTH (*within the Arbour*).

How beautiful the fading year! A month ago, this arbour was all one dusky green—now it glows—it burns with gold, and orange, and purple, and crimson! How harmonious the many-coloured glory! How delightfully are all the hues in tune!

SHEPHERD.

Are na ye cauld staunin' there in your linen? For I see you through the thin umbrage, like a ghost in a dirty shirt.

NORTH.

Sweet are autumn's rustling bowers, but sweeter far her still—when dying leaf after dying leaf drops unreluctantly from the spray—all noiseless as snow-flakes—and like them erelong to melt away into the bosom of mother earth. It seems but yesterday when they were buds!

SHEPHERD.

Tak tent ye dinna cut yourself!—it's no safe to moraleeze when ane's shavin'. Are ye speakin' to me, or was that meant for a soliloquy?

NORTH.

In holt or shaw, in wood or grove, on bush or hedgerow, among broom or bracken, the merry minstrelsy is heard no more! Soen as they cease to sing, they seem to disappear; the mute mavis retires with her speckled throat and breast so beautiful into the forest-gloom; the bold blackbird hides himself for a season, till the berries redden the holly-trees; and where have all the linties gone? Are they too home-changing birds of passage? and have they flown ungratefully away with the swallows, to sunny southern isles?

SHEPHERD.

He's mair poetical nor correct in his ornithology; yet it's better to fa' into siclike harmless errors in the study o' leevin' birds—errors o' a lovin' heart, and a mournfu' imagination—than to keep scientifically richt amang stuffed specimens sittin' for ever in ae attitude wi' bead-een in a glass-case.

NORTH.

Blessings on thy ruby breast, sweet Robin, for thine own and those poor children's sake! A solitary guest of summer gloom; but at the first frost o' autumn, thou seek'st again the dwellings of men—"a household bird" all winter long—till soon-come spring invites thee to build another nuptial nest among the mossy roots of some old forest-tree! I see thee sitting there on the top-stone of the gable, as if the domicile were thine own; and thine own it is—for thou holdest it by the tenure of that cheerful song. "No better a musician than a wren!" So said sweet Willie—flattering the

nightingale. But the wren now answering the Robin—almost echolike—from the bourtree bush in the garden—with his still small voice, touches the heart that knoweth how to listen—more tenderly, more profoundly, than Philomela's most richly-warbled song!

TICKLER (*within the Shed.*)

What have you been about with yourself all day, my dear James?

SHEPHERD.

No muckle. I left Altrive after breakfast—about nine—and the Douglass Burn lookin' gae temptin', I tried it wi' the black guat, and sune creel'd some foure or five dizzen—the maist o' them sma'—few exceedin' a pund.

TICKLER.

Hem.

SHEPHERD.

I fear, sir, you've gotten a sair throt. Ane sune tires o' trooting at ma time o' life, sae I then put on a sawmon flec, and without any howp dauned doon to a favourite cast on the Yarrow. Sometimes a body may keep threshin' the water for a week without seein' a snout—and sometimes a body hyeucks a fish at the very first throw, and sae it happened wi' me—though I can gie mysel' nae credit for skill—for I was just watten my flec near the edge, when a new-run fish, strong as a white horse, rushed at it, and then oot o' the water wi' a spang higher than my head,

"My heat to my mooth gied a sten',"

and he had amaist rugged the rod oot my niere; but I sune recovered my presence o' mind, and after indulgin' his royal highness in a few plunges, I gied him the Lutt, and for a quarter o' an hour keep't his nose to the grunstone. Its a sair pity to see a sawmon sulky, and I thocht—and nae doubt sae did he—that he had taen up his lodging sat the bottom o' a pool for the nicht—though the sun had just reached his meridian. The plump o' a stane half a hunder-wecht made him shift his quarters—and a sudden thocht struck him that he would make the best o' his way to the Tweed, and then doon to the sea at Berwick. But I bore sae hard on him wi' an aughteen feet rod, that by the time he had swam twa miles—and a' that time, though I aften saw his shadow, I seldom saw himsell—he was sae sair blawn that he cam to the surface o' his ain accord, as if to tak breath—and after that I had it a' my ain way—for he was powerless as a sheaf o' corn carried doon in a spate—and I lauded him at the fuird, within a few hunder yards o' Altrive. Curious eneuch, wee Jamie was sittin' by himsel' on the bank, switherin' about wadin' across, and you may imagine the dear cretur's joy on seeing a twuntypund fish—the heaviest ever killed wi' the rod in Yarrow—floatin' in amang his feet.

TICKLER.

You left him at home?

SHEPHERD.

Where else soud I hae left him?

TICKLER.

Hem.

SHEPHERD.

You really maun pit some flannen roun' that throt—for at this time o' the year, when baith man and horse is saft, inflammation rapidly arrives at its heght—mortification without loss o' time ensues—and within the four-and-twenty hours I've kent a younger chiel than you, sir, streekit oot—

TICKLER.

What?

SHEPHERD.

A corp.

TICKLER. .

Any more sport?

SHEPHERD.

Returnin' to the Loch, I thocht I wud try the otter. Sae I launched

him on his steady leaden keel—two yards lang—breadth o' beam three inches—and mountin' a hunder and fifty hyeucks——

TICKLER.

A first-rate man of war.

SHEPHERD.

I've seen me in the season atween spring and summer, secure ten dizzen wi' the otter at a single launch. But in October twa dizzen's no to be despised—the half o' them bein' about the size o' herrings, and the half o' them about the size o' haddocks—and ane—but he's a grey trout——

TICKLER.

Salmo Ferox?

SHEPHERD.

As big's a cod.

TICKLER.

Well, James?

SHEPHERD.

I then thocht I woud take a look o' some night lines I had set two three days syne, and began puin' awa at the longest—wi' some five score o' hyeucks, baited for pike and eel, wi' troot and par-tail, frogs, chicken-heads, hen-guts, some mice, some moles, and some water-rats—for there's nae settin' bounds to the voracity o' thae sharks and serpents—and it was like drawin' a net. At length pike and eel began makin' their appearance—first a pike—then an eel—wi' the maist unerrin' regularity o' succession—just as if you had puttin' them on sae for a ploy! “Is there never to be an end o' this?” I cried to mysell; and by the time that, walkin' backwards, I had reached the road, that gangs roun' the bay wi' a bend—enclosin' atween it and the water edge a bit bonny grass meadow and twa three trees—the same that your accomplished freen', George Moir, made sae tastefu' a sketch o'—there, wull ye believe me—were lying five-and-twunt' eels and five-and-twunt' pikes—in all saxty—till I cou'd hae dream't that the meadow had been pairt o' the bay that moment drained by some sort o' subterraneous suction—and that a' the fishy life the water had contained was noo wallop'in' and wriglin' in the sudden shunshine o' unexpected day. I brak a branch aff an ash, and ran in amang them wi' my rung, lounderin' awa richt and left, and loupin' oot o' the way o' the pikes, some of which showed fecht, and offered to attack me on my ain element, and I was obliged to wrestle wi' an eel that speel'd up me till his faulds were wounded round my legs, theeghs, and body, in ever sae mony plices, and his snake head—och! the ugly auld serpent—thrust outowr my shouther—and hiss'in' in my face—till I flang him a fair back-fa, and then ruggin' him frae me—fauld by fauld—strecthened him oot a' his length—and treddin' on his tail, sent his wicket speerit to soom about on the fiery lake wi' his father, the great dragon.

NORTH (*in the arbour*).

Ha! ha! ha! our inimitable pastor has reached his grand climacteric!

TICKLER (*in the shed*).

And where, my dear James, are they all? Did you bring them along with you?

SHEPHERD.

I left the pikes to be fetched forrit by the Moffat carrier.

TICKLER.

And the eels?

SHEPHERD.

The serpent I overthrew had swallowed up all the rest.

TICKLER.

We must send a cart for him—dead stomachs do not digest; and by making a slit in his belly we shall recover the rest—little the worse for wear—and letting them loose in the long grass, have an eel-hunt.

NORTH (*in the arbour*).

Who can give me a bit of sticking plaster?

SHEPHERD.

I prophesied you wou'd cut yoursel'. There's nae stickin' plaister

about the toun; but here's an auld bauchle, and if ony body will lend me a knife, I'll cut aff a bit o' the sole, and when weel soaked wi' bluid, it'll stick like a sooker—or I can cut aff a bit waddin' frae this auld hat—some tramper's left ahint her baith hat and bauchle—and it may happen to stainch the bludin'—or best of a', let me rug aff a bit o' this remnant o' an auld sheep's-skin that maun has belanged to the foot-board o' some gig—and wi' the woo neist your skin, your chin will be comfortable a' the nicht—though it shoud set in a hard frost.

(SHEPHERD advances to the arbour—but after a single glance into the interior, comes flying back to his stance on the wings of fear).

NORTH (in the arbour).

James? James? James?

SHEPHERD.

A warlock! A warlock! A warlock! The king o' the warlocks! The king o' the warlocks! The king o' the warlocks!

(From the arbour issues CHRISTOPHER in the character of LORD NORTH—in a rich court dress—bag and wig—chapeau-bras—and sword).

NORTH (kneeling on one knee).

Have I the honour to be in presence of Prince Charles Edward Stuart Hogg? My sovereign liege and no pretender—accept the homage of your humble servant—too proud of his noble king to be a slave.

SHEPHERD (graciously giving his hand to kiss).

Rise!

(From the shed issues TIMOTHY in the regimentals of the Old Edinburgh Volunteers).

TICKLER (kneeling on one knee).

Hail! King of the Forest!

SHEPHERD (graciously giving his hand to kiss).

Rise!—Let Us—supported on the arms of Our two most illustrious subjects—enter Our Palace.

(Enter the Forest King and the two Lords in Waiting into TIBBIE'S).

Scene II. Interior of TIBBIE'S—Grand Hall, or Kitchen Parlour—NORTH, TICKLER, and SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD.

A cozey bield, sirs, this o' Tibbie's—just like a bit wren's nest.

NORTH.

Methinks 'tis liker an ant-hill.

TICKLER.

Beo-hive.

SHEPHERD.

A wren's nest's roun', and theeckit wi' moss—sae is Tibbie's; a wren's nest has a wee bit canny hole in the side o't for the birdies to hap in and out o', aiblins wi' a hangin' leaf to hide and fend by way o' door, and sae has Tibbie's; a wren's nest's aye dry on the inside, though drappin' on the oot wi' dew or rain, and sae is Tibbie's; a wren's nest's for ordinar' bigget in a retired spat, yet within hearin' o' the hum o' men, as weel's o' water, be it linn or lake, and sae is Tibbie's; a wren's nest's no easy foon', yet when you happen to keek on't, you wunner hoo ye never saw the happy housie afore, and sae is't wi' Tibbie's; therefore, sirs, for sic reasons, and a thousan' mair, I observed "a cozey bield this o' Tibbie's, just like a wren's nest." Sir?

NORTH.

An ant-hill's like some small natural eminence growing out of the green ground, and so is Tibbie's; an ant-hill is prettily thatched with tiny straw and grass-blades, and leaves and lichens, and so is Tibbie's; an ant-hill, in worst weather, is impervious to the elements, trembles not in its calm interior, nor—howl till ye split, ye tempests—at any blast doth Tibbie's; an ant-hill, spontaneous birth of the soil though it seems to be, hath its own order of architecture, and was elaborated by its own dwellers—and how wonderfully full of accommodation, when all the rooms at night become the rooms of sleep—just like Tibbie's; an ant-hill, though appa-

rently far from market, never runs out of provisions—nor, when “winter lingering chills the lap of May,” ever once doth Tibbie’s; Solomon, speaking of an ant-hill, said, look at the ant thou sluggard—consider her ways and be wise,—and so now saith North, sitting in Tibbie’s; so for these, and a thousand other reasons, of which I mention but one—namely, that here, too, as there, is felt the balmy influence of the mountain-dew—I said, “methinks ’tis like an ant-hill.” Sir?

TICKLER.

A bee-hive is a straw-built shed, loving the lownness, without fearing the wind, and standing in a sheltered place, where yet the breezes have leave to come and go at will, wafting away the creatures with whom work all day long is cheerful as play, outward or homeward bound, to or fro among the heathery hills where the wild honey grows—and these are pretty points of resemblance to Tibbie’s; a bee-hive is never mute—for all that restless noise of industry sinks away with the setting sun into a steady murmur, fit music for the moonlight—and so is it, when all the household are at rest, in Tibbie’s; a bee-hive wakens at peep of day—its inmates losing not a glint of the morning, early as the laverocks waukening by the daisy’s side—and so, well knows Aurora, does Tibbie’s; a bee-hive is the perfection of busy order, where, without knowing it, every worker by instinct obeys the Queen, and even so seemeth it to be in Tibbie’s; so for these, and a thousand other reasons, of which I mention but two, that it standeth in a land overflowing with milk and honey, and wanteth but *an eke*, I said—Bee-hive. Sir?

SHEPHERD.

A wren’s nest grows cauld in ae single season, and then’s seen stickin’ cauld and disconsolate in amang the thorns o’ the leafless hedge, or to the side o’ the mooth o’ some solitary cave or cell amang the dreepin’ rocks; and whare the twa pawrent birds and the weel-feathered family—perhaps half a score or a dizzen—hae flown till, wha kens? No me, lookin’ about and seein’ nae wing, listenin’ and hearin’ nae note in the wilderness—a’ mute and motionless in frost and sna’—as if a’ singers and chirpers were dead! But, thank God! it’s nae sae in Tibbie’s; for in the dead o’ winter, I’ve seen’t lookin’ mair gladsomer, if possible, than in the life o’ spring; and though aye o’ the auld birds be nae mair—yet that happened lang syne—here are the maist feck o’ the young anes—(the ithers hae yemigrated to America)—cantier and cantier ilka year. Whisht—has na the cretur a linty-like vice—that’s Dolly—as she’s cleanin’ the dishes—no forgettin’ that she’s within ma hearin’—singin’ aye o’ the auld Shepherd’s songs! Sir?

NORTH.

A drove of cattle tread the myriad-lifed ant-hill—the fairy palace with all its silent people—into the hoof-printed mire of death—but ruin is not like the blind bestial—James—and will spare Tibbie’s—James—till with its contemporary trees—now a youthful brotherhood—many human ages hence it fades away with gradual, unperceived, and unpainful decay, while the way-faring stranger pausing to eye the scene so still and solitary, shall know not that he is looking on ruins, but suppose them to be but simple scatterings of rocks! Sir?

TICKLER.

Full to overflowing of honey and happiness, a hideous hound, without the fear of Huber before his eyes, hangs the hive ’ver a pit of sulphur, and twenty-thousand faithful subjects perish with their Queen! But no unhallowed hand—James—shall touch the rigging of Tibbie’s roof—no stifling vapour shall ever fill these cells—and when he who shall be nameless—the Unavoidable—who never names his day—comes hither on his one visit—his first and his last—may he be taken by Tibbie for his brother Sleep!

SHEPHERD.

Noo—that’s what I ca’ poetical eemagerie applied to real life.

NORTH.

There cannot be a doubt that we three are three men of genius.

SHEPHERD.

Equal to ony ither sax.

TICKLER.

Hem! How rarely is that endowment united with talent like ours!

NORTH.

Stuff. A set of nameless ninnies, at every stumbling step they take, painfully feeling their intellectual impotence, modestly abjure all claim to talent, of which no line is visible on their mild unmeaning mugs, and are satisfied in their humility that nature to them, her favoured blockheads—her own darling dunces—and more especial chosen sumphs—in compensation gave the gift of genius—the fire which of old Prometheus had to steal from heaven.

SHEPHERD.

Bits o' Cockney creturs wi' mealy mooths, lookin' unco weak and woe-begone, on their recovery frae a painful confinement consequent on the birth o' a pair o' twuns o' rickety sonnets.

TICKLER.

A pair of twins. Four?

SHEPHERD.

Na—twa sonnets that'll never in this world be able to gang their lanes, but hae to be held up by leading strings o' red ribbons round their waists, or itherwise hae to be contented to creep or crawl like clocks.

NORTH.

You bring an ordinary blockhead to the test—talent he has none—sentence is recorded—and thenceforth he never passes the window of a wig-maker without a sympathetic sigh; but a genius looks at you with meek defiance in his lack-lustre eyes—nay, with compassion for the mean estate of a mere man of talent, who at the best can never hope to rise higher than the Woolsack—and like an immortal mingling with mortals, he steps into an omnibus, nor steps out till off the stones, on his journey towards the poetic visions swarming among the daisies and dandelions of Hampstead Hill.

SHEPHERD.

My warst enemy canna accuse me o' bein' a mettyphysician; yet I agree wi' Mr Tickler, that a man may hae great talents, and nae genie—talents baith for the uptak and the layin' doon—and sae far frae despisin' sic men, I regard them wi' gratitude, for without them this world cou'd na wag, and wou'd sune come to a staun-still. Mental Perception, clear, quick, and acute as ane's verra ee—Conception prompt, vivid, and complete, as if the past and present were a' ane, and the shadow o' reality as gude's the substance—Memory like a great mirror o' plate-glass never bedimmed either by damp or frost, sae that a single keek shows you whatever you want to see owre again, and aiblins maks you ken't better than ever noo that it's but a vision—Judgment, discriminating by lines o' licht a' the relations o' things and thochts by which they are at ance a' connectet, and a' separated in a way maist wondrous and beautifu' to behauld—Reason sometimes arrivin' at conclusions by lang round-a-bout roads windin' up along the sides o' mighty mountains atween it and truth—which, like an engineer, it turns when unable to surmount—and sometimes dartin' on them—strecht as a sunbeam or an eagle's swoop—and that's Intuition—the Mind sae endowed, I say, sirs, I contemplate, when at wark, wi' admiration and gratitude, because it is at ance great and good, glorious and useful, and if to a' that you add Conscience, the Illuminator, what is wantin' to the speeritual eemage o' a perfect Man? What is wantin', I ask you again, sirs, but—ca' it by what name you wull—Imagination—Invention—Genius—the power that keeps perpetually evolvin' the new frae the auld—sae that this life, and this world, and these skies, are something different the day frae what they were yesterday—and will be something different the morn frae what they were the day—and sae on for ever and ever ad infinitum, while we are cooped up in clay—till the walls o' our prison-house shall be crumbled by a touch o' the same Almighty hand that by a touch gave being and adherence to the dust?

TICKLER.

You astonish me, James,

SHEPHERD.

I sometimes astonish mysel' wi' the thochts that come upon me at a Noctes. They dinna seem to arise within my mind, like fish lowpin out o' the water frae aneath stanes, and roots, and banks whare they had their birth-place amang the gravel, at the cluds o' insects blawn by the breezes in showers o' ephemeral beauty frae the simmer woods, but rather come waverin' on frae some far-aff region o' visionary isles and cloudy heedlauns, like a lang-winged visitation o' bonny snaw-white sea-birds dippin' doon in the green sunshyne, and then first aye and then anither awa'—awa'—awa'—as if some speerit were ca'in' them back again to their ain nests—and the latest loiterer unwilling to forsake its pastime, but afraid to disobey that ca'—wheelin' for a wee while round and round about the same circle o' whitenin' billows, and then lettin' drap farewell in a saft touch frae the tip o' its pinions, disappearin' like the rest, and leavin' ahint it nane o' the beauty o' life on the lanesome sea.

TICKLER.

You astonish me, James.

SHEPHERD.

And mair nor you wud be astonished, gin Gurney hadna been laid up wi' a swalled face—

Voice from the Spence.

Dr Wilkie of Innerlie then yesterday pulled the tooth, and all's well.

SHEPHERD.

That cretur's vice gars me a' grue. Is't true that he's a natural sin o' the Inveesible Girl?

NORTH.

Hush, Shepherd.

TICKLER.

The heir-apparent of Echo.

SHEPHERD.

A curious air-apparent—at times only owdible—and it's fearsome to think on Short-haun' out o' sicht extennin' his notts!

Enter BILLY and PALMER with their game-bags, which they empty on their division of the floor.

NORTH.

Not a bad day's sport, James?

SHEPHERD.

You dinna mean to tell me that you and Soothside, this blessed day, slew a' that ggemm?

NORTH.

We did—and more.

Enter CAMPBELL and FITZ-TIBBIE with their game-bags, which they empty on their division of the floor.

SHEPHERD.

You dinna mean to tell me that you and Soothside, this blessed day, slew a' that ggemm?

NORTH.

We did—and more.

Enter MON CADET and KING PEPIN with their game-bags, which they empty on their division of the floor.

SHEPHERD.

You dinna mean to tell me that you and Soothside, this blessed day, slew a' that ggemm?

NORTH.

We did—and more.

Enter Sir DAVID GAM and TAPPITOURIE with their game-bags, which they empty on their division of the floor.

SHEPHERD.

You dinna mean to tell me that you and Soothside, this blessed day, slew a' that ggemm?

NORTH.

We do—and more.

Enter AMBROSE and PETER with their game-bags, which they empty on their division of the floor.

SHEPHERD.

You dinna mean to tell me that you and Soothside, this blessed day, slew a' that ggemm ? !! Soothside ?

TICKLER.

I do—and more.

SHEPHERD.

Then are ye twa o' the greatest leears that ever let aff a gun.

NORTH.

Or drew a long bow. How many brace ?

BILLY.

A dizzen, measter.

NORTH.

How many brace ?

CAMPBELL.

Half-a-score, sir.

NORTH.

How many brace ?

MON CADET.

Seven, and a snipe.

NORTH.

How many brace ?

SIR DAVID GAN.

Eight, and an owl.

NORTH.

How many brace ?

AMBROSE.

Nine neat, my lord.

NORTH.

Tottle of the whole ?

Voice from the Spence.

Forty-six brace—an owl and a snipe.

SHEPHERD.

That cretur's vice gars me a' grue. Gold and silver's deadlier than lead. You've been bribin' Dalgliesh. Mair poachers nor ane has been at the fillin' o' the pouches—but ma certes, here's a vast o' ggemm ! Let's sort them. That's richt, lads—fling a' the black-cocks intil the east corner, and a' the grey-hens intil the wast—a' the red grouse intil the north corner, and a' the patricks intil the south—gie Gurney the snipe for his share, and Awmrose the owl to stuff for the brace-piece o' his bed-chawmer.

NORTH.

Where the deuce are the hares ?

TICKLER.

Where the devil are the rabbits ?

Enter ROUGH ROBIN and SLEEK SAM with their game-bags, which they empty on their division of the floor—that is on the table.

SHEPHERD.

Fourteen fuds ! Aught mawkins, and sax boroughmongers, as I houp to be saved !

NORTH.

I read, with indignation and disgust, of the slaughter by one gun of five score brace of birds between eight o'clock and two.

SHEPHERD.

A chiel might as weel pride himsel' on baggin' in a poorty-yaird as mony chickens, wi' here and there an auld clockin' hen and an occasional howtowdie—and to croon a', the bubbly-jock himsell, pretendin' to pass him aff for a capercallzie. But I ca' this sport.

NORTH.

Which corner, James, dost thou most admire?

SHEPHERD.

Let's no be rash. That nyceuck o' paitricks kythes unco bonnie, wi' its mild mottled licht—the burnished broon harmoniously mixin' wi' the siller grey in a style o' colourin' understood but by that sweet penter o' still life, Natur; and a body canna weel look, without a sort o' sadness, on the closed een o' the puir silly creturs, as their heads—crimsoned some o' them wi' their ain bluid, and ithers wi' feathers, bricht in the pride o' sex, auld cocks and young cocks—lie twusted and wrenched by the disorderin' haun o' death—ootoure their wings that shall whirr nae mair—rich in their radiance as flowers lyin' broken by the wund on a bed o' moss!

TICKLER.

James, you please me much.

SHEPHERD.

That glow of grouse is mair gorgeous, yet bonnier it may na be—though heaped up higher again the wa'—and gloomin' as weel as gleamin' wi' a shadowier depth, and a prouder pomp o' colour lavished on the dead. There's something heathery in the hues there that breathes o' the wilderness—and aye canna look on their legs—mony o' them lyin' broken—sae thick cleed wi' close, white, saft feathers—without thinkin' o' the wunter-sna w! The Gor-Cock! His name bespeaks his nature—and o' a' the wild birds o' Scotland, nane mair impressive to my imagination and my heart. Oh! how many thoosan' dawns have evanished into the forgotten warld o' dreams, at which I hae heard him crawlin' in the silence o' natur, as I lay in my plaid by mysel' on the hillside, and kent by that bold trumpeting that morning was at hand, without needin' to notice the sweet token o' her approach in the clearer licht o' the wee spring-well in the greensward at my feet!

NORTH.

James, you please me much.

SHEPHERD.

Yet that angle o' black-cocks has its charms, too, to ma een, for though there's less vareeity in the colourin', and a fastidious critic micht ca' the spotty heap monotonous, yet sullen as it seems, it glistens wi' a kind o' purple, sic as I hae seen on a lowerin' clud on a mirk day, when the sun was shinin' on the thunder, or on the loch below, that lay, though it was meridian, in its ain nicht.

TICKLER.

James, you please me much.

SHEPHERD.

O! thae saft, silken, but sair ruffled backs and breists o' that cruelly kill'd crood o' bonny grey-hens and pullets—cut aff in their sober matronship and gleesome maidenhood—whilk he mair beautiful, 'twould tak a mair skeely sportsman than the Shepherd to decide—I could kneel doon on the floor and kiss ye, and gather ye up in my arms, and press you to my heart, till the feel o' your feathers filled my veins wi' luv and pity, and I grat to think that never mair would the hill-fairies welcome the gleam o' your plumage risin' up in the mornin' licht amang the green plats on the sloping sward that, dipping down into the valley, retains here and there amang the decayed birk-wood, as loth to lose them, a few small stray sprinklings of the heather bells!

TICKLER.

James, you please me much.

NORTH.

I killed two-thirds of them with Old Trusty—slap—bang right and left, without missing a shot—

TICKLER.

Singing out, “that's my bird,” on a dozen occasions when it dropped at least a hundred and fifty yards—right in an opposite direction—from the old sinner's nose.

SHEPHERD.

What was the greatest nummer ye brocht doon at a single discharge ?

NORTH.

One.

SHEPHERD.

That's contemptible. Ye o' the auld Lake-school are never contented accept ye kiver your bird, sae that if ye dinna tak them at the crossin', ye shoot a hail day without killin' a brace at a blow ; but in shootin' I belang to the new Mountain-school, and fire wi' a general aim intil the heart o' the kivey, trusting to luck to gar three or foure play thud ; and its no an uncommon case to pick up half-a-dizzen, after the first flaught o' fire and feathers has ceased to dazzle ma een, and I hae had time to rin in amang the dowgs, and pu' the ggemm out o' the mooths o' the rabiators. It was nae farder back nor the day afore yesterday, that I killed and wounded nine—but to be sure that was wi' baith barrells—though I thocht at the time—for my een was shut—that I had only let aff ane—and wondered that the left had been sae bluidy—but baith are gran' scatterers, and disperse the hail like chaff frae the fanners on a wundy day. Even them on the edge o' the ouside are no safe when I fire intil the middle, and I've knawn me knock heels ower head mair nor ane belangin' to anither set, that had taken wing as I was ettlin' at their neighbours.

TICKLER.

I killed two-thirds of them, James.

SHEPHERD.

That's four-thirds atween you twa—and at whose door maun be laid the death o' the other half ?

TICKLER.

Kit with Crambo killed a few partridges in a turnip field, where they lay like stones—an old black-cock that had been severely, if not dangerously wounded by a weazle, and fell out of bounds, I suspect from weakness—an ancient grey-hen that flew at the rate of some five miles an hour—a hare sitting, which he had previously missed—and neither flying, nor sitting, but on the hover, that owl. How the snipe came into his possession I have not learned, but I have reason to believe that he found it in a state of stupor, and I should not be surprised, were you, James, to blow into his bill, to see Jack resuscitated—

SHEPHERD (*Putting the snipe's bill into his mouth, and puffing into him the breath of life.*)

Is his een beginnin' till open ?

NORTH.

Twinkling like a duck's in thunder.

SHEPHERD.

He's dabbin'.

NORTH.

Hold him fast, James, or he'll be off.

SHEPHERD.

Let doon the wundow, Tickler, let down the wundow. Oh ! Ye clumsy coof ! there he has struggled himsel' out o' my hauns, and's aff to the mairsh to leave on suction !

(*Enter Tibbie and Dolly to lay the cloth, &c.*)

TICKLER.

Symptoms.

SHEPHERD.

Wi' your leave, sirs, I'll gie Mr Awmrose the hares to pit intil the gig.—(*Gives Mr Ambrose the hares, who disappears, four-in-hand.*)

NORTH.

Whose gig, James ?

SHEPHERD.

Mine. I'm expectin' company to be wi' me a' niest week—and a tureen o' hare soop's no worth eatin' wi' fewer than three hares in't—sae sax hares will just mak twa tureens o' hare-soop, and no owre rich either—and the third and fourth days we can devour the ither twa roasted ; but for

fear my visitors should get sta'd o' hare, and awld Burton, in his anatomy, ca's hare a melancholy meat—and I should be averse to ony body committin' suicide in my house—Tappy, my man, let me see whether you or me can gather up on our aught fingers and twa thoombs, the maist multitude o' the legs o' black-cocks, grey-hens, red grouse, and pairicks—and gin ye beat me, you shall get a bottle o' whisky, and gin I beat you, I shall not put you to the expense o' a gill. (*Aside.*) The pech has twa cases o' fingers, wi' airn-sinnes, and I never kent the cretur's equal at a clutch. (*The Shepherd and Tappitourie emulously clutch the game, and carry off some twenty brace of sundries.*)

TICKLER.

James, you please me much.

NORTH.

You astonish me, James.

SHEPHERD.

Some folk are easily pleased, and some as easily astonished—but what's keepin' the denner?

(*Enter Tibbie, and Dolly, and Shusey, Ambrose, Mon Cadet, Peter, Campbell, Billy, Palmer, Rough Robin, Sleek Sam, King Pepin, Sir David Gam, and Tappitourie, with black grouse-soup, red grouse-soup, partridge-soup, hare-soup, rabbit-soup, potato-soup, pease-soup, brown-soup, white-soup, hotch-potch, cocky-leeky, sheep's-head-broth, kale, and rumble-le-thumps.*)

NORTH.

Aye—aye.

TICKLER.

Haigh!

SHEPHERD.

Hech!—Noo, that we've a' three said grace, let's fa too—and to ensure fair play, let ilka ane fill his neighbour's plate, as in an ass-race ilka ane rides his neighbour's cuddy.

TICKLER.

And let no man say a good thing, except between courses.

SHEPHERD.

Or a bad thing either. Agreed. Noo for a fair start—ance—twice—thrice—aff!

NORTH.

Stop.

SHEPHERD.

Dowg on't—what noo?

NORTH.

Incessant refilling of plates is——

SHEPHERD.

I confess fretsome.

NORTH.

Therefore, James, that we may preserve our equanimity, let us shove aside our trenchers, shallow and profound, and take, each man, his tureen, and then, each man, according to the courses, his dish; and, without speculation on the doctrine of chances, let us draw cuts for choice.

TICKLER.

Straws.

(*Billy presents in his paw straws of unequal lengths, and the Sortes Ambrosianæ yield the following results.*)

NORTH.

First by a finger. I take the red grouse tureen,

TICKLER.

Second by a thumb. I, partridge ditto.

SHEPHERD.

Third by a nail. Essence o' grey-hens.

NORTH.

We may now speak *ad libitum*.

SHEPHERD.

Wi' this proviso, sirs, that name o' us proceeds to a second tureen, till

we a' again draw cuts. For Tickler's sic a rapid rabiator, that he'll be for fastenin' on his second tureen afore either Mr North or me has cleared out our first, and though it's far frae impossible or improbable either, that we twa micht overtak him in the lang rin, still accidents micht happen, and gin he was to get the start o' us, say by half a tureen, the odds wou'd rise on him again' the field, and, in spite o' the additional wecht he wou'd then be carrying, and the known goodneess o' his antagonists, Tickler, roarer as he is, wou'd be likely to wun the sweepstakes, beatin' North by a head and shouthers, and me by a head.

TICKLER.

Agreed.

NORTH.

Stop.

SHEPHERD.

For nae man leevin or dead.

NORTH.

Gentle—men—we are—by—no means—the—gluttons—that—peo—ple
—regard—ing—this—Noc—tes—might—be—par—don'd—for sup—sup—
sup—posing—we were—

SHEPHERD.

Sup—sup—sup—pose—pose—posing—we are glut—glut—t—t—
t—tons—whatt—the—the—dee—deevil then? Gur—Gurn—Gurney—is
girn—girn—girnin'—at us—

Voice.

I'm not girning, Mr Hogg.

NORTH (*laying down his ladle*).

"It is well to be off with the old love

Before we are on with the new!"

Nay, better to be true to our first—our sole tureen—than vainly seek to transfer our passions or our affections to a second, however attractive; therefore let the worthies in waiting—male and female—waft away the rest into the spence, and there collaterally enjoy them—till I cough—with my well-known hem—for the second course.

(*The fourteen worthies in waiting carry off, each with his and her own peculiar smile—ten tureens—four but with spoons and plates.*)

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir! but you've a profound knowledge o' human natur! Eatin' at ane's ease, ane's imagination can flee up into the empyrean—like an eagle soaring up the lift wi' a lamb in his talons, and then fauldin' up his wings, far abune shot o' the fowler, on the tapmost o' a range o' cliffs, leisurely devourin't, while ever and anon, atween the rugs, he glances his yellow black-circled een far and wide owre the mountainous region, and afore and after every mouthful, whattin' his beak wi' his claws, yells to the echoes that afar aff return a faint but a fierce reply.

TICKLER.

Does he spit out feathers and fur?

SHEPHERD.

He spits out naething—devourin' bird and beast stoup and roup, bones, entrails, and a', and leavin' after his repast but a wheen wee pickles o' bluidy down, soon dried by the sun, or washed away by the rain, the only evidence there had been a murder.

NORTH.

The eagle is not a glutton.

SHEPHERD.

Wha said he was a glutton?

NORTH.

Living constantly in the open air—

SHEPHERD.

And in a high latitude.

NORTH.

Yes, James—for hours every day in his life, sailing in circles some thousand feet above the sea.

SHEPHERD.

In circles, noo narrowin', and noo widenin' wi' sweepy waftage, that seem to carry its ain wund amang its wings—noo speerally wundin' up the air stair-case that has nae need o' steps, till you could swear he was soarin' awa' to the sun—and noo divin' doon earthwards, as if the sun had shot him, and he was to be dashed on the stanes intil a blash o' bluid; but, in the pride o' his pastime, and the fierceness o' his glee, had been that self-willed headlong descent frae the bosom o' the blue lift, to within fifty fathom o' the crown of the greenwood—for suddenly slantin' awa across the chasm through the mist o' the great cataract, he has already voyaged a league o' black heather, and, ee'in another arc o' the meridian, takes majestic possession of a new domain in the sky.

TICKLER.

No wonder he is sharp set.

SHEPHERD.

I was ance in an eagle's nest.

TICKLER.

When a child?

SHEPHERD.

A man—and no sae very a young ane. I was let down the face o' the red rocks o' Loch Aven, that affront Cairngorum, about a quarter o' a mile perpendicular, by a hair rape, and after swingin' like a pendulum for some minutes back and forret afore the edge o' the platform, I succeeded in establishin' mysel in the eyrie.

TICKLER.

What a fright the poor eaglets must have got!

SHEPHERD.

You ken naething about eaglets. Wi' them fear and anger's a' ane—and the first thing they do, when taken by surprise amang their native sticks by man or beast, is to fa' back on their backs, and strike up wi' their talons, and glare wi' their een, and snap wi' their beaks, and yell like a couple o' hell-cats. Providentially their feathers werena fu' grown, or they wou'd hae flown in my face and driven me ower the cliff.

TICKLER.

Were you not armed?

SHEPHERD.

What a slaughter-house!—What a cemetery! Hale hares, and halves o' hares, and lugs o' hares, and fuds o' hares, and tatters o' skins o' hares, a' confused wi' the flesh and feathers o' muirfool and wild dyeucks, and ither kinds o' ggem, fresh and rotten, undevoord and digested animal maitter mixed in blue-mouldy or bloody-red masses—emittin' a strange charnel-house, and yet lardner-smell—thickenin' the air o' the eyrie—for though a blast cam sughin' by at times, it never was able to carry awa' ony o' the stench, which I was obliged to breathe, till I grew sick, and feared I was gaun to swarf, and fa' into the loch that I saw, but couldna hear, far doon below in anither ward.

TICKLER.

No pocket-pistol?

SHEPHERD.

The Glenlevit was ma salvation. I took a richt gude wullie-waught—the mistlness afore my een cleared awa'—the waterfa' in my lugs dried up—the soomin' in my head subsided—my stomach gied owre bockin'—and takin' my seat on a settee, I began to inspect the premises wi' mair precession, to mak a verbal inventory o' the furnitur', and to study the appearance or character o' the twa guests that still continued lyin' back on their backs, and regardin' me wi' a malignity that was fearsome, but noo baith mute as death.

NORTH.

They had made up their minds to be murdered.

SHEPHERD.

I suspect it was the ither way. A' on a sudden doon comes a sugh fae

the sky—and as if horns each on a whirlwind—the yell and the glare o' the twa auld birds! A mortal man daurin' to invade their nest! And they dashed at me as if they wud hae dung me intil the rock—for my back was at the wa'—and I was handin' on wi' my hauns—and aff wi' my feet frae the edge o' the ledge—and at every buffet I, like an insect, clang closer to the cliff. Dazed wi' that incessant passing to and fro o' plumes, and penons, and beaks, and talons, rushin' and rustlin' and yellin', I shut my eeu, and gied mysell up for lost; when a' at ance a thocht struck me that I woud cowp the twa imps owre the brink, and that the parent birds woud dive doon after them to the bottom o' the abyss.

TICKLER.

What presence of mind!

NORTH.

Genius!

SHEPHERD.

I flang mysell on them—and I hear them yet in the gullerals. They were eatin' intil my inside; and startin' up wi' a' their beaks and a' their talons inserted, I flang aff my coat and waistcoat, and them stickin' til't, owre the precipice!

TICKLER.

Whew!

SHEPHERD.

Ay—ye may weel cry whew! Dreadfu' was the yellin', for ae glaff and ae glint; far doon it denden'd; and then I heard nocht. After a while I had courage to lay mysell doon on my belly, and look owre the briuk—and I saw the twa auld eagles wheelin' and skimmin', and dashin' among the white breakers o' the black loch, madly seekin' to save the drownin' demons, but their talons were sae entangled in the tartan, that after floatin' awhile wi' flappin' wings in vain, they gied owre strugglin', and the wreck drifted towards the shore wi' their dead bodies.

TICKLER.

Pray, may I ask, my dear Shepherd, how you returned to the top?

SHEPHERD.

There cam the rub, sirs. My freens abune, seeing my claes, wi' the eaglets flaffing, awa doon the abyss, never doobted that I was in them—and they set up sic a shriek! Awa roon they set to turn the right flank o' the precipice by the level o' the Aven that rins out sae yellow frae the dark-green loch, because o' the colour o' the blue slates that lie shivered in heaps o' strata in that lovely solitude—hardly howpin' to be able to yield me ony assistance, in case they sould observe me attemptin' to soom ashore—nor yet to recover the body gin I was droon'd. Silly cretars! there was I for hours on the platform, while they were waitin' for my corp to come ashore. At last, ashore cam what they supposed to be my corp, and stickin' tilt the twa dead eaglets, and dashin' doon upon't, even when it had reached the shingle the twa savage screamers wi' een o' lichtenin'!

TICKLER.

We can conjecture their disappointment, James, on findin' that there was no corpse.

SHEPHERD.

I shooted—but nature's self seemed deaf—I waved my bannet—but nature's self seemed blin'. There stood the great deaf, blin', stupid mountains—and a' that I could hear was ance a laigh echolike lauchter frae the airn heart o' Cairngorum.

TICKLER

At last they recognised the Mountain Bard?

SHEPHERD.

And awa' they set again to the tap to pu' me up; but the fules in their fricht had let the rape drap, and never thocht o' lookin' for't when they were below. By this time it was wearin' late, and the huge shadows were stalkin' in for the nicht. The twa auld eagles cam back, but sae changed, I could na help pityin' them, for they had seen the feathers o' them they loo'd sae weel wrapt up, a drookit wi' death, in men's plaids—and as they keep't

sailin' slowly and disconsolately before the eyrie in which there was nae-body sittin' but me, they werena like the same birds!

NORTH.

No bird has stronger feelings than the eagle.

SHEPHERD.

That's a truth. They lay but twa eggs.

NORTH.

You are wrong there, James.

SHEPHERD.

Twa young ones, then, is the average, for gin they lay mair eggs, ane's aften rotten, and I'm mista'en if ae eagle's no nearer the usual nummer than fowre for an eyrey to send forth to the sky. Then they marry for life—and their annual families bein' sma', they concentrate on a single sinner or twa, or three at the maist, a' the passion o' their instinct, and savage though they be, they fauld their wide wings oure the down in their "procreant cradle" on the cliff, as tenderly as turtle-doves on theirs, within the shadow o' the tree. For beautiful is the gracious order o' natur, sirs, and we maunna think that the mystery o' life hasna its ain virtues in the den o' the wild beast and the nest o' the bird o' prey.

TICKLER.

And did not remorse smite you, James, for the murder of those eaglets?

SHEPHERD.

Aften and sair. What business had I to be let doon by a hair rape intil their birth-place? And, alas! how was I to be gotten up again—for nae hair rape cam' danglin' atween me and the darkenin' weather-gleam. I began to doot the efficacy of a death-bed repentance, as I tried to tak' account o' my sins a' risin' up in sair confusion—some that I had clean forgotten, they had been committed sae far back in youth, and never suspected at the time to be sins ava', but noo seemin' black, and no easy to be forgiven—though boundless be the mercy that sits in the skies. But, thank Heaven, there was an end—for a while at least—o' remorse and repentance—and room in my heart only for gratitude—for, as if let doon by hands o' angels, there again dangled the hair-rape wi' a noose-seat at the end o't, safer than a wicker-chair. I stept in as fearless as Lunardi, and wi' my hauns aboon my head glued to the tether—and my hurdies, and a' aneath my hurdies, interlaced wi' a net-wark o' loops and knots, I felt myself ascendin' and ascendin' the wa's, till I heard the voices o' them holstin'. Lauded at the tap, you may be sure I fell doon on my knees—and while my heart was beginnin' to beat and loup again, quaked a prayer.

NORTH.

Thank ye, James; I have heard you tell the tale better and not so well, but never before at a Noctes. Another tureen?

SHEPHERD.

Na. Tibbie? The fish. (*Enter TIBBIE with a fish.*) You see, sirs, I wasna lecin' about the sawmon. It cam' up in the seat o' the gig. Tibbie was for cuttin' into twa cuts, but I like to see a sawmon served up in his integrity—

TICKLER.

And each slice should run from gill to tail.

SHEPHERD.

Alang the shouthers and the back and the line, in that latitude, for the thick; and alang the side and the belly and the line in that latitude, for the thin; but nae short-curd till in the mouth; and as for helpin' yeersell wi' a fork and a bit breed—that's like some silly conceit o' a spilled wean—and I'm sure there's naebody here sae bairnly's to fear cuttin' their mooth wi' a knife. The kyeanne pepper—the mustard—the vinegar—the catshop—the Hervey sasse—the yest—and the chovies! Thank ye, Dolly, ma dear. Mair butter, Tickler. North—put the mashed potawtoes on the pairt o' ma plate near the sawt—and the round anes a bit ayont. Tappy—the breed; and meanwhile, afore yokin' to our sawmon, what say ye, sirs, to a bottle o' porter?

(Three shots are heard—and three silver jugs, foam-crowned, are duly administered and drained.

NORTH.

I forget, James, the weight of this fish?

SHEPHERD.

Twenty pund.

NORTH.

We shall scarcely get through it—I fear—at one sitting.

TICKLER.

I begin to see the ribs and spine of the side to windward—but remember our friends in waiting—

SHEPHERD.

What, sirs, cou'd induce ye to tak so many gillies to the hill?

NORTH.

At this season, you know, James, the birds are wild, and we should have had no sport without markers. We distributed our forces judiciously along the heights, and kept moving in a circle of scouts—that always commanded a wide prospect. The birds finding themselves outwitted on their widest flights, lost courage, and resorted to close-sitting—nor had we occasion half-a-dozen times the whole day to fly the kite.

SHEPHERD.

What's that?

NORTH.

Ambrose, I believe, who, you know, is a Yorkshireman, was the first to introduce the kite into the forest. He is constructed of paper, like the common kite, such as you see flying over cities; but more bird-like, both in form and colour, and Ambrose has painted him so cunningly, that but for his length of tail, which is necessary to keep him steady, you would not scruple to take a shot at him for a glead. King Pepin and Sir David Gam work him to windward with much judgment by the invisible string; and he looks so formidable on the hover, now turning and now stooping, as if instinct with spirit, that as long as he is aloft, not even the boldest old blackcock of Thirlestane will dare to lift his head above the rushes or the heather. By a signal he is brought to anchor—Haco and Harold trot in—while all the dogs are backing one another—whirr—whirr—slap—bang—and thud after thud—right and left—from four blazing barrels—tumble the three and four pounders, to the delight of Tappitourie, who fastens on them like a weasel.

SHEPHERD.

I ca' that poachin'. It's waur nor the real leeving gemm-hawk—for the kivey hae to contend wi' poother and lead, forbye that pented deevil in the air—and half-dead wi' fricht, hoo can it be expekkit that a single ane 'll be able to mak his escape? We'll be hearin' o' you usin' the net neist, alang wi' the broon-paper pented Yorkshire kite o' Awmrose. Confoun' me, but the verra first time I catch him beatin' to windward, gin I dinna fire at him, and bring him waverin' down, broken-backed, wi' his lang tail amang the rashes.

TICKLER.

What say, you, Shepherd, to a glass of champagne?

SHEPHERD.

That the best o't's about equal to middlin' sma' yill.

TICKLER.

National prejudice. Tibbie?

[TIBBIE fills each man's longshank with a shower of diamond's.

SHEPHERD.

Na, but that is prime—na, but that is maist delishous—only it's a shame to drink ootlandish liquors at half-a-guinea a bottle, when you can get the best mawt whusky for less nor twa shillings. It's the duty.

NORTH.

You need not make yourself uneasy about the price, James, for I can afford it.

SHEPHERD.

It's weel for you, sir.

NORTH.

Prime cost, James—corks included—is sixpence a-bottle; and now, sir, you have tasted TIBBIE'S GREEN GROZET ST MARY, what are the vine-covered hills-and gay regions of France to the small, yellow, hairy gooseberry-gardens of your own Forest!

SHEPHERD.

I'll no draw back frae what I said in commendation o't, but a' hame-made wines, and maist foreign anes, are apt to gie me a pain in the stamack, and therefore if you be wice, sirs, you'll join me in a caulker o' the cretur by way o' sedative. I ken you deal wi' my freen Richardson o' Selkirk, and there's no purer speerit than Richardson's best in a' the south—for it's a composition o' a' the prime whuskys he can collect, mixed up in due proportions, according to the relative qualities o' each, and maist savoury and salutary is the ultimate result.

NORTH.

Tibbie, a bottle of Richardson's ULTIMATE RESULT.

[They attend to the Result.]

SHEPHERD.

Noo, I ca' this a meeting o' the True Temperance Society. We are three auldish men, and hae had a hard day's wark o' amusement—and it canna be denied that we hae earned baith our meat and our drink. Fowl and fish we hae wan frae air and water by our ain skill, and naebody 'll be the puirer on account o' this day's pastime, or this night's—no even gin we had ta'en each o' us anither tureen. It's heartsome to hear the gillies lauchin' at their vitals, in their ain dinin' room, and frae this day Mr Awmrose may date his lease o' a new life. That's right, Tibbie—tak' them ben the sawmon, and put you down the apple-pie, the can o' cream, and the cheese.—(TIBBIE takes them ben the salmon, and puts down the apple-pie, the can of cream, and the cheese.)—I'll defy a man to be a glutton as lang's he's obedient to the dictates o' a healthy natural appetite, inspired by air and exercise in the Forest, and though I'm an enemy to the mixin' o' mony different dishes in the stammach at a diet, yet sic soups, and sic saumon, and sic apple-pie, and sic cheese, will a' lie amicably thegither, nor is there ony sense in sayin' that sic porter will jummie wi' sic cream. The champaign has been rectified, and a's safe. I ca't a plain, simple, manly, substantial, Forest dinner, in Tibbie's ain unpretendin' style, and had na we limited it to our ain killin', I ken we should hae had the hin' quarter o' a sheep that's been in pickle syne the last day o' hairst, and a breast o' veal frae Bourhope, as white's a hen.—(TIBBIE sets down, with a smile, her own two dishes of mutton and veal, with a fresh peck of potatoes from the dripping-pan, and ditto of mashed turnips.)

NORTH.

Excellent creature!

SHEPHERD.

She's a' that—sir.

NORTH.

How virtuous is humble life! Question, if any one but a Conservative can understand the domestic life of the poor.

SHEPHERD.

Nane else in our day has observed it in Scotland.

NORTH.

It is sustained by contentment—a habit of the heart—and continuous custom seems essential to the formation of that happiest of all habits which grows out of the quiet experiences of days—weeks—months—years—all so like one another in their flow, that the whole of life is felt, with its occasional breaks and interruptions, to be one, and better for them that under Providence enjoy it, than any other lot which at times their hearts may long for, and their imaginations picture.

SHEPHERD.

The same stream dawin' along channels and greener banks and braes.

NORTH.

Changes for the better, let us believe, and I do believe it, are almost invariably taking place in such conditions, as society at large progresses in knowledge, and as there opens before all minds a wider and higher sphere of feeling and of thought accessible through instruction.

SHEPHERD.

In many respects, sir, the instruction is better.

NORTH.

Such belief is consolatory to all who love their kind, and lament to know that there is so much wretchedness in this weary world.

SHEPHERD.

Education in the rural districts o' Scotland, I doubt not, is mair carefu' and comprehensive than it was forty years ago; would that it were as sure, sir, that the hearts o' young and auld are as sensible to the habits and duties o' religion! It may be sae—yet, methinks, there is no the same earnestness and solemnity in the furrowed faces o' the auld—the same modesty and meekness in the smooth faces of the young sitters in the kirk on Sabbath, which I remember regarding sae reverently and sae affectionately half a century ago! I fear there are mair lukewarm and cauld-rife Christians in the Forest wha consider Gospel truths like ony ither truths, and the Bible like ony ither gude book—not the book in comparison wi' which a' ither were worthless—for not effectual like it to shed light on the darkness o' the grave! Yet, I may be mista'en; for a' sweet thochts are sweeter, and a' haly thochts are halier, that carry my heart back to the mornin' o' life! And as the dew-drops seem to my een to hae then been brichter and purer than they are noo—though that can scarcely be—and the lang simmer-days far langer, as weel as the gloamings langer too—which was no possible—sae human life itseil may be as fu' o' a' that's gude noo as it was then—and the change—a sad and sair ane as I sometimes feel—in me, and no in them about me—and the same lament for the same reason continue to be made by all that are waxin' auld—to the end o' time.

NORTH.

Ay, James, memory so beautifies and sanctifies all we loved in youth with her own mournful light, that it is not in our power—we have not the heart—to compare them with the kindred realities encircling our age; but for their own dear, sweet, sad sakes alone—and for the sake of the grass on their graves—we hold them religiously aloof from the affections and the objects of our affections of a later day—in our intercommunion with them it is that we most devoutly believe in heaven.

SHEPHERD.

You're growin' oure grave, sir, and maunna gie way to the mood, lest it get the better o' you—though it's natural to you, and, I confess, sits weel on your frosty pow. The world's better acquainted noo wi' the character o' Christopher North than it was some score o' years syne—and the truth is, that, like a' them that's been baith wutty and wise, he is constitutionally a melancholy man, and aften at the verra time that he seems to be writin' wi' a sunbeam, "draps a sad, serious tear upon his playfu' pen!"

NORTH.

The philosophy of truth, James, is pensive; it is natural religion, and, therefore, humane; hence all that is harsh falls away from it, all that is hateful; when purest and highest it becomes poetry—and —

SHEPHERD.

Wheesht, you mystic—and eat awa' at your mutton.

NORTH.

I am at a loss to know, James, what the friends of the people really think is the character of the people of England?

SHEPHERD.

Sae am I.

NORTH.

They tell us—if I do not mistake them—that this is the most enlightened age that has ever shone on life. They seem to apply the praise, in the first place, to mind. It is the age of useful and entertaining knowledge. But

mind enlightens heart—and the two together elevate soul—and the three, like an angelic band floating in the air, connect earth with heaven by an intermediate spirit of beauty and of bliss.

SHEPHERD.

Is that what they say? For if it be, they maun be fine fallows, and I put down my name as a member o' the union.

NORTH.

They assert that knowledge is not only power, but virtue.

SHEPHERD.

It is neither the ane nor the other necessarily; and I could pruve that they dianna understaun' their ain doctrine.

NORTH.

Not now, James. Let us admit their doctrine—and rejoice to know that we are the most enlightened people—physically, morally, intellectually, spiritually—that ever flourished on the face and bosom of the dædal earth.

SHEPHERD.

I fear you and me's twa exceptions—at least I can answer for mysell—for aften when walkin' in what seems to me essential licht, through the inner warld o' thocht, a' at ance it's pitch-dark! I'm like a man blind-faulded, and obliged to grope his way oot o' a wood by the trees, no' able to tell, but by a rough guess at the rind, whether he's handlin' an aik, or an ash, or an elm, or a pine, or a beech, or a plane—and whatever they may be, gi'en himsell mony a sair knock on the head, and losin' his hat among the branches that make you desperate angry by floggin' you on the face, and ruggin' oot your hair, as your legs get entangled among the briars. The enlightened age—the speerit o' the age—shoudna hollow till it gets oot o' the wood, sir.

NORTH.

Good, James. But what am I to think of the panegyrist of the spirit of the age, when I am told by the same oracles that there is not a virtuous unmarried woman among the lower orders in all England?

SHEPHERD.

You have only to think that they are a set o' inconsistent and contradictory idiwits, and a base gang o' calumniators and obscene leearis.

NORTH.

But I am a moderate man, and wish to have the inconsistency explained—or removed—the libel made less loathsome—and some apology offered to the sex.

SHEPHERD.

Wha said it, and whare?

NORTH.

Parliament.

SHEPHERD.

The Reform Bill, then, it seems, is no a feenal measure, sir?

NORTH.

There is no mob now-a-days, James—no rabble—no swinish multitude—

SHEPHERD.

I hate that epithet.

NORTH.

So do I. No scum—but the wives, daughters, and sisters of all the working men of England—are prostitutes.

SHEPHERD.

A damm'd lee.

NORTH.

An infernal falsehood.

SHEPHERD.

Yet the verra same brutes that hae said that o' n' the English lassies in laigh life, wull break out on me and you for swearin' at a Noctes?

NORTH.

We have heard the Lord Chancellor of England, and the Lord Bishop of London, announce this article of the Christian creed—which unless we all hold, verily we cannot be saved—that the sin of incontinence is infinitely worse in a woman than in a man.

SHEPHERD.

I thocht we had gude authority for believing woman to be the weaker vessel.

NORTH.

That authority is discarded; for be it now known to all men that they—not the maidens by whom they have been woo'd—are the victims of seduction.

SHEPHERD.

That doctrin' ill no gang doon; the kintra's no ripe for't yet; the verra pride o' man 'ill no alloo him to bolt it; the unregenerate sinner, wicked as he is, daurna, even in his seared conscience, sae offend again' the law o' nature written by the finger o' God ineffaceably on his heart.

NORTH.

If the sin be so great in woman, why does man suffer her to commit it?

SHEPHERD.

Ay, ye may ask that at the Chancellor and the Bishop, and pause till Doomsday for a reply. She canna commit it by hersell; he is airt and pairt; no merely an accessory afore and after the act; but——

NORTH.

Blind, brutal balderdash, born of the brothel.

SHEPHERD.

In a far waur place—situate in a darker region than the darkest lane in a' Lunnoun.

NORTH.

Thus fortified by Law and Religion, a Christian Legislature sets itself solemnly to work, to guard and save the victims of seduction from suffering any pecuniary loss from their misfortune, and enact that we poor, weak, deluded males shall not henceforth be burdened by the support of the illegitimate offspring we have been bedivelled to beget, but that where the *chief* crime lies, there shall be dree'd the *sole* punishment, and that the female fiends must either suckle their sin-conceived at their own dug, dry-drawn by penury, or toss them into a workhouse!

SHEPHERD.

Strang—strang—strang.

NORTH.

One Bishop there was—James—an illustrious man—who brought that doctrine to the test—and then held it up in his eloquent hand—like withered fruit of nightshade. “Show me a text—show me a text,” was the cruel cry. No—I show all mankind the New Testament—and opening the leaves according to the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, I read almost the first verse that meets mine eye, and may I never meet them I love in heaven, if the spirit of that verse, and of every verse, one merciful context, does not declare it to be the will of our God and our Saviour, that sinful man—and we are all in such eyes sunk in sin—shall sustain in life his own offspring—if he will not seek for himself eternal condemnation by profaning with his lips those few words of our divine Preceptor—“Give us this day our daily bread!”

SHEPHERD.

Say nae mair, sir, say nae mair. You ken I dinna think sae verra muckle o' your writings, either by way o' prose or verse; but whether in preevat or in public, when you choose to let yourself oot, O, man! but you are an orator—the orator o' the human race.

NORTH.

They say I cannot reason.

SHEPHERD.

That's a lee. There lies your glory; for you deal oot intuitive truths, ane after anither, till the tenor o' your speech is like a string o' diamonds.

NORTH.

They say I have no logic.

SHEPHERD.

You dinna condescend to chop logic wi' the adversary—but if he be a man, ye gang up to him—face to face—and knock him down wi' ae blow

on the head, and anither on the heart—if he be a shape o' Satan, you launch at him a thunderbolt, and the sinner is reduced to ashes.

NORTH (*blushing like a pink*).

Then, James, the English are all drunkards—and, day and night, worship Belial in the Temple of Gin—and Beelzebub in the House of Heavy-Wet—and Lucifer in the Abode of Brandy; and who says so, my dear Shepherd?

SHEPHERD.

But the children o' Mammon.

NORTH.

Yes, James; who from the sweat of slaves, worked to death in his sultry mines, extract the ether on which they sustain their celestial lives, and the gorgeous dyes with which they engrain their garments, as they sweep along the high places, and take their seats on thrones within palaces, and affront high heaven with blasphemy, forgetful in their pride that they themselves are but worms.

SHEPHERD.

Strang—strang—strang.

NORTH.

Great Britain is constantly drunk—therefore, let there be no distillation from grain—let that spirit of the age be all bottled up in Apothecaries' shops, and labelled—poison, or medicine.

SHEPHERD.

Like arsenick for rats or men.

NORTH.

If the English be, indeed, all irreclaimable drunkards, some such remedial and preventive law seems to be demanded—but by whom shall it be enacted? In the two sober Houses of Parliament by general cock-crow? By steady representatives, returned by constituents not able to stand?

SHEPHERD.

Ach! the winebibbers!

NORTH.

If all the women in England who live by wages are prostitutes—and all the men drunkards—I can imagine but one event desirable for her good—an earthquake that shall give her to be swallowed up by the sea.

SHEPHERD.

Or fire frae Heaven that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah.

NORTH.

But such, thank God, is not yet the condition—distressful though alas in much it be—of what was once merry England.

SHEPHERD.

And I'll swear in the parritch face o' Silk Buckingham, and a' the lave o' the milk and water committee, that it's no the condition o' bonny Scotland.

NORTH.

Nor ever will be while she has a Christian church.

SHEPHERD.

Hark hoo the voice o' the Forest—at this hoor sae saft and sweet—breathes o' contentment frae the soun', healthy, heart o' the happy hills! The Flowers o' the Forest are no' a' wede away—nor hae they been changed into weeds; and although I lament to alloo that in towns and cities, where countless croods o' Christian creturs are congregated thegither, and whare wark set them by wealth suffers them too short and seldom to pray, they owre aften seek renovation to their exhowsted bodies by means o' what's even mair hurtfu' to their wearied sows, and thus fa' into the arms o' vice, the leper, wha hauns them to death, the skeleton;—yet seein' as clearly as that cluds are the cause o' rain, and cluds themselfs vapours frae the undrained earth and the undrainable sea, that the great manufacturin' and commercial system o' the kintra is the cause o' a' their sins, sufferings, and sorrows, and that in spite o' the ruination, multitudes, oh! nicht I say the majority, hold fast their integrity, and, slaves as they are, show their tyrants and task-masters virtues which they hae na the grace to comprehend, far less to imitate;—I.

do not despair that a Law, far beyond the sphere o' sic legislators as we hae been speakin' o', a Law originating in Heaven, and sanctioned in the heart, will yet rule wi' a saving sway ower sic doleful regions, for doleful they may weel be ca'd, since there famished folk forget their hunger in their thirst, and flee to cursed gin for relief rather than to blessed bread;—the Law o' Love and Religion, that was frae the beginning o' the world, and was given us again aughteen hundred years ago, in brichter licht than to the first Adam, to us, the children o' Adam, and though obscured and troubled by man's passions, that mak a' men at times seer in waur nor mad, shall yet shine through the huge city smoke that the material day-spring canna penetrate, and establish an illumination, not on the spires, and steeples, and towers alone o' churches and cathedrals, although ever may they be held sacred, but on the low-roof'd houses o' the puir, the puir, wherever twa or three are gathered together to worship the Giver o' a' mercies, or to enjoy his mercies—say the frugal meal industry has earned and piety blessed, or the hard bed that seems saft to the sleep which nae evil conscience ever haunts;—bed and sleep, emblems indeed o' death and the grave, but only o' their rest, for a lamp burns beside them, let down frae the skies, which they hae but to feed wi' gude warks and trim wi' the finger o' faith, and when they will wauken at last in Heaven, they will know it was the lamp o' Eternal Life.

NORTH (*looking up at the Cuckoo*).

Eight o'clock! It is Saturday night—and Tickler and I have good fourteen miles to drive to the Castle of Indolence.

“O blest retirement! friend to Life's decline!”

Our nags must be all bedded before twelve—for there must be no intrusion on the still hours of Sabbath. James, we must go.

SHEPHERD.

I declare I never observed Tibbie takin' awa the rosts! Sae charmed, sir, hae I been wi' your conversation, that I canna tell whether this be my first, second, or third jug?

NORTH.

Your second.

SHEPHERD.

Gude nicht. (*They finish the second jug, but seem unwilling to rise.*)

NORTH.

God bless you, my dearest James!

SHEPHERD.

You're a kind-hearted cretur, sir.

NORTH.

I cannot lend my sanction, James, to sumptuary laws.

SHEPHERD.

What kind o' laws may they be? I never heard tell o' them afore—but if they be laws anent eatin' and drinkin' only particular sort o' vivres, I gee ma vote for beginnin' wi' wine.

NORTH.

On what principle, James?

SHEPHERD.

On the principal o' principles—Justice. Our legislators—that's the maist feck o' them—belang to the upper ranks—at least, members o' Parliament are seldom seen hedgin' and ditchin', or knappin' stanes—accopp it may be for their ain amusement—in avenues and the like; and still seldomer working at the haun-loom, or takin' tent o' the power-loom, or overlookin' any great instrumental establishment o' spindles obedient to the command o' steam.

NORTH.

Steam is a tyrant.

SHEPHERD.

He's a' that—and his subjects are slaves. But what I was gaun to say was this—that our legislators maun be better acquainted wi' the good and evil o' their ain condition o' life than wi' them o' that aneath it, for personal experience is the surest teacher o' truth. Now, sir, hard-workin' folk dinna for ordinar drink wine, and I dinna pity them, for, to my taste, wine's werash,

and it aye sours on my stomach, and bein' made o' mere frute it can hae nae nourishment. Still the gentry like it, and get fou' on't—or if no fou', they drink daily sufficient to sap thoosans o' constitutions—forby injuring their fortunes by the annual expense o' importation. Let a' foreign wines then be excluded by ack o' Parliament, makin' it felony, punishable by transportation for life, to hae abune half-a-dizzen o' ony ae kind in a preevat cellar—wi' a provision legaleezin' the sale thereof in Apothecaries' shops along wi' ither droogs—to be selt in thummlefu's, per permit. After an experiment o' a few years' trial, the gentry will be able to judge, not only hoo they like the law, but hoo its operation agrees wi' their health. They will then be able, wi' a gude grace, to ca' the attention o' the lower orders to the temperance o' the higher—and as the example o' our superiors is powerfu', sobriety will be seen descendin' by degrees through all grawds till it reaches even the tinklers—and then the ack may be extended to speerits frae sugar and grain, withoot ony national convulsion, but a slicht sneeze.

NORTH.

I grieve to think that the lower orders should be so addicted to this most pernicious vice. But like all other evil habits, it can be prevented or cured but by moral influences—and, in my opinion, to expect to see that done by Act of Parliament, betrays a lamentable ignorance of human nature.

SHEPHERD.

Waur than that—cruel injustice in them who seek to hae recourse to sic measures. They will not suffer ony interference in their ain vices—or rather they ken that mony o' them in which they shamelessly indulge, are o' a kind that nae law can weel tak haud o'—and while they enjoy their ain luxuries without stint, their ain vices and their sins, they froom on the far mair excusable frailties o' the poor, exaggerate them oot o' a measure, and to prevent excesses which all good men must deplore, would, without compunction, cut awa' comforts frae that condition, which, rather than curtail, a good man would put baith hauns into the fire.

NORTH.

Luxury hardens the heart.

SHEPHERD.

Makes it fat or fosey—fu' o' creesh or wund.

NORTH.

How did the Drunken committee vote on the Malt Tax?

SHEPHERD.

I really canna say. But I fear thae beer-houses are bad places; and I'm sure that folk are no like to mak themsells fou on hame-brewed yill—for the speerit o' domestic comfort's a sober speerit, though a gladsome—and the master o' the mawte, at his ain fireside, has every reason to preserve moderation at the cheerful, hamely meal, enlivened by the liquor flowing frae the produce o' his ain farm. But the incidence o' taxation's a kittle problem—and, I confess, no for a shepherd to solve. Only this is sure, that taxation is a burden that a' ought to bear alike, accordin' to the strength o' their shouthers; sae that your political economists maun begin wi' ascertaining the strength o' folk's shouthers, or they will alloo thoosans and tens o' thoosans to walk wi' their backs straught and no an ounce on the nape o' their necks, while they oppress as mony mair beneath a hunder wecht, that lang ere the close o' this life's darg bows their foreheads to the dust.

NORTH.

James, a little while ago you delivered one of the longest sentences of perfect grammatical construction I remember since the days of Jeremy Taylor.

SHEPHERD.

Was't grammatical? That's curious, for I never learned grammar.

NORTH.

One seldom hears a speaker get out of a long sentence till after the most fearful floundering—

SHEPHERD.

Perhaps 'cause he has learned what grammar is, without haein' acquired

the power o' observin't; whereas the like o' me wha kens naething about it, instinctively steers clear o' a' difficulties, and comes out at the end, bauldly shakin' his head, like a stag frae a wood, hungry for the mountains.

NORTH.

James, the days are fast shortening—alas! alas!

SHEPHERD.

Let them shorten. The nights 'll be sae muckle the langer—and “mortal man, who liveth here by toil,” hae mair time for wauken as weel as for sleepin' rest. Wunter, wild as he sometimes is, is a gracious Season—and in the Forest I hae kent him amaisht as gentle as the Spring. Indeed, he seems to me to be gettin' safter and safter in his temper ilka year. Frost is his favourite son—and I devoutly howp there 'll never be ony serious quarrel atween them twa; for Wunter never looks sae cheery as when you see him gaun linkin' haun in haun wi' fine black Frost. Snaw is Frost's sister, and she's a bonnie white-skinned lassie, wi' character without speck or stain. She came to see us last Christmas, but staid only about a week, and we thoct her lookin' rather thin; but the mornin' afore she left us, I happened to see her on the hill at sunrise—and oh! what a briest!

NORTH.

Like that of the sea-mew or the swan.

SHEPHERD.

Richt. For o' a' the birds that sail the air, thae twa are surely the maist purely beautifu'. Then they come and they gae just like the snaw. You see the mew fauldin' her wings on the meadow as if she were gaun to be for lang our inland guest—you see the swan floatin' on the loch as if she had cast anchor for the Wunter there—you see the snaw settled on the hill as if she never would forsake the sun who looks on her with safterned licht—but niest mornin' you daunner out to the brae—and mew, swan, and snaw, are a' gane—melted into air—or flown awa to the sea.

NORTH.

These images touch my heart. Yet how happens it that my own imagination does not supply them, and that you, my dear Shepherd, have to bring them before the old man's eyes?

SHEPHERD.

Because I hae genie.

NORTH.

And I, alas! have none.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna look sae like as if you was gaun to fa' a greetin'—for I only answered simply a simple question—and was far frae meanin' to deny that you had the gift.

NORTH.

But I canna write a sang, Jamie—I canna write a sang!

SHEPHERD.

Nor sing aue verra weel either, sir; for, be the tune what it may, ye chant them a' to Stroudwater, and I never hear you without thinkin' that you wou'd hae made—a monotonous aue to be sure, but a pathetic precentor. O but hoo touchingly wou'd ye hae gien out the line!

NORTH.

Allan Cunningham, and William Motherwell, and you, my dear James, have caught the true spirit of the old traditionary strain—and, seek the wide world, where will there be found such a lyrical lark as he whom, not in vain, you three have aspired to emulate—sweet Robby Burns?

SHEPHERD.

That's richt, sir. I was wrang in ever hintin' ae word in disparagement o' Burns' Cotter's Saturday Night. But the truth is, you see, that the soobject's sae heaped up wi' happiness, and sae charged wi' a' sorts o' sanctity—sae national and sae Scottish—that beautifu' as the poem is—and really, after a', naething can be mair beautifu'—there's nae satisfyin' either peasant or shepherd by ony delineation o't, tho' drawn in lines o' licht, and shinin' equally wi' genius and wi' piety. That's it. Noo, this is Saturday night at Tibbie's—and, though we've been gae funny, there has been nae-

thing desecratin' in our fun, and we'll be a' attendin' divine service the morn—me in Yarrow, and you, Mr North, and Mr Tickler, and the lave o' you, in Ettrick kirk.

NORTH.

And, James, we can nowhere else hear Christianity preached in a more fervent and truthful spirit.

SHEPHERD.

Naewhere.—Do you see, sir, that splendid and magnificent assemblage o' towers and temples far ben in the heart o' that fire o' peat and wood? See! see! how they sink and settle doon in the flames! I prophesy the destruction o' baith Houses o' Parliament. O spare, thou devourin' element! O, spare, I beseech thee, that ancient Ha'; spare, oh, spare, that ancient Abbey, where the banes o' the mighty dead repose—nor lick up wi' ony ane o' thy thousan forked tongues the holy dust on their tombs!

NORTH.

Thou seer!

SHEPHERD.

Noo, mind my words. I dinna say that they're burnin' at this very minute—for that spectacle may either be shadowin' forth the past or the future—but I say that they are either burning, or hae been burned, or will be burned within a week's time, and

“That the blackness of ashes shall mark where they stood.”

The Lords' House and the Commons' House—but that the fire shall spare the auld Ha', and the auld Abbey—for look! look! how they stand unscathed, while all about them smoulders! And see na you, sir, that globe o' safter licht hangin' owre them, as if it were the image o' the moon, happy to see them safe frae her watchtower in the sky?

NORTH.

Where? where?

SHEPHERD.

A's gane. Tickler has seen naething o' this presignrin' revelation. That comes o' fa'n' asleep.

NORTH.

I shall awake him—*(vainly shaking Timothy.)*

SHEPHERD.

Whattt?

Let him sleep.

SHEPHERD.

‘Oh! sir! but yon was a delichtfu' meeting at New-Inn, Tushielaw. His Lordship'll no be sorry to hear o't in Cheena—or as Bourhope weel ca'd it out o' the poet, “far Cathay;” for the account, when it reaches him, will shaw that “though absent lang and distant far,” he and his fair gude leddy, and their beautifu' family, are no forgotten in the Forest, but that a' hearts will keep beatin' warmly towards them till their happy return. Saw ye ever, sir, a mair enthusiastic pairty? It was a tribut—and nae humble ane either—to vertue; and the anniversary o' Lord Napier's berth-day will be commemorated in the Forest, wi' unceasin' kindness, ilka year till some bonnie ship, sailin' through the sunshine, or flingin' aff the storms frae her sails, brings them a' back again to Ettrick, and in a few weeks we forget that they ever were awa'. Here's their health wi' a' the honours.

NORTH.

The Master of Napier, and his brother in Germany—

SHEPHERD.

A'—a'—a'—God bless them!—the pawrent birds—and the weel-feathered young anes—o' baith sexes—wha hae flown in howp and beauty frae their silvan hill-nest.

(Shepherd's Toast is drunk with all the honours.)

TICKLER *(starting up.)*

Hurra, hurra, hurra!—hip, hip, hip—hurra, hurra, hurra! hurra! hurra!

SHEPHERD.

Gie's your haun, sir, Mr Tickler—sense and feelin' are wi' you in your verra sleep.

Enter CAMPBELL to tell the Gigs are at the door.

NORTH (*sub dio*.)

"How beautiful is night!"

SHEPHERD.

That's Southey. In fowre words, the spirit o' the skies.

NORTH.

Not one star.

SHEPHERD.

Put on your specs, and you'll see hunders. But they are saft and dim—though there is nae mist—only a kind o' holy haze—and their lustre is abated by the dews. I thocht it had been frost; but there's nae frost—or they would be shinin' clearly in thousands—

NORTH.

Like angel eyes.

SHEPHERD.

A common comparison—yet no the waur for that—for a' humanity feels, that on a bricht starry night, heaven keeps watch and ward over earth, and that the blue lift is instinct wi' love.

NORTH.

Where's the moon?

SHEPHERD.

Lookin' at her a' the time wi' a gratefu' face, that smiles in her licht! as if you were gaun to sing a sang in her praise, or to say a prayer.

NORTH.

No halo.

SHEPHERD.

The white Lily o' the sky.

NORTH.

No rain to-morrow, Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

No a drap. 'Twull be a real Sabbath-day. Ye see the starnies noo—dinna ye, sir? Some seemin' no farrer awa nor the moon—and some far ahint and ayont her, but still in the same region wi' the planet—ithers re-tiring and retired in infinitude—and sma' as they seem, a' suns! Awfu' but sweet to think on the great works o' God!—But the horses 'll be catchin' cauld—and a' that they ken is, that it's a clear night. Lads, tak care o' the dowgs, that they dinna break the couples, and worry sheep. You'll be at the Castle afore Mr North—for it's no abune five mile by the cut across the hills—and no a furlong short o' fourteen by the wheel-rod. —(*They ascend their Gigs.*)—For Heaven's sake, sir, tak tent o' the Nor-ways! Haco's rearin', and Harold's funkin'—sic deevils!

TICKLER.

Whew! Whew! Whew! *D. I. O.* North! *Do—Da—Do—Tibi Gra-tias!* Farewell—thou Bower of Peace!

THE WATER DRINKER IN THE PYRENEES.

No apology can be required in these days for touring. Every body travels. The ancient glories of those adventurous few who, fifty years ago, hazarded their persons beyond the Straits of Dover, now go for nothing. The age of travel is the true name for our time—the March of Intellect may be a misnomer, but the flying of stage-coaches, and the emigration of half a people as soon as the first summer sun begins to peer its way through the fogs and frosts of a London year, give it a title which none can dispute. This is the “touring generation,” *par excellence*, and the man who toureth not is evidently below the level of his age.

But I must say a few preliminary words, as giving the story of my actual stimulant to the exertion of a march of so laborious, yet so ignoble a kind, as a walk up the side of the Pyrenees. Happening to be in Paris during the *fête* of the “*Trois Jours*” in 1832, and tired, beyond all description, of the sound of drums, trumpets, and squibs, I took refuge one day from a long procession of ragged Republicanism, in one of the cafés of the Rue Vivienne. There I found myself in the midst of a group of my countrymen, who were discussing some of the *côtellettes* and champagne of the house, and who were, of course, the last human beings whom I had expected to meet. They had a vast deal to wonder at on their side; for I had been six months in Paris, and in half the time the greater part of them had been in every part of the habitable globe. I was assailed by anecdotes from St Petersburg, Grand Cairo, Ispahan, and Constantinople. Absurd as it is to feel shame of any kind in Paris, I must acknowledge a sort of shame at the moment, in having no better recollections to fall back upon than the road between Boulogne and Paris, and a fortnight’s ramble up the Rhine half-a-dozen years ago. In the course of our sitting, the grand question was, “where a man could go next”—the object being, to go where he might glean a single laurel in the way of novelty. The matter was argued over until our wine was

out; and the meeting broke up with a full understanding, that from Dan to Beersheba, all was barren—that every highway of Europe, Asia, and Africa, had been already trampled into dust by the English, and that to find a new route, should be placed in the same list with the search for a new pleasure. But fortune favours many a man with hints which he would never have found in his genius. As I was leaving the café, an explosion of fireworks, which burst up in the middle of the street with the violence of a volcano, sent me to my hotel with a determination to look for quieter quarters than the “City of Freedom,” let them be where they might. A quaint description of the baths in the south, printed a hundred years ago, which I found in a closet in my chamber, set my imagination at work; and by the next dawn, I awakened with a determination to travel to the land of the Provençals.

Ordinary tourists go by the diligence, but I resolved not to be an ordinary tourist. I purchased a pair of Norman horses, for which the hotel keeper vaunted his reputation as the most capital pair of roadsters in the kingdom; and, mounting my *garçon* on one, and myself on the other, we rode forth from the Boulevard, like the Knight of La Mancha and his squire, to take the world as it came.

The first sensation, at least to an Englishman, on leaving a huge, bustling, brawling, dusty metropolis, is always delightful. As I breathed the fresh air, inhaled the scents of the fields and gardens, and, above all, escaped the eternal gabble of the Parisian populace, I felt new life within me. My horse seemed to sympathize with his master, and snuffing up the breeze, and neighing, and curveting on the *paré*, he cantered along at a pace which might have cut a figure even on an English high-road. But we had not yet quite got rid of the capital. A couple of leagues from the gates, a cloud of dust announced that something remarkable was at hand; and shortly after, a long vision of helmets,

laced coats, and swords sparkling in the sun, came sweeping down a hill in front. It was a strong corps of cavalry marching to Paris, to keep the popular transports within proper bounds—a precaution by no means to be disregarded, even in “the most polished city of the world.” If dust were glory, this regiment had its full share of honours—it was begrimed beyond all gravity. The French countenance is so prodigiously close on the baboon, that a slight touch of the pencil makes it one and the same. The pencil here had been applied in the largest way. Every face was mezzotinted with lines of heat and dust. The huge mustaches and whiskers added to the likeness; and, as they moved along, chattering and grinning in the national style, they might have passed for the *garde du corps* of the King of the Ourang-Outangs.

As I took the journey at my ease, it was not until the next evening that I came within view of Orleans. All cities look picturesque in evening, and the sunset covered the roofs and spires of this fine old city with sheets of crimson. But I am quite of the opinion of the author of the Critic, that descriptions of sunsets cannot be got rid of too expeditiously, and shall say no more than that by the last light of the sun, I arrived at the suburbs, which, in all French towns, creep as close as possible to the city ditch—found the twilight blackened into midnight among the tall houses and narrow footways of the streets, and was rejoiced to escape the natural hazards of losing my way, and being tumbled into the Loire, or breaking my neck down some open wine-cellar, by seeing the glare of lamps which blazed in front of the inn.

I was rather unlucky in the time of my arrival. There were at once some kind of fair in the city, a squadron of cuirassiers in the stables, whose officers were lodged in the house, and a marriage-party. This marriage was curious, and characteristic enough. The bride was somewhat distinguished for personal charms. She was rich, yet she had remained single till five-and-twenty—a terrible period for a French belle matrimonially inclined, and this de-

lay had been aggravated by the circumstance that she had been continually surrounded by troops of admirers. From her prominent position in the world, the front of her father's bar—a rich innkeeper in one of the neighbouring towns—no passer-by could be ignorant of her attractions, and many a glance, and many a speech had told her that her “single blessedness” was distraction to mankind.

The captains of the *demi-solde*, now a numerous body in France, laid siege with the vigour of veterans, who longed for a comfortable retirement from the turmoils of the world. The *garçons de bureau*, the most exquisite coxcombs, or the most coxcomb exquisites, in France, brought down their newest speeches and waistcoats from Paris, on their way to the south, and angled for her with these glittering baits, *en passant*. As for the young Orleannois, they had all sighed, and sighed in vain. The secret of all this cruelty was not in the fastidiousness of the lady herself; for none could complain more loudly of the hard necessity of making so many fine young men miserable for life. The stony heart was in her father's bosom. He had been born and bred the keeper of an inn, and such he was determined should be his son-in-law. But, next to his own will in this instance, he loved his daughter, and the grand difficulty was, how to reconcile his trading predilections with the personal tastes of mademoiselle. After having swept the wide circle of his own experience, and failing in the search, he had actually advertised for a husband. The advertisement was eagerly answered from all corners of France; for, however equivocal a parent's panegyric of his daughter's charms might be considered, there could be no room for any error in the fact, that she was to be worth 100,000 francs on the day of marriage, and as much more on her father's decease. A dozen or two of stirring young fellows, who thought themselves made for captivity, as indeed every Frenchman does and will do, to the end of time, came forward as innkeepers; but the parental investigation was too keen for those extemporaneous sons

of hospitality. Their hotels were found to be in the air; *Châteaux en Espagne*, and they were summarily dismissed. The lady exhibited the most meritorious indifference on the occasion. But romance has a share in every thing on French ground. Under all this frost there was fire. The difficulty was, to find an innkeeper at once to her taste and her father's, for he would not have given her to a marshal of France, unless he wore an apron and stood at a bar. At length the true Simon Pure appeared. A showy figure, with the true Gascon *patois*, grimace, and gaiety, strung upon him. Now let me not be conceived a willing libeller of the *beau sexe*, when I say that the daughter took a dislike to this very likeable personage in the exact proportion of the father's liking. The Gascon produced his credentials—they were every thing that was satisfactory—he knew every inn from the Loire to the Rhone, and abounded with pleasantries of them all. At length some malignants, who, of course, had been among the rejected suitors, began to spread the report that the man of anecdote was an *aventurier*. This he denied, declaring that it was a mere *ruse* to extinguish his hopes, and offered to fight the whole population of Orleans, the day *after* he should become a husband. The innkeeper was of course the more obstinate the more his wisdom was doubted by his neighbours, and his taste disputed by his daughter. Yet, in the mean time, he actually sent off a confidential friend to make enquiries on the spot where the Gascon had described his trade as flourishing. Just one week before my arrival, a despatch had reached him from the quarter in question, stating, that his friend had been seized with illness, but had sent him the fruit of his enquiries, all highly confirmatory of his opinions. The despatch was triumphantly read at the door of the hotel, and in the moment of reading, a stranger, who had mingled in the crowd, offered to bet 10,000 francs that the whole affair was a matter of moonshine, and that the fair lady of the inn and the Gascon would never be married. All this sounds like the plot of a farce, but what else is life

in France? The innkeeper, sure of his facts, took the bet at once, and offered to double it; which, however, the stranger declined. The bet had been scarcely made, when the friend came galloping up, to declare that he had been on the spot where the Gascon had *located* his establishment, and that it was no where to be found unless in the bottom of the Garonne, which flowed over the exact spot described. A Frenchman's indignation is always prodigious, and the father's wrath was of the most amusing order. But the stranger returned, and demanded the payment of his wager. Between vexation at his own credulity, and at the loss of his money, the old man played innumerable antics, but the money side of the question prevailed, and rather than pay the 10,000 francs, he consented to the marriage. The Gascon was sent for; he appeared; was boiling over with wrath at the whole transaction, declared himself so ill used by the general suspicion, that nothing could induce him to ally himself with a father who could treat him so ungenerously, and finally challenged the bearer of the intelligence to mortal combat. At length, to avoid the *eclat* of the affair, he was pacified by the promise of 5000 francs, in addition to the former dowry.

But now another impediment arose. The intended bride was missing; she had fled, leaving a letter on her pillow, declaring that she had retired from the persecutions of lovers and fathers, to a neighbouring convent, where she was determined to take the veil. Confusion on confusion. After another negotiation with the stranger, in which he refused to lower his wager a single sou, the half-frantic innkeeper offered his fugitive daughter 5000 francs more to return, forget her antipathies to mankind, and marry the Gascon, however she might hate him in particular. The lady at last gave way, as she declared, merely for the sake of the parental peace of mind. She now returned, gave her hand to the Gascon, who was discovered to be her favoured lover half-a-dozen years before, a gallant subaltern in some of the French marine corps, and betrothed to her privately before he

had left France. The old innkeeper's resolve to give his daughter only in the line of his own vocation, was the grand impediment. The mission of the friend to ascertain the point was known, and the wager was laid by a brother subaltern, in anticipation of his return. The better, of course, disappeared. The two lovers obtained their additional dower, squeezed out of the purse of the old man, who was rich enough to give double the money; and, if I were to judge from the festivity of the evening, all parties were in a state of rapture at the *dénoûment*. They kept the whole building in an uproar till long after midnight, dancing, drinking, and singing choruses to the honour and glory of *La belle France*.

I slept but little. My host had crammed me into a *grenier*, which having been once used as a store-room for the family provisions, was now haunted by rats, who lived on the remembrance, or came, like the ghosts of old times, to wander round the spot where what they so long loved had lain. The night was a perpetual succession of noises, to all of which the habitual architecture of France gave full play. Every door, every floor, and every window, was but variety of clink; and I could not merely hear every sound from every corner of the huge hotel, but almost see every movement. Candles glanced their twinklings across my rafters from the rooms below, and as my chamber was a mere loft, running over a long gallery and its annexed apartments, I had the benefit of the whole illumination. If I had taken the trouble, I might have had a bird's eye view of all the proceedings of the feast, military and civil, below. But just as I was falling asleep, and the songs and shouts were mingling into a drowsy murmur on my ears, the cuirassiers began to stir. The trumpet sounded in the stables, thenceforth all was trampling, scrambling, and *sacring*. Then heavy boots began to pace along the gallery, then the waiters began their morning practise of *rat-tuning* the dust out of their clothes, which French economy considers a much more saving plan than brushing them, the whole making a strong

resemblance to a distant musketry fire. I gave up the attempt to struggle with this general conspiracy against human quiet, and added my share to the disturbance, by ordering my cavalry to be saddled, and setting myself *en route* over the large pavement of the court-yard.

The season was fine, and the morning fields "breathed wooingly." Of all the modes of exercise, Pedestrianism is the best for exercise. Riding on horseback is the best for animation. The diligence is but a hearse, rendered more uncomfortable by the crowd of talkers. The centre of France, notwithstanding the national opinion on the subject, is one of the most unpicturesque table lands of Europe; but the country, for several hours' ride from Orleans, was full of produce. There were even some country-seats not unlike those of England, but they evidently belonged to the *bourgeoisie* of the town, and gradually thinned as we went forward. The face of the land now degenerated, and a succession of dry, lifeless, and grim mud-built villages, were all that diversified the road. But a hard trot does wonders. If I had been buried in the cushions of an English travelling-carriage, I should have been sick; if I had been jolted about in the rough inside of a diligence, I should have been probably in a fever; but on my stout Norman roadster, I was as happy as the day was long. I rose early, enjoyed the first delicious cool of the morning, threw myself off my horse at the first decent inn I came to, breakfasted on whatever I could get, with an appetite that made every thing delightful; trotted on till noon; then turned into some inn, where I ordered a cutlet and a bottle of *vindu pays*; flung myself on a sofa, and slept for two or three hours, as the case might be; rose like a giant refreshed, and with a feeling of freshness and vigour, which would be worth their rent-roll to half the House of Lords, and is actually one of the most delightful sensations in existence, set out again in the *turn* of the day, the most exquisite of all hours, with the sun broadening as he comes to the horizon, the hill-tops touched with purple, the rivers beginning to show their little floating lines of haze, the

meadows recovering from the heat, and giving up their renewed perfume; the cattle lying in the fields with their eyes turned to the western sky, like connoisseurs; the peasants beginning to laugh and sing as their work is drawing to a close; the sounds of the village children at their play, filling up the general chorus with something not unlike harmony; the steeples of the churches shooting up "golden fire," like flames from some enormous altar, and, above all, in every sense of the word, the skies, "in all their amber liveries dight"—the true Claude Lorraine hour, which for fancy, and perhaps for feeling, is worth the whole twenty-three besides. The finale of the day is a gallop through the twilight to reach the inn before the last glimpse of sun goes out, a matter rather *personal* in a lonely French road, where a very miscellaneous population is often to be found—those "who tell fortunes, and knock down," as the novelist has it; disbanded soldiers, travelling tinkers, and fugitive patriots from all quarters of the continent, the most inconvenient fellow-pilgrims of them all. A supper, no matter upon what, finishes the wants of the day; hunger turns even the rough cookery of the French hostel into luxury, and after a meal which, for real indulgence, Sardanapalus might have envied, I plunge myself into a bed which, whether straw, hair, eider-down, or bean-stalks, is all the same to me; for in half a minute I am in a sleep, such as all the roses and poppies, all the "syrops and medicinal gums" of earth, never administered to the epicure. Then comes morning again: I wake as if I had closed my eyes but the minute before. My sleep has annihilated night, and all the consciousness that I have of that "ugly and foul-gaited witch" is, that I lay down by lamplight full of the good things of this world, and awoke by sunlight full of health, spirits, and strength, and ready for a ride of the circumference of the globe.

If the noble persons who lay up a stock of disease during the London winter, and set out to cover Europe with their complaints and their guineas for the rest of the year, would adopt my example, they would find it worth all the nostrums in their me-

dicine chests. On the road, within a few miles of Argenton, I overtook a sufferer of this description, a noble marquis, lying at his length in a carriage wadded and cushioned with silk and wool, enough to have given a liver complaint. The carriage had just drawn up at the door of an inn to change horses, otherwise my poor Norman would have made but a bad figure in the race which every noble invalid exhibits on the continental highways, as if running from care, which, according to Horace, is not to be distanced by post-horses; or running to Death, which is likely enough to come to him, and save his post-horses the trouble. As I gave a passing glance, I pitied the unlucky fellow within;—there lay the owner of fifty, or perhaps a hundred thousand a-year, gasping with fat, tortured with gout, groaning for an appetite, and smothered in flannel. The thermometer was at ninety in the shade of the huge vine that covered the house like an umbrella; not a breath was stirring, the sky was as blue as a roof of sanguined steel; every thing round me was throwing up haze, as if from a universal roast,—yet there lay my lord marquis, not daring to dispense with a single fold of his flannels, nor with what I should have considered the severer plague, the doctor at his side, a long, lank, atrabilious-looking son of medicine, whom the exigencies of the sick epicure made indispensable to every hour of the twenty-four. To be eternally accompanied with such a visible representative of the King of Terrors, would have constituted a disease in itself. Save me from a travelling physician.

I left the panting marquis with a glass of claret in one hand, and a bottle of salvolatile in the other; while the yellow-visaged doctor was looking on to inspect the operation of both. The horses were now put to, and while I dismounted to enjoy the cool shade, a bottle of *vin du pays*, worth all the tokay in Europe for the time, a roll on the hard couch of the little inn parlour, and a sleep oblivious of every care of earth, I saw his lordship wheeled away in a cloud of dust, to broil under a blaze of sunshine, that might have burned out the courage of a

Cyclop, and all this in the midst of a whole magazine of greatcoats, furs, and stuffings. Away went Cæsus to fatten the Neapolitan valets, charlatans, and undertakers.

From my desultory route, I saw a vast deal of the interior, which, to the diligence traveller, is a sealed book. The post-chaise traveller, of course, as seldom opens his eyes as he can, and when he arrives at the end of his stage for the day, thanks Heaven, like the yawner in the Castle of Indolence, that "one day more is done." The truth is, that nothing can be more proverbially tiresome than a Continental high-road. The infinite length to which it stretches in a straight line, and its utter absence of all stirring objects, living or dead, tire the eye; the stops in the journey consisting only of the *façades* of villages that would dishonour a group of wigwams by the comparison; no groves, no gardens, no farm houses, no showy equipages flitting along from one fine mansion to another—no fine mansions, no village steeples peeping up from their "embosoming oaks," no noble cathedrals rising up from the bosom of the towns, like a mighty mother with her children clustering in circles round her;—in short, no England. But this belongs only to the high-road, by a certain degree of malice always leading through the most desolate part of the country. But by giving the bridle a shake to the right or the left, pretty spots are sometimes lighted on, which reconcile us to the landscape. Here and there a willowed stream, gliding through a plantation of all kinds of esculents, or by a cottage overgrown with shrubs and flowers, or a little wild village, of which nature has taken it on herself to be the sole decorator, and has succeeded accordingly, to the shame of the whole *Ferme ornée* family, of all intrusions on taste the most preposterous. Here, too, the principal part of her population, which so unaccountably escapes the eye in the neighbourhood of the *Grande Chaussée*, is to be found; troops of girls gleanng, or grape gathering, or carrying home the sheaves on their backs, in all their frightful varieties of head gear, yet all laughing, chattering, making their *salams* to the

stranger, and noisy as "a wilderness of monkies." The labourers in the field and out of the field, in the shop and in the market, I uniformly found were the women, and they were the laughers too. The French male peasant was at all times an indolent fellow at work, though brisk enough at play. He has now turned politician, and has thus added to his sullenness of nature, the sullenness of faction. Nothing can be a greater contrast than that between the sexes. The most trivial attempt at a jest, a civility, or a *douceur*, was invariably received with good-humour by the fair. But conversation with the clown was a delicate matter. Waterloo has not yet passed out of his memory, though nothing else may have come into it; and the old identity of stranger and enemy has unluckily revived in the breast of the tillers of the soil. This, however, will pass away, like all other things. The happy generation who have retired to take up the trade of farming in the provinces, with their swords most unwillingly beaten into ploughshares, will mingle with the dust in time. The sourness of the unlucky campaigns of the Napoleonites will be sweetened by the affluence which is rapidly covering the thirsty plains of France, and if we should ever succeed in teaching them the spirit of honest alliance, the touch of English commerce will make them feel that it is better to have any thing to do with England, than fight her.

The *Limousin*, through which I now rode, is a fine province, covered with produce of every kind, from corn down to crab apples, the last by no means a despicable resource for a peasantry who can turn them into cyder, and what is still more to the credit of their fortitude, can drink it. But a man does not travel thus for nothing. Sterne says, that sentiment always lies ready for the sentimental traveller; and the adventurer, on the same principle, is entitled to all the marvels of the province. On arriving in one of the villages, a few leagues from Limoges, I found the population all awake and in the streets, though the hour was ten at night, and the French peasantry are early sleepers. On enquiring the cause, I was inundated with wonders worthy of an excur-

sion into Castraria; a whole host of lions, tigers, and leopards, were in full march to eat all the villagers alive. There was wailing and weeping enough in the little streets to have announced the onslaught of an army of Tartars. Not fully satisfied of the security of my own position, or that of my servant and horses, I applied myself to ascertain the truth amid the picturesque. But in the centre of circles clamouring, crying, and obtesting earth and skies in all the tones of terror, what could be learned? -I went into the inn, ordered my supper, if it were to be my last; and, previously to being devoured by the lions and tigers, laboured to extract something in the shape of probability from the bulky innkeeper, whose solid flesh seemed very likely "to thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew," at the prospect of being a victim, conscious, too, that he would be a luxurious one. To seize on a fact is always a difficult thing with the peasantry, and I found the difficulty by no means diminished by the fears of the plump landlord. However, it came to this, that a caravan of wild beasts, travelling through the Department, and which had exhibited with great éclat at Limoges within the week, had, by some unlucky accident, been overturned in a ditch, on the edge of the forest. The hinges of the travelling menagerie gave way—for when did a hinge ever do any thing else on the Continent—the animals took advantage of the open door, and darted away into the forest, to the great rejoicing of the drivers and people about the caravan, who had expected to be among the first offerings to their appetites in the day of freedom.

The forest, of course, became an exclusive place from that moment, tabooed to all unlicensed tread, and deserted by all the bramble cutters, ramblers, and lovers of the vicinity. The gendarmerie had been speedily made acquainted with the circumstance, but as their researches were limited professionally to the high-road, and the bars of the inns, nothing resulted from this measure. The *Gardes de la Chasse*, great nuisances to man in every province of the land, were found perfectly harmless to wild-beasts; for after three

or four days of nominal search, they came back, as wise as they went. Even the powers of M. Le Prefet were at fault; and the lions and leopards were left to settle matters in their own way. But this way had become serious. At first a single sheep or goat had disappeared, but now sheep, goats, ducks, geese, every thing that could be eaten, began to disappear by threes and fours a-night, and the farmers and housewives alike were threatened with utter destitution. Another week of this havoc would have stripped fold and poultry-yard to the last fleece and feather. On the very day of my arrival, the consternation had been raised to its height by the sudden disappearance of the principal farmer's daughter, a village belle, who, walking in her garden in the twilight, had been heard to utter a loud scream, and from that moment was seen no more. The father was running about distracted, and his three sons, stout young fellows, were furbishing their old fowling-pieces to set out on a desperate expedition for the recovery of the remains of their sister. What a chorus of sighs, and prayers, what embracings and kissings on both cheeks, precluded their march. They looked sullen, as the peasant always does; but they seemed determined, and took their leave of the wondering and deploring circle with the air of three heroes of the stage;—all France is one great melo-drame. The remainder of the peasants formed a *cordon*, and kept guard, evidently in the most imminent expectation of being invaded from the forest before daylight. I lingered among them for a while, listening to their Arabian Nights' histories of the public danger. But sleep, which, Alexander the Great said, was the only thing, except love, which reminded him of being mortal, began to remind me that I had rode nearly fifty miles since dawn, and that I was not less mortal than other men. I left the peasantry to their bivouac, and went to my little chamber. But I was soon forced, nevertheless, to take my share in the general perturbation. It was about two in the morning, and still dark, when I was roused by a tremendous barking of dogs, neighing of horses, yelling of horns, and outcries of men,

women, and children. I jumped up, and undoubtedly there was some cause for alarm, if I were to credit the rumours that met me from the whole family gathered outside my door. The invasion had actually commenced, by an attack on the cattle-house in the yard immediately below me. I had a case of London pistols, which had caught the landlord's eye, and as those were in themselves a pledge of prowess, and as I was an Englishman besides, a name which, with all the prejudices of foreigners, goes for something in the way of resource and intrepidity, I found myself the elected champion of the household. The men offered to fight, if I would lead, and the women, crowding round me in their shawls and their short petticoats, were irresistible. I accordingly sallied forth to play the reluctant warrior. The night was chill for the season, and I shivered a little at the first plunge into the air, surcharged with dew; luckily this was not seen, and my renown escaped criticism. But the *frisolement* went off in a few minutes, and I gallantly took the command. We first sent in a couple of the innkeeper's mastiffs to reconnoitre; but this manœuvre was unsuccessful. The dogs went in unwillingly, and soon came out again, evidently intimidated, and one of them with a torn ear. May not dogs imbibe nationality? The way in which this fellow made the most of his scratch, looked so like what I had seen among his betters, that I actually burst out into laughter. His first appeal was to the women; he howled, tumbled himself at their feet, rubbed his wound with his paws, and then went deliberately round the whole group to receive the pat of one, the embrace of another, the tears of a third, and the praises of all. When this tribute was paid, and he could gain no more, he shrunk behind the heels of the men, and seemed satisfied with having accomplished his part for the night.

We had now sufficient proof that some hazardous intruder had got among the cattle, which, indeed, continued to bound and bellow desperately; but whether the intruder were lion or leopard, or how many of either might be laying waste the

farmer's stock, were questions that perplexed us considerably. At length I ordered lanthorns to be brought, and proposed to go into the stable, and report my discovery. This, however, raised a new clamour among the good-natured Frenchwomen, who insisted that the "gentleman" should not thus go to certain death, a clamour which, to do them justice, was seconded by the men. I finally compromised the dispute, by directing the landlord's sons, two fine lads, to take their stations with their lanthorns and fowling-pieces at different points of exit, while I explored the interior at the safe distance of a window some feet from the ground. All now waited in strong expectancy. I posted my seconds, leaving a strong rear-guard in the court ready to take advantage of circumstances. I mounted the casement, and looked in; but the casement was like the hinges of the caravan, crazy to the last nail. My weight, as I peered forward, broke down its ancient joint, and I rolled in head foremost. Luckily I fell upon a heap of straw, and, as luckily, neither did my lanthorn go out, nor did my pistol go off. I heard the effects of my catastrophe in an uproar of groans and exclamations without. It was concluded that I was dragged down by one of the monsters, and that my bones were then in his jaws. In a moment after, a shot was fired, followed by a growl, and I saw an animal about the size of a small calf, bound from one of the stalls, and crouch just before me. The lanthorn lying on the ground showed me the savage, and I fired. It made another bound, and turning away with a roar, took refuge by the side of one of the bulls whose blood he had been drinking. I now opened the door, and announced the discomfiture of the enemy. All instantly rushed in, and the animal, which proved to be a chetah, or hunting tiger, was covered with a sack, and taken prisoner; it was dying, but still so furious, that it was found necessary to destroy it, which was done amid the shouts of the populace. It appeared that I had not the honour of giving the first wound—that was due to the son of the landlord, who had seen the glis-

tening of its eye by the lantern as I fell; but mine was the mortal wound. My ball had struck immediately below the eye, and lodged in the brain. We were both lauded to the skies. At daylight the keeper of the caravan returned; and assuaged the general alarm, by telling us that the chetah was the only tenant of the waggon that had escaped, and that all his stock of lions and tigers were safe. But one still more formidable source of anxiety remained. What had become of the village belle? Her brothers had searched the country, without finding a vestige of her. But there is a balm for all things, if we will but wait for it. While her whole relationship were in agony, a chaise was seen driving into the village with a huge white cockade hung over the horses' nose. The driver was the lover of the lady; the maiden herself was now a bride. She had been swept away to the altar, the night before, "nothing loath," in the midst of the general confusion; and in the midst of the general joy at her being still in the land of the living, all was forgiven and forgotten. The adventure was now completed. I was solicited to stay for the wedding feast in the afternoon, which I did; and to stay for a week, a month, or a year, all which offers I declined. I spent a day of as honest festivity as if I had spent it at a Cabinet dinner; and next morning took my leave, followed by a hundred prayers, and the tears from a troop of bright eyes, the tribute of my achievement, such as it was.

At length I touched on the land of romance; on the right the Bearnois, on the left Roussillon, and before me the Pyrenees, at the distance of thirty miles, forming a long and striking chain of pinnacles on the horizon. The day was cool for August, and I thought that I already felt the refreshing breezes of the mountains. The Garonne, which flowed along the plain in placid beauty, was more probably the refrigerator. The country was evidently improving as it approached the slope of the Pyrenees; the villages were more numerous, and more pastoral. I saw several large vineyards which were all in full cluster; and the cottages were frequently trellised with roses and woodbines.

The whole scene reminded me of some of the midland counties of England; and even the mountains were not yet of that overpowering height which precluded the similitude. It is to be remembered, that I was still nearly a day's journey from their bases. Bagneres was my point of direction, and I followed it on through a succession of obscure little towns, Monrejon, Lomozon, Tarbes, and Mont Voisin; the last well deserving its name. Its site is a ravine, which it almost requires a ladder to ascend or descend. Here, however, as I left the river, I began to feel to what I had been indebted for the coolness of the road. The heat on the rising grounds was intolerable. In my English impatience to reach Bagneres before nightfall, I had braved the sun at hours when he reigns in full dominion, and was scorched to the bone for my pains. The peasantry had all hidden themselves, and were lurking under the slopes of the hills, or in their cottages, where the greater part were probably taking their *siesta*, as tranquilly as so many Venetian *Nobilissimi*. The few whom I met were as brown as Indians, and were panting under the sunbeams which had so handsomely bronzed their visages. Still, with all my determination to make my way, I found Bagneres not coming nearer; and at every new enquiry, the distance seemed actually prolonged. It was first "three good hours off." After at least an hour's hard riding, the peasant of whom I asked the road, told me that it was at least four hours to the inn. The sun began to go down, and my impatience naturally increasing at the prospect of passing the night *sub dio*, in the land of wolves, and what was much more perilous, of wolf-hunters, I made a third enquiry. It was now "a little short of five hours." And yet the man was clearly not intending to perplex the unlucky stranger; for he entered into a defence of his calculation, going over it point by point, and fully satisfying, at least himself, that he was the most accurate of topographers. I rode on silent and sullen; and asking no more questions, in the fear that the next answer would make it six, and that, like the climber up a Dutch ice-hill, the more I struggled

onward, the farther I was sure to slip down.

At last, what I had so long apprehended began actually to take place; night thickened; in my eagerness to reach the town, I made a short cut. Let future travellers beware of the temptation. The short cut led me two leagues out of the right line, and when I might have been in my bed in the "*Grande Hôtel*," after feasting on ortolans, I was threading the meanderings of a forest path, dark as Erebus, with barriers of rock like the walls of a prison, before, behind, and round me; the dash of torrents in my ears, and, I must confess, serious misgivings in my heart that on this spot my neck was perfectly likely to be broken. To hope for extrication from this awkward dilemma before dawn, was beyond all reason. In vain I climbed every fragment of rock that I could scramble up on my hands and knees, to discover the twinkling of some cottage candle. All was gloom; every peasant was in bed at nightfall. I as vainly shouted, howled, and roared; I was answered by nothing but the echoes of the hills. My valet was useless on this occasion, as on all but where he found himself within the walls of some comfortable *café* or *hôtel bien garni*. He was made for an easy life; a Parisian Sybarite; and when I was angry, he was frightened. But I had soon an answerer, which I certainly had no desire to invoke. The wind returned me roar for roar; the clouds, which I had seen mustering along the west, and blazing like a bonfire in honour of the return of "bright Phœbus" after his day's journey, or, to take a higher flight, like the pile where the spirit of the dying day was winging upwards from the earth, were now rolling in huge black masses round the mountain tops, till they were undistinguishable from the solid pyramids of rock, or were distinguished only by the flashes of lightning which began to come and shoot through them in all directions, and, as I thought, were of the keenest and most malignant lustre that I had ever seen. I found that I was fairly caught; and a night of tempest must be borne as it might please the fortune that had determined on my drenching. The rain now came

down, not in showers, but in floods, as is usual in the South; and I had nothing for it but to plod my weary and very hazardous way through the midst of all the natural obstacles of a mountain country, covered with stunted forest, and intersected with runnels and rivulets, which five minutes of the rain that was now falling converted into raging and roaring torrents.

In this way I wandered on for a couple of hours, with the wet pouring from every part of my wardrobe, as if I had been wading through the ocean; my horse stumbling over trunks of trees, and starting at the flashes which blazed and crackled over my head among the forest tops, every one of which I expected to act as the conductor of the lightning on myself or my unlucky groom, whose teeth I heard chattering through all the storm. From time to time I stopped to listen, but in this there was but little comfort; for in baying, the dogs among those hills seem to have taken a lesson from their neighbours the wolves, and the resemblance is so close that at a slight distance I never could distinguish the one from the other. Two or three times I heard the long melancholy yell, between bark and howl, which the wolf gives when he is disturbed from his lair; and this night was enough to have roused every "thing of chase" in the Pyrenees. My horse disliked those yells prodigiously, and at each suddenly started, listened, and exhibited all the signs of instinctive terror. At length he refused to move a step further; and I must give myself credit for the wisdom of thinking that he had good reasons for so doing, though I could not discover them. I forbore to urge him on, and dismounting, tied him to a tree, under which I had at last made up my mind to wait until daylight.

But I was to have a taste of forest life in all its varieties. I had scarcely pitched upon a spot of comparative shelter for my very unwilling bivouac, when I heard a rustling in the thicket within a few yards of me. My horse snorted, reared, and struggled to get away. I grasped his bridle to hold him in, and while I was struggling with the terrified animal, I heard the yell by my side,

Nothing was visible, for independently of the darkness of the hour, the underwood was as thick as could be made by a matting of branches and brambles. My groom, who had followed my example in dismounting, now ran up to me, swearing that he was on the point of being devoured, for at least a dozen of wolves had darted by him through the wood. I had already heard a sufficient number of anecdotes on the subject, to give him credence, and I began seriously to ponder on the possibility of my being only a *bonne bouche* to the mountain monsters, a sort of *entremet* to the solid feast on my pair of horses. A short sharp howl was given just behind the tree where I stood; I still saw nothing, but I fired into the copse in the direction of the sound. From the effect, I wished my pistols at the moon; I had scarcely fired, when the whole wood seemed to be alive. All was a chorus of barking, and howling. I took it for granted that I had unluckily roused a whole troop of wolves, and that I had now only to abide the consequences. Still I was not eaten. I now heard shots at a distance, and began to conceive that I had awakened some of the shepherds, who are all hunters. Still there was the chance that the new comers might be poachers, or banditti, generally convertible thieves in this part of the world, and that I might have only the alternative of the wild beast or the robber. After a period of some suspense, the sound of a horn, and the sight of a lanthorn through the trees, told me that the question would be soon settled in one way or other, and with my remaining pistol cocked, I waited for the approach of the lanthorn-bearer. He was a ferocious looking fellow, with a rifle in his hand, a *couteau* at his girdle, and a visage, which, between his enormous whiskers, mire, and wrath, looked strongly tending to the villanous. He was proceeding at first to lay hands on me without any ceremony; but the sight of my pistol, which quickly caught his glance, doubtless taught him the wisdom of proceeding more deliberately, and stepping back a pace or two, and eyeing me with rather more respect, he demanded my business in the

king's forest at that time of night. Fortunately I was angry enough with his first insolence to answer him in a high tone, and demanded by what authority he dared to question me? Submissiveness, as I afterwards learned, might have actually produced the violence I expected; but my language and pistol together instantly moderated the fellow's temper: and telling me that he was one of the forest guards, he listened to my very brief account of the circumstances I stood in. In the meantime, three or four of his comrades came up with their dogs, whose beating through the wood I had mistaken for that of the wolves. I directed them to the spot where I had fired. A track of blood showed that my ball had taken effect. The dogs were set on again; and a few hundred yards off a huge wolf was found, with his leg broken, intrenched in a bed of brambles. The dogs rushed at him, but the wolf had been too wary in his choice of ground to be assailable with any hope of success in this way. One or two of the boldest hounds came back with bleeding noses; the rifle alone was competent to conclude the affair. The dogs were called off, and a volley fired among the brambles; a roar, a bound, and a long whine, gave sufficient proof that the *tirailade* had taken effect. One of the *gardes* now went in, found the savage dead, and dragged him out in triumph. This completely turned the tables for me; the triumph of the party was my triumph too. This little piece of success put them all in good-humour. I was instantly their *bon camarade*, *bien brave*, and so forth, and invited to their headquarters. I felt no unwillingness whatever to exchange my present position for any other that offered a shelter, and proceeded with them accordingly. Their "headquarters" I found a comfortable house, where, in a few minutes after our arrival, a blazing fire was kindled to dry our clothes, and, in a few minutes more, a capital supper was smoking on the table. The forest furnished game of all kinds, and the *gardes* certainly had not spared the king's venison that night. We had French and Spanish wines, both of the best order, several excellent songs to sweeten the feast, a great

deal of good-humour, rough but kindly, and, to close all, beds fragrant with mountain flowers, on the best of which, reserved for me in peculiar honour, I slept till long after the sun was driving his wheels high over the Pyrenees.

In the morning I found my eyes opening on Bagnères. My window commanded the whole valley in which the town lay. My journal here is brief. Fine prospect. Picturesque exterior. Interior like that of all French towns—narrow, dingy, wild, and dungeon-looking. *A frescati*, indispensable to the man and woman of France in every situation, where the one can play and the other can quadrille. A theatre worthy of the most theatre-loving people on earth, at least in the sense of loving the stage for its own sake, for nothing can be more squalid than its temple here. Streets unmodified since the Flood—projecting roofs, which reserve every drop of rain for the head of the unfortunate who passes over the *pavé*, and a population, eager, hungry, and watching the arrival of a traveller as crows watch a carcass; three months' fleecing of the stranger being the condition of their existence during the remaining nine months of the year. Baths throwing up vapour all day long, in which my countrymen stew themselves down from the London dimensions into pale, flabby, consumptive skeletons, memorandums of the sin of three courses, and fit only to be hung up in the museum of the Temperance Society as an eternal warning against claret and Johannesburg. The penalty of swallowing water, however, is a legitimate retort for the luxury of drinking wine in the *ad libitum* style of which the red noses and gouty feet of the penitents round me give such palpable evidence.

But the country surrounding this dreary place is charming. The land trends away into long valleys, covered with all kinds of fruits, trees, and herbage. Mountains of every shape and size meet the eye, perpetually giving some new aspect of light and colour as the sun moves round the clouds, to me always a fine constituent of the landscape, when in all their glory, from the neighbourhood of the hills, where like the eagles they

make their especial nests; and the powerful sunshine when the weather happens to be clear, dyes them in every hue of the rainbow. In the centre of the landscape the *Pic du Midi*, the Peak of the South, the *Mont Blanc* of this region, shoots its long shaft into the skies. It is a noble object, and if the Pyrenees were in the habit of producing heroes, might make a capital Pompey's pillar, or the monument of a much greater man—a Nelson's. It is I don't know how many thousand feet high. Its capital at the present moment is a huge grey and gold cloud. Mind the *Pic to-morrow*.

Travelling resolutions are always to be taken with a large allowance. On the morrow, a party of English, roving the world for wonders, came into Bagnères. The noise of their *calèches* brought out the idlers, who, excepting the waiters at the inns, form the whole population. We received them in front of the "Grand Hotel" with due honours, that is to say, in our dressing-gowns, white slippers, and straw hats. If they had not been accustomed to such displays, they must have taken us for a population of millers or monks. The party made a prodigious "effect," for they came in four large *calèches*, and the whole four completely full. A pile of bandboxes in front gave immediate indication that the fair sex made a principal part of the freight, and the conjecture was speedily and pleasantly realized by our handing from their carriages four of my countrywomen, to two of whom, to my great gratification, I had the advantage of being previously known. All Bagnères was alive on this arrival; for the English have of late years been rare here, and the present party were viewed as a phenomenon propitious to the hope of a new turn of affairs. Talk of England and the English as he will, the foreigner, in every corner of the innkeeping world, rejoices at the sight of their faces. And I too had my share of pride, in marching arm-in-arm with my handsome and rose-cheeked countrywomen through the promenade of the town, to the infinite discomfiture of the native *belles*, whose brown cheeks, short figures, and provincial air, made a deplorable exhibition in the contrast.

They did well enough before, for they are among the best looking race in the south, and fine countenances are not unfrequent. But after the pure white and brilliant red of English beauty, no foreign complexion is tolerable. Snuff, coffee-grounds, every odious comparison, suggests itself, and even their wit and wile, rouge and black eyes, are thrown totally into the background. Every woman on whom I glanced in our walk gave me the irresistible idea of a mulatto.

I dined with the tourists, and the excursion to the *Pic* was talked over, and settled. The male portion of the party were the father and two brothers of the two ladies, with whom I had not the honour of a previous acquaintance, and the uncle of the two with whom I had, and who, besides, was an old shipmate of mine during many a long cruise in the Mediterranean. Thus I was perfectly at home. An Italian artist whom they patronised, and were taking with them to England to finish some decorations in one of their family mansions, and who was an intelligent and clean personage, and an old French noble of the neighbourhood, known to them during the emigration, and who, on hearing of their arrival, had driven in to give them an invitation to his chateau among the hills, completed the number. We spent a delightful day. The old noble was full of anecdote of the past and present, his pilgrimages in the day of trouble, and his adventures among the mountains, in which he was a keen and hardy hunter. Age to a Frenchman is like age to wine. It mellows him, and turns his intolerable self-love into some respect for others; trial is perhaps still better. A Frenchman never travels when he can help it. Thus he is as much overgrown with prejudices, as a ship in harbour with barnacles. France is all the globe to him; and if he happen, un luckily for himself, to be a Parisian, Paris is all France.

This puts him out of the file of companionship on all topics of rational conversation. He cannot, or will not, comprehend the constitution, habits, literature, or history, of any country that lies beyond the borders of France. Thus, I have

never found any Frenchman (except the few emigrants) who could understand a syllable concerning England. The names of our institutions ran glibly enough on their tongues; but to give the Gaul a just conception on the subject of any of them, was labour in vain. The indescribable air of self-satisfaction with which the untravelled Frenchman discusses the most intricate matters of foreign life, forms the last finish to his disqualifications as a member of general society; and the utter impossibility of convincing him that he has *any thing* to learn, should make every man in his company limit his topics to the coffee-house or the theatre. But our old Frenchman had been taught better things in the hard school which compels all its pupils to learn something. He had been a volunteer in the army of Conde, then an exile in America, then hospitably received in England, where he remained, scorning the offers of the brilliant government that usurped the throne of the Bourbons, and had found the reward of his persevering loyalty in sharing the restoration of Louis XVII.

My adventure in the forest having been mentioned, the old Frenchman congratulated me on my escape, assuring us that the danger from the wolves in some seasons was serious, for though they generally waited till hunger drove them down in winter, yet frolic or fasting sometimes sent them into the valleys, where the sheep, and, unless he happened to be considerably on the alert, the shepherd himself, might be missing by morn. As to the question of domesticating the wolf, he told us that it had often been tried, by taking the whelps young; but that it was a perilous experiment at best; of which he gave an example in his own instance. Shortly after his return to France, he had shot a she-wolf in the mountains, and tracking her to her den, found her dying, with two young ones at her side. He took them away, and reared them about the chateau, like house-dogs. All went on well for a time. The young animals frisked at his sight, licked his hand, followed him like his pointers, and appeared so thoroughly reconciled to the chateau, that he frequently showed them as an answer to the doubts of his neigh-

hours on the subject. But, one evening having lingered rather longer than usual in the hills, and hurrying home by moonlight, he observed his two companions suddenly snuffing the air, smelling to the ground, and exhibiting signs of extraordinary restlessness. "As I could see them perfectly by the moonlight," he continued, "I absolutely remarked a total change in their physiognomy. The tame look had vanished in a moment, and the savage had come in its place. Still they snuffed the air, and every moment grew wilder still. I called to them, they merely curled up their lips, and showed me their teeth. I now began to conceive that my generalship could not be better employed than in a speedy retreat. However, I was aware of the laugh that would be against me on my return, and I moved off at a walk until I had turned a corner of the road which hid me from them. I then gave the spur to my mule, and galloped. I had scarcely got on a couple of hundred yards, when the whole thicket seemed to be in motion. The cry of wolves was gathering on every side, and full speed after me came my two old acquaintances; one of them sprung on the croup of the mule, and the other seized my bridle arm in his teeth. Fortunately, the right arm had not been his choice, for if it had, I should not have been here to tell the story. I drew my *couteau-de-chasse*, and slashed my captor across the face, until he dropped with a yell. Another blow drove off my assailant behind. My mule now became a new source of trouble. Though a powerful and extremely well-trained animal, it refused to stir a step further. Whip, spur, voice, all were in vain; it reared, plunged, kicked, ran from side to side of the glen, but advance it would not. In the interim, the howling redoubled and drew nearer, though I could see none of the performers. My two companions were quite enough for the purpose of devouring me; and if ever any two animals held a council of war, they were that minute engaged in the purpose. They walked together, they separated, then joined their noses, as if they were whispering their minds, and, finally, as if they had signed my death-warrant, they marched

leisurely side by side towards me, howling and showing their tusks. Their former ill reception had evidently made them cautious, but they were as evidently determined not to go to bed supperless that night. My mule now became still more outrageous. At last it broke my bridle, and with the same plunge flung me head foremost into a bed of brambles. I thought that my time had fairly come, and, grasping my *couteau*, resolved to die like a hero on the body of at least one of my enemies. However, I was not to have this chance of glory. My mule paid the penalty for its master. The instant the two wolves saw it without a rider, they rushed upon the unfortunate animal, tore it to the ground, and began sucking its blood. The mule defended itself furiously; and, on my coming up after the first stunning of the fall, I found its shoe stuck fast in the brain of one of the wolves. The other had gorged itself and was gone. From that time I limited my zeal in the conversion of wolves to shooting and skinning them."

The party for the ascent of the Pic consisted of my friend Captain C—, the two brothers of the ladies, the Italian, and three stout gamekeepers or huntsmen, whom our French friend sent as guides, with an apology for his own declining to attend us, "as he had given up all hope of rising in the world." We laughed at the old gentleman's pleasantry, and set forward just as the sun was setting over the valley of the Adour, so memorable by Wellington's passage in the teeth of Soult's army. The object is to gain the highest ridge of the peak by dawn, and see the effect of sunrise on the immense surrounding landscape. We rode by the little hamlet of St Mary's, and half-a-dozen others, with hard Basque names, until we reached Grip, or La Grippe, as one of our attendants called it, in compliment to the popular disease of the year. His wit amused himself and his companions, and the jest went round in the native tongue—a mixture of French and Spanish—of which one could catch but a word here and there. We were soon in the rising country, which forms the base of the mountain. It was altogether pasturage; sheep and sheep-

folds were everywhere, and the noise of our approach roused a perpetual chorus of the huge shepherd-dogs which guard them from the wolves. Our road soon dwindled to a bridle-path, winding upwards along the course of the Adour, which was here a succession of falls. Even the bridle-path soon narrowed—we were forced to dismount, and, as all travellers had done before us, leave our horses at a little rude *chalet* or shed, where a fellow clothed in sheepskin was waiting to receive them—this being the spot from which pedestrianism begins. At this height we all seriously felt the cold; and the sharp short gusts of wind which swept through the ravines not only reminded us that we had left the snug, sunny world below, but that the world into which we had climbed, was one where to keep our footing was a delicate matter. A few hundred yards upwards we had a proof of this delicacy. About half way up the side of the mountain is one of those tarns or lakes which are so frequent in the Highlands of Scotland; a ledge of rock leads over the edge of this lake, and so fearfully over the edge, that a false step would inevitably plunge the climber into its waters,—an affair of death, for if the plump from such a height did not drown him at once, the icy chill of the lake would paralyse all exertion. At this ledge we arrived in Indian file, tired enough, with some occasional murmurs at the unexpected steepness of the ascent, and, to confess the unheroic truth, on my part, a very strong sense of the superior wisdom of being quietly in my bed. It was midnight, the moon was already touching the horizon. She loomed broad as a city on fire, in the mist of the valley; but we had no time to think of the picturesque. We must on. I had hitherto led the way; but here the Italian, probably thinking that he had a professional right to do the honours of the picturesque, hurried up to me, and finding that I was still inclined to lead, sprang along a projection of the hill, and then slipping down on the narrow ledge, made good his advance. One of the gamekeepers, not wishing to be outdone, followed his example. Some confusion followed. At this crisis, down plunged the moon, and a sharp

and powerful blast coming down the hill side at the same time, every one was forced to cling to the face of the rock. All was perfectly dark at the instant. The setting of the moon, and the storm above, turned the atmosphere into utter blackness. Suddenly there came a rushing of stones over the ledge, and a wild cry, followed by the fall of the stones into the lake. I, of course, concluded that either the Italian or the huntsman, or both, had paid the forfeit of their haste, and that all was over with them. As giving assistance to either was out of the question, and as our own fate might be next, if we proceeded, I called a halt, and proposed that we should light torches, and having ascertained the state of our comrades, move on or return, as might be advisable. My proposal was approved of—a phosphorus box and a few bundles of thorns speedily made a blaze; and fagot in hand we proceeded in our search. It was fortunate for the Italian hero that we had adopted this measure. He had ventured about half way along the ledge, till just as he came to a corner scarcely a foot broad, a glimpse of the lake in the fearful depth below, given by the last light of the moon, turned his head. He was unable to stir another step, and the sudden darkness threw him into despair; all our party were hidden from him, and he acknowledged that his first impulse was to fling himself downward at once, and thus escape the hideous suspense of his position. For a while he had even lost all sense of hearing, and our voices, and they were loud enough on the occasion, were entirely lost upon him. The blast luckily screwed him to the rock, and he clung by instinct. Our fagots, however, gave him new life, though in the dizziness of his first emotion, he thought that the sun was rising under his feet, or that he was a witness to the last conflagration. In short, for half an hour after we had extricated him from his awkward position, the man was all but lunatic; he raved, danced, screamed, tore his hair, and embraced every body. Our next enquiry was for the hunter. This we commenced with a general feeling of hopelessness, for the cry and the fall of stones were

fearfully indicative of the unfortunate fellow's fate. Still the search must be made. More brambles were kindled, more shouts given, and one of the gamekeepers fired a fowling-piece which he had brought with him to have a shot at the wolves or eagles, as the case might be. Not a sign nor a sound was returned, and we gave him over for lost. In this state of affairs, to proceed on an excursion of mere curiosity would be heartless, and the proposal to make the best of our way homewards with our bad news was unanimously seconded. Accordingly we put ourselves in march, and had returned down a portion of the precipice, when we heard a new fall of stones, and a feeble cry from above. To come to the event at once, the hunter was seen, lying at his length on a shelf of rock, twenty or thirty feet above our heads, and unable either to ascend or descend. We roused a shepherd from one of the *chalets*, and by the help of some straw ropes made for the occasion, weighed the fellow out of his berth. He was half dead with fright. In his ambition to overpass us on the ledge, he had trodden on a loose stone; he found himself tottering, and by one of those desperate efforts which defy calculation, had actually sprung up against the perpendicular face of the rock, at least to twice his own height; there he clung by holding on to some weeds; the weeds at length gave way, bringing down with them the heap of rubbish, which had sounded to us as his knell in the bottom of the lake. By what means he now contrived to ascend, he had no recollection whatever, but he had finally ensconced himself on the projection where we discovered him, and where, "to the best of his belief, he had fallen *asleep*."

A general dram, to keep out the cold, which was now as keen as I had felt it in Newfoundland, was served round; we faced about again, and moved upward. Giving a lecture on discipline, and dividing our party into pairs, who were to assist each other, I took upon me the command, and triumphantly led the way over the formidable ledge. The wind was still our great obstacle; it came with the suddenness of a Mediterranean gale, and my only

wonder now is, that some of us were not whisked away far over the valley, like gossamer. We now came into the region of snow, and found it lying thick in all the spots sheltered from the wind. Snow, in the middle of August, under the sky of the fiery South! I felt frozen to the midriff; and nothing but frequent halts, and that established resource of the mountain adventurer, the brandy flask, could have kept up our strength to reach the summit. We had lost so much time in the search at the ledge, and had found the ascent so much steeper than we expected, that we were now near losing the main object of our expedition—the view of the sunrise from the pinnacle. The darkness, which had been intense, was evidently beginning to give way—dim streaks of light were glancing through the clouds, still hanging heavy on the east, and the rugged top of the Pic was slowly shaping itself above us. But the sight was not to be lost for want of energy. With one accord we made a sudden rush up the precipice through a small cleft running along its side; the bareness of the rock itself was more favourable to the footing than the shivery and sliding soil lower down, and finally, by mutual help, holding on of hands, and dragging up with our mountain staffs, we one and all stood upon the top. It was not the spire that we had seen from the valley, but a narrow, rugged edge of rock, splintered by many a thunder-storm. The view was immeasurably grand, but unluckily, like the view from Mont Blanc, and all other great elevations, it was too vast for detail, and too high for exactness.

All below us for a while was cloud, with the Pyrenees shooting upwards through it, like ranges of islands in some intermediate ocean. The small villages of the Basque country were little dots at our feet. The whole, vast, and diversified region round the base of the Pic was reduced to a plain, with a few lines of silver, the small mountain rivers, glistening through its extent. As the dawn advanced, and the vapours thinned away, the position of Thoulouse was pointed out, and, to save the credit of my perspicuity, I imagined that I saw it, in a confused

mass which lay huddled on the extreme verge of the horizon. But the sun rose at last, and all the grandeur and glories of a southern sunrise were fairly before us. In one point we had miscalculated. His rise, instead of clearing, confused the outlines of all the distant objects. I lost sight of my vision of Thoulouse in a moment. It was buried in a mass of gold. The Adour, and its brother and sister streams, were like spiders' webs, of all colours. But the true pomp of the morning was expanded on the Pyrenean range, and, first and stateliest of the whole, the *Mont Perdu*, which, with its sides glittering in all the hues of rock and verdure, and with its summit lighting under the first rays of the sun, looked like a citadel of silver among the clouds. But though no description can equal the reality of such scenes, it must be confessed, that until balloons shall be made manageable, or man furnished with wings, the pleasantest part of those excursions is in the anticipation. By the time we reach the height, the spirit of curiosity is, in general, entirely walked, climbed, and frozen out of the adventurer. We were all tired to death, and as we sat on the brow of one of the most magnificent precipices of Europe, were thinking much less of its sublimities than of the comforts of our hotel, and the possibility of enjoying a sound sleep, *à l'abri* of all the storms, freezings, and ledges half an inch wide. We now began our descent, for the sun, after painting the skies with all possible prodigality of gem and lustre, had begun to gather the mists of the lower grounds into huge masses of vapour, which slowly ascended, bulging against the sides of the hills. Our old antagonist, the wind, too, gave now and then an ominous roar, sounding among the mountain clefts like thunder. A storm at our present exposed position would probably have hurried us "loose upon the next winds," and blown us half way "round the pendant globe." We hastened down with suitable expedition. The descent was sharp, yet was made without accident, and after about twenty hours of continued walking, from the time of our beginning the ascent, I was rejoiced to find myself treading on level ground

again, and within the door of the hotel of Bareges.

At Bareges I remained a month. A wound which I had received in a cutting out affair in the Persian Gulf, and for which I had no satisfaction but shooting the black-vianged pirate who gave it, made me desirous of trying the virtue of the baths. They are celebrated for healing old wounds. After the baths of England, or, indeed, of any other civilized country, the baths of the Pyrenean *Aborigines* have not much to boast of; narrow, dim, dismal coffins, where wretches are boiled down into a jelly. The very sight of them requires no common fortitude, and I never lay down in one of those catacombs without feeling it necessary to draw strongly on my philosophy. But, to hear the inhabitants speak of them, the age of Romish miracles is totally eclipsed. Every disease under the moon is curable by a mere succession of tumblers, or dips in the water; and the true wonder is, that any inhabitant of Bareges should die.

They offer a release from all the ills that flesh is heir to, and unless a man is perversely fond of his heirship, the waters of Bareges would relieve him of every thing but poverty, an evil which unequivocally haunts the people of the town, though even that evil they attempt very strenuously to cure by the help of their waters, the experiment being made upon every stranger whom they can fleece. I must, however, acknowledge that I found benefit from those waters, abhorrent to the sight and smell as they are. They are sulphureous, and the factor is enough to strangle a virgin nostril. But use does much, the odiousness of the taste, which exactly resembles a compound of bilge water and the rinsings of a foul musket, becomes, if not palatable, at least endurable, and the sense of returning health, of all senses the most charming, enables us to go through the daily martyrdom with nothing worse than a few contortions of the "human face divine."

From Bareges, a fine region for the tourist opens along the mountains. My last visit was to Gavarni, the most beautiful cascade, or succession of cascades, in the Pyrenees, or perhaps in the world. Its shape

is totally unlike that of the precipitous mountain falls which flourish in the pictures of Salvator. It has neither the elevation, nor the forest, nor the romantic pillings of the rocks; still it is indescribably grand and impressive, without losing its beauty. The image that most strikes me in the hundred resemblances which every traveller finds for it, is that of a marble amphitheatre of the most colossal size, with a vast body of water poured from its highest range down into the arena, the water of course variously broken in all the successive ranges, here rushing in a powerful torrent, there shooting down in a thin silvery sheet, a little farther on winding and circling round the glistening steps, farther on still, resuming its force and pouring down in a magnificent volume of crystal. It has been conjectured by the theorists, of whom whole hosts are found hunting after specimens of geology, during the summer, that it may have been the crater of some mighty volcano. To this the objection is, that no volcanic traces are to be found in the neighbourhood. But the theorist answers, that all this happened some millions of years ago, when the earth was a comet, and the sun was a rushlight. As with a theorist, especially if he have printed his theory, argument is useless, I never attempt to shake the belief, and satisfy myself with the hope that posterity will be wiser

than their fathers. At the various towns on the route, I met Spanish refugees, escaping from the feuds of their fine but unhappy country, to starve in France; they were the *factiosos*. Times are now changed, and the *apostolicos* are rambling and hungering through their old quarters. In all my conversations with these unhappy people, some of whom were elegant and graceful, and all interesting, if it were only from their fortitude, I never could discover any satisfactory reason for the feuds which drove them into banishment. The cry was freedom, constitution, and so forth. But no Spaniard whom I ever happened to encounter, denied that the state of society under the old government was as happy as he could fairly desire; that plenty, quiet, and amusement, were in the reach of every man; that if the monks were neither soldiers nor statesmen, they were charitable, and kept their grounds in better order than any of the grandees; in fact, that life, on the whole, placed its enjoyments more within the power of the Spaniard than of the Frenchman, or any other inhabitant of Europe; that they knew little about what they were fighting for, and that they wished all things were as they had been. After a ramble till October, I turned my bridle to Toulouse, and bade farewell, with more regret than I had expected, to the noble region of the Pyrenees.

A CHURCHYARD ECLOGUE.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

THE day was gone, the night was come,
When weary mortals sleep,
Uprose a grieved ghost from out
The hollow churchyard deep.

With a quick, imperfect shriek,
Rose the thin embodied reek;
Like a thing pursued, it fled
From the kingdoms of the dead,
Through the green and silent vales,
(As the moon unclouded sails,)
O'er the dewy-hazed hill,
Through the wood's abysses still,
By the river's sandy shore,
By the grey cliffs gleaming hoar,
And the silver'd lips of caves
That o'erhang the higher waves,
Through the fens, and through the floods
Of the fruitless solitudes,—

Far to flee through night away
 To the healthful coasts of day.
 With a struggling start,
 Like a fetter'd bird, whose wing
 Feels the quick withdrawing string,
 At once did it dart
 Through the nearest moonlight track,
 To its churchyard back.

Lingering and brooding o'er its grave it sate ;
 Another ghost was near, and thus they mourn'd their fate :—

FIRST GHOST.

Oh heavy time! oh dim unbodied land!
 Joy dwells not there, even pain is at a stand.
 A smothering presence fills the air around
 Of patience dumb, and fears without a sound.
 God comes not there, no angel comes to cheer,
 Bringing the tidings of the heavenly year.

SECOND GHOST.

Lord God! how long? Thy seraph Watchers where,
 That deign'd for man to cleave the morning air,
 And stooping closed, glad message to fulfil,
 Their golden wings on many a glorious hill?
 And in earth's green and patriarchal days
 With converse joy'd our fathers' hearts to raise,
 Beneath broad tented trees, blessing their state
 With great approval, interdiction great?

FIRST GHOST.

Far other state is ours! No simple grace
 Of life primeval, no green dwelling-place!
 Sun there, nor moon, nor ether molten blue,
 Valley, nor tufted hill divides the view,
 Nor lucid river, on whose borders blow
 Flowers many-hued, and trees of stature grow:
 Nor leafy summer, nor the stormy glee
 Of winds, when winter falls upon the sea,
 With change delights us: nor returning morn,
 Nor face of man relieves that sad sojourn.

SECOND GHOST.

Yet seems at times, throughout that stagnant dream,
 About to burst some quick distressful gleam,
 As if the Almighty were about to burst
 The struggling cloud, and flash on the accurst.
 O! tell me, tell me, is this boding doubt
 A proof that Heaven is far, and we without?
 What shall we do? How shall we flee away
 Unto the climes of everlasting day?

FIRST GHOST.

Be done, O Earth! O, Day of Judgment, burst—
 Let all be known—let us but know the worst!
 O! rather let us, rising from the dust,
 See the white habitations of the just!

SECOND GHOST.

Sorrow is in man's world, but what of this?
 There sorrow lends an attribute to bliss.
 God send me back, let sorrow come amain,
 And all the crooked family of pain!
 Were men but wise! Did but Ambition know
 The flat endurance of our listless wo,
 How to his soul would triumph be denied,
 How slack'd the spasms of his o'ertorturing pride,

Spun from the baffled heart ! O ! how would fall
 The stroke of Hate, the tooth of Envy pale,
 Scorn with her sting, and Glory with her star,
 Lewdness, and Avarice ; and bigot War,
 With sternest zeal encrusted, weather-stained
 With old grim cruelties, and blood-engrained,
 Whose crimes, from crimes descended, ever grew
 A new necessity, a prurience new,
 His brow still blistering with the hot quick lust
 Of blood that glories trampling men to dust.

FIRST GHOST.

Behold the immortal pattern of yon heaven.
 Beneath yon moon becalmed the woodlands lie.
 By dogs of chase the desert creature driven,
 Climbs up the rocky stairs of mountains high ;
 With sealing light she touches his wild eye,
 And all the bliss of slumber is for him.
 But not to earth so sweet yon moon and sky,
 As were to me man's life with tears though dim :
 'Twould fill my heart with joy up to the trembling brim.

SECOND GHOST.

What though the churchyard by the glimmering light,
 Pours forth the empty children of the night ?
 O'er seas and lands we flit, but back are fain
 To troop dishonoured to our place again.
 Vain privilege ! it serves us but to show
 The joy that we for ever must forego.
 Sweet life is lost : we must not see the day :
 Our bodies rise not from the wormy clay.

FIRST GHOST.

No more, ah ! never more shall we behold
 Dawn's early purple yellowing into gold.
 Then when the sun his arrowy levelled lines
 Shoots through the high heads of the crowning pines,
 The hunter rustles through the morning wind ;
 The forest waves, the river flows behind.
 Sad hunters we ! Oh ! rather we the prey,
 Chased by pale dogs of sorrow and dismay.

SECOND GHOST.

How sweet from breathing shades, at noon of day,
 To watch the crystal waters slide away ;
 Till came still evening with her drops of dew,
 And her large melting moon hung in the southern blue
 Dear hours of love ! Oh love ! gone, glimpsing thing,
 Like ship on the far sea evanishing !

FIRST GHOST.

From out the west a haze of thick fine rain
 Comes o'er green height, high rock, and smoking plain
 Flies lightly drifted o'er the dimmed floods,
 And shakes its sifted veil upon the woods.
 Forth looks the sun, the impearled valley fills
 With seeds of light, and sleeks the slippery hills.
 Nor yet the showery drops away have ceased
 To fall, clear glancing on the darken'd east,
 When o'er them cast, with saffron horns the Bow
 Of Beauty melts the fluid woods below.
 With glittering heads, down in the hollow plain
 The milk-white herds feed onward in a train ;
 Sheep nibbling up, goats on the higher slopes,
 The shepherds stand upon the mountain tops.

O beauty! O the glory of the hour!
 What living spirit could resist your power?
 Not mine; far less it could when rustling through
 The crimped translucent cups of leaves, with dew
 And sunshine overflown, my love first stood in view.
 What tranquil might upon that forehead lies!
 How pure the spirit that refines those eyes!
 Joy dwelt in her, as light dwells in the stone,
 Dear to my heart, but now for ever gone.
 God, do but clear her from the grave's foul stains,
 Pour back the branching blood along her veins,
 Build up that lovely head! O let her rise;
 Let youth's fine light revive within her eyes!

SECOND GHOST.

Outleapt the bolted fires, the rains were poured,
 Abrupt and crushed and jammed the thunders roared.
 Horror! O horror! by my sheltering side
 I turned, and, lo! my lightning-blasted bride.
 Sweet rest possess her! lowly lies that form,
 Once fair as is the bow upon the storm;
 More bland her eyes, more beautiful than this,
 Her cheek was painted with the hues of bliss.
 Nay, rise, my ghosted love, and testify
 Against the harsh decree that such must die.
 What means this death? O God! upon thy throne,
 Give us the day, we'll let thee not alone!
 From floods, and fields, and ways, arise, ye ghosts,
 Tribes of dusk time! kingdoms! unnumbered hosts!
 From all the grave's decayed coasts upspring,
 Swift as a people willing for their king!
 No more of sufferance! upwards let us flee
 To God's own gates, and pray the end to be.
 Why fear the light? Why fear the morning air?
 Fill we his skies with shrieks, and He must hear our prayer.

FIRST GHOST.

Strong is His arm; it o'er that Power prevailed
 Who rose with darkness and his Heavens assailed,
 And drove him out, far kindling, as he fell,
 Around his head the virgin fires of hell.
 His very eye could clear us all away,
 Chase us into the grave, and seal us with the clay.
 Hush! breathe not of it, lest for aye he change
 To barren darkness this our nightly range.

SECOND GHOST.

Lo! through the churchyard comes a company sweet
 Of ghosted infants—who has loosed their feet?
 Linked hand in hand, this way they glide along;
 But list their softly-modulated song:—

SONG OF THE CHURCHYARD CHILDREN.

I.

Our good Lord Christ on high
 Has let us forth a space,
 To see the moonlit place
 Where our little bodies lie.
 Back he will call us: at his dear command
 We'll run again unto the happy land.

II.

O'er each unblemish'd head
 No thunder-cloud unsheathes its terrors red;

Mild, touching gleams those beauteous fields invest,
 Won from the kingdoms of perpetual rest.
 Stony Enchantment there,
 Nor Divination frights,
 Nor hoary witch with her blue lights,
 And cauldron's swarming glare.
 There are no mutter'd spells,
 Envy, nor Clamour loud,
 Nor Hatred, on whose head for ever dwells
 A sullen cloud.
 There is no fiend's dissembling,
 Nor the deep-furrow'd garment of trembling,
 But the robes of lucid air.
 O! all is good and fair!

III.

Unto the Lamb we'll sing,
 Who gives us each glad thing:
 For Mercy sits with him upon his throne;
 For there his gentle keeping is revealed,
 O'er each young head select a glory and a shield.
 Wide be his praises known!

IV.

And in the end of days,
 Our little heads he'll raise
 Unto himself, unto his bosom dear,
 Far from the outcast fear
 Of them, oh wo! who make their beds in fire.
 Sons shall we be of the celestial prime,
 Breathing the air of Heaven's delicious clime,
 Walking in white attire,
 With God himself sublime.

FIRST GHOST.

Wo! wo for us! that land is not our land:
 We feel no keeping of a gentle hand;
 No gleams reveal'd to us of happier days
 Have drawn our hearts the Saviour-Lamb to praise.
 O, happy children! happier, happiest he
 Who keeps life's purpose through each tried degree,
 Beseeming well, unto his mortal end,
 The name of brother, son, of husband, father, friend!
 Earth's duties done, faith kept, he bows to die;
 Then dwells with God—communion great and high!

SECOND GHOST.

Would we had bowed submissive to the Lord!

FIRST GHOST.

Would we in days of flesh had listen'd to his word!

SECOND GHOST.

Oh! if that awful thing should us befall,
 Of wrath, more wrath, and darkness over all!

FIRST GHOST.

Remorse's searching worms, oh! who shall tame,
 Quivering and keen as penetrative flame?
 But let us question those dim babes of death—
 Away, away! I scent the morning's breath.

SECOND GHOST.

They vanish, too: oh, dire constraint! away,
 We must not look upon the light of day!

ALADDIN.

A DRAMATIC POEM, IN TWO PARTS.

BY ADAM OCHELENSCHLAEGEER.

Of all the Arabian Tales the finest to our minds is *Aladdin*: There is a breadth and magnificence about its fairy machinery that is irresistibly captivating to the imagination. But its main charm lies in the harmony with which the natural is blended with the supernatural—as perfect in its way as in the *Tempest* itself—in the easy yet full relief with which the human figures rise from the magic panel on which they are painted. The agency by which the events are brought about is superhuman—but the feelings and motives of the actors are those of common earth;—the same on the Thames as on the Tris; in the days of the Reform Bill, as of the Hegira; under the “patriot monarch,” as under the Commander of the Faithful. Even the strong vein of the comic which pervades the tale does not run counter to the more serious impressions produced by the rest. We laugh, but we feel not the less suspense or sympathy for the actors of the magic drama, when playfulness gives way to deeper feelings. With the exception of *Aladdin*, few of the characters can be said to be fully brought out in the original tale; the Sultan, the Princess, the Enchanter, are but sketches, but true, vivid, Oriental sketches, offering a most tempting canvas for the artist to fill up. But *Aladdin*'s character is developed with art and dramatic effect; from his entrance as the “great lubberly boy”—the ragamuffin of the streets

of Ispahan—to his exit as the high-minded, brave, dignified, and generous son-in-law of the Sultan of Persia. He is an Oriental Cymon, waiting to receive his inspiration from an Iphigenia, whom he finds in *Bardolpoudor*; and the gradual elevation of his sentiments, the change in his bearing and his character, flow from his new passion, with at least as much consistency and nature in the Arabian story, as in the tale of old Boccaccio.

It was no wonder then that such a story should have struck Ochlen-schlaeger as possessing great dramatic capabilities;—the only wonder was, that so tempting a theme had not been already anticipated by Gozzi or Tieck. Long before the Arabian Nights were known in Europe through Galland's translation, the story in its main features had become a popular legend in Germany.* Ochlen-schlaeger's early reading had lain very much in such quarters. Left in winter among the deserted rooms of the palace of Fredericksberg, where his father was steward, his resource against ennui was to lay in huge stores, from the neighbouring circulating library, of tales and romances for his winter quarters: and among these the magic legends of Arabia had made a deep impression on his fancy, and exercised a decided influence over his poetical development. He alludes to this very gracefully in his introduction to *Aladdin*, addressed to Goethe.

Born in the distant North,
Soon to my youthful ear came tidings forth
From Fairy Land:
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where youth and beauty go
In magic band.
Even in my childish days
I pored enchanted on its ancient lays;
Where the thick snowy fold

* *Vide* Grimm's *Kinder und Haus Märchen*. Vol. ii., p. 148. “Das Blaue Licht,”—where the story is said to be from Mecklenburg.

Lay deep on wall and hill,
 I read and felt the chill
 Of wonder, not of cold.
 Methought the driving hail
 That on the windows beat with icy flail
 Was Zephyr's wing:
 I sat, and by the light
 Of one dim lamp, had sight
 Of Southern spring.

There were other points besides its dramatic capabilities—points of fanciful resemblance between Aladdin and himself, that seem to have suggested this theme to Oehlenschlaeger, when the idea of dramatizing a tale of wonder first occurred to him. "The natural resemblance," says he, in his *Memoirs*, "which existed between this tale and the events of my own life, perhaps gave to the whole something simple and attractive, which lent vigour to my colouring. I too thought I had discovered within my own bosom a wonderful Lamp, (that of poesy,) which was to put me in possession of all the treasures of the earth; and what was Fancy but a Spirit of the Ring, to bear me wherever I would? My development had been of the same rapid kind as Aladdin's. Like him, I was in love—like him, I had lost a mother; for while I was writing Aladdin's lullaby over his mother's tomb, my tears were flowing beside the grave of my own."

The beautiful dramatic production, which was the result of Oehlenschlaeger's early reading, is divided into two parts. The first, which deals with the earlier part of Aladdin's history, is entitled *Thalia*;—the second, which embraces the more tragic department of the tale, *Melpomene*. A light and graceful humour plays over the opening scenes—deepening, with singular grace, occasionally into the solemn and the pathetic; but, on the whole, the character of the first part is light, playful, and almost comic.

We are in Ispahan, in the house of old Mustapha, Aladdin's father. The fatal shears have just been applied to the thread of the poor hard-working choleric tailor, and his widow, with tears in her eyes, is returning thanks to her neighbours for their good offices in preparing his remains for the grave. She is too poor to

deck his tomb, beside the mosque beyond the city-gate, with the pillar and turban, which distinguishes the aristocracy of Islam—Mustapha must be left, like Sir Christopher Wren, with his works for his epitaph, and poor Morgiana's recollections for his only chronicle. But in her memory he lives freshly remembered—lively and loving as when he first mounted the shop-board; nay, the poor creature "loves him for the drubbings she had past," which, candour compels us to say, were latterly of rather frequent occurrence. But where all this time is Aladdin? Scouring the streets of Ispahan, with some idle ragamuffins of congenial tastes. If any sparks of feeling, decency, or pride lurk under that good-for-nothing look, and that ragged and tatterdemalion garb, they have yet to be developed. He has just been witnessing his father's funeral, and is hugely tickled with the singing of the mourners and the gravity of the coffin-bearers; feeling seems to have been smothered under habits of utter idleness; no traits of character are yet visible, but levity and a boundless self-confidence—which would almost seem to be justified by good luck—for the merchant at the corner of the long lane as you turn up into the slave-market, who has a taste for developing the organ of combativeness among the rising generation, has just thrown out three ripe oranges, successively, among Aladdin and his comrades, and while Selim, and Sindbad, and the rest, are contending bloodily (from the nose) for the golden prize, Aladdin has quietly caught all the three in his turban, and, keeping one for himself, has munificently distributed the other two among the distanced and defeated combatants.

But in the background stands a pale, withered, and gaunt figure—the Enchanter Nouredin—who has his eyes upon him during the strug-

gle, and who at once sets him down as Fortune's fool, and his own long-wished-for instrument—the being who is to be the means of drawing from its drear abode, and placing in his hand, the object of all his studies, and toils, and schemes—THE WONDERFUL LAMP. His introduction of himself to Aladdin and Morgiana, as the brother of the defunct Mustapha, and the “truly begotten” uncle of Aladdin, is a matter of no difficulty to an old conjurer like himself, dealing, as he does, with a couple of simpletons. Poor Morgiana has her suspicions at first; but her doubts as to his honesty are entirely dissipated by two considerations:—the

one, that he opens his batteries by ordering an excellent dinner—a phenomenon which neither mother nor son had witnessed for many a long day; and the other, that, be his inclination what it might, there was truly nothing for him within their bare walls to steal. Her doubts appeased, she is quite overcome by the generosity and affection of her brother-in-law. Much as she loves Aladdin—and all the more, perhaps, on account of his waywardness—she cannot, in conscience, disguise from so unparalleled a brother-in-law, his idle, good-for-nothing habits and inclinations, when he enquires how his nephew's fancy showed itself.

How does his fancy show itself? Woes me,
In scouring through the streets from morn to night,
In wallowing like a hog among the mire,
In boring through his trowsers at the knees,
In rubbing both his elbows into holes,
In fighting, swearing, and mad racketing.
These are his tastes. Ay, ay, ye may believe me,
He gives me many a grief; he'll ne'er make me
So happy as he oft hath made me sad.
He is my son, he is my flesh and blood,
And all men say he is my very image;
But truth is truth, and must be uttered, though
It force itself a passage through the ribs.

Noureddin ventures to suggest that Aladdin's character has never yet had fair play, and that starvation and the streets of Ispahan were but an indifferent school for forming the perfect gentleman—that discontent with his condition, and hopelessness of success in any other pursuit, might have led to indolence, and indolence to apparent indifference and want of feeling—but that with a proper stimulus to exertion—a fashionable warehouse, for instance, in the great square, well stocked with velvets, gold and silver brocades, and such like articles, Aladdin would

leave off his idle habits and companions, and become a cautious, thriving, and industrious merchant. Aladdin's answer shows, that under his outward rudeness there lurks at least one element of a more refined and exalted cast—the sensibility to beauty. The truth comes out—the ragamuffin is a devoted admirer of the fair sex, and he catches at his uncle's propositions, for reasons which the Enchanter probably had not anticipated; though, perhaps, there is a remnant of the tailor, too, in his admiration of the warehouse scheme.

Ah! uncle, you're the man to read the heart.
I never walk by such a warehouse, with
Its tempting bales of gold and silver tissue—
Its velvets, silks, and satins, but I think,
O! hadst thou such another; then each day
Would lovely Persians flock to visit thee,
And each would throw her envious veil aside,
To look upon the wares I'd spread before her.
They'd gaze upon my treasures, I on theirs.
Dear uncle, buy me only such a warehouse,
And here I vow to thee with hand and heart
I'll be discreet, dress cleanly, comb my hair,
And cut my old companions on the spot.

We admit that Aladdin seems by nature to have had a considerable turn for the "soft line," but we certainly would not have advised him to open a haberdashery shop in the Bezestein upon these principles. Though we take in the Asiatic Journal, we do not pretend to be much acquainted with the statistics of crime in Persia, but we have reason to believe that shoplifting is not uncommon; and that being the case, the fate of Aladdin's establishment, we think, would have been tolerably certain. The quantity of laces and brocades—to say nothing of gauzes and printed muslins, which would have been embezzled, while he was ogling the young Persian slaves beneath their veils, would have been incalculable; the till would have been robbed twice a-week, and in the course of a twelvemonth he would infallibly have been in the Ispahan Gazette;—if, indeed, before that time he had not met with some Oriental Milnwood, who had tempted

him to sham Abraham Newland, or blow out old uncle Nouredin's brains, and so brought the dashing haberdasher to an untimely end.

The thing, however, does not appear to strike Uncle Nouredin in this light. Doubtless he had his own reasons for not at that time interfering with the bent of Aladdin's fancy. On the contrary, he encourages it by all means. It is too late to-night to enter upon a bargain for such a warehouse, and to-morrow, most unfortunately, is a fast-day—but the day after, the thing shall be done. Meantime, with Morgiana's permission, to-morrow could not be better employed than in taking a walk to the gardens beyond the town, and seeing the lions of Ispahan—and her consent, of course, is easily obtained. The next scene opens with the Enchanter and his intended victim walking in a wild spot among the mountains near Ispahan.

(Two rocks bending towards each other, form an arch—a small plain in front, clothed with grass and flowers; partly overshadowed by the trees upon the rocks. A spring flows from the cleft of the rocks, and loses itself in the distance.)

NOUREDDIN and ALADDIN (*in conversation*).

ALADDIN.

Well, uncle, you do tell the loveliest stories
That ever in my life I listened to,
And I could stand and hearken here for ever.
Methinks I feel myself a wiser man
Already since we left the city gate.
You've led me such a round through every quarter
Of the wide world. All that you say of trade
Doubtless is true; but I confess your tales
Of nature's magic and mysterious powers,
Of men who by mere luck and chance obtain,
Even in an instant, all that others toil for
Through a long weary life—yet toil in vain;—
These themes were those I loved.

NOUREDDIN.

These themes indeed
The noblest are that can employ the soul.

ALADDIN (*looking about bewildered*).

But where, in heaven's name, are we? Your fine talk
So charmed me on, I quite forgot the way.
Far over stock and stone, through field and thicket,
We've wandered on,—far from the gardens now—
Alone amidst the mountains. Ah! we must
Have walked a fearful way. And now I think on't,
I did at times feel, as it were, aweared,
Although I soon forgot it. Was it so,
Dear uncle, with thee too?

NOUREDDIN.

Not so, my son—

'Twas purposely that by degrees I drew thee
 From out the stir and tumult of the town
 Here into Nature's still majestic realm.
 I saw thy young heart beat with frolic joy
 While through the gardens we together wandered,
 Which, like an isolated ring of flowers,
 The rocky bases of the mountains girdled.
 But though those blooming bowers and trickling rills,
 The tempting fruits with which they're studded over,
 May claim a passing homage from the eye,
 Yet such diminutive and puny Nature,
 Hemmed in on every side by dreary want,
 Chained in the galling fetters of possession,
 Sinks into nought beside these glorious hills,
 In this their royal, their gigantic greatness.
 By chance apparently, dear youth—but yet
 With foresight and deep purpose have I led thee
 Thus, from the mean to the majestic on,
 And what I said, I said, to make thy spirit
 Familiar with the wonderful, lest thou
 (Even as a wild unbroken courser does,—
 Strong in his youthful speed, but wild of wit)
 Shouldst swerve aside because the thunder bellowed.
 This have I done to school thy mind—and now
 Methinks I may impart my purpose to thee.

ALADDIN.

Speak on then, uncle,—I am not afraid.

NOUREDDIN.

Know then, my child, for many a year I've pored
 O'er Nature's closely clasped mysterious volume,
 Till in its pages I detected secrets
 That lie beyond the ken of common eyes.
 So have I among other things discovered
 That here—upon the spot whereon we stand—
 A deep and vaulted cavern yawns beneath,
 Where all that in the mountain's breast lies buried,
 Far fairer, livelier, brighter, blooms and sparkles,
 In the deep tints of an eternal spring,
 Than the weak growths of this our surface earth,
 Where swift the flower decays as swift it grew,
 And leaves but withered scentless leaves behind.
 Know then, my son, if thou hast heart to venture
 Into this wondrous cave—('twas for thy sake
 I brought thee hither—I myself have seen
 Its wonders often)—I will straight proceed,
 Soon as a fire of withered twigs is kindled,
 By strength of deep, mysterious charmed words,
 To bare its entrance to thine eyes.

ALADDIN.

What—uncle!—

A cavern here beneath,—here,—where we stand?

NOUREDDIN.

*Even so. The loveliest of earth's grottoes—nay,
 The very magazine of boundless nature.*

ALADDIN.

And you can lay its entrance bare by burning
 Dry twigs, and uttering some charmed words?

NOUREDDIN.

Nephew—such power has Allah's grace bestowed.

ALADDIN.

Well, never in my lifetime did I hear—(*pauses*).

NOUREDDIN.

Already frightened !

ALADDIN.

Frightened—not at all—

And yet it is *too* wonderful.

NOUREDDIN.

Look, then :

See where yon faded twigs their branches stoop,
 All parched and withered on the sunburnt rocks—
 Go get thee thither—bring us wood to make
 Our fire—and haste, for it grows late and gloomy.

ALADDIN.

Uncle, I fly—I long to be within

The charming cave—I'll fetch the wood directly.

[*Exit.*]NOUREDDIN (*alone*).

So then the moment is approaching, that
 Makes me the lord of Earth and all its treasures.
 This is the spot for which I longed through life,
 For which so many a weary foot I've travelled.
 There comes mine instrument. See, where he runs,
 Thoughtless of ill, the wood upon his back.
 His eagerness impels him on too fast ;
 He stumbles oft—Soon will his fall be deeper.
 Poor simple fool ! Stand still and fix thine eye,
 For the last time, on yonder flowery beds,
 Warm thy poor carcass in the genial sun !
 Soon wilt thou howl, far far from sun or flowers,
 In darkness and in famine courting death.
 Weakness would call my purpose cruelty.
 'Tis wisdom rather, where no passion mingles.
 That which is fixed, is fixed, and cannot but be.
 Does he who searches Nature's secrets scruple
 To stick his pin into an insect ?

ALADDIN (*entering with a bundle of twigs on his back*).

Uncle,

Here's wood enough to roast an elephant.
 But while I broke the branches off and laid them
 Upon my back, what thought occurred to me,
 But the old tale of Abraham and Isaac,
 How the poor boy upon his back was doom'd
 To bear the wood for his own sacrifice.

[*He turns round, then waves his hand triumphantly above his head.*]

But Allah sent from heaven a guardian angel
 To rescue him. O, Allah aids us all
 Then when our need is greatest. Is't not so ?

NOUREDDIN (*confused*).

Unfathomable fate o'erruleth all.

ALADDIN.

And yet, methinks, poor Isaac must have been
 A little simple, that he did not see through
 His father's cunning plan. Had I been he !—
 But this too is perhaps a mere invention.

NOUREDDIN.

Most probably. There—lay the bundle down,
 I will strike fire. But, first, a word with thee.
 From the first hour I saw thee yester-eve
 Catch the three oranges within thy turban,
 I set thee down a brave and active stripling,
 A youth to court—not shrink from an adventure.

ALADDIN.

There, uncle, you have judged me right, I hope.

NOUREDDIN.

Prepare, then, for a spectacle of wonder.
 When on this blazing wood is incense scattered,
 When the charmed words are spoken—Earth will shake,
 And from its breast heave forth a stone of marble,
 Four cornered—in the midst an iron ring :
 This thou mayst raise with ease by merely uttering
 Softly thy father's and thy grandsire's names.
 Beneath that stone thou wilt behold a stair;
 Descend the steps, fear not the darkness : Soon
 The cavern's fruits will light thee brighter far
 Than this oppressive, sickly, sulphurous sun.
 Three lofty grottoes first will meet thine eye,
 Flashing with veins of gold and silver ore
 Dug from the mountain's adamantine depths.
 Pass by them all, and touch them not They stand
 Too firmly fix'd, thou wouldst but lose thy labour.
 These chambers pass'd, a garden opens on thee ;
 Not Eden's self more fair—perchance the same,
 That since the Deluge in these rocky cliffs
 Lies buried. Fruits the richest, the most radiant
 Fruits of all hues : Crimson, or blue, grass-green,
 White, yellow, violet, crystal-clear, as are
 The diamonds in a sultaness' ear,
 Enchant the eye. Gladly would I go with thee,
 But in one day but one may enter in.
 Now for myself, I ask of thee but this,
 Walk through the garden to the wall of rock
 Beyond—there in a smoky dark recess,
 Hangs an old lamp of copper—BRING ME THAT.
 I am a virtuoso in such matters,
 A great collector of old odds and ends ;
 And so the lamp, worthless enough to others,
 Has an imaginary worth to me.
 Returning, pluck what fruits thou wilt, and bring them
 Along with thee, but haste—and bring the lamp.

ALADDIN.

Enough, dear uncle, I am ready now.

(NOUREDDIN takes out a box of incense, and throws some upon the fire. Distant thunder. A flash of lightning falls, and kindles the fire. The earth opens, and shows a large square block of marble, with an iron ring in the middle.)

NOUREDDIN.

Now quick, Aladdin, grasp the ring, pull firmly.

ALADDIN (*trembling*).

Ah ! No, dear uncle—spare me, dearest uncle,
 I tremble so, I cannot, cannot do it.

NOUREDDIN (*fills him to the ground with a blow*).

Coward and slave, wilt anger me—are these
 My thanks for all the labour I have taken,
 That thou shouldst, like a petted lapdog, look
 Askance, and whine and tremble when I stroke thee !
 Lay hold upon the ring, or, by the prophet,
 And by the mighty Solomon, I'll chain thee
 To that same stone, and travel hence without thee,
 And leave thy carcass for the eagles' prey.

ALADDIN.

Dear uncle, pardon me, be not so angry,
 I will in all things do thy bidding now.

NOUREDDIN.

Well, be a man—and I will make thy fortune.

Aladdin at last summons up courage, clasps the stone, and utters the names of Mustapha and Cassan, his supposed father and grandfather. But the stone stands fixed as a rock, to the great consternation of Nouredin. There is obviously something wrong in the charm. Aladdin, who remembers to have heard, and apparently rather with complacency, some scandal as to the visits of a certain Emir to old Mustapha's house in Morgiana's younger days, and of his own likeness to the said dignitary, begins to suspect he may have committed a slight mistake as to his parentage, and ventures to substitute the names of Al-Maimoun and Al-Safi, the Emir and *his* father. To the delight of the necromancer, the stone gives way, and Aladdin, armed with a ring which Nouredin has placed upon his finger, descends into the cave.

We pass over its wonders, for are they not written in the chronicles of Scheherezade? We pass over the struggle at the mouth of the cave, when the enraged necromancer, finding that Aladdin is determined not to part with the lamp till he is fairly on terra-firma, plunges him down the steps, and closes the wall of rock above him—and Aladdin's childish tears and terrors in the cave. The genius, evoked by the simple process of rubbing the ring, as he wrings his hands, has appeared, and immediate emancipation is the result. We find him next lying at sunrise before the gate of Ispahan, complaining a little of giddiness in his head; and truly, after a journey of two hundred miles an hour, stoppages included, on the outside of a giant, a slight attack of vertigo was very natural.

My head is swimming still. Heavens what a journey!
 He took me on his back; I felt as if
 Upon a bath of lukewarm water floated.
 How high he flew in the clear moonshine; how
 The earth beneath us strangely dwarfed and dwindled!
 The mighty Ispahan with all its lights,
 That one by one grew dim and blent together,
 Whirled like a half-burned paper firework, such
 As giddy schoolboys flutter in their hands.
 He swung me on in wide gigantic circles,
 And showed me through the moonbeams' magic glimmer
 The mighty map of Earth unroll beneath me.
 I never shall forget how over Caucasus
 He flew and rested on its icy peak;
 Then shot plumb down upon the land, as if
 He meant to drown me in Euphrates' bosom.
 A huge three-master on the stormy Euxine
 Scudded before the blast; he hovered over her,
 Pressed with his toe the summit of the mast,
 And resting on its vane as on a pillar,
 He stretched me in his hand high into Heaven
 As firm as if he trode the floor of earth.
 Then when the moon, like a pale ghost, before
 The warm and glowing morning sun retreated,
 He changed himself into a purple cloud,
 And dropped with me, soft as the dews of dawn,
 Here by the city gate among the flowers.
 Then, changed again by magic, like a lark
 He soared and vanished twittering in the sky.

Aladdin has reached his mother's house at last; emptied his pockets of the glass fruits of the garden, and unloaded his breast of the wonderful lamp—and his story. The perfidious Enchanter has been duly consigned, both by mother and son, to Eblis

and Sons; but now hunger can no longer be trifled with; there is not a morsel in the house, nor an asper in Morgiana's pocket, and nothing is to be had for nothing in Ispahan. But a bright thought strikes the old lady—the lamp, if scoured up, may

sell!—she begins to rub, and in the twinkling of a wet towel, a giant, rising some twenty cubits high, knocks his head through the roof, and Morgiana lies in hysterics on the floor. It is evident now that Aladdin has not made the grand tour on the Genie's back, or passed that night of wonders in the cave for nothing. He has learnt knowledge of men, and confidence in himself and his fortune, and cares no more about spirits than Dr Dee. He is hand in glove with him of the lamp immediately—orders a handsome dinner, with neat wines—and makes a comfortable meal before his mother returns from the land of nod. Still, however, though he has seen a little of the world, he is no match as yet for a Jew, “an Ebrew Jew,” like the one whom he encounters in the sale of the silver plate. That old Jew is a capital sketch—with his fixed price of “one gold piece” for a massive silver plate, for which—duly stamped, of course—Mr T. C. Savory, of Cornhill, would have given fifty guineas on the spot—and his deep regret at having offered too much when he sees that Aladdin is green enough to take the sequin. The scene between him and the Christian goldsmith, as to the purchase of the large silver turban, is Shakspearean. Our Persian Barabas pleads his case with all the impetuosity and grim hate of Shylock; and when the Christian ultimately carries off his customer—though the poet does not give the further particulars, you feel no more doubt that he made away with himself, than if you had sat on the inquest that re-

turned the verdict of *felu de se*. The imagination pursues him into his garret, and sees him dangling—in a halter borrowed for the purpose—from a projecting beam in the roof of his dirty old tenement in the Jews' quarter.

Aladdin's qualities are now beginning to develope themselves. With his old clothes he has cut his old companions. If he meets Selim or Sindbad on the street, he passes them with his eyes upraised, as if taking the altitude of the sun with an astrolabe, or looks *through* them, which is understood to be the perfection of cutting, with as much composure as if their bodies were a transparent plane. With good clothes on his back, and money in both pockets, comes the wish to recommend himself to the fair sex; and he has lost no time, it would seem, for yonder he stands, looking up most suspiciously at the iron bars in the windows of a certain Emir, and watching for metal more attractive behind them—in the shape of the dark eyed Fatima, the said Emir's wife. These demonstrations are so open as to attract the attention of Ali and Bedredden, two “men about town,” who are smoking and drinking coffee at the windows of the neighbouring Khan, and who, when Aladdin enters the room soon after—looking a little caught, as was natural—commence a most persevering course of quizzing on his attachment, to the infinite amusement of the travellers' room, and great satisfaction of all, except the party principally concerned. At last Bedreddin's wit beginning to run dry, he concludes,

Well, well,

Your taste is not so bad. I know but one
Whose brighter beauty throws her into shade.

ALADDIN.

And who is she, good sir?

BEDREDDIN.

The Sultan's daughter,
The beautiful Gulnara. She *is* beautiful,
Bright as the young empurpled morning sun.
The full round moon, by silver clouds was never
More charmingly, voluptuously, veiled
Than are the dazzling beauties of her form,
Like new-fallen snow, beneath her robe of silver.
Sweet as the opening of the tomb, unfolding,
To waft some blessed soul to paradise—
So opens she her long, large eyelashes,
And sends her glances up to Heaven. In her
Nature hath done her utmost, as to show

What contradictions she could reconcile.
 Her bosom's snow is warm as opening spring,
 And underneath the alabaster skin,
 You trace the wanderings of the purple veins.
 Who would believe that darkness could enlighten?
 And yet no darkness ever was so deep
 As that within her large love-darting eyes.
 Slender, yet rounded; earthly, yet ethereal;
 Her brow like ivory smooth; her dark hair falling
 In showers of glossy ringlets from her shoulders;
 As lightly moved as is the butterfly,
 Yet mild and gentle as the turtle-dove.
 But why attempt to paint her? my weak words
 Are powerless to describe the inimitable.

ALADDIN (*sneezing his breath with difficulty*).

Ah! peace, good friend—no more, no more, I pray you,
 Your picture takes away my very breath—
 If she be like it, she is fair indeed..

BEDREDDIN.

Like—'tis a feeble, faithless, wretched daub,
 Beside the original. Words are like threads
 Viewed on the wrong side of the tapestry,
 When they would paint a woman's beauty.

Bedreddin is too modest. 'Tis a charming Oriental portrait, worthy of the glowing pencil of Ferdusi or Hafiz, and quite enough to put a less tinder-hearted Mussulman than Aladdin in a state of combustion. His fate is sealed; we no longer feel the least apprehension for Fatima or Doctors' Commons, though perhaps, seeing the direction his fancy has taken, a lunatic asylum or the galleys appear no unlikely termination to his career. He hurries to the baths, setting the bastinado and the bowstring at defiance, sees Gulnara (the Badrolpoudor of the original tale), and Love, inextinguishable Love, at once and for ever takes possession of his soul.

Love works upon him its usual transformation. The idler becomes earnest, concentrated, energetic. From the first a dim hope, gradually strengthening into confidence, awakens in his breast, that he—the tailor's son—shall be the husband of the princess of Persia. For what diamonds and rubies in her father's crown can be compared with those fruits of the cave which lie in his humble room at home, and which he now knows to be priceless jewels, such as Ormuz and Golconda never rivalled? The sultan is the sovereign of kingdoms, but is not he himself the possessor of that which can purchase kingdoms, and sovereigns too, the inexhaustible wonderful lamp?

Faint heart never won fair lady, so he drowns his mother's remonstrances, and Morgiana is despatched with fear and trembling, her basket on her head, to tempt the sultan's curiosity and avarice with the present of the fruits of the cave; the pearls, diamonds, sapphires, rubies, and amethysts, plucked from the chrystal stalks of the subterranean garden.

We think we see the sultan's face when the basket is uncovered, and he and the vizier are handling its contents. No wonder he instantly promised the princess in marriage to the owner of the treasure, "and no questions asked;" such a temptation would have made him promise, as the Persians say, "to eat his father." But Persians are men of their word in general, and it was very unhand-some, to say the least of it, in the Sultan, first to pocket Aladdin's present, and then break faith with him and marry her to that son of the Vizier, who, though a good fellow enough, after his kind, is not fit to hold a candle to Aladdin. Most men would have given up the matter in despair when they saw the bridal party walking home from the mosque, and witnessed the illuminations after the ceremony. But Aladdin, though taken aback by this trick of the Sultan's, does not lose courage, he knows there is oil in the lamp yet, and that many things fall out between the cup and the lip. He

hurries to his room—he lays hold of the lamp—the Giant has his orders—and now Saladin, the young bridegroom, had better look to himself.

We need not go into all the particulars of the transfer of the new married couple from their palace to Aladdin's apartment, or of the false position in which poor Saladin is left night after night—watching the transit of Venus from a cold balcony, while

Aladdin occupies his place beside his bride. Every one must sympathize with his situation, and, instead of wondering, as his father-in-law appears to do, at his applying for a divorce, we only wonder how flesh and blood could have put up with such treatment during the whole honey-moon. Saladin's reasoning seems to us quite unanswerable.

I love your lovely daughter, gracious Sultan,
But not for her, not for the world itself
Would I attempt again this wild adventure.
Ye cannot judge what 'tis to find yourself,
Stiff as a stone, upon a terrace planted,
Contemplating the stars and milky way.
Ye cannot know what 'tis to find yourself
Pulled here and there and everywhere by spirits;
To see a cursed stranger coolly place him
In your own bed, beside your wedded wife,
While you above, like a chained dog, must stand
And bay the dogstar and the grinning moon.
Gulnara! she *may* take the matter coolly,
Snugly she lies in her warm downy bed,
So broad, so roomy, that the naked sword
That lies between her and her demon lover,
Can do no harm; and then besides, that sword—
Yourself allowed that what our eyes behold not,
Our hearts do most unwillingly believe;
Now my own eyes have seen Gulnara laid
By the enchanter's side—but for the sword,
The naked sword, that I have never seen!
Perchance this sword is, after all, a dream—
(On your own principles, most gracious Sultan)—
A mere illusion of the maiden's brain.

GULNARA (*with contempt*).

Audacious slave!

"Audacious slave" is all very well,—but we agree with Saladin. The sword *may* have been an air-drawn dagger after all. *De non apparentibus et de non existentibus, eodem est ratio.* On this brocard we take our stand, and maintain that, under the circumstances, the Mufti, had matters come to the push, must have awarded a separation. But matters do not come to the push, for the Sultan is brought at last to see the case in its proper light, to admit that no man or woman born could be expected to stand this persecution, and to agree that the divorce shall be quietly carried through, and things restored to their *status quo*.

Aladdin has now a clear stage before him—and no favour; for his

proposals, when they are renewed, are sneered at by the Sultan, and bitterly opposed by the Vizier, who never can forgive his son's course of practical astronomy on the terrace—and the loss of his connexion with the "very magnificent three-tailed Bashaw." Before that universal solvent, however, the wonderful lamp, all obstacles give way. Its key of gold opens even the stubborn heart of the Sultan;—and Aladdin's plebeian coat of arms—(three needles proper, we presume, in a field of cloth of gold)—is quite forgotten amidst the sparkle of the gems in which it is set. That last procession of the forty white and black slaves with the forty basins of massy gold, filled with a fresh crop of fruits from the

gardens below—has done the business. The tailor's son is the betrothed son-in-law of the Sultan of Persia; Gulnara has discovered in the threatened and long dreaded husband, the mysterious—the secretly beloved youth who had caught her eye and gained her heart at the baths; who had so often occupied Saladin's place by her side; and now, in all the pomp of the bridal procession, and surrounded by shouting multitudes, the happy pair take their way towards the palace—with its hall of the four-and-twenty windows, which, to the sound of flutes and soft recorders, under the noiseless hammers of the operatives of the lamp, has risen like an exhalation of the night to receive them.

So ends part first of Aladdin:—So end too the days of boyish thoughtlessness, of youthful impetuosity,—of ever-increasing, uninterrupted, infinite success. Aladdin has reached that pinnacle, beyond which there is no rising: he is in that position of overstrained good fortune, which made the philosopher of Samos shun the roof of Polycrates when the very sea itself returned him—with its compliments—in the inside of a codfish, the ring which he had dropped into its waters to try his fortune. We feel that even the mighty lamp itself has no armour against fate—no spell strong enough to screw the everchanging wheel of fortune to the sticking point. There is something solemn, agitating, startling, suspicious, in the dead calm, and sultry stillness that seem to sit upon the sea of life;—and in those dusky clouds which we begin to see sailing up from Africa—lurid and thunder-laden—towards Ispahan—we are already prepared, by some instinctive shrinking, to anticipate the bursting of the storm. Gradually, therefore, and naturally, the play slides into a more earnest tone;—not discarding entirely the humorous—(for from the cradle to the tomb, what portion of man's life is there with which the comic mixes not?)—but becoming, like the close of life itself—more serious—more concentrated—more touching than the commencement; the deeper affections and more self-balanced energies of the man are now to supersede the boiling passions, and bound-

less self-confidence of youth; Aladdin is to undergo the sufferings which are inseparable from human pride and human forgetfulness of the source of good; and now deserted by the powers of air, he must from his own bosom and his own resources draw the lamp which is to light him in safety through the palpable obscure into which his levity has plunged him.

Noureddin—the disappointed enchanter, has not been idle all this while in his African study; he has been handling the sand-box to some purpose, and now by his skill in geomancy has discovered the astounding fact—that the youth whose bones he believed to be mouldering some fifty fathoms under ground, is alive and well—master of the lamp, proprietor of a palace which is one of the wonders of the world, and husband of a princess who is herself the seventh wonder thereof. What can be more seductive than the *ruse* which he puts in practice to recover the long sought for treasure: “NEW LAMPS FOR OLD”—a cry as irresistible in the nineteenth century as the ninth—a cry which has made many a one at the present day exchange the good old steady lantern—though haply encased in a rusty or horn cover—by which he used to walk slowly but surely along the king's highway, for a flashy flickering *ignis fatuus*, that on pretence of leading him to his point by a shorter cut, leaves him all at once up to the neck in a quagmire. Gulnara, we think, was quite justified as matters stood in making the most of what she took for a piece of old lumber; but how a steady person like Aladdin should have left home without locking up the most valuable article in the house, would be a phenomenon passing our belief, if we had not seen cases in our own day, where people, reckoned wise in their generation, not only allowed their old lamps to be sold, but actually snuffed them out with their own hands, and exchanged them as old iron for some trumpery tin article, which on the very first trial left them in utter darkness.

Meantime, the lamp, transferred to the custody of Noureddin, has done its duty; and while the unconscious Aladdin is following the

hounds, his wife and his palace are flying through the air in the direction of W. S. W. towards the interior of Africa. It is morning, and the Sultan, taking, as usual, a mouthful of fresh air at his palace window, gives a glance towards the opposite

side of the square, where Aladdin's palace should be—but is not. He begins to doubt if he be fairly awake, after all—he calls Casan—Casan can throw no light upon the case—then the Vizier, who enters.

VIZIER.

What ails thee, mighty Sultan? art thou ill?
What grieves the mighty majesty of Persia?
Thy cheek is feverish, thine eye is wild.

SOLIMAN.

So, then, you know not what has happened? Did you
Not pass Aladdin's palace as you came?

VIZIER.

I did, great Sultan, as I always do,
When duty calls me to thy gracious throne.

SOLIMAN.

And you saw nothing?

VIZIER.

Nothing, good my lord.

SOLIMAN.

By Mecca and Medina, you are right;
For there was nothing in the world to see!

It is too true: the palace was in the position of the Spanish fleet when they eluded the observation of the governor of Tilbury. The Vizier puts his head out of the window, and admits the disappearance of the palace, but coolly observes, that "lightly come was lightly gone," and that there was nothing peculiarly remarkable in the fact that a palace which had been raised in one night should disappear in another. Aladdin, he would take the liberty of saying, he had never liked; he was satisfied he was some good-for-nothing enchanter after all; and would recommend that, if still within his majesty's dominions, he should be instantly arrested and brought to justice. We have a strong suspicion, from the readiness with which the Sultan listens to this advice, that he had never altogether forgiven Aladdin for his vainglorious display in finishing the twenty-fourth window of the hall, after the king had wasted half the crown jewels upon it to no effect. Be that as it may, however, immediate orders are issued for Aladdin's arrest; he is found in a wood at no

great distance from the capital, on his knees adoring his Maker, in the morning sun; for his peaceful slumbers in the forest where he has past the night, and the calm beauty and peacefulness of all about him "under the opening eyelids of the morn" have awakened in his heart all those feelings which have been smothered amidst the bustle of life and the pomp of palaces, and which seek an outlet long unused but not altogether choked up—through the channel of devotion. He passes at once from the splendours of his magic palace and the society of Gulnara, to the gloom and solitude of a prison, from which the only passage is to be to the scaffold. At first the violence and suddenness of the change unmans him; his despondency gives a voice even to the croaking of the deathwatch in the dungeon wall; but gradually his native cheerfulness of heart and confidence in providence, return to him; the prison, with its dreary vista of the block and executioner, lose their terrors—and visions of hope, or at least of cheerful resignation, hover over him.

The Prison.

ALADDIN (*fastened to a stone by a heavy iron chain. He remains gazing fixedly in deep thought, then bursts out*).

Almighty God! is this a dream? a dream!

Yes, yes, it is a dream. I slumber still,
In the green grass, within the forest glooms.

DEATHWATCH (*in the wall*).

Pi, pi, pi,
No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

What sound was that? Sure 'twas the deathwatch spoke.

DEATHWATCH.

Pi, pi, pi,
No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

Is this thine only chant, ill-boding hermit,
Croaking from rotten clefts and mouldering walls—
Thy burden still of death and of decay?

DEATHWATCH.

Pi, pi, pi,
No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

I do begin to credit thee—thou speakest
With such assurance that my heart believes thee.
Prophet of ill—Death's hour-glass, who hath sent thee
Hither, to shake me with thy note of death?

DEATHWATCH.

Pi, pi, pi,
No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

It cannot change its ditty if it would;
'Tis but a sound—a motion of the mouth—
Her song is but pi, pi; the rest was fancy.
'Twas I that heard it—'twas not she that sung?

DEATHWATCH.

No hope for thee.

ALADDIN.

Ha! insect—What is this?—Think'st thou to shake
My fixed philosophy with that croak of thine?

DEATHWATCH.

Pi!—

ALADDIN.

Well—be it as it may—my hope is gone.
This brief, but oft repeated warning-note
Weighs down my bosom, fills my heart with fear.
Yes, 'tis too clear. It must be so. Th' Eucharter
Is master of the lamp. The lamp alone
Could thus undo its work. O levity—
Thou serpent, that from Paradise drove forth
Adam;—destroyer of all earthly bliss,
Tempter, that in good hearts dost sow the seed
Of evil, bane of health, and wealth, and peace,
Through thee, and thee alone, I suffer here.
How dark these dungeon walls close over me!
How hollow sounds the rushing of the wind,
Howling against the tower without! 'Tis midnight—
Midnight! and I must tremble for the dawn.
The lovely dawn, which opes the eyes of men,
The leaves of flowers, to me alone is fearful;
To them it brings new life, but death to me.

[*The moon breaks through the clouds and shines into the prison.*]

What gleam is that? Is it the day that breaks?
Is death so nigh? Oh, no; it was the moon.
What wouldst thou, treacherous, smiling apparition?
Com'st thou to tell me I am not the first
Upon whose ashy cheeks thy quiet light
Fell calmly on his farewell night of life;

To tell me that to-morrow night thy ray
 Will greet my bleeding head upon the stake?—
 Sad moon, accursed spectre of the night,
 How often hast thou, like a favouring goddess,
 Shone o'er me in my loved Gulnara's arms,
 While nightingales from out the dusky bowers
 Vented our mute felicity in song.
 I deemed thee then a kind and gentle being,
 Nor deemed, as now, that in that lovely form
 Could lurk such coldness or such cruelty.
 Alike unruffled looks thy pallid face
 On myrtle bowers, on wheel or gallows down.
 The self same ray that shone above my joys,
 And kissed the couch of innocence and love,
 Shone on the murderer's dagger too, or glided
 O'er mouldering gravestones, which above their dead
 Lie lighter than despair upon the hearts
 Of those that still are living!—Com'st thou here
 Thus to insult me in my hour of need,
 Pale angel of destruction? hence, disturb not
 The peace of innocence! the hour of death.

[The moon is obscured by clouds.]

By heaven she flies—She sinks her pallid face
 Behind her silver curtains mournfully,
 Even as an innocent maiden, when she droops
 Her head within her robe, to hide the tears
 That flow for other's sorrows, not her own.
 O if my speech hath done thee wrong, fair moon,
 Forgive me—O forgive me. I am wretched.
 I know not what I say. Guiltless am I,
 Yet guiltless I must yet endure and die.

But see, what tiny ray comes trembling in,
 Like an ethereal finger, from the clouds,
 And lights on yonder spider that within
 Its darksome nook, amidst its airy web,
 So calm and heart-contented sits and spins?

THE SPIDER.

Look upon my web so fine,
 See how threads with threads entwine;
 If the evening wind alone
 Breathe upon it all is gone.
 Thus within the darkest place
 Allah's wisdom thou mayst trace;
 Feeble though the insect be,
 Allah speaks through that to thee!
 As within the moonbeam I,
 God in glory sits on high,
 Sits where countless planets roll,
 And from thence controls the whole:
 There with threads of thousand dies
 Life's bewildered web he plies,
 And the hand that holds them all
 Lets not even the feeblest fall.

The day of execution arrives. The victim is kneeling by the block—the sword, the executioner ready; but around the scaffold a sensation, a gathering tumult is observed among the crowd. The memory of his generosity, when he scattered gold among them by handfuls, has not been

without its effect; and a course of agitation is immediately commenced by the lower orders, which compels the Sultan to suspend his proceedings. Aladdin is allowed to depart in peace,—but with this somewhat disagreeable condition attached to his liberation, that if, within forty days,

he does not succeed in bringing back his wife and his palace, he shall return, and leave his head in pledge in their stead. He accepts the condition, though desponding enough as to the result. But time has rolled by as in a dream, and now the days of grace have almost expired. He wanders on through the town, to seek comfort and advice from his poor mother, Morgiana, whom in the days of his splendour, it would seem, he had somewhat neglected, but to whom, in his distress, he now turns, as the wounded deer is said to double upon the cover from which he sallied. He knocks at her humble door, and is told she is—dead; while the

landlord, not knowing whom he was addressing, entertains him with various satirical observations on himself—the more poignant, that they are felt to be true. Heart-broken and weary, he asks to be allowed to enter her room, and look once more on the old furniture. He feels already that the sudden revulsion to which he has been exposed is beginning to tell upon his brain. The host grants his request, for it costs nothing; and we find him seated alone in the little chamber, which Morgiana had continued to inhabit from choice, while her son occupied his magnificent palace so near her.

ALADDIN (*alone*).

(*He stands and gazes upon all with his hands folded*).

There stands her spindle as of yore, but now
No cheerful murmur from its corner comes;—
We grow familiar with such ancient friends,
And miss their hum, when they are hushed for ever.
There is some wool upon the distaff still;
I'll sit me down where my poor mother sate,
And spin like her, and sing old strains the while.

(*He sits down, sings, and bursts into tears*).

It will not do, I cannot make it move
With its accustomed even touch: too wildly,
Too feverishly fast I turn the wheel.
Oh! God—look there.—These thin and feeble threads,
Her hands have spun—and they stand fast and firm;
They hang unbroken and uninjured there,
But she that spun them—my poor mother, lies
With frozen fingers underneath the yew.
There hangs her old silk mantle on the wall,
With its warm woollen lining—here her shoes!
Now thine old limbs are cold enough, my mother.
Thou wouldst not leave this dwelling—would not quit
Thy life of old; thy loving, still existence,
My vanity and pride have undermined.
O ye that may this humble roof hereafter
Inhabit, if at dead of night ye hear
Strange sounds as of a chamber goblin-haunted,
Be not alarmed.—It is a good and gentle
House spirit; Let it sit, and spin, and hum;—
It will not harm ye. Once it was a woman
That spun the very skin from off her fingers,
All for her son—and in return, he killed her.
This have I done—This have I done—Oh! me.

(*Seats himself again and weeps*).

There stands her little pitcher by the wall—
There on the floor lies a half withered leaf;—
And such am I—that leaf was meant for me.

(*He gazes long with wild glances on the spot where the wonderful Lamp used to hang—then exclaims, with a distracted look,*

By heaven the lamp still hangs upon the nail!
What—think'st thou that I cannot clutch thee? There—
(*Takes a chair, mounts upon it, and lays hold of the nail.*
Now, there, I have thee—thou art mine again.
Now then Gulnara shall be mine again—

The palace shall be mine with all its treasures.
But soft. I'll visit first my mother's grave.

THE LANDLORD (*enters*).

Now, friend, hast look'd thy fill? The old lady was
Perhaps a near relation?

ALADDIN.

Distant only.

Now I am ready. But will you permit me
To take this worn-out copper lamp with me?
You see 'tis scarcely worth an asper.

LANDLORD (*staring*).

Friend,

I see no lamp.

ALADDIN.

See! this in my right hand.

'Tis, as I said, a trumpery piece of metal,
But I am fond of such old odds and ends,
And thus the lamp, worthless enough for others,
Has an imaginary worth to me.

LANDLORD.

Good friend, thou hast nothing in thy hand, believe me.

ALADDIN (*aside*).

So then the lamp hath gained *this* property
That it becomes invisible to strangers.
Charming. They cannot rob me of it now.

(*Aloud, as he places the supposed lamp in his bosom.*)

Well, since you say so, friend, I must believe
The lamp was but a vision of the brain;
Farewell, good friend, and thanks. Stay, let me lift
This withered leaf and place it in my turban—
'Tis all I ask of her inheritance.
Now fare thee well.

LANDLORD.

Poor man, his brain is turned.

Now take thy leaf, good friend, and get thee gone.

He has not far to go. The next scene discovers him in the churchyard.
It is night, and a chill autumnal wind is howling through the yews and
cypresses.

ALADDIN (*lying on his Mother's grave. He sings.*)

Sleep within thy flow'ry bed,
Lulled by visions without number;
Needs no pillow for thy head,
Needs no rocking for thy slumber.

Moaning wind and piteous storm,
Mother dear, thy dirge are knelling,
And the greedy gnawing worm
Vainly strives to pierce thy dwelling.

Thick in heaven the stars are set—
Slumber soundly to my singing—
Hark, from yon high minaret
Clear and sweet the death-note ringing.

Hush, the nightingale aloft
Pours her descant from the tree!
Mother, thou hast rocked me off,
Let me do the same for thee.

Is thy heart as loving now,
Listen to my wail and sorrow:
From this hollow elder bough
I for this a pipe will borrow.

But the feeble notes are lost,
Chilled by this cold wintry weather :
Ah ! the night-wind's piercing frost
Withers leaves and life together.

Here I can no longer lie,
All's so cold beside thee, mother ;
And no cheerful fire can I
Ask of father, friend, or brother.

Mother, sleep !—though chill thy bed,
Lulled by visions without number,
Needs no pillow for thy head,
Needs no rocking for thy slumber !

[*Exit.*]

The Great Square before the Sultan's Palace.

ALADDIN (*on the spot where his Palace used to stand, surrounded by a crowd*).

Now ye shall see. The hour has struck. No longer,
Rude rabble, shall ye make a mock at me,
And pelt me thus with stones and sand. Go to—
It costs me but one single simple word,
And there my palace stands as fast as ever,
And my beloved strains me to her breast.

[*Appearing to take something out of his bosom.*]

Look here, behold this ancient copper lamp.

MAN FROM THE CROWD.

Where, beggar prince ?

ALADDIN.

Peace, wretch—be courteous.

Who is it calls me beggar prince ? What ! thou ?
I know thee well. Was it not thee I met
Once in the storm ? Didst thou not throw thee down
And grovel on thy belly, that my foot
Might tread upon thy back, and be unmi-
red ?

MAN.

Ay, true I did so *then*.

ALADDIN.

By the lamp,

Which here in my right hand I raise to heaven,
I'll punish thee.

MAN (*laughing*).

A fearful oath.

ALADDIN.

Base wretches,

What with your eyes ye have not yet beheld,
Your hearts cannot believe. But wait—wait—wait.

[*He rubs, as if he held the lamp.*]

See ye the Spirit ? the Spirit of the Lamp ?

MAN.

O perfectly—tall as a pillar bearing
The lamp—I mean a lantern in his hands.

ALADDIN (*solemnly*).

Slave, in the power of the lamp I do command thee
Bring back my wife and palace instantly ;
Seize this base scoffing villain by the neck,
And leave him hanging from the lantern-post.

(*To the Crowd.*)

Now have a care,—it comes with whirlwind speed—
Stand not between. 'Twill crush ye into atoms.

[*He springs to a side: great laughter.—Aladdin waits some moments—then makes a motion as if throwing away the Lamp.*]

Ha ! that was but a false, pretended lamp !
Oh ! treachery.—Which of ye, ye base crew,
Has stolen my property.

[*They laugh.*]

Ay, laugh—laugh on—
Weeping will come in time. Think ye I cannot
Avenge myself upon ye?

[*He snatches up a large stone from the pavement, and throws it among the crowd.*
Some fly—others press upon him—the boys hoot.

AN OLD MAN (*approaching*).

Begone—torment no more the poor crazed youth.
Thank God *your* wits are where they should be. Go,
Poor youth—go home in peace.

ALADDIN.

I am going, friend;
But home is far from hence. Here I have none.
I slept last night among the ruins in
The wood.—But, harkye.—Pray you, be so good
As make one little calculation for me.
Good friend, how many days may yet remain
Of forty, if already nine-and-thirty
Are gone?

OLD MAN.

Then only one remains behind.

ALADDIN.

One only—one,—I pray you think again.
Perchance you might at first misreckon. Are there
Not THREE—not two, at least, behind? O do
Reckon once more. To you the calculation
Is naught—to me the sum is all in all.

OLD MAN.

There is but one. I cannot make it better.

ALADDIN.

Not better? Well! So be it in God's name.
My heart has grown accustomed to endurance.
One only. That is little. Is't not so?
Little enough?

OLD MAN.

Go home at once, good friend.

ALADDIN.

If one alone remains, I *shall* go home
To-morrow early—but, Old Man, the way
Is dark—dark; couldst thou lend me but a lantern.
Mine own lamp is gone out.

OLD MAN.

God will conduct thee.

ALADDIN (*affected*).

Will he? Then all is well; whom he conducts
Errs not, but finds an everlasting home.
Thanks for thy sweet consoling word, kind friend.

[*He kisses his hand.*]

Say, hast thou children?

OLD MAN.

But one son.

ALADDIN.

A son!

I would it were a daughter rather; Old Man,
These sons are dangerous; they will not tarry
By the calm hearth at home, but light of heart
They plunge into the roaring stream of life,
And strike and buffet. But the most are drowned.

[*He stares up into the sky.*]

There's moonlight, is there not, to-night?

OLD MAN.

Yes, friend, full moon.

ALADDIN.

So—that is kind, she leaves me not,

This my last night, in darkness. I will sit
Among the ruins of Persepolis.
That was a mighty city.

OLD MAN.

Very mighty.

ALADDIN.

Now it is fallen. All in life must fall.
Yet 'twill be lovely to behold the moon
Pouring its pallid light upon the ruins.
Allah be with you. I am going now.

[Exit.

OLD MAN (alone).

There Nature has a goodly work o'erthrown.

In this desponding and bewildered state of mind he wanders on till he is again in the forest. The sight of the deep still river that runs through it, "and looks up lovely to the quiet moon," seemingly inviting him to spring into its waters, and be at rest, tempts him to thoughts of self-destruction. But as he clasps his hands together, as bidding adieu to the earth, he unconsciously rubs the ring, which had never left his finger since the eventful day when it had been placed there by Noureddin before entering the cave, and the Genie of the Ring stands before him. His courage revives, for he sees he is not altogether forsaken; he calls on the spirit to bring back Gulnara and the palace. This is beyond the powers of the ring, however: the Genie cannot bring the palace to Aladdin, but he can bring Aladdin to the palace, and that is something. We feel a kind of assurance that now the tide has turned, and that right will prevail over might and magic. The transfer is accomplished in a moment. Aladdin is next discovered sleeping among the groves which surround his palace, where it has been set down by the spells of Noureddin in the wilds of Africa; while Gulnara, unconscious that her husband is so near, is brooding upon her melancholy fate, and the continued persecutions of the magician, in a neighbouring arbour. Sleep, and the visions of hope which begin to cheer his heart, have calmed the fever of Aladdin's blood;—reason has resumed its full empire over his mind. A passionate and beautiful scene follows between the lovers—for such they are, though husband and wife—in which the sufferings of the past are recounted, and a daring plan for their deliverance determined upon. Poor Gul-

nara had had a sore time of it with Noureddin—who—most absurdly for an old weazen-faced enchanter, with no calves to his legs—had chosen to fall in love with her, and was carrying on the siege with such vigour, that she had only been able to prevent the final assault, by agreeing to capitulate on terms, if not relieved within twenty-four hours longer.

It is a nervous business, however—that poisoning scene; and with all our confidence in Aladdin's tact and good fortune, we feel a little tremulous while Gulnara exchanges the cups, and presents the enamoured magician with the leprous distilment. But the potion has done its work; the magician falls back upon his chair, as Aladdin, dressed in the boyish garb he had worn when his pretended uncle had led him to the cave, enters, and, standing over him, vindicates his own conduct, and endeavours to turn his thoughts to repentance. But to this speech, the only reply of this hardened sorcerer—who dies game—is, "Accursed be thou, thy God, and the whole world,"—and with this comprehensive anathema on his lips he expires.

It may be a matter of taste, but we confess these *acqua tuffania* doings are somewhat revolting to us; for Noureddin's kickings and convulsions, especially in the presence of a lady, must have been a sorry sight. We wish Aladdin could have fought it fairly out—man to magician—as he does on another occasion, and finished the pestilence civilly by the sword. Noureddin had a soul to be saved, though he denies the fact; and a judicious "thrust in the small guts, or a bullet in the thorax," might have given him time for reflection, and produced a more Christian end. But then the lamp—ay, there's the rub;

that lamp within his bosom, for which his dying hand was convulsively clutching—one touch of that, and Aladdin, to use the expressive phrase of Jonathan, would have been consigned to immortals' smash. Yes, we fear the thing could not be managed otherwise, and Nouredin must die as he lived, like a dog, and be buried, to prevent any tendency to vampyrism after death, with a stake through his breast.

After this, all is plain sailing. The palace is in Palace Yard again in the twinkling of an eye; and the Sultan, as he wakes, sees it standing in its

old position, and has the satisfaction of ascertaining that it is no optical illusion, by shortly embracing his daughter, and shaking hands with his son-in-law. Their gratitude to heaven shows itself in the resolution to undertake a pilgrimage to the prophet's tomb; and Aladdin and Gulnara, in pilgrim's weeds, join the humble caravan which is to traverse the Desert towards Mecca. They have paid their vows, and are returning; and here is a pleasing chant, which we think would send any caravan upon its way rejoicing.

SONG OF THE PILGRIMS.

Through the scorching sunbeams, o'er the burning sand,
Light of heart we travel, tow'rd our father-land;
Rarest treasures bring we, calm content and love,
Peace within our bosoms, trust in Heaven above!
Gracious Allah, guide thy pious pilgrims still,
Speed the weary camel, show the cooling rill!

Soft the dews are falling, sultry day is o'er,
Light the mule is treading, cool the desert floor;
Sand and sky around us, calm and lovely night,
While the young moon's sickle in the east grows bright.
Ah! how softly trembles through the cooling dew,
There our prophet's emblem from the rifts of blue.

Then with step untiring, pious pilgrims come,
Where the crescent guides us to our hoped-for home!

Little, however, do they know that, among the crowd of pious devotees who are thus pouring out their orisons, there is one who follows their footsteps for very different purposes—Hindbad, the brother of the dead Nouredin, and an enchanter like himself. It is, indeed, a lamentable fact in natural history, that there is hardly any killing a necromancer, as the cases of Maugraby and others show; and even if you do contrive to give him his *quietus* at last, by Prussic acid or otherwise, fifty to one but he has a father, brother, uncle, or cousin, a distinguished fellow of Dom-Daniel College, to whom he bequeaths his mantle and his malice, and who continues to persecute you worse than himself. Such was the case here; Nouredin, when he left his brother, had communicated to him his plans, and exacted from him an oath, that if he fell—which would be made known to his brother by the appearance of a bloody spot among the geomantic sand—he would pursue his murderer

to the death. And now Hindbad, with the steady perseverance of a blood-hound, is tracking Aladdin and Gulnara, watching his opportunity, as executor of the deceased, of carrying his will into effect. The device he falls upon for that purpose—the murder of the poor devotee Fatima—his disguise of sanctity, and the Roc's-Egg plot, are in a fine style of invention, and give us reason to think that Hindbad was a better conjurer than his brother. Most women are taken in by methodist preachers; and what lady that was in possession of a drawingroom containing six of the wonders of the world, could resist the temptation of coveting the seventh? Where the grievous offence lay in asking the Genie for a roc's egg may not be so clear, but no doubt he had his reasons for it; and there is something finely mysterious and magically consistent in the incomprehensible nature of the crime. Aladdin's punishment on this occasion, is,—to be left to himself and his own energies: from the spi-

rits of lamp or ring he is to expect no assistance in counteracting the schemes of the murderer. But to this we feel he is more than equal; and Hindbad's miserable attempt at assassination scarcely excites the least suspense or fear. Aladdin strikes the dagger from his grasp with as much ease as Roland disarms an amateur. He will not take the life of the assassin, however, at once, for he has had enough of cold-blooded slaughter in the case of Nouredin; he rings, and orders Damascus blades for two, and tells Hindbad to fight for his life. But it is in vain he forces the trusty scimitar into his hand. Hindbad can handle the stiletto behind backs, and is an excellent shot—round a corner—but for a fair stand-up fight, man to man, he has no turn: he cannot even summon up courage to take a chance for his miserable existence, but, in sheer ecstasy of fear, plunges his own dagger into his breast, and posts off to join his brother, at his residence in Belial's buildings, Pandemonium East.

Hindbad is fortunately the sole surviving partner of the necromantic firm, and his death dissolves the company. The run which their vile forgeries had created on Aladdin now ceases, and all danger of a crash in that quarter is at an end. Aladdin has paid in full the heavy debt of suffering and sorrowful experience—and exhibits, upon the whole, a

fair balance sheet upon the book of life. His trials and temptations are over; he has learned moderation in his desires, humility in the highest and most brilliant condition of life, and hope and resignation in the lowest and the most lowering. The idle, heedless, and almost heartless youth has been developed by the extremes of fortune into the brave, prudent, generous, patient, pious, and loving man. Through bursts of sunshine and storm he has reached the turning point of life, and now a clear moon and calm weather shall accompany him on his downward way. See the messengers already enter to announce that the poor old Sultan has paid the debt of nature—long past due—and that Aladdin reigns in Persia. And, hark! from the square beneath—that square where so lately the hooting multitude had made a mock of his madness—the same crowds, ever ready to “speed the going, greet the coming guest,” are hailing with shouts the advent of their new monarch, and prostrating themselves with true Oriental devotion before the rising sun. Aladdin advances to the window, he leans his head thoughtfully upon his hand, contemplating the giddy crowd; then gives vent to his feelings in these lines, with which, as with a strain of touching but not melancholy music, the poem closes.

'Twas there I stood beneath, a little boy,
When, on my Sunday wanderings through the streets,
I gazed astonished at the ancient palace,
Nor could divine how human hands could rear
So all-magnificent an edifice;
'Twas there, beneath, I in my madness threw
The stone among the scoffing multitude;
'Tis there, beneath, they hail me now as Sultan,
And shout and revel for another king.
How wondrous is the web of human life!
How strangely does its tissue cross and twine!—
A plaything in the hands of Deity:
A sign from him—and we are dust again.
What, then, is human greatness!—Come, beloved,
Come, where thy gracious father sleeps in peace,
And from his pallid, pious features, draw
Sweet consolation,—while this giddy people
Flock to prepare their festival of joy.
Thence will we walk together to the churchyard,
And thoughtful, there, beneath the fragrant elder,
Sit hand in hand on Morgiana's grave.

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

CHAP. IX.

"The waters heave around me."

Childs Harold.

THE interval between the period when I made up my mind to this step of invaliding, and of putting it into execution, was passed in a state of mind little enviable—in a strange mixture of pleasure and pain, of joy and grief. At one moment both Helen and myself were buoyed up with the most joyous anticipations, at another a weight hung on our hearts, that we could not ourselves account for. With us, however, the chances of happiness seemed to preponderate; but it was far otherwise with poor De Walden and Sophie Duquesné, who, children as they both were, had tumbled head over heels in love, before they were aware of it.

For several days the young midshipman had been kept on board, attending to his duty; it was the last evening but one that I was to spend at Havanna, when against Mrs Hudson's wish, and I need not say most diametrically opposed to Helen's and mine, old Mr Duquesné had invited some friends in the evening, and having dined at the usual hour, the girls were having their hair dressed in the little boudoir already described, while we the male part of the family, were enjoying our wine in the room that had been my bedroom.

"Now, Mr Duquesné," said I, "I really am quite ashamed at the trouble I must have put you all to lately; why," (looking round me,) "I seem to have actually dispossessed you of your dining saloon for some time. I was not aware of this before."

"Poo, it does not signify none at all, my dear sare—de happiness and obligation were all mine. I cannot wish you were wound again—oh *certainement*, I could not do dat sing; *mais* I happy would be, you should sprain your foot, elbow, or head, or any leetle fingare—so as you were to stay here, some time less—more I mean—*assurément* you cannot maintain your resolution to leave us

yesterday?—put off your depart until last week."

"Impossible, my very kind friend; I have too long trespassed on your kindness—kindness which I am sure I shall never be able to repay."—Here we were interrupted by De Walden entering the room.—"Ah, Henry, how are you?"

Our excellent host and Mrs Hudson both rose to receive him. He looked very pale, and had a nervous unsettledness about him, that contrasted unpleasantly with the recollection of his usual quiet, naturally graceful manner.

After returning their civility, he drew his chair to the table, and I noticed he helped himself very hastily to a large bumper of Madeira, part of which was spilt from the trembling of his hand, as he carried the glass to his lips. "Gentlemen," at this juncture said Helen, from the other room, "had you not better come closer to the balcony here, and give us the benefit of your conversation, now since Master De Walden graces your board?" Here Sophie, who was under the hands of our old friend Pepe Biada, slapped Helen, as if there had been some bantering going on between them having reference to the young fellow.

"Certainly," said William Hudson; "but come, Brail, would it not be an improvement on Helen's plan, were we to adjourn to the other room altogether—this one—" continued he, looking towards Mr Duquesné—"will be wanted soon—indeed, Nariz de Nieve and Manuel have once or twice popped in their beautiful countenances at the door as hints for us to move."

We all with one accord rose at this—the two elderly gentlemen adjourned to the counting-house, while young Hudson, De Walden, and your humble servant, repaired to the sanctum of the young ladies. When we entered, we found Mrs Hudson sitting, already dressed for

company, at one side of the piano, where Helen was practising some new air, with (oh, shocking to an English eye) her hair *en papillote*, while the beautiful long jet black tresses of her charming companion were still under the hands of the little monkified barber, my old ally, Pepe Biada.

"Mr Brail," said Mrs Hudson, "I thought you did not patronise this foreign free-and-easy fashion that has crept in amongst us—Helen, there, said she was sure *you* would not come."

I laughed—"Why, Helen is wrong for once, you see, my dear madam; but if I had any objection, any slight scruple, you must allow I have very easily surmounted it at any rate; and as for De Walden there, *he* seems to have none at all."

He turned as I spoke, and both he and Sophie, who had been communing together in an under tone, started and blushed, as if somewhat caught, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, and I saw a tear stand in the dark beauty's eye. But De Walden seemed by this time to have got his feelings under control, although, from the altered manner of poor Sophie, it was not to be concealed from me, that some communication had just been made to her by him, that lay heavy on her young heart.

It now became necessary that we should retire to dress; and by the time I returned, the company had begun to assemble; but De Walden was no where to be seen—he had returned to his ship, it appeared; and although poor Sophie did the honours during the early part of the evening with her usual elegance, yet her customary sprightliness was gone, and it was evident how much it cost her to control her feelings. About midnight, however—worn out, heart-crushed, and dejected, she could no longer sustain this assumed unconcern, and retired on the plea of a headache. But the rest of us, hard-hearted animals as we were, having got into the spirit of the thing, at the expense of some mental exertion, and not a little champagne, contrived to forget poor Sophie and De Walden for a time, and so carried on until daydawn.

"What is that?" said I to William Hudson.

"A gun from *Gazelle*, on weighing, I guess," said he.

"Ah," I rejoined—"I did not know she was to sail before Sunday. Why, I have not even said good-by to my friends on board of her."

"It stood for Sunday, I believe—at least so De Walden told me, until yesterday afternoon, when all the merchantmen having reported ready for sea, the commodore determined to be off."

"The sound of that cannon," said Helen Hudson to me, with an agitated voice, as we sat together, "will be like a knell to one we know of, Benjamin."

A short time after this the party broke up, and we retired to rest. With me it was short and troubled, and I awoke, little refreshed, about noon—the hour we had previously arranged for breakfast.

I was to sail the following morning, and Mrs Hudson, with maternally kindness and consideration, left her daughter and me very much alone and together that forenoon, and evening. I had made my little preparations for embarking, laid in my sea-stock, and arranged for my passage in the British brig the *Ballahoo*, when I returned in the evening just as the night was closing in. I found Helen sitting alone in the boudoir, and I could not but perceive that she had been weeping.

"How now, dearest," said I, as gaily as the weight at my own heart would let me—"How now, Helen—why so sad—you know we have all along been aware that we must part, but I trust only temporarily. Come, now, you have had your wish gratified, by Sir Oliver leaving Dicky Phantom with you, until his friends in England have been consulted—and take care, Helen—I shall grow jealous of the small rogue, if you don't mind. So, come now, Helen, don't be foolish—we shall soon have a happy meeting, if it pleases heaven, and"—

"I hope so—I trust so, Benjamin—but in such a climate who can promise themselves a happy or a certain meeting? Have we not ourselves met friends in the morning, who never saw the sun rise again? Oh, Benjamin, my heart is fond and foolish."

"Well, well, Helen, but cheer up,

my sweet girl—our prospects are fair, compared to poor De Walden's."

"True, and so they are—poor Sophie, too—but there has been no declaration on his part"—as if willing to lead the conversation from our own sorrows.—"He is the most open-hearted lad, Benjamin, I ever met. Early in the forenoon, yesterday, he told Sophie, that except Sir Oliver Oakplank, he had not one friend in the wide world, but what claim he had on him he did not say—that he had nothing to look to, but getting on in the service, through his own exertions; and more than once he has already told my mother, that if there had been the smallest chance of joining his frigate in Jamaica, he would instantly have left Havana, had he even worked his passage. He said he feared it was neither prudent nor honourable his remaining here. Poor, poor Henry."

"Did he say any thing of his early life?" said I, my curiosity getting the better of my propriety of feeling.

"Not much. He had been, from his own account, the Child of Misfortune. The current of his life, from the earliest period he could recollect, had been dark and troubled. Few gleams of sunshine had ever brightened the stream; and when they did dance for a moment on a passing joyous ripple that crisped its surface, it was but to give place to heavy clouds, under whose lowering shadow it again assumed its usual leaden hue—And, oh, Benjamin, how is it to be with ourselves? You have also, from your own account, suffered much, from loss of fortune and loss of near and dear friends. Oh! may not our own acquaintance prove one of those evanescent gleams in our lives? If—if"—and she clasped her arms round my neck—"if our meeting should prove but a sparkle on the wave, Benjamin, after all, that twinkles for a moment before it floats down the dark stream of our existence, and is no more seen—Oh, my love, if we are never to meet again"—And she wept until her heart was like to burst.

"Hope for the best, my dearest Helen—hope for the best. I will soon return, Helen—I will soon return—so be composed—we must

not give way to our feelings—we have a duty to perform to ourselves, our friends, and each other; nay, more, to that all-gracious Being who has blessed us by bringing us together, and who has smiled on our prospects thus far—and here comes your mother, let us ask her blessing for—for"—

I broke off, for I durst not say out my say; but in furtherance of my determination, after parting with my friends for the night, and stealing a kiss from little Dicky as he slept like a rose bud steeped in dew, with the assistance of William Hudson, I got my small kit away without suspicion, and repaired on board the *Balahoo*.

When I got on the deck of the brig it was quite dark, and every thing was in great confusion, preparatory to getting under weigh in the morning. The crew—blacks, browns, and whites, Englishmen and Spaniards—were gabbling aloft on the yards, and shouting from below, as some were bending sails, and others hoisting them up to the yards, while others were tumbling about bales of tobacco on deck, and lowering them down the hatchway, where a number of hired negroes were stowing the same away in the hold. Her cargo consisted of logwood, hides, and tobacco, the blending of the effluvia from the two latter being any thing but ambrosial.

When I went below, I found at least a dozen Spanish passengers busily employed in stowing away their luggage in the cabin, and I was struck with the careless way in which they chucked their bags of doubloons about, as if they had been small sacks of barley, and the recklessness they displayed in exposing such heaps of glittering pieces to the eyes of the crew and myself, for I was an utter stranger to all of them. "Were I to exhibit a handful of bank-notes in England in this way," thought I—"were I thus openly to have paraded them in a steam-boat, for instance, or a Leith smack!" Besides this, the confidence these traders appeared to place in their negro servants was greater than I ever could have dreamed of; but the strangest part of the affair was yet to come. The English captain of the brig, after having ordered the boats

to be hoisted in, had just come down, and seeing me seated on the locker, leaning with my back against the rudder-case, and silently observing, with folded arms, the tumultuous conduct of the Dons, he addressed me—

“A new scene to you, Mr Brail, this.”

“It is so, certainly. Are our friends there not afraid that those black fellows who are bustling about might take a fancy to some of these rouleaux of doubloons, that they are packing away into their portmanteaus and trunks there?”

“No, no,” rejoined he, smiling; “most of them are household slaves, who have been, very probably, born and bred up in their families; not a few may even be their foster brothers, and all of that class are perfectly trustworthy; in truth, sir, as an Englishman, I am sorry to say it, but they treat their domestic negroes infinitely better than we do. As to the field slaves, I cannot judge, but I can speak as to the fact of the others from long experience. A Spanish family look on negroes of this class as part and portion of the household; in fact, they are not bondsmen at all, except in name, for they are better cared for than any servants in other countries I know, be they white or black. Indeed, now that I reflect, you must have noticed, they don’t even suffer the humiliation of being called ‘slave,’—‘criado,’ the common name given them by their masters, signifying literally servant. The harsher, ‘esclavo,’ being seldom, indeed never, applied to them unless for some default.”

“Heavens!” I here exclaimed, “what, are they all going to bed, with your supper untouched on the table?—see if they be not undressing!”

He laughed. “You shall know the reason of their stripping, sir,” said he. “Doubloons, indeed both gold and silver coin, are contraband here; and you shall presently see an instance of Spanish ingenuity in defrauding their revenue laws, which impose an export duty on specie, on the one hand, and of the trust they place in their coloured servants on the other; of their own dishonesty, and the implicit confidence

they place in the integrity of their servants.”

The operation of *peeling* was all this while going on amongst the gingham-coated gentry, who, when naked to their trowsers, presented a most absurd appearance, each of them having sewed round his waist and loins, next his skin, from four to six double bands of coarse linen, or canvass, like so many eelskins, each filled with broad gold pieces, packed on their edges, and overlapping each other, until they were fairly pistol proof, in scale armour of gold.

After loud shouts of laughter at the manner in which they had *done the pies de gallo*, or customhouse officers, they stowed away the specie and donned their clothes again, when the black “*criados*,” to my great astonishment, began to strip in turn. Blackie was soon exhibited in the same state of nudity as his masters had recently been, and the gold pieces were in like manner peeled off him and stowed away.

These transactions taking place in a confined well-cabin, lit by a small skylight, with the thermometer standing at ninety-five, had no great purifying effect on the atmosphere, the blended steam of human carcasses and tallow candles being any thing but savoury.

The captain very civilly had given up his own berth to me, and I retired to steal such rest as I might expect to snatch, in so uncomfortable a fellowship, and I was about toppling over into a sound snooze, when my Spanish allies, inspired by libations of bad brandy, with which they had washed down their mess of garlic and jerked beef, chose to chant in chorus, most vociferously, the popular peninsular song of the day, “*A la guerra, a la guerra, Españoles*.” However absurd this might be from a set of shopkeepers and smugglers, still, being deucedly tired, I got over it, and growing accustomed to their noise, which seemed to have no end, I bestowed myself to sleep.

In the morning, the bustle overhead awoke me, and having got up and dressed, I went on deck, where I was glad to find that the confusion of the previous night had very much subsided.

The vessel in which I had embarked was a long low French-built

brig, with very high solid bulwarks, pierced for sixteen guns, but having only six twelve-pound carronades mounted.

I was informed by the captain that she was a very fast sailer, which I found to be true; indeed her share of the trade between Kingston and Havanna very much depended on this qualification.

Her hull was beautifully moulded, a superfine run, beautiful bows, and her sides as round as an apple. By the time I got on deck, the topsails and topgallant sails were sheeted home and hoisted, and the cable was right up and down. After several quick clattering revolutions of the windlass, "We are a-weigh," sung out the skipper, and presently all was bustle on board, securing the anchor, during which the vessel began to glide slowly along towards the harbour's mouth, and under the enormous batteries that line it on either side.

When we got to sea, the breeze failed us; and, as the sun rose, we lay roasting on the smooth swell, and floating bodily away on the gulf-stream to the northward.

We were baffled in this way for three tedious days, until I began to think we should never lose sight of the Florida shore. At length a breeze from the eastward sprang up, that enabled us to stem the gulf-stream.

In the night of the fourth day, after leaving Havanna, I had come on deck. It was again nearly calm, and the sails were beginning to flap against the masts. There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly. Several large fish were playing about, and I was watching one of them, whose long sparkling wake pointed out his position, when the master of the brig, who had followed me, and now stood beside me at the gangway, remarked, that there was an uncommon appearance in the northwest quarter.

I looked, and fancied I saw a glare, as from a fire on shore, but so faint that I could not be certain. I therefore resumed my walk on deck, in which I was now joined by the captain. The dew was falling in showers at every shake of the wet sails.

"Why, we shall get soaked here, skipper, if the breeze don't freshen?"

"Indeed, sir, I wish it would

breeze up, with all my heart. I have no fancy for knocking about in this neighbourhood one minute longer than I can help, I assure you. There are some hookers cruising in the channel here, that might prove unpleasant acquaintances if they overhauled us. I say, steward, hand me up my nightglass—the glare on our starboard bow, down to leeward there, increases, sir."

I looked, and saw he was right. Some clouds had risen in that direction over the land, which reflected the light of a large fire beneath in bright red masses.

"Are you sure that fire is on the land?" said I, after having taken a look at it through the nightglass.

"No, I am not," said he; "on the contrary, I have my suspicions it is at sea; however, we shall soon see, as here comes the breeze at last."

We bowled along for an hour, when it again fell nearly calm; but we had now approached so close, as to be able distinctly to make out that the light we had seen proceeded from a vessel on fire. It was now near three o'clock in the morning, and I proposed to the skipper to keep away towards the fire, in order to lend any assistance in our power to the crew of the burning vessel, if need were.

"No, no, sir—no fear of the crew, if the vessel has taken fire accidentally, because they are well in with the land, and they could even, with this light air, run the vessel ashore, or take to their boats; but I fear the unfortunate craft has been set fire to by one of these marauding villains I alluded to. However, be that as it may, I will stand on our course until daylight at any rate, when we can see about us. In the meantime, keep a bright look-out forward there—do you hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

I was too much interested by this incident to think of going below; so I remained on deck, as did the master, until the day dawned.

As the approach of sunrise drew near, the bright yellow flame faded into a glowing red. Gradually the blood-red colour of the clouds overhead faded, and vanished. The morning lightened, the fire disappeared altogether, and we could only make out a dense column of

smoke rising up slowly into the calm grey morning sky. The object on fire was now about four miles on the starboard beam, as near as we could judge.

"Now," said I, "there is the breeze steady at last," as it came down strong, just as the sun rose, roughening the blue water to windward, and coming along with a hoarse rushing noise, heard long before it reached us. It was preceded by the pride of the morning, that is, a smart shower, which pelted on our decks, and the next moment our light sails aloft filled—next the topsail sheets felt the strain of the canvass, filled by the freshening blast. The brig lay over—the green wave curled outwards, roaring from the cutwater—the strength of the breeze struck her—and away she flew like a sea-bird before it.

"There it is—strong and steady to be sure," cried the captain, rubbing his hands joyously; "and with such a capful of wind I don't fear any thing here smaller than a frigate; so haul out the spanker, and set the mainsail—run up the flying jib—come, Mr Brail, we shall run down, and you shall have your wish now, since we have the old barkly under command, and see what is going on yonder."

We were now rapidly approaching the burning vessel, which was still becalmed, and lying motionless apparently on the silver swell, veiled from our sight by the pillar of cloud that brooded over it, which continued to ascend straight up into the clear heaven like some tall tree, the top of it spreading and feathering out like the drooping leaves of some noble palm; but the moment the breeze struck the column of smoke, it blew off, as if the tree had been levelled before the blast, and streamed away down to leeward in a long whirling trail, disclosing to our view the black hull and lower masts of a large vessel, with the bright red flames gushing out from her hatchways, and flickering up the masts, as if the fire licked them.

When the smoke blew off, we saw a felucca, hitherto concealed by it, to leeward of the vessel, apparently edging away from her, with a boat towing astern, an unusual thing at sea. Presently, she hoisted it up, and hauled her wind after us, as if she had

taken time to reconnoitre, and now had made up her mind to overhaul us. As the wreck was by this time burned to the water's edge, it was clear we could render no assistance—we therefore made all the sail we could, and stood once more on our course. Just as we had hauled by the wind, and were leaving the wreck, the after-part of the quarterdeck of the burning vessel lifted, as it were, but by no means suddenly, although the stump of the mizen-mast flew up into the sky like a javelin launched into the air by the hands of a giant, and clouds of white smoke burst from the vessel, in the midst of which a sudden spout of red flame shot up, but there was scarcely any report, at least what sound we heard was more a deadened *thud* than a sharp explosion. The vessel immediately fell over on her side, and vanished suddenly below the green waves, in a cloud of white steam.

"There's a gallant craft come to an untimely end," said the captain.

"You may say that," I rejoined; "and that roguish-looking little fellow to leeward has had some hand in her destruction, or I am mistaken—see if the villain has not hauled his wind, and made sail after us. He seems inclined to overhaul us—had you not better keep by the wind, Mr Hause, and try if you can't shake him off on a bowline."

The hint was taken. We made all sail on the larboard tack, and although the felucca did the same, it was clear we were dropping her fast.

"Give me the glass," said I. "I had strong suspicions that I knew that chap before—let me see—ay, it is her, true enough. I know the new cloth in the leitch of the mainsail—there, about half-way up—but heyday—that sail was as good as new when I last saw it, although it seems strangely patched now—this must be meant as a mask."

"Pray, sir," said the skipper, "do you know that vessel?"

"To be sure I do.—It is the *Midge*, that was tender to the *Gazelle* the other day, the little felucca that was sold out of the service at Havannah before we sailed. I cannot be deceived, but she must be strangely out of trim."

All the Spanish passengers were

by this time on deck, peering out through their telescopes at the little vessel.

"What can keep her astern in that manner?" continued I; "she seems under all sail, yet you are leaving her fast, and that is more than you should do, fast as you say you are, were she properly handled."

"Why," said the master joyously, "you don't know the qualifications of this craft, sir"—

"Probably not," said I.

"We are creeping away beautifully," continued he. "I always knew the Ballahoo had a clever pair of heels, if there was any wind at all—poo, the Midge at her best could not have touched us, take my word for it, Mr Brail—keep her full and by, my lad"—to the man at the helm—"let her walk through it—do you hear—we shall show that felucca that she has no chance with us."

I handed the glass to the skipper again.

"Don't you see something towing astern yonder, as she falls off, and comes up to the wind again?"

"Faith I do," said he, in a hurried and somewhat disconcerted tone; a sudden light seeming to flash on him; "I see a long dark object in her wake, as she rises on the swell—what can it be?"

"What say you to its being the spanker-boom, or a spare topmast of the vessel we saw on fire, for instance?" said I; "at all events, you see it is a spar of some sort or another, and it can only be there for one purpose, to keep her astern, while she desires to appear to be carrying all sail, and going a-head as fast as she can; it is a common trick amongst these piratical craft, I know."

The man, with a melancholy shake of his head, coincided with me.

"Now," said I, "listen to me. I know that felucca well," and here I told him how, and what time I had been on board of her—"if she casts off that dead weight, she will be alongside of you in a crack. In light winds and a smooth sea, she is the fastest thing I ever saw; you have no chance if you trust to your heels; so, take my advice, and shorten sail boldly at once, get all your passengers on deck, with their trabuccos, clear away your guns, load them, and see all clear for ac-

tion. If you appear prepared she will not bother you—it is not her cue to fight, unless she cannot help it—at any rate, I see she will stick by you all day, and be alongside whether you will or no when the night falls; so the sooner you give him a glimpse of your charms the better."

My advice was so palpably prudent, that it was instantly followed.

"Valga me Dios!" exclaimed one of our Spanish passengers, "que gente hay abordo—gracias que este felucha no puede andar, porque hombre honesta no lo es."—"Heaven help me, what a number of people there are on board—we should be thankful that that felucca can't sail, as she is not honest, that's clear."

Another shouted out—"Tanto gente—tanto gente!"—"Lord what a number of people—what a number of people!"

"People!" exclaimed the skipper, laughing, as he slammed the joints of the glass into each other; "why, it is a deck-load of cattle, or I am a Dutchman. Oh dear—oh dear—why, gentlemen, your courage has all been thrown away—she is some Montego Bay trader with a cargo of dyewood, and 'ganado,' as you call them—ha—ha—ha!"

"And so it is," said I, much amused, and not a little rejoiced. "Come, gentlemen, your warlike demonstrations have indeed been thrown away, and I suppose our friend the skipper there may secure his guns when he likes, and keep away on his course again."

This was done, and every thing subsided into its usual quietness, except the jaw of the *Dons*, who were all silent enough, and Bob Acreish enough, so long as we had suspicions of the felucca, but every man among them was braver than another the moment they saw that their fears had been groundless. They were all singing, and shouting, and swaggering about the decks while I was taking a careless, and, what I considered, a parting squint at the vessel. I naturally looked out astern, as we had by this time kept away and were going along with the wind free, in expectation of seeing him still close by the wind, but, to my great surprise, no such thing—the youth, although no nearer than before, had kept away

also, and was now on our lee-quarter, as if desirous of cutting us off. "I say, skipper, I don't like this manœuvring on the part of the felucca—she is off the wind again."

"And so she is," said the man.

The Spaniards gathered from our countenances, I suppose, that doubts had again sprung up in our minds as to the character of the vessel, notwithstanding the improbability of a pirate carrying a deck-load of cattle—and they stopped their exclamations in mid volley, breaking off their patriotic songs, with laughable quickness, and began to bustle with their glasses again.

My original suggestion was once more the order of the day, and after seeing all clear for the second time, the skipper manfully handed his top-gallant sails, hauled up his courses, and took a reef in his topsails. The felucca had now no alternative but to come alongside, unless she had chosen to cast off the mask at once; so she gradually drew up on our lee-quarter, so that, as the breeze laid her over, we might see as little of her deck as possible; and we could now perceive that she had cast off the spar she had been towing astern. When she came within hail, she hauled the foresheet to windward, and sent a small punt of a boat, pulled by two men, on board, and a curious sallow-complexioned little monkey of a Spaniard in the stern. He came on deck grimacing like an ape, and although I could perceive that he was carefully noting our strength and preparations with the corner of his eye, he seemed all blandness and civility.

"What vessel is that?" said the captain.

"The Musquito," was the answer.

"Ah!" said the skipper, "she is the English tender that was sold the other day in Havanna."

"The same," said the baboon; "she was called the Midge then, dat is Anglis for Musquito."

"Come, there is honesty in that confession at all events," thought I, but I presently saw that the fellow knew me, and, what was more, saw that I had recognised his vessel, so that his game was clearly to take credit for candour; however, I was as yet by no means satisfied. For instance, he gave a blundering account of, the reason why they had clapped patches of old canvass on a

new sail, and he positively denied having had a spar towing astern to deaden her way; and as to the vessel we had seen on fire, he said they knew nothing of her, that they had fallen in with her accidentally as we had done, and that, so far as they knew, her crew had previously taken to their boats, for they had seen no one on board of her. He finished the parley by saying that he was bound to Falmouth to dispose of his cargo of Nicaragua wood and cattle, and that he had come on board for some water, as they had run short and had little left, except some pond water for the bestias.

He got a small cask filled, and then, with a repetition of his grimaces, walked over the side. Immediately on his getting on board, the felucca hauled by the wind until she got dead in our wake, and there she hung for some time; but I could see they had the greatest difficulty in keeping her astern, by luffing up in the wind every now and then. At length he took his departure.

"Had you not cut such a formidable appearance, Mr Hause, you would have been treated very unceremoniously by that gentleman, take my word for it," said I.

"You may say that, sir," said the skipper; "but I hope we are now finally quit of him."

That same evening, about ten o'clock, I was sitting in the cabin with the master of the vessel. The cabin had two state-rooms opening off it, one on each side of the door, and four open berths aft, shut in with green baize curtains, that ran on brass rods. Each of the beds was tenanted by a Spanish passenger, while the master and I slept in cots slung in the main cabin. The Dons, tired with the exploits of the day, had by this time all bestowed themselves in their nests, and, so far as we could judge by the nasal chorus going on, were sound asleep. On a sudden we heard the mate, who appeared to be standing aft beside the man at the wheel, hail some one forward.

"Who is that standing on the rail at the gangway there?"

Some one answered, but we could not make out what was said.

The mate again spoke—"Whereabouts do you see it?"

"There, sir—right to windward there."

We then heard a bustle in the companion, as if some one was groping for the glass; and in a minute the mate came down to the cabin with it in his hand.

"There is a strange sail to windward of us, sir."

"What does she look like?" said the skipper; "not that infernal felucca again?"

"No, sir," said the man. "I think she is a schooner; but it is so thick and dark, that I cannot be certain."

We rose and went on deck, and saw the object to windward clearly enough. She appeared to be dodging us; and when we kept away, or luffed up in the wind, she instantly manœuvred in the same fashion, so soon as she perceived we were altering our position from her.

"Come, *that* fellow is watching us, at any rate," said the captain, "whatever the felucca may have done. I wish we were fairly round Cape Antonio. I fear there is some concert between the two. Mr Croesjack," to his mate, "keep a bright look-out—keep your eye on him, until I take a look at the chart below. Surely the current is stronger than I have allowed for, as we should have made more of it by this time than we have done."

Curiosity led me to accompany the skipper below, and we were both poring over the chart, when the mate called down—

"The schooner has bore up for us, sir, and is coming down on our weather-quarter."

"The devil she is!" said the skipper, dashing down his compasses and parallel-ruler with such vehemence, that the former were driven through the chart, and stuck quivering in the table on one leg, like an opera-dancer, and slamming on his hat he jumped up the ladder.

This startled the Dons. The curtains in front of the side-berths were drawn aside with a jarring rasp of the brass rings along the rods, and four half-naked Spaniards, with their nightcaps on, and their gold or silver crucifixes glancing on their hairy chests in the candle-light, sat up, while the inmates of the two state-rooms stretched their necks to look into the cabin.

"Que—que—buque a barlovento?"—"What is it?—what—a vessel to windward?"

"Yes," said I; "there is a strange sail dodging us rather suspiciously."

"Sospechoso! sospechoso!—buque sospechoso!—Ave Maria!" and forthwith the whole lot of warriors jumped out of bed, and great was the confusion in their decorating of themselves. One poor fellow, half asleep, turned his trowsers the wrong way, so that he seemed to sail stern foremost, like a Dutch schuyet. Another stuck a leg into his own galligaskins right enough, but his neighbour, half asleep, had appropriated the other branch of the subject, inserting his peg into the starboard leg, whereby they both lost their balance, and fell down on their noses on the cabin floor, "carracoing," and spurring each other in great wrath.

The alarm in the brig had become general, and half-a-dozen more of our passengers now came tumbling down the companion-ladder, having left their quarters in the steerage, as if their chance of safety had been greater in the cabin; and such shouting and praying I never heard before; some of them calling to the steward to open the hatch in the cabin floor, in order to stow away their treasure in the run, others bustling with their trabuccos; some fixing flints, others ramming down the bullets before the cartridges, when—crack—one of them in the confusion went off, and filled the cabin with smoke, through which I could see several of my allies had fallen down on the floor in a panic of fear.

Finding that the danger from one's friends was, if not greater than from the vessel on deck, yet sufficiently startling, I left them to shoot each other at their leisure. By this time there was neither moon nor stars to be seen, and the haze that hung on the water, although there was a fine breeze, and we were going along about seven knots, made every thing so indistinct, that it was sometime before I could catch the object again. At length I again saw her—but as she was stem on, edging down on us, I could not make out more than that she was a large fore-and-aft rigged vessel, and decidedly not the Midge. When she had crept up within hail, she bralled up her foresail, and, under her mainsail and jib, appeared to have no difficulty in maintaining her position on our weather quarter. There was no

light on board, and it was too dark to distinguish any one on her decks. Our master was evidently puzzled what to do; at length, seizing the trumpet, he hailed the strange sail.

"What schooner is that?"

"The Julia of Baltimore," was the prompt answer.

"Where are you bound for?"

"Vera Cruz."

A long pause, during which she was gradually edging nearer and nearer. "Don't come any closer, or I will fire into you," sung out our skipper; and then to me, "He'll be on board of us, sir, if we do not mind."

"No, no," was the laconic reply, and our persecutor immediately luffed up in the wind, and then kept away again until he was right astern, but there he stuck, to our great discomfort, the whole blessed night, yawing about in our wake as if just to keep out of hail. We passed, as may well be imagined, a very anxious night of it; at length day dawned, and we could see about us, but as if to baulk us, as the light increased, the schooner steered more steadily, so that we were prevented from seeing what was going on on his deck; at length, at eight o'clock A.M., he set his foresail, and in ten minutes was again in his old position on our weather quarter. We were all at quarters once more; even the Dons, finding that there was no alternative, had determined to fight, and as he gradually edged down, I asked the skipper what he thought of it. "I really don't know, but I see no one on deck but the man steering, and that fellow sitting on the lee bulwark, with his arm round the backstay, apparently watching us."

"She does not seem to have any guns," said I. By this time the schooner, a long low vessel, painted black, with a white streak, had crept up so close, that his jib-boom was almost over our taffarel.

"If you don't haul off," sung out the captain, "I will fire into you." At this, there was a rush of men from below up the schooner's hatchways, and her decks were in a trice covered with them. There was now no doubt of her real character, so the captain seized the helm, and luffed up across his bows so suddenly, that I thought he had carried

away his jib-boom, but he was as quick as we were, and by keeping away, he cleared us, just shaving our stern, but not before he got our broadside of cannon and musketry plump into his bows. As the brig came to the wind, by a dexterous management of the yards, she was backed astern. "Give him the other broadside, and blaze away, you Spanish villains," shouted the skipper; he thus got t'other dose right into his stern, and we could see his reception had been far more surprising than pleasant, for our fire was only returned by an ill-directed volley of musketry, that injured no one. The few English sailors we had on board continued to ply the carronades, as he again drew a-head, and the Dons their trabuccos, always cowering below the brig's bulwarks while loading, then popping up their heads and letting drive, sometimes at the enemy, at other times into the air, as if they had been shooting sea-gulls. At length, one of them was hit, and this was the signal for the whole lot to run below. The schooner having shot a-head out of gun-shot by this time, now hauled by the wind, and once more shortened sail; presently he came down again, with an evident intention of boarding us: and since the evaporation of our Spanish allies, there is not the least doubt but he would have carried us. "A sail right a-head," sung out one of the crew at this most critical juncture, and as if the schooner had seen her at the same moment, she instantly sheered off, hauled her wind, and made all sail on a bowline.

We continued on our course, under every stitch we could crowd, and in half an hour had the pleasure to see the vessel which was standing towards us hoist a British ensign and pennant—presently she hailed us, when we found she was the Spider schooner, belonging to the Jamaica station, who, on being made acquainted with the nature of the attack, and the character of the vessel on our weather beam, immediately made all sail in chase, but, unfortunately, she had no chance, and in the afternoon we had the discomfort of seeing her bear up and come down to us, the other vessel being out of sight to windward.

NIGHTS AT MESS.

CHAP. VII.

It was now the fourth night of my visit to the gallant and hospitable —th; and one day seemed just like another in the number of anecdotes related after dinner; or much more abundant. For my own part, I enjoyed the thing amazingly. My appetite for stories seemed, like the jealousy in Othello, to grow by what it fed on. I have little doubt if I had remained a week longer, I should have recollected some notable achievement of my own; but when the wine is tolerable, I have always found it pleasanter to listen than to talk. I prepared myself, accordingly, on the succeeding day, for an evening of quiet enjoyment, more especially as some races which were to be held in the neighbourhood would most probably carry off the greater number of the officers, and leave us quite a snug comfortable party. We mustered only nine at dinner; Captain Daisy in the chair. This gentleman had been absent for a short time, and I had not yet had the pleasure of seeing him at the mess. He was tall, and very good-looking;—with such a peculiar expression of joy in his countenance, that I made sure he had recently met with some unexpected piece of good fortune; the tone of his voice also was the most exhilarating I had ever heard. He spoke as if he felt considerable difficulty in repressing a laugh, which, though prevented with great effort from bursting forth at his lips, made up for it by grinning most hilariously out of the brightest and most mirth-loving eyes you can possibly imagine. I anticipated great amusement from so gay and happy-looking a companion, and was well pleased that my place at table was next to him, that I might enjoy his fun to the very utmost. It is impossible to put down upon paper the effect of his manner. On me it was electrical; the moment I looked at him, I felt all my features forming themselves into a grin; and when he spoke, though it was only to say the day had been rather warm, I was so

infected with the jocularity of his tone, that I fairly burst into a laugh. All his other incidental remarks were equally irresistible, and though his conversation, if you attended only to the words of it, had nothing very funny or even lively in it, still his gloriously jocund visage, and joyous chuckling voice, were sure to put you into good-humour, and most probably, as was the case with me, keep you laughing whenever he opened his mouth. I certainly envied him the possession of a countenance which so admirably supplied the place of wit. Liston never said any thing that had half the effect on my risible muscles as the mere visage of the merry-looking Captain Daisy. At the same time I must observe there was nothing ludicrous in his manner;—no buffoonery or grimacing about any of his observations; in fact, he was a man of the most gentlemanlike appearance, and altogether a perfect model of a gay, dashing, laughing young fellow, with most exuberant spirits, and an almost uncontrollable disposition to indulge in a “guffaw.” I did not expect much in the way of amusement from the others at table; and yet how often are first impressions in this, as in all other things, the very reverse of the truth. How many sulky surly-looking fellows have disgusted you with their sour faces the moment they took their seats opposite to you in the coach, whom you have parted with, at the end of the journey, believing them the best tempered and most obliging of men. In the same way, how often what you would call a nice good-tempered countenance belongs to a nasty discontented puppy, who, before he has been ten minutes in your company, infects you with a prodigious inclination to mistake his nose for the stiff handle of a door. One or two of the party this night looked as stupid, uninteresting gentlemen as you would wish to see, with faces conveying no one expression more than another; and puzzling you (from their utter want of all points

of difference with the greater proportion of other faces) with the haunting conviction that you have met with them before. One gentleman, a stranger, and in plain clothes, tormented me all the early part of the night with a face of this kind. Large blue eyes, light hair, large mouth—with the muscles of his countenance in a state of profound repose. I took a dislike to the fellow from the utter inexpressiveness of his look, and was almost certain at the same time that this was not the first time we had met. I was in hopes his name might help me to ascertain whether I was acquainted with him or not, and I took advantage of a swell in the conversation to address myself to the president aside.

"Pray, can you tell me who that un-individual is next to young Thompson?"

Captain Daisy looked at the gentleman I alluded to with an expression of repressed mirth, more catching than the broadest humour, and answered in his own peculiarly joyous voice—

"The gentleman with the light hair and blue eyes, do you mean?—I really can't tell his name."

"Why, is there any thing ludicrous in his appellation? Is he a second edition of Mr H.?"

"Mr Aitch? I never heard of him. He is a friend of young Thompson."

"So I supposed—but come, tell me, is there any thing particularly absurd about him?"

"Not in the least, that I am aware of," replied the captain, looking more and more amused, and, I must add, amusing, every word he spoke.

"I'm sure," I rejoined, "there is some story about him; he looks a capital subject for a ludicrous tale."

"Does he? I am sorry I have no turn for the ludicrous."

"You wrong yourself, I am sure. I shall endeavour to find out his history from some one else."

The captain made no reply, but looked most provokingly mirthful. My curiosity was piqued. What the deuce can it be that amuses Daisy so much in this very commonplace looking mortal? I resolved to rest contented in my ignorance for a while, in the hopes that a few more

circulations of the bottle would evolve the secret.

"What a number of our men have gone to the races to-day," said the captain to me, with the same superabundant jocularity in his eye.

"Yes," I replied—"we shall have full accounts of the day's proceedings when they return. Did they expect much amusement?"

"Just the ordinary amusement of a race-course, I suppose; nothing more?"

"What! nothing particularly comical?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Come, my dear sir, you don't mean that. What is it? something very laughable, I daresay?"

"Upon my honour, sir, I have no means of even guessing whether they have any reason to anticipate a pleasanter day than usual or not."

His words would certainly have led me to believe that there was nothing very much out of the usual course in the races at ———, but then his eyes and even his tongue were at variance with his language. Here was another mystery: what the deuce could there be in a few young officers going to an exhibition of the sort that should make Captain Daisy so prodigiously delighted.

"It is cruel, I said, to tantalize me in this way; I'm sure there's something very funny going on at the races; some trick; some quiz or other on the provincials; come, do tell us."

"Sir," said Captain Daisy, with a facetious glance which it is impossible to describe, "I know of no tricks or quizes, and have at present very different things to think of from any thing that others might think funny."

I began to be very much provoked at the fellow's selfishness in keeping all the good things to himself; and, by way of turning the conversation, and giving him an opportunity of enjoying his laugh by himself, I spoke to my neighbour on the other side, and made some commonplace remark or other on the wines.

"Yes," said he, "we have it very good—Daisy is our taster. Whose wine is this, Daisy?"

"Don't you know?—why this is the wine I had of the man at Southampton."

"Indeed," replied the other; "how much it has improved lately."
 "I'm glad you think so," said Daisy.

I looked at him as he said this, but some merrier thought than ever seemed to possess him now. His good-humour, in fact, was so evident, that I addressed him at once.

"Come now, Captain Daisy, it is very hard to keep one on the tenter-hooks so long—there must surely be something in the history of this wine that amuses—I see there must be something curious about it. I see it by your face."

"By heaven, sir, this is past endurance. Am I never to have rest? Do you not know that I am at this moment the most miserable dog in England, and all in consequence of this d—ble face of mine? But excuse me, sir, excuse me. Strangers are always making these mistakes. I think it very unkind that some one didn't tell you of my peculiarity of countenance, sir. I *can't* look sorry, or even sedate, no, not if the rope were round my neck. Hixie, you should have explained it to this gentleman."

"Ah! so I should," said old Hixie; "but I am sure no insult was intended."

"Oh, no," replied the captain, "I am well aware of that. My miserable experience has now taught me to make allowance for such mistakes. I hope you will forgive my abruptness, sir, but my spirits at this moment are peculiarly depressed. At all times far from lively, I am at present in the lowest despondency, or even, I may say, despair."

This was accompanied with the same joyousness of look and tone as ever; but a glance from Hixie showed me he was serious, and I, though with some difficulty, assumed a sadness of expression more accordant with his words than their accessaries.

"I am very sorry, Captain Daisy," I said, "that I should have been misled by appearances, but still hope that you overrate the miseries of your situation."

"Impossible, sir. Till this infernal countenance buries its facetious features in the wrinkles of old age, or the dust of death, there can be no happiness, I am well assured, for the

unfortunate Joseph Daisy. It is a thousand times worse than the 'double-ganger' of the German romances. What bitterer curse can be imagined by the most fiendish enemy of man than to send a person of acute sensibilities and hypochondriacal disposition grinning through the world like a Merry-Andrew at a fair, with a heart crushed and broken by losses and disappointment, and a face at the same time capable of no variety of expression, but at all times and seasons jocund with perpetual mirth? Would to heaven I could look melancholy for one whole day, it might be the means of saving me still."

"Did you ever try starvation and want of sleep?" asked old Hixie. "I remember when we were skurrying about after old Soult there was a prodigious lengthening of face among the lightest-hearted of our men. There was Sergeant Perrin of ours, by George, if you had seen him after we marched from that infernal town up in the mountains there—what the deuce was the name of it?—well, never mind—a great long straggling place it is, with the convent, you recollect, just under the citadel—this Sergeant Perrin, you see, was"—

"My dear Hixie," interrupted Captain Daisy, "I have tried every thing. If abstinence and want of sleep could banish my intolerable infirmity from this day, I should wage interminable war with featherbeds and butchers. But, alas! sleeplessness has no other effect upon me than an apparent increase of good-humour—starvation I have never tried; I am certain it would have the same result."

"But why do you object to a jolly countenance?" continued old Hixie; "for my part, I like to see you. I hate all your steady, quiet, thoughtful-looking fellows—young ones I mean—for, says I, what right has any one to look grave and gloomy till he begins to be bald; or, at any rate, till he gets his majority?—No, no, it may do very well for a general, or even a colonel, to appear now and then as if he were thinking; but as to lieutenants and captains, not to mention the cornets, I never could see what business they had to do any thing but drink and laugh, obey, or-

THE OLD SCOTTISH PARLIAMENT.

"THE Scotch," says O'Connell, to one of his *well-informed* assemblies, "boast of having never been subdued by the English, and of having owed all their prosperity to the maintenance of their independence: I will tell you the reason why they were never conquered—their country was not worth conquering."—(Loud applause.)—These words convey a clear idea of the composition and knowledge of the assemblies which he is desirous of rearing up to supreme dominion in the state. In this way did the great agitator flatter the vanity of his Irish followers, by insinuating that they had fallen a victim to England, because their country presented too fair a spoil to its rapacity; while the Scotch had maintained a savage independence only from having possessed nothing which was worth the taking. Many of our own unworthy compatriots have given too great currency to the same idea, by their unfounded and monstrous assertions, that the original institutions of Scotland were the height of human absurdity; a compound of feudal tyranny and savage violence; and that all the prosperity which now distinguishes its surface is to be ascribed to the union with England, and the fortunate tempering of the rigour of its native customs thence arising, by the liberal intermixture of Southern freedom. In this perverted and ignorant abuse of the Scottish institutions, the late Lord Advocate took the lead; he declared, in his place in parliament, during the debate on the reform bill, that "he would tear to pieces its electoral institutions; he would not leave one shred or patch standing;" and he has kept his word, for certainly not one vestige of the ancient Scottish constitution is now remaining. Now that the thing has been done, and the domestic revolution of Scotland rendered complete, it may not be unprofitable to take a survey of the institutions framed, and the laws passed, by a legislature so much the object of vituperation, and see whether they really deserve the censures at the hands of the friends of freedom, which, during the contests of

faction, have been so liberally applied to them.

We take for granted, that the proper object of government in every state is *ut cives feliciter vivant*; that the greatest possible facility should be given to the industry and exertions of the people; that they should enjoy all the freedom consistent with their own welfare, or the general stability of society, and that the security of their persons and property should be rendered complete. On these points, we cordially agree with our opponents; the only difference betwixt us consists in the means by which these objects are likely to be attained. Let us consider what the Scottish nation and the Scottish legislature have done on these points, as compared with that of England and Ireland, before we join in the sweeping condemnation so liberally applied to them by the liberals in our own and the neighbouring countries.

What the Scottish nation has done to maintain its *independence*, is well known to every person having a smattering even of historical information. It is a pleasant joke for Mr O'Connell, doubtless, to tell his Irish supporters, that the Scotch were never conquered, because they were not worth conquering; but if he had read the annals of his own, or the neighbouring state, he would have learned, that while Ireland was conquered at once by Henry II. with 1100 knights and 2000 foot soldiers, and has ever since been retained in subjection by a force inconsiderable indeed when compared with the magnitude of its population, Scotland has been invaded, not once, but twenty times, by English armies, sixty, seventy, and eighty thousand strong, and on all these occasions, they were, in the end, baffled and repulsed; that, though never possessing a fifth part of the population of England, nor a tenth part of its wealth, she maintained, during three centuries, (from 1300 to 1600,) an almost uninterrupted struggle with her gigantic neighbour; that the utmost efforts, during this long period, were made by the English monarchs, and made in vain, for her subjugation; that if she

suffered during this long period much devastation and injury from the English arms, she inflicted nearly as much as she received; and that, though often reduced to grievous straits from the divisions and treachery of her nobles, the sterility of her soil, and the indiscipline of her armies, she was, to the last, unsubdued, and finally saw her own monarchs ascend the throne of the three kingdoms. He would have learned that the power which at once beat down the clans of Ireland, which waged a doubtful war of a hundred and twenty years' duration with France, which repeatedly marched across the whole territory of that great nation, crowned its own king within the walls of Paris, and exhibited that of its first-rate opponent a captive within those of London, was never able, permanently, to subdue a foot of Scottish land: that the splendid chivalry of England ever recoiled in the end from the stubborn spearmen of Scotland; that the greatest defeat recorded in the English annals, came from the unconquerable bands of Robert Bruce, and that it required all the glories of Cressy, Poitiers, and Azincour, to blazon over the fell defeat of Bannockburn. It is truly a proof of the march of intellect, of the prodigious spread of information which the diffusion of newspapers and the growth of democracy have produced, to see a popular Irish demagogue venture to hazard the assertion before a meeting of electors in the British dominions, that Scotland was never conquered because it was not worth the taking; and to hear that sentiment applauded by an assembly in a nation which was conquered by eleven hundred knights, and has never since been able to face five English brigades, in presence of the descendants of those who hurled back *twelve English invasions*, many of them led by English monarchs, at the head of forces twice as great as the Britons who vanquished Napoleon on the field of Waterloo.

It is another proof of that vast diffusion of historical and political information, from the agency of the popular press, to hear the assertion so generally believed, which was hazarded by the same learned Lord Advocate in Parliament, that Scot-

land had never evinced the spirit of genuine freedom, and that a total subversion of all its institutions was essential to the developement of that necessary element in social prosperity. Doubtless, that learned Lord, when he hazarded that assertion in such an assembly, was fully acquainted with the facts, and had many examples in his eye to corroborate the assertion. He probably grounded his allegation as to the total want of a free or independent spirit in Scotland, upon the singularly tame and feeble efforts which Scotland made in behalf of the Reformation: upon the timidity and irresolution displayed by the Covenanters in the mountains of Ayrshire; upon the influence retained by its hierarchy in the formation of the reformed church, and the total absence of any thing like republican equality in the constitution of its General Assembly. Or did he found it upon the weak and insufficient support which the Scotch gave to the cause of freedom during the great rebellion: the Scotch who first took up arms against the despotic authority of Charles I., who brought the whole array of their nation to the heights of Lauder, while as yet not one sword had been drawn, or musket fired to the south of the Tweed; and alone, by their seasonable support, gave victory to the sinking cause of freedom in England at Marston Moor? Or had the learned Lord in his eye the stubborn and desperate resistance opposed by the Covenanters of Scotland to the cruelties and the severity of Charles II., or the memorable declaration from the Scottish estates that James II. had *forfeited* his title to the throne in 1688, when the English only ventured to assert that he had *deserted* it; or the free and independent manner in which the Scottish Parliament tied up the most dangerous powers of government by the Act 1701,—the Habeas Corpus Act of Scotland, and a more effectual safeguard of the liberty of the subject than even that celebrated bulwark of English freedom? The learned Lord will not surely deny to the heroes of July, the citizens of the Barricades, on whom he pronounced so eloquent an eulogium in August, 1830—the praise of being actuated

by an independent spirit: but yet these boasted defenders of freedom have never yet passed any similar law for the security of that first of blessings, the freedom of the subject; and thousands of political prisoners now languish in the capacious state prisons of France, without any prospect of being brought to trial, or any means of compelling their liberation, while the Scottish legislature, who "never had a tincture of the spirit of freedom," secured that inestimable right for the people of their country above an hundred and thirty years ago.

The wisdom and admirable quality of the old Scottish laws, though less generally known, is still more worthy of consideration, and we know not a subject to which a few pages of this Miscellany can more beneficially, or in a more interesting manner, be applied. Our numerous southern readers need not start or turn over the pages to some more inviting theme; we are not going to deluge them with that driest of all subjects to a southern ear, Scotch law; we propose only to touch on matters interesting to all from the importance and magnitude of the effects with which they are attended. And if the schoolmaster has been abroad to any good purpose—if the people of this country are at all prepared for the important duties of self-government to which they are called by their rulers, there is no more useful or attractive subject can be presented to their consideration, than the means by which another nation has succeeded in obtaining, without confusion or bloodshed, by the mere wisdom of its legislature, all the great objects which it is the professed aim of the popular party to obtain for the people of England and Ireland at this time.

A proper settlement of the tithe question, and a distribution of the property of the church, in a fair proportion, among those who discharge ecclesiastical duties, is the great object of the democratic party at this moment, both in England and Ireland; and, doubtless, the arrange-

ment of their conflicting interests, on a just and durable footing, is one of the greatest objects of a statesman's ambition that can be conceived. The abusers of Scottish institutions, however, will be surprised to learn, that these great and intricate questions were entirely and satisfactorily resolved by the Scottish Parliament two hundred years ago; an adequate provision secured for the clergy, and the valuation and sale of tithes settled on so equitable a footing, that since that time their weight has been wholly unfelt by the Scottish cultivators.*

It is the boast, and the deserved boast, of the present administration, that they alone have had courage to face the enormous abuses of the English Poor Laws; and that, whether the recent act do or do not provide improvement in practice, they have first ventured to approach the subject, and collect a mass of information from which its evils may in future be rectified. Granting them, as we are anxious to do, every credit for the attempts they have made on this subject, we must at the same time remark, that they are only following *sed hæu quanto intervallo* the footsteps of the Scottish Legislature; and that two hundred and fifty years ago, the whole of that great subject was settled by them on a footing to which subsequent wisdom has been able to add nothing in the way of improvement, while subsequent experience has taught nothing in the way of rectification. The Scottish Poor Laws have now stood the test, not only of ages in point of time, but of every possible change in point of society; they have been found equally efficacious in the relief of real suffering, and equally effective in checking the growth of fictitious pauperism, in the Highlands of Perthshire, as the plains of the Lothians, among the weavers of Lanarkshire, as the shepherds of Selkirk.†

Illegal or arbitrary imprisonment has, in every age, been the greatest and most formidable engine of despotism, and the one against

* By the Act 1633, c. 19.—The Scotch acts are designated by the year in which they were passed.

† By Act 1579.

which all the efforts of the friends of freedom should, in an especial manner, be directed. The French democrats have never yet attained to this, the very first step in the advance of real freedom; and it is the glory of England that the Habeas Corpus Act, passed in the reign of Charles II., first established an effectual barrier against the evils of arbitrary imprisonment in the southern part of the island. Admirable, however, as the provisions of that justly celebrated statute are, they must yield the palm to the Scottish act which, an hundred and thirty years ago, provided an absolute security against the continuance of imprisonment, by any possible contrivance, beyond 140 days; whereas, the English act only gives the prisoner a right to insist that his trial shall be brought on at the next assizes, an event which may often be five or six months from the period of committal, and even then allows the prisoners to be remanded to the next assizes, if the prosecutors' witnesses are not ready to attend.*

The instruction of the poor is the grand object of the patriots of the present day, and Lord Chancellor Brougham has repeatedly declared, that he desired no other epitaph on his monument than that he was the founder of Universal English Education. Serious doubts may be entertained whether the instruction which it was his object to promote, apart from moral discipline or religious knowledge, be really a blessing or a curse; but whatever opinion may be formed on that point, upon which the greatest and wisest men are at variance, and which experience has not enabled us to decide with certainty, one thing is perfectly clear, that the difficulty was solved one hundred and forty years ago, by the prophetic wisdom of the Scottish Parliament, which established a system of parochial instruction, universal in its operation, perfect in its kind, and so admirably connected with the religious institutions of the nation, that while the partisans of freedom have ascribed to it all the subsequent prosperity of the nation, the

friends of religion and morality have been equally loud in its commendation; and experience has traced to it none of those unhappy consequences which the warmest supporters of universal knowledge admit have too often attended, at least in great cities, the mere concession to the people of the means of information in these times.†

It is the glory of the present age, that more humane ideas have come to prevail generally on the administration of criminal law; and the great names of Romilly, Mackintosh, and Peel, have been illustrated by their efforts in this benevolent career, not less than by their ability and eloquence in the general field of politics. The great work, however, is yet unfinished; the Augean stable is but imperfectly cleared out; many hundred capital crimes still disfigure the English statute-book; and the returns of the very last year showed, that out of 1400 persons condemned to death, only forty-nine were deemed worthy of execution. When this deplorable inequality may be corrected, or the letter of the law be brought to a level with the humane spirit of the age, it is impossible to foresee; but this much is certain, that this enormous evil never was experienced in Scottish legislation, which never recognised more than forty capital crimes—nearly one-half of which are of English introduction since the Union,‡—and has been familiar from the earliest period with a mitigating power in the hands of the public prosecutor, which has always kept the practice of the criminal courts on a level with the feelings of the times, and has now practically reduced even this comparatively inconsiderable array of capital crimes to five or six.

Judge Blackstone states it with reason, as the boast of the English law, that in cases of treason the accused can be convicted on the concurring testimony of two witnesses, and that he is entitled to receive, fifteen days before his trial, a copy of his indictment, with the names, residence, and professions of the witnesses who are to be adduced, and

* By Act 1701.

† By act 1696, c. 18.

‡ Hume's Crim. Law. Introd.

the assizers who are to serve against him. Every one acquainted with the practice of criminal law, must admire the wisdom and humanity of these regulations, and the more so, that they are established in those cases where the Crown appears in good earnest as a prosecutor, and there was the greatest reason to dread an undue preponderance against the prisoner; but in our admiration of the English law in this particular, we must not overlook the humane and independent spirit of the Scottish legislature, which, an hundred and sixty-two years ago, conferred these important privileges upon *all criminals in all cases*, and fixed them so indelibly in the practice of that country, that they have, ever since that time, formed the deep foundations, *non tangenda non movenda*, of the Scottish criminal jurisprudence.*

The humanity of the present times has long and energetically contended with the natural apprehensions of the English lawyers and judges, to give the right of being defended by counsel to prisoners charged with felony. It is singular that this privilege, often of vital importance in doubtful cases, has been established for nearly three centuries in the Scottish law; and that by special statute, not only are the accused in all cases entitled to be heard at full length by counsel on the evidence, and to have the last word in the debate, but in the event of his being unable, or having neglected to fee counsel for himself, the judge is enjoined to assign him counsel, and it is illegal to proceed to the trial of a prisoner unless he is so protected.† Great apprehensions are expressed in England lest the introduction of a similar privilege should protract, to an unreasonable and intolerable length, the already burdensome sittings of their assizes; but no such inconvenience has been experienced in Scotland, where, in consequence of the efforts made by counsel to abridge the proceedings in cases where the evidence is clear, criminal justice is, upon the whole, administered just as rapidly as in Eng-

land, while, at the same time, in those cases where the guilt of the accused is really doubtful, the pleading of his counsel is often of decisive weight in establishing his innocence.

The oppression of the poor, by the litigious efforts of the rich, has, in every age, been the favourite subject of fervent, and too often just declamation, by the friends of freedom. Much has been done, and still more attempted, in England, to obviate this evil; but nothing more effectual than has for two centuries been established in every court in Scotland, where the poorest suitors, by being placed on what is called the poor's-roll, are enabled to maintain even a protracted suit with the most powerful and wealthy opponent.‡ As matters at present stand, the only doubt is, whether this favour to the poor is not carried too far, and whether those who appear in courts *in forma pauperum*, having nothing to lose, do not possess an undue, and often oppressive, advantage in a question with those who are not exempted from that liability.

The Scotch system of banking, the security of which was completely proved in the great commercial panic of 1825, and the important effects of which are apparent in the unexampled strides which North Britain has made in wealth and prosperity during the last century, has now become the general object of interest and attention in the southern part of the island; and various attempts have been made to establish joint-stock companies, on similar principles, for the wider extension of the benefits of banking among the vast commercial classes of England. It was by an act of the Scottish Parliament that the foundation of this admirable system was laid;§ and before the Union, that two of the most opulent and prosperous of our banking establishments, the Bank of Scotland, and the firm now called Sir William Forbes and Company, were set on foot; while it is by the steady adherence of the Scottish courts to the principle of their common law, that the private funds of the partners, including their landed

* By Regulations, 1672.
§ 1696, c. 18.

† By act 1579. c. 62.

‡ By act 1663, c. 7.

estates, are liable universally for the debts of the firm, that the whole stability and security of that important but perilous branch of national commerce has been established.

It is within these few years only that the humanity of the Legislature has interposed in England in favour of that unfortunate class of persons, *insolvent debtors*; but the Scottish legislature, an hundred and forty years ago, gave them, by the rights of applying for a *cessio bonorum*, or transference of their goods without reserve to their creditors, a complete protection against the hardship of imprisonment, except in those cases where the fraudulent concealment of funds called for the application of that severity.* The effect of this happy measure, originally devised by the wisdom or sympathy with insolvents of Julius Cæsar, has been such, that the dreadful evils of prolonged incarceration, so well known and so much the object of dread in England, have been for a century-and-a-half unknown in the northern part of the island; and few debtors are confined above six weeks, excepting in those cases where their fraudulent conduct obviously calls for the application of that severe remedy.

Not content with this great concession to unfortunate debtors, the Scottish Parliament, by a statute in the same year,† established what is called the *Act of Grace*, whereby a debtor, who is unable to alimment himself in jail, is entitled to apply to the Magistrates, keepers of the prison, to have a certain weekly allowance, adequate to his maintenance, assigned to him, at the expense of the creditor who lodged him in prison. The effect of this humane regulation has been not only to hinder the starvation of prisoners for civil debts in jail, but in a great degree to prevent that ruinous accumulation of claims against them in the name of *jail fees*, which have long been the cause of the confinement of above half the debtors in England; and by the burdensome payment to the creditors with which it is attended, to diminish very much, indeed, the dura-

tion of imprisonment in those cases where the debtor was unable or unwilling to obtain the benefit of liberation by a *cessio bonorum*.

The introduction of the retrospective period in bankruptcy, which England owes to the enlightened experience of Sir Samuel Romilly, is justly regarded as one of the greatest improvements in her bankrupt law, and has done more to check the frauds of insolvent traders than any other enactment since the first introduction of that system. But the provisions of his act are nothing but a copy of the act passed by the Scottish Parliament above a century before;‡ which, with a prophetic wisdom most remarkable, adopted, in 1696, those very provisions against the fraudulent alienations of property on the eve of bankruptcy, which the wider commerce and more extensive commercial experience of England only suggested for adoption a century afterwards.

Protection to the cultivator against the oppression of his landlord, or the prejudicial effects of a change of proprietors, is one of the great objects of civil government; and it is justly remarked by Mr Hume, as a decisive proof of the slow progress of general freedom even in England, its favoured abode, that a few provisions for the protection of their ploughgoods is all that is to be found in Magna Charta itself in favour of that important body of men, the rural cultivators. But in Scotland, full and absolute protection was secured to this most important class four hundred years ago, by a statute, passed, as its preamble bears, for the protection "of the puir folk that labour the ground." This act was so important in its operation, and so effectual in its protection, that Adam Smith remarks, that it is of itself sufficient, by having laid the foundation of *leases*, to account for all the subsequent agricultural prosperity of Scotland.§

The agricultural industry of Ireland, till within these few years, has been perpetually blighted by the ruinous privilege which the landlords of that country enjoyed of dis-

By Act 1696.

† 1696, c. 9.

‡ 1696, c. 5.

§ 1419, c. 7.

training any of the numerous subtenants on their land, not merely for the rent due by that subtenant to the superior from whom he held, but for the arrears of rent, how great soever, interposed between them and the owner of the soil. This right, in its application to a country where subtenants were universal, and four or five hands were frequently interposed between the landlord and the cultivator of the soil, was obviously utterly destructive of agricultural capital, and a complete bar to its growth; and it may be doubted whether the legislation of late years has provided an adequate remedy for this enormous evil. But that which the British Parliament, in the nineteenth century, has hardly been able to accomplish, was completely effected in the sixteenth, in regard to feu-holdings, or rights of property, by the Scottish legislature, by a statute which enacted that, when the vassal has paid his dues to his immediate superior, he shall be free of all claim at the instance of the overlord;* an enactment which speedily led to a similar rule being adopted by the courts of law, in the case of subtenants brought on the land with the consent of the landlord; and has completely freed Scotland from all the evils arising from the distraining of a subtenant for the arrears of rent due by a tenant-in-chief, which have so long and justly been complained of in the Sister Island.

The corruption of the blood of a person attainted for high treason, that last and most unjust consequence of a conviction for that offence by the English law, which extends the consequence of crime to distant generations, by "damming up and rendering utterly impervious," in the quaint language of their lawyers, the channels by which inheritable blood is transmitted by a traitor to his descendants, never was known in Scotland; and, in the worst times, a son might, by the law of that country, succeed to the estate of a father who had been convicted and suffered death for high treason. The consequences of such an attain-

der were only the forfeiture of what they called the movable estate, in other words, the goods and chattels of the traitor, and the liferent of his heritage; but no forfeiture of the land itself, either to the injured sovereign, or the over-lord of the fee.

It is a *questio vexata* in England, whether the registration acts recently brought forward in Parliament by Government, are, or are not, calculated to benefit the country; but no one entertains a doubt, that if a proper system of registering titles and deeds in local courts, could be devised without the great evils of centralizing everything in London, which Lord Brougham's bills were obviously calculated to produce, it would be a very great public benefit. This problem, the difficulty of which has occasioned the stoppage of the measure at present in Parliament, was completely solved two hundred and twenty years ago by the enactments of the Scottish Legislature,† which established a system of registration, partly in the Sheriff and Borough Courts in the provinces, partly in the records of the Supreme Court at Edinburgh, which has so happily combined the great object of security and publicity to the titles and burdens of estates, with a due regard to local interests, and the convenience of persons having a right in the deeds to be registered, that for the two centuries it has been in operation, no complaint whatever has been heard, either against its efficiency and utility as a system of registration, or its undue tendency to monopolize in the capital the business of the provinces.

A commission has long been sitting in England to introduce a thorough simplification and amendment in their law of real property; a department of jurisprudence, which with them has grown into so complicated a form, that it has become the Herculean labour of a separate branch of the profession to master it; and more than one Lord Chancellor of England have declared that it is next to impossible to frame a title to an estate to which an astute attorney will not be able to state

* 1561, c. 21.

† By Acts 1617 and 1693.

a valid objection. In Scotland, a variety of statutory enactments, too numerous to be quoted,* have introduced, between two and three hundred years ago, a system of conveying, which, without being perfect, is yet so comparatively simple and secure, that no similar complaints have, in the lapse of time, been brought against it; and while vast sums are daily transmitted from London for the sake of the safer investment which the Scottish heritable bonds and titles afford to the English mortgages or conveyances to landed property.

It was the boast of Alfred that he had brought justice to every man's door, by the establishment of a circuit perambulating the kingdom, and holding courts in every county which it contains. The progress of time, however, and the immense accumulation of business in the principal counties, have contributed to render abortive the benevolent designs of that immortal sovereign; and bills have repeatedly been introduced into Parliament by the present Government with a view to obviate the evil, and afford, by the aid of local courts, that practical facility to the trying of questions of man and man, which in England has long existed only in the eloquent periods of Blackstone and Delolme. That which England, however, has not yet attained, Scotland, under the institution of its old Parliament, has enjoyed for four centuries. Its Sheriff-courts have from the earliest period afforded a practical proof of the possibility of bringing justice expeditiously and cheaply to every man's door—and of the economical and yet effective manner in which this duty has been discharged by those invaluable local courts, no better proof can be desired than was furnished by the late Parliamentary returns, which showed that *twenty thousand* causes were annually determined in these inferior tribunals; at an average cost to the suitors of only *five pounds* each, while such was the confidence in the judgments

given, that one only out of *one hundred and thirteen* is carried by appeal to a superior tribunal.

Since the attention of the English has been strongly turned to the amendment of their criminal jurisprudence, the importance of a public officer to conduct prosecutions for crimes at the national expense, has been strongly felt; and it is understood that Sir Robert Peel, among other salutary practical improvements which he had in view in the Home Office, was preparing a plan for the gradual transference of the right of prosecution from individuals to a public officer, who might at once relieve injured parties of that vexatious and often oppressive burden, and introduce greater certainty and equity into this important branch of government, than it could possibly attain while still subject to the passions or the caprice of private individuals. That great and really useful reform, however, is still unaccomplished, and England as yet labours under the uncertainty and the expense of private prosecutions. Whereas Scotland, from the very infancy of her jurisprudence, has been familiar with the institution of a public prosecutor, under the name of Lord Advocate, who, without legally excluding private prosecutions, if the injured party prefers proceeding at his own instance, has practically superseded them, from the superior skill and success with which the proceedings are conducted at the public expense, than they possibly could in the hands and with the funds of private individuals. Of the good effect of this great institution, decisive evidence is preserved in the facts, which the Parliamentary returns of 1832 have brought to light, that while the convictions are to the acquittals by the grand or petit jury, on an average of all England, as two to one, they are in Scotland as eight to one.†

In England, the principle has long prevailed, that a creditor who proceeds against the person of his

* Particularly 1681, c. 18; 1549, c. 16, &c.

Parl. Returns, 7th March, 1833, and 14th March, 1833.

debtor, has made his election to abandon his estate; and landed property, till the time of Sir Samuel Romilly, was not liable to execution for civil debts, unless judgment had been recovered, and the debt rendered special on the land during the lifetime of the debtor; so that a bankrupt who got the start of his creditors, might cut his throat, and leave £20,000 a-year secure and unburdened to his heirs. In Scotland, notwithstanding the severity of the feudal institutions, of which we have heard so much, the execution against land for civil debts has, from the earliest times, been comparatively unfettered. Originally, and down to the end of the thirteenth century, the same summary process lay open to a creditor for attaching the land as the movable goods of his debtor; and although the influence of the nobles struggled hard in later times to throw obstacles in the way of the seizure of their estates for civil debts, yet they did so with so little success, and the wisdom of the Scottish Parliament interposed so effectually to preserve open the access of creditors to the estates of their debtors, that the balance was turned the other way, and the injustice done for centuries was the undue power afforded to creditors of carrying off great landed estates for inconsiderable money debts; a power to the use and abuse of which many of the greatest estates now existing in Scotland owe their origin. Repeated statutes have been passed to check this abuse,* and at length the principles of a just accounting between debtor and creditor were established, and as much land allowed to be attached only as was equivalent to the amount of the debt; but no fetters upon the execution against real estates ever existed similar to those so much complained of in the neighbouring part of the island, and land lay always as much exposed to the process of creditors in the person of the heir, as it was in that of his predecessor; nay, in some cases, by special statute, a preference was given, 170 years ago, to the creditors

of the ancestor over those of the heir.†

We could easily extend this enumeration to double its present length, without exhausting the evidence which the Scottish Parliament have left in their legislative measures of the admirable political wisdom and truly independent spirit by which they were actuated. Enough—and perhaps our southern readers may think more than enough—has already been done to establish their just claim to the character of free, just, and upright legislators. We shall only, therefore, add, what is perhaps the most surprising matter of all, and what the English lawyers, accustomed to the *multorum camellorum onus* of their statutory law, will fully appreciate, that such was the laudable brevity of those ancient times, that the whole Scottish acts of Parliament, down to the Union, are contained in *three duodecimo volumes*. And yet in these little volumes, we hesitate not to say, is to be found more of the spirit of real freedom, more wise resolution and practically beneficial legislation, better provisions for the liberty of the subject, and a more equitable settlement of all the objects of the popular party at this time, than is to be found in the whole thirty quarto volumes of the statutes at large, and all the efforts of English freedom, from Magna Charta to the Reform Bill.

From the preceding enumeration, imperfect as it will appear to all persons acquainted with Scottish jurisprudence, it is evident that the wisdom and public spirit of the Scottish Parliament, anterior to the Union, had not only procured for the people of Scotland all the elements of real freedom, but had effected a settlement on the most secure and equitable basis of all the great questions which it is the professed object of the liberal party to resolve in a satisfactory manner at this time. It appears, that above 200 years ago, the Scottish Parliament had not only effected a settlement, on the most equitable footing, of the difficult and complicated title question, so

* Statutes, 1549, 1617, 1663, 1672.

† By 1663, c. 21.

as to relieve entirely the cultivators of that burden, but established an admirable system of poor laws, the efficacy and security of which have been proved by the experience of three centuries; provided an effectual remedy against the evils of arbitrary or illegal imprisonment; established a complete and universal system of public instruction; introduced a humane but effective system of criminal law; given to the meanest prisoner, charged with an ordinary offence, the same privileges which the English law concedes only to state offenders accused of high treason; awarded to all prisoners the right of being defended by counsel, and heard by them upon the evidence; provided for the protection of the poor in litigation against the rich; laid the foundations of an admirable system of banking, the security and benefits of which subsequent experience has abundantly verified; afforded a humane relief to insolvent debtors, so as to check completely the evils of prolonged imprisonment; extended their care even to the aliment of poor prisoners in jail unable to provide for themselves; established that retrospective period in bankruptcy, which English wisdom did not adopt for a century afterwards; gave absolute security to the cultivators of the soil in the enjoyment of their leasehold rights; effectually prevented the oppression of the husbandman by the exactions of middlemen, or the distraining for more than their own rents by the owner of the soil; never admitted the hideous injustice arising from the corruption of the blood in cases of high treason, but limited the punishment to the person and movable estate of the transgressor; established an admirable and universal system of registration for all titles and mortgages relating to real property; introduced a lucid and intelligible system for the conveyance of landed estates, and the burdens created thereon; brought cheap justice home to every man's door by an unexceptionable system of local courts; provided for the just and effectual prosecution of crimes by the establishment of a public officer intrusted with the discharge of that important function; gave a compa-

ratively ready access to creditors against the real estates of their debtors, and allowed execution to proceed at once against the person and estate of the debtor. Whether these were important objects to have been gained, great and glorious attempts to have been made by the Parliament of a remote, inconsiderable, and distracted kingdom, during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, we leave it to our readers to judge; but this we will affirm, that if they were not, then is the whole liberal party of Great Britain at fault, and wandering in the dark at the present time; for almost the whole objects, for the acquisition of which they profess such anxiety in England in the middle of the nineteenth century, were secured for Scotland by her native legislature before the end of the seventeenth.

And it is a people who have done such things for the cause of national independence and civil liberty—who are styled, by the modern legislators of Scotland, as having been “destitute in every age of the spirit of Freedom;” it is a constitution which has produced a legislature which has done so much for the cause of real freedom, that it is the boast of our modern reformers “to have torn to threads and patches; not to have left a rag or a vestige remaining.” We have only to hope that the reformed legislature of Scotland may do one tenth as much for the cause of real liberty as the unreformed one has done; and that our descendants, a hundred years hereafter, may find themselves in possession of all the rights and privileges, and as secure in their enjoyment, as we were when the mighty change was effected.

And let not our southern readers be carried away by the sophism, so frequently employed by persons ignorant or desirous to conceal the truth on the subject, that Scotland has thriven, not from any efforts of its native legislature, but from the influence of British freedom. We wish to be just; we acknowledge with gratitude the great benefits which Scotland has derived from the Union; we are thankful for the cessation of internal British war, and feel the full advan-

ages which have resulted from the opening of the English market, the stimulating influence of British capital, and the generous gift of British treasures; but when we turn to the statute-book, and examine what improvement the laws of Scotland have received from the Union, we are constrained to admit, that, with the exception of the act abolishing ward holdings, and heritable jurisdictions in 1746, Scotland hardly received any legislative amelioration during the whole of the eighteenth century, and that was not conferred by the benevolence of English wisdom, but extorted by the terrors of the Highland broadsword. The vast improvements in our criminal practice which have taken place within the last twenty years, were not owing to any admixture of English legislation, but to the admirable wisdom and experienced sagacity of Sir William Rae, the Scotch Lord Advocate, who followed out solely and exclusively the principles of Scotch jurisprudence. Four great *changes* only of late years, we admit, are of English origin. The Reform Bill, the Borough Reform, the Introduction of Trial by Jury in civil causes—for it had existed from the earliest period in criminal—and the immense change in legal forms introduced by the Judicature Act. Whether they are *improvements* or not, time alone can show, and a half century will not enable the nation to determine with accuracy; but so far as experience has hitherto gone, we believe there are few Scotchmen, even of the reform party, capable of judging on the subjects, who do not already secretly regret our ancient institutions, and the hands in which political influence was placed by our original constitution.

And if Scotland has prospered solely in consequence of the external influence of England, and in spite of the tyranny and selfishness of its native legislature, how, we would ask, has the same influence proved so destructive to Ireland? When we turn to that country, we hear nothing from the liberal party, but vituperation and abuse of the cruelty, injustice, and tyranny of England; the whole wretchedness, crimes, and suffering of its unhappy people are, without hesitation, as-

cribed by the whole Whigs and Radicals to the blasting influence of English ascendancy; but yet that same ascendancy, we are told by the same party, was the sole cause of the prosperity of Scotland, and despite the tyranny of its native rulers, overspread the land with plenteousness. Will they be so good as to tell us how the same foreign ascendancy, which to Ireland was the Simoom of the desert, has proved to Scotland only the zephyr of spring? Will they explain how it happened that the English statesmen lavished their wisdom on Scotland during the seventeenth century, to the exclusion of their *native country*; and that no traces in the English statute-book were to be found of those admirable principles of legislation which, for two centuries, have been established in Scotland, till the days of Sir Samuel Romilly and Mr Brougham? Will the numerous foreign and domestic vituperators of the old Scottish institutions be kind enough to point out the English model from which any of the admirable ancient Scottish statutes we have mentioned were taken, or specify the name of the English monarch, minister, or legislator, whose influence or authority procured the enacting in its native Parliaments of any one of these truly wonderful laws? They cannot—we defy them to point out the slightest trace of English influence or example in any of these monuments of native wisdom; and, in fact, before the union of the crowns, the Scottish Parliament were so thoroughly exasperated against their southern neighbours, that it would have been sufficient to ensure the rejection of any measure, that it had been supposed to have emanated from English influence; and after that event, till the union of the kingdoms, the inhabitants of South Britain were too much occupied by their intestine quarrels to have any time to bestow a thought on their savage neighbours to the north of the Tweed, excepting as to sowing the seeds of dissension or corruption among their nobles, a mode of government in which they were for long but too successful.

In truth, the early precocity of Scotland in legislative wisdom, and the

extraordinary provisions made by its native Parliaments in remote periods, not only for the well-being of the people, but the coercion alike of regal tyranny and aristocratic oppression, and the *instruction, relief, and security of the poorer classes*, is one of the most remarkable facts in the whole history of modern Europe, and well deserving of the special attention of historians and statesmen, both in that and the neighbouring country. When we recollect what was the state of that remote and sterile kingdom in the four centuries preceding the Union, during which these extraordinary monuments of legislative wisdom were erected; when we remember that for the first two centuries of that period, it was lacerated by an almost incessant warfare for its national independence, invaded twenty times by immense foreign armies, repeatedly pierced to the heart by foreign power, and plundered and devastated everywhere by foreign bands; when we call to mind, that during this constant and grinding military exertion, its fields were perpetually laid waste, its cities burned, its merchant vessels captured, and the seeds equally of agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial prosperity, nipt in the bud; when we observe that during the two next centuries, when the English had abandoned their attempts to conquer the kingdom by main force, they had constant recourse to the still more dangerous method of management which consisted in the corruption and division of the nobles, and that by the continual application of that potent engine, the integrity of a great portion of the aristocracy was totally destroyed, and the nation kept in a perpetual state of feudal disorder, from which no one derived benefit but the archfiends who put their base and selfish passions in motion—we are lost in astonishment at the laws which were framed during such periods of anarchy, and the noble principles of legislation adopted by a people too often, to appearance, occupied only with the wretched and distracting objects of individual ambition. The ordinary attempts to account for the wonder by the influence of France, the authority of the civil law, and

the institution of the "Lords of the Articles," as they were termed, or committee of Parliament, intrusted with the preparation of all legislative measures, though not destitute of influence, are obviously inadequate to explain its occurrence. For who poured wisdom into the minds of the Lords of the Articles? Who filled the barons of a remote, poor, and half savage state with ideas of legislative protection to the labouring classes, and political wisdom which did not appear even in the favoured soil of South Britain for centuries after? Who taught that rude and illiterate people, what to adopt and what reject, out of the immense mass of the civil law? And where shall we find in the institutions of the old French monarchy, anything like the benevolent wisdom, regard for the poor and destitute, and bulwarks of freedom, which are the glorious characteristics of the old Scottish statutes?

It belongs to the historian of Scotland to point out the causes to which this extraordinary fact has been owing; but we cannot refrain from hinting at our own opinions on the subject. The solution of the phenomenon, we conceive, is to be found, 1. In the long, heroic, and persevering struggle which the Scotch made for their national independence, an effort which, like the successful combat with adversity, in an individual, developed many of the most valuable qualities of national character. 2. In the strong and deep hold which the Reformation took of the people, and the boundless extrication of thought, and dispelling of prejudice, which in consequence ensued, during the last half of the sixteenth and the whole of the seventeenth century. 3. In the fortunate constitution of the national Parliament, which gave a full and fair representation to the whole property of the nation, and entirely excluded that selfish and partial legislation which never fails to follow the ascendancy of mere numbers. Already we see the liberal party holding up their hands in derision; but before we are done with this subject, we are much mistaken if we do not advance much, which will shake the opinions of all candid men, even on the reform side.

No excuse will soon remain to every person of a tolerable education for ignorance on the interesting and important subjects on which we have now touched. Mr Tytler's admirable and faithful History of Scotland, of which five volumes are already published, promises soon to render accessible, even to the most indolent reader, the whole annals of a country, not less interesting to the statesman than the lover of romantic adventure, or the admirer of patriotic virtue. To the disgrace of the Reviews and Magazines of this country, this highly interesting work has hitherto been noticed only in an article of the Quarterly. We take this censure to ourselves, we bestow

it without hesitation on the Edinburgh; but we at least are about to make amends, and are preparing a series of two or three articles on the subject, which will commence in our January number. It is the only complete History of Scotland worthy of the name which has yet appeared, written with an antiquary's knowledge and a poet's fire, replete with the elevated principles, and couched in the lucid style, which might have been expected from the author's hereditary claims to literary distinction. We never with more confidence promised our readers gratification than from the account which we are about to give of its pictured pages.

CHARACTER OF THE REFORM PARLIAMENT.

THE doctrines of every representative state depend on the character of its legislature. In all countries, there is vested somewhere a power which is uncontrolled, and in the end rules paramount over all the other interests in the state. In despotic realms this supreme authority is entrusted to the sovereign; in oligarchies to a few of the leading nobility; in a constitutional monarchy to the representatives of the people. They may for a time be at variance with the other branches of the legislature, but they cannot fail in the end to obtain the ascendancy over them, and mould the constitution generally according to the inclination of the influential classes of the people. In England even if this ascendancy, practically speaking, were doubtful, it could not fail to be secured by the exclusive power of granting supplies which the Commons possess. In every family he who holds the purse speedily acquires, if endowed with an ordinary share of penetration and firmness, the general command; and not less certainly does the branch of the legislature which has the control of the supplies acquire in process of time an irresistible preponderance in the commonwealth. This is no new or dangerous doctrine: it has long been a known principle of the British Constitution: long before the Reform Bill was heard of, it had

been observed by all practical statesmen, that the whole powers of government were practically vested in the House of Commons: that it was in its bosom that the struggle of the three estates really took place, and that it was owing to the contest being there conducted that it was carried on so smoothly, and the community spared those rude shocks which never fail to arise from the determination of one branch of the legislature being openly and publicly negatived by another. It was precisely because the functions of the House of Commons were so important, and powers so vast were at its command, that the Reform Bill was felt by all men of reflection unbiassed by party ambition, to be so perilous a measure. It is hazardous to remodel any branch of government in a mixed monarchy; but when that which it is proposed to change is possessed of paramount influence, it becomes the most perilous of all adventures; for a false step once taken there is irretrievable; and the tendency to good or to evil once communicated, must be followed out to its remotest consequences.

It is of the utmost moment, therefore, that all persons interested in their country's welfare should seriously consider what is the present character and tendency of the House of Commons, and weigh well the

advantages which have been gained, and the evils which have been incurred, by the momentous change which it has been the fate of our times to witness. To this duty men of all parties are imperatively called, and none so much as those, who, from being on the populous side, and acting in conformity with the majority of the electors in populous places, are more than their opponents likely to possess an important influence in its future composition. We are not going to argue the expedience of the Reform Bill: that is now matter of history, and it will doubtless be fitly dealt with by the historian: we assume that change to be irrevocable, and to form the foundation, be it good or be it bad, of the new constitution. We request the attention merely of men of all parties, to the working of the measure; to the tendency which the Legislature exhibits, the symptoms of evil which it has manifested, and the indications of good which it has displayed, in order that a determination which all are agreed cannot be recalled, may, if possible, be stript of its dangerous consequences, and rendered productive of the greatest good of which it is susceptible to the commonwealth.

The first feature which must strike every person in comparing the new with the old House of Commons, is the diminished interest and ability of the debates. We say this with pain, and in no spirit of hostility to the Reformed House; on the contrary, in the most perfect disposition of amity towards it, and with every wish to find in the nature of things, and not in the faults of individuals, the cause of this admitted deficiency. But the fact is too glaring to be concealed; it is loudly proclaimed by the journals and periodicals which were foremost in promoting reform, and it is so evident as to have attracted the notice of the most inconsiderate. No man now, be he Whig, Tory, or Radical, takes up a newspaper to read the debates with half the interest or benefit which he did five years ago. Lord Brougham declared, in his evidence before the Committee on Unstamped Publications, that the great thing to be desired was to get the working classes throughout the country to read the

debates in Parliament; but really, unless they are better and more interesting than they have been in either House during the last two sessions, we much doubt whether the reading of them will increase, nay, whether it will not, on the contrary, rapidly diminish, and possibly become altogether extinct. This is matter of universal observation, and of loud complaint in every part of the country. We have indeed abundant and frequent ebullitions of spleen in both Houses of Parliament; fierce and angry contentions in the upper branch of the Legislature, occasional crowing of cocks, and never-failing long speeches in the Lower; but where do we find, except in the orations of the old members of the Legislature, any thing that is either instructive, elevating, or interesting? Sir Robert Peel makes sometimes an eloquent and statesmanlike speech; Mr Spring Rice brings forward an interesting and valuable array of figures from the Parliamentary returns; Mr O'Connell pours forth an indignant and powerful specimen of Irish energy; but with these and a few similar exceptions, all derived from the old House of Commons, what else is there that, to a man of any party, affords subject either of interest or instruction? Watch a reformer, as we have often done, when he takes up a newspaper overloaded with debates; observe his face as he glances over the effusions of the popular orators; above all, attend to the *length of time* during which he reads the discussions, and you will, in every part of Great Britain, obtain decisive evidence of the estimation in which the debates in the Reformed House are held. We say in *Great Britain*; for doubtless the attention of numbers in Ireland is agreeably fixed by the vast proportion of the columns which the effusions of their orators occupy, and the unmeasured terms of vituperation in which they assail the English Government, in whatever hands it may be placed, as the sole and efficient cause of all their disasters.

To those who looked forward to the Reformed Parliament as the panacea which was to heal all the wounds, and relieve all the sufferings of the state; and the Reformed

Legislature as the fountain of boundless and inexhaustible streams of wisdom, eloquence, and learning, which, unlocked in the chapel of St Stephens, were to flow through, invigorate, and instruct every class of society, this must doubtless have been a grievous disappointment. We shall not stop to observe that we and the opponents of reform always prophesied that this effect would take place; it is of more importance to remark, that this result was unavoidable, after the irrevocable step was once taken, and affords no just ground whatever for impeaching either the capacity or patriotism of the individuals composing the representatives of the people. Here, as elsewhere, we shall find that it is external causes and institutions which form men; and that much of the abuse which is bestowed, without reserve, on the individuals composing national assemblies, is, in reality, due to the circumstances in which they are brought together. Politics, the knowledge of a statesman; the information requisite for conducting public affairs; the power of swaying or even commanding the attention of large and mixed bodies of mankind, are not acquired either in a day or a year. By making an ordinary individual a member of Parliament, you no more fit him to discharge its duties, or command the respect of the nation, than, by putting on a gown and a wig, you enable him to plead an intricate question of real property, or contingent remainders; or, by placing a red coat on his back, and a sword in his hand, you give him the coolness requisite for command, amidst a tempest of grape-shot, or the roar of charging squadrons; or, by placing him at the wheel, you enable him to steer a vessel on a lee shore, during the horrors of an autumnal gale. The cause of the usual delusion on this subject is obvious. Every man is accustomed from his infancy either to speak on politics or hear them spoken of by others; just as every man is accustomed to give his opinion with undoubting confidence on subjects of taste, how little soever he knows on the subject: but the power of speaking on both these subjects, is widely different from that of acting or producing

any thing original, or even tolerable in them. This is familiar in ordinary life; and when any of the descendants on poetry, painting, or architecture, are set down to exercise the art of Milton, Raphael, or Phidias, we all know what sort of productions they bring forth. But this difference between a facility at speaking on an art, and the power of exercising it without an apprenticeship and study of twenty years, perfectly well known in private, is not, as yet, from want of experience, duly appreciated in political life; and infatuated multitudes constantly expect that their favourite public speakers are to make accomplished statesmen the moment they enter Parliament, from the possession of no other qualities than such as enabled them to spout a ready speech after dinner, or pronounce a cutting sarcasm on the hustings. Whereas, in fact, to make a competent statesman, to acquire the knowledge requisite, not merely to speak well, but even to vote wisely on all the innumerable subjects which are constantly brought before Parliament; to learn to withstand alike the *civium ardor prava jubentium*, and the *vultus instantis tyranni*; to know how to discriminate between the loud clamour of interested classes, and the just impatience of improper restraints; to hold the balance even between aristocratic obstinacy and democratic encroachments; to induce the multitude to submit to present evil for the sake of future good, require a course of study as long, application as severe and unintermitting, and natural parts as considerable, as to form a great general, lawyer, or historian. It is in this circumstance; in the extraordinary difficulty and complication of the art of Government, and the many many years of study and preparation, as well as actual practice in Parliament, requisite to acquire any thing approaching to eminence in it, that the real cause of the signal failure of the Reform Parliament is to be found. The people knew nothing of this; they could not be brought to understand it, they ridiculed it; and sent forward their own popular leaders to conduct the business of the state, with no better preparation than the generally superficial and delusive quan-

ties which had caught their fancy in their electoral assemblies. The consequence of the vast deluge of members of this description, who suddenly, on the passing of the Reform Bill, inundated the legislature, was the interminable harangues, the vehement contentions, the fierce declamation, and general want of practical, sound, or useful information which, with a few exceptions, have characterised the new members in the present Parliament.

Where talent and mediocrity, however, it is said, knowledge and ignorance, eloquence and hesitation, are jumbled together in one assembly, men of commanding qualities will take the lead, and those of inferior qualifications will gradually sink into the rank of followers. It is this reflection which forms the secret hope of the skilful and enlightened leaders of the movement party: they are constantly expecting to see the torrent of eloquence exhaust itself—to see men of business and practical habits step into their proper place, and the legislature resume the business-like, sensible form which it wore in the corrupted days of Tory ascendancy. There is some ground for hope that this effect may, to a certain extent, take place; but there is one consideration, which shows decisively that the Reformed House can never, under its present constitution, be brought to the workmanlike, useful form of the unreformed, and that the nation must make up its mind to see the public time constantly wasted to an enormous extent in interminable discussions, productive of no other result but the securing to the popular orators their seats, and means of pursuing a similar annoyance in the next Parliament. That consideration is the multitude of members who now sit for populous urban constituencies, and the experienced necessity of persons in that situation attending to their own interests rather than those of the nation, by keeping themselves in the public eye as leading, or, at least, frequent orators in Parliament. Aristotle has defined Democracy to be an "Aristocracy of orators sometimes interrupted by the monarchy of a single orator;" and the observation, based on a thorough knowledge of human nature, as it appeared in the stormy

forums of the Grecian Commonwealths, has been abundantly verified by the experience of our own times. Without referring to the French Republic, and the enormous debates of its impassioned assembly, let us attend to the example of America, our own descendants—the bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. Mr Hamilton has told us what the slightest acquaintance with the proceedings of Congress must have already suggested to every observer—that the evil of long speeches has there become so enormous, as to threaten entirely to choke up the business of the legislature; that single harangues are frequently made for three days together; and that, when a member rises on Thursday, it is announced in the newspapers that he is "*to keep the floor during the remainder of the week.*" Congress, indeed, do not listen to these interminable orations; the members write notes, sleep, or read the newspapers while they are going on; but what does that signify? the long-winded orator plods through his Herculean task; he prints it in the form of a pamphlet on coarse paper, and sends it down, price 2d., to his electors, who are so enchanted with the display he has made, that his return is immediately secured. Thus the interest of the members representing these popular constituencies is directly adverse to those of the States; to speak often and long is the interest of the former; that he should speak seldom and short is the interest of the latter; but as private will ever in general prevail over public advantage, where they lie in opposite directions, it is much to be feared that the evil is an inherent vice in democratic institutions, to which the wit of man, while they remain in vigour, will never be able to devise a remedy.

This evil was experienced in a much lesser degree in the unreformed House, from the comparatively small proportion of members representing popular places who were there to be found, and the great number of persons who, seated in Parliament by the influence of property, were both relieved from the necessity of haranguing for the sake of their return at the next election, and, by being placed there by a permanent interest, had leisure and in-

durement to apply themselves, during a series of years, to acquire and master the many difficult and intricate subjects on which they were called to decide in the course of their parliamentary duties. Hence it was that all the great statesmen of the last and the present age, on both sides—Chatham, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Canning, Romilly, Peel, Brougham, Macintosh—sat during almost the whole of their public career for close boroughs. Not only, however, is that avenue to statesmanlike knowledge and ability now completely closed, but the other entrance, which is opened to the legislature, is guarded by sentinels, who will in general prevent any person of similar habits or qualifications from obtaining admission, or, if he does get in, from remaining there for any length of time. No person now, who sits for a populous constituency, can place sufficient reliance on the duration of his seat in Parliament to qualify himself for becoming an accomplished statesman. Who will engage in an apprenticeship of twenty years for a profession which may any moment be cut short by the changing gales of popular favour? If he does, the chances are, that in the prosecution of these great and worthy objects, he will incur the dislike of his electors, and that his career in Parliament will be of very short duration. In short, the tenure by which the representative of a great and populous constituency holds his seat is now so frail, that it is impossible to expect either that he will undertake the labour, or can acquire the experience, requisite for eminence or real utility in this great and difficult branch of knowledge. To expect that he will, is to look for the same exertion of industry and expenditure of capital in a tenant holding at the will of a capricious landlord, as of one who is secured in his possession by a long lease. The only chance he has of keeping his seat is by constantly falling in, as the *Times* newspaper is said to do, with the popular feeling at the moment, and making frequent and turgid speeches in support of it in Parliament; in other words, doing exactly the reverse of what is required to form a great or useful legislator. And since the great majority of members of

Parliament are now returned by populous places, the melancholy fact cannot be concealed, that the fountain from which great and useful ability is supplied to the legislature is in a great measure closed, and that, in its stead, entrance is provided to democratic ardour, and loquacious ambition.

The next great feature which distinguishes the Reform Parliament is the vast increase in the number and importance in the functions of Committees. This is the natural result of an unmanageable assembly; it is the effort which common sense makes to get quit of the load of superfluous and verbose members. The same thing may every day be seen in common life. Observe a numerous assembly or meeting of persons in any rank of life or sphere of society, to whom the conduct of a piece of business is committed: what is the first step which, if they have the least practical acquaintance with the world, they invariably adopt? To appoint a Committee, with instructions to carry the wishes of the majority into execution; and if that Committee is numerous, the first thing they do is to name a sub-committee, till at length, by the successive expulsion of useless but loquacious members, you arrive at three or four real men of business, by whom the work is done. The same principle and experienced necessity have, from the beginning, and will to the end of time, regulate the conduct, and ultimately centre in a few hands, the whole power of popular assemblies; which created the committees of general safety and public safety invested with the whole powers of the Convention, and at last centered in that last dreaded body powers more despotic than ever were wielded by any monarch in modern Europe, Henry VIII. of England, or the Czar Peter of Russia, not excepted. The experienced impossibility of doing any thing with great and unmanageable popular assemblies, and the absolute necessity of confining to a few hands the real powers of government, was the real cause of this. Long before these terrible committees had attained their bloody distinction, the business of legislation, as well as government, was, in fact, managed by committees of the

National Assembly, and the chairmen of these committees, in truth, were the most powerful and influential men in the state. Mr Hamilton, who has collected so much useful and important information in regard to the practical working of the constitution of the United States, tells us, that the case is the same there; that the speaking in Congress is little better than declamation, not intended to influence the vote of the legislature, but dazzle the electors, and procure the re-election of the speaker; and that it is in committees that the whole real business of the state is conducted. These committees, he adds, are so important and powerful, that they may be considered as, in fact, constituting the real government.* The experience of these two great, democratic states, differing from each other so widely in situation, character, and national disposition, but yet perfectly agreeing with one another in this particular, may be considered as decisive on the subject, and as showing us, as in a mirror, what is to be our own fate if the democratic institutions now established take root permanently amongst us.

How, then, it may be asked, did this not take place under the old English constitution, where public debates have, from the earliest times, gone on without concentration of the powers of government in committees, similar to those which so soon became omnipotent in the French and American Republics? The answer is, that the majority of the old House were not returned for populous places, and therefore were not under the necessity of making frequent and long orations for the sake of pleasing their constituents and securing their re-election, which is so strongly felt by those who represent such constituencies in the present Legislature. This circumstance may seem trivial, but in truth it is of decisive importance. It is not the mere number of an assembly which renders the delegation of all its powers to committees necessary: it is its unmanageable character, the variety of opinions and obstinacy of its members, and, above all, the pre-

valence of loquacious habits and long speeches among them. Between such a body and one yielding the ascendancy to men of experienced ability and prudent conduct, there is precisely the same difference as between the crowd of fierce Covenanters, who were stoutly debating points of faith and doctrine at Bothwell bridge, till the English dragoons were prepared to charge, and the disciplined, well-appointed squadrons which followed the standard of Monmouth. In the old Parliament, which represented not merely the numbers but the property of the nation, the great majority were men of business, or men who were restrained by no necessity from yielding the lead to men of business: in the new Parliament, where the great majority represent numbers and not property, it is the *sine qua non* of re-election, the one thing needful to make oratorical display: and this necessity, acting simultaneously upon several hundred members, produces that prodigious torrent of declamatory speaking, and that immense flood of Irish eloquence, which threaten soon to choke up altogether the great channel of the legislature, and drive all the concerns and powers of government to those smaller rills, where, from debates not being public, the same necessity is not experienced, and consequently real business may be done.

This change, the progress of which has been so very conspicuous during the former, and still more the last session, is one, nevertheless, fraught with the very worst effects to the public welfare. It essentially injures the utility, and degrades the character of a representative assembly, when its public debates are chiefly calculated *ad captandam*, while the information and sensible opinions of its numbers are reserved for the private committees, where the temptation to indulge in rhapsody being removed, the real business of government is carried through. We are constantly told, that the great object is to enlighten the people on political subjects; and that the method by which that can be most effectually done, is by put-

ting it in their power to read the debates in Parliament. But from the character which these debates are assuming, it is evident that they are calculated rather to mislead than instruct; because, instead of containing the real opinions or rational views of the members, they abound too frequently with frothy declamation, calculated to please the giddy multitude of electors, but any thing rather than either inform their understandings or moderate their passions. We have no individuals in view in these observations; we speak of the tendency of institutions and general causes, not of particular men. But if any one attends to the opinions of the liberal party, as he hears them in private society, or committees of Parliament, and again as delivered in public in the House of Commons, he will perceive that the difference is great indeed; and, unfortunately, it all lies on the wrong side; for the rational, well-informed, moderate opinions are delivered in private, while the exciting harangues are reserved for the great theatre of the nation.

Farther, what a complex, strange machine the constitution will become if the powers of government are practically centered in these committees of the legislature, and the public debates become the field only for ambitious display and oratorical emulation. Government thus in reality falls into the hands of a few individuals, whose measures are hardly more known or subject to control than the inquisitors of Venice. That was the state of France under the National Assembly and the Convention, and it is in a great degree the state of America under the Federal Union. In truth, it is unavoidable that it should be so, for business must be done; the national concerns cannot stand still; and if the great public gate of the legislature is choked up, by the concurring efforts of individual oratorical ambition, it must find out bye paths for itself. But the result of such a system is to produce, and that, too, right speedily, a general alienation of the people from their representatives. For when once they discover that their measures do not correspond with their professions; that there is a language for

the people generally, and a *sanscrit* for the few initiated in the mysteries of government, the public irritation becomes great, just in proportion to the magnitude of the expectations which have been formed, and the promises that were made. It was held out as a decisive reason for a reform in Parliament, that the confidence of the people was alienated from the legislature, and that it was necessary, at all hazards, to restore it: but from the specimen of the working of the new assembly, which has already been exhibited, there is too much reason to fear that the evil will ultimately be aggravated instead of being relieved, and that, in its final result, the Reformed Parliament, if it does not go the whole length of revolution, will be more the object of obloquy, and probably unfounded obloquy, than any of its predecessors has been.

The last great feature of the reformed Parliament is the increased vacillation and uncertainty of its decisions. It is unnecessary to quote proofs of this; they are unhappily too well known; and have already been argued upon *ad nauseam* by the public press. It is of more importance, and it is more just in itself to observe, that this unhappy vacillation is not so much to be ascribed to the weakness or faults of individuals, as the difficult circumstances in which they are placed. Consider the situation of any of the members for the popular constituencies. To obtain his seat, he was probably required to pledge himself to certain measures which at that time formed the leading objects of popular ambition; and he is perfectly aware that on his keeping these pledges his return to the next Parliament is in a great degree dependent. But when he comes into Parliament, and is brought into contact with real statesmen, with men whose lives have been spent in the acquisition of the knowledge requisite to form that accomplished character, he speedily finds there are many difficulties in the way which never occurred to his heated and inexperienced imagination, and that some of the objects which he was required to pledge himself to support, could not be gained without the utmost peril, not only to the monarchy, but to the

whole interests of society. Hence the vacillation, the indecision and fickleness which have distinguished the measures of the reform Parliament; and hence the extraordinary, and, in the great mass of mankind, inexplicable contradiction between their professions and their actions. Hence it was that after having de-claimed for forty years on the monstrous injustice of the English Government in Ireland, after having ascribed all the suffering of that country to their oppression, and uniformly held out measures of concession, as the only steps calculated to pacify the state, they were compelled to begin their career by the adoption of a measure of extraordinary and surpassing severity which at once suspended all the liberties of that country, and gave the lie direct to all their former arguments and professions. Hence it was that after having not once, but ten thousand times held out the burdens of the country as susceptible of a great reduction, and the public distress as almost entirely owing to the wasteful extravagance of Government, they were compelled recently to confess in Parliament, that the public expenditure had been so far reduced, that no farther diminution need be looked for, and that a reduction of taxation could arise only from an increase of revenue. Hence it was that after having passed a vote taking off the malt tax one week, they were obliged next week to pass another putting it on again; that after having one day resolved, by a large majority, to remit Baron Smith's case to a committee of Parliament, they saw themselves under the necessity, a few days after, of rescinding that very vote; and that after having first resolved to emancipate the slaves with a loan of fifteen millions to the West India planters, they were soon brought to do the same with a gift (and it was a most just gift) of twenty. The ignorant populace exclaim on these occasions against the undue

influence of Government, and the inexplicable contradictions of their Parliamentary representatives; and the radical press, glad of any opportunity of bringing the Legislature into contempt, loudly re-echo the cry! but, in truth, these contradictions are not so much an impeachment either of the wisdom or patriotism of the reform members, as they are of the constitution under which they are assembled. They are, literally speaking, placed between Scylla and Charybdis; urged incessantly by their representatives to measures which their own better judgment tells them will be destructive alike to their country and themselves; and equally terrified at the prospect of unseating the Ministry, whose existence is identified with their political ascendancy, and endangering the institutions, without which they are aware the public liberties cannot long be maintained from democratic despotism. Hence the weakness, the irresolution, the vacillation which characterises their conduct; a symptom, and a well known symptom, in the progress of the revolutionary malady; and from which it is hardly possible in such a stage of the disease for any firmness or ability to keep itself free.

The observations we have now made, will, we are persuaded, obtain the concurrence, in secret at least, of most candid men, even in the reform party. It is for them to devise a remedy for evils already become sufficiently apparent, springing from a change for which they alone are responsible. Opposing reform as we ever have and ever shall do, we should yet gladly suggest a remedy for them if we saw one. But we confess we do not; and much fear that they are the commencement of a series of causes and effects, destined in their final results totally to alter not only the balance of power, but the face of society, and the ultimate prospects of every individual in the British dominions.

SPENSER.

No. III.

THE FAERY QUEEN.

LEGEND OF THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

POETRY, Philosophy, Religion, are united in the Spirit of Love. By that spirit expanded and elevated, Intellect and Imagination create within themselves conceptions and emotions of the sublime and beautiful, the spiritual and the everlasting. Poetry is the produce of Love in its delight—Philosophy of Love in its wonder—Religion of Love in its gratitude—and thus in all higher moods the Three are One. Love broods on the wonders of its own delight, and Poetry is solemnized into Philosophy; Love is instructed in the First Cause, and Philosophy is sanctified into Religion. Then sings the Philosophical Pious Poet his hymns and odes on Nature, and Nature's God, and the tongues of men are as of Angels.

Such being the genesis of genius in a great poet's soul, and the origin of all his works, we must peruse poetry in a kindred spirit. Its end is not pleasure—but illumination, elevation, purification. We are of the earth earthy—but we are likewise of the heavens heavenly; and "where heaven and earth do make one imagery," there is "the haunt and main region" of every great poet's song. Who but they have best shown us our moral being? They are our deepest divines. Extinguish poetry—and how bare and cold at once would seem, not earth and sky alone, but all human life! The eye of the Lord of Day would lose its spiritual lustre, and serve but to ripen grain and fruit. The moon, in her mere materialism, would no more gladden the shepherd's heart, and be but a round—not even a lamp of light. Our passions—our affections—now so imaginative all—would be little better than instincts—and conscience, who sits now on her own throne in her own dominions—with love on her right hand, and fear on her left, would have no power over mere animated

and ruminating dust. What then would be the worth of the senses? The eye and the ear now are poets—and make for themselves the world on which they look and listen to, till it overflows with colour and music, and to see and hear is bliss. Perception, as we now possess it, is, in spite of ourselves, a most poetical power, and Memory would have no hold on a moment of time, unaided by Imagination. What would Reason care for her relations, her abstractions, and her generalizations, were they not all beautified by the delight in which they are brought into being before her inward eye? And think ye not that Isaac Newton had poetry in his soul, when at sight of the fall of an apple he conceived the law by which suns and systems are fixed or revolve, and yet thought of himself but as a child gathering pebbles on the sea-shore?

False philosophy, false poetry, and false religion—all arise from self-willed ignorance, or misconception of the intimations nature gives us of her own laws. "Truth and pure delight" are inseparable, because cognate; but impure pleasure obscures, or confuses, those intimations which, in their settled brightness are intuitions. Hence, all great poets have been good men. In all cases where the physical has disturbed or oppressed the spiritual, poetry in that man's being has languished and died, or shown, by fits and starts, a convulsive strength tenacious of troubled life. And so has it ever fared with philosophy and religion—in the decay or extinction of "pure delight," whether wrought by prideful reason rushing into the dark, or by polluted sense impatient of the ideal, philosophy degenerating into scepticism, and religion into superstition.

Therefore, nowhere has there ever been—nor can there ever be—true religion and false philosophy prevalent

together—and imperfect indeed, however powerful, must be the poetry of a people who have perverted notions of Providence. The fire of Greek genius was often extinguished in the heathenism weighing on the poet's heart; the innate grandeur of his moral being was not elevated by the attributes of Him whose nod made Olympus tremble—Imagination's wings, as they would have soared round the empyrean, were clogged by the dismal feeling of a Fate. Yet, all that was of pure, and great, and good, was preserved, and spread by the poets, and sages, and priests—their esoteric doctrines, though not the same, were not unharmonious—and Homer, and Hesiod, and Pindar, and Eschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, all strove to elevate morality and religion in their poetry—like Thales, and Solon, and Pythagoras, and Plato, and Aristotle, and Socrates, in their philosophy—Socrates above them, and all the men of the ancient world, in every hour, too, and act of his life.

In the ancient world, it would be most impious to say, that all knowledge of true religion had been lost; for in such high civilisation the highest instincts of nature were strong, and to satisfy them, Imagination moulded into a thousand forms, many of them most beautiful, the traditional fragments of the primeval faith. But Christianity has not only revealed, but inspired, in clearest and screenest light, and endowed new principalities and powers in the spiritual kingdom. There are names, now familiar household words, of virtues and duties bearing dominion in life, that before the Advent were names but of shadows and phantoms. The fable of *Psyche* is still beautiful to the fancy, and touching to the heart; but we have not to seek for solace to our sadness in imaginary emblems of immortality, nor to trust in the ascension heavenwards from the dark, of something supposed spiritual within us, because of the fair unfolding therefrom of an insect's wings. We do not hope—we believe that we are immortal—and in that belief the entire aspect of the moral world is for ever illumined; though there are still clouds and darkness, they are pierced by a light from heaven, assuring Faith that

they belong to Time—itsself to Eternity; and shall not poetry soar a loftier flight through the ether, now that religion has lent her a seraph's wings?

As the genius of Christianity has elevated all our faculties, as well as purified all our feelings, and none more than the Imagination, its influence must have been felt on poetry as powerfully as on any other active and creative mood of delight and devotion commercing with the skies. And it has been visibly so. As artists, the poets of the ancient world, have never been excelled; and many of its forms of life, in different ages, especially the heroic, and many of the characters that adorned them, still retain in the works of the great bards of old a dominion over our minds which will last for ever. For sympathy survives widest and deepest change of manners and morals; nor can time and space, with all the chasms of ruining disruption between, cut off our communion with the generations of our kind, once illustrious for nobility of nature. But in the poetry that immortalizes the life of those remote ages, we miss much that we feel belongs to the character of our own life—to its very constitution; and our whole moral being, and all our human affections, are now consciously imbued with a spirit, purer, and deeper, and higher, and holier far, breathed from the thought of an Hereafter. Under the constant power of that thought, have all our faculties of feeling grown to maturity; all high Christian literature is therefore inevitably religious. Poetry is the highest literature; it is sacred; and of our greatest poets we feel the inspiration to be divine.

The library of English poetry is the most magnificent in the world. Nor during any other equal period have nobler additions been made to it than during the last fifty years. But, like the works of the great English divines, these to the multitude may be truly said to be sealed books. They enter not into the education of the most enlightened people that ever lived on earth. To the friends of that people, many, even of their names and outsides, are unknown—but this is the age of reason—and in their stead libraries of useful and

entertaining knowledge—excellent in their way—are ambulatory all over the land. The noblest of all literature is nearly a dead letter to the lower reading public; yet is the lower reading public persuaded, by them who minister to its intellectual pride and poverty, that it is enriching its mind with all treasures worthy the desire of free men.

"With other ministrations, thou, O nature!
Hearest thy wandering and distempered child."

We always associate, in our most meditative moods, when ranging over the library of English poetry, the works of Spenser, Milton, and Wordsworth. Not that their genius is of one kind; but because, beyond all our other poets, they are dedicated spirits. To their high calling their lives were vowed; they

"Know their own worth and venerate the lyre ;"

their purpose is holy; and their firm assurance of immortal fame is inspired by the beauty, and the purity, and the greatness of their own conceptions. Wordsworth sublimely said of Milton—

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

We know the whole meaning of that line, which gives the character of his life. His two great poems likewise are like two stars, and dwell apart—lending light to each other—and none else is needed to illuminate that region of heaven. *Paradise Lost*! *Paradise Regained*! Magnificent sounds—each expressive of a world of woe and bliss! Wordsworth's life has not been allowed the sublimity of Milton's—for it has pleased Providence to let him enjoy almost perpetual peace. "Not with darkness and with danger compassed round," but with light and safety, his age is journeying towards the west. It may not have been given him to edify such a poem as either of those unparalleled two—but we know that a great work has been growing in his mind—like a tree central in the grove—for forty years; and in the fulness of time, when it has reached its perfect stature, all the storms that sweep this earth shall not prevail against it—but only bid

it stoop its swinging branches to the old mossy sward, to return majestically to its regal stillness in the calm of the succeeding sunshine. But all his inner life has been poetry; his poems are numerous as flowers, and as various; and like flowers they classify themselves by their characteristic beauty almost as apparent to the simple sense as to the scientific; nor when bound together in clusters is the harmony of the colouring impaired, while so sweet is the scent of the whole that the "sense aches at it," yet the soul is restored as if by balm breathed from the beds of paradise. Spenser died many years before he had reached the age at which Milton began *Paradise Lost*. But the muse "had visited his slumbers nightly" through many seasons, and poetry had, from youth, been his passion. Could we ever forget all his delightful lesser poems, nevertheless enough for one man's life would it have been to compose the *Faëry Queen*!

"It was the custom of the time, says Mr Todd, in speaking of the "Verses addressed by the author of the '*Faërie Queen*,'" "for an author to present, with a copy of his publication, poetical addresses, to his superiors;" and he adds, that the age of Elizabeth was "the age of Adulation." Who Spenser's superiors were it would be hard to guess, for he too was "a person of distinction," and of birth. However, he had illustrious patrons, who were likewise his familiar friends; and the admired and beloved of Sir Philip Sydney and Sir Walter Raleigh, was well entitled to address sonnets to the highest in the world's peerage. His adulation of the Great was of a lofty kind—he bent the knee with an air of dignity—and he knew that they could bestow no favour upon him, which it was not in his power to repay a thousand-fold, by one line, consigning their names to immortality, along with the *Faery Queen*. The custom of the time was a good one, and it was observed in the right spirit by Edmund Spenser. His are high souled sonnets—such as might triumphantly "with the lofty equalize the low"—but they are addressed, for the most part, to men illustrious for eminent station,

great actions, or native worth, even more than by the accident of birth. It is pleasant to take "one glance of that array." "To the Right Honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord High Chancellor of England," and the first person preferred to that dignity, since the exclusion of the ecclesiastics, who was not a professed lawyer, but who, by the diligence and integrity with which he discharged its duties, proved the discernment of his gracious mistress, by whom, as Camden tells us, he had long been held in high esteem, Spenser, in his sonnet, reminds him that,

"Those prudent heads, that with their counsels wise,

Whyloin the pillours of the earth did sustaine,

And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannize;
And on the neck of all the world to rayne;
Oft from these grave affairs were wont abstaine,

With the sweet lady Muses for to play,"

and says, that as Ennius oft assuaged the cares of the elder Africaine and Maro Cesars, so may he smooth with this presented song

"The rugged brow of careful policy."

"To the Right Honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England," whom we wish we could call Spenser's friend, but must not call his enemy—though in the Critic he shook his head—

"On whose mighty shoulders most doth rest

The burden of this kingdom's government,"

the poet, whatever may have been his hopes or fears, makes in his pregnant sonnet no mean obeisance, but says proudly of his "idle rimes,"

"Yet if their deeper sense be inly wayd,

And the dim veile, with which from commune view

Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd,
Perhaps not vaine they may appear to you."

"To the Right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford, Lord High Chamberlain of England," and himself called by the author of the "arte of English Poesie," "one of the Courtly Markers," "a most noble and learned gentleman," he says,

"Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry

Under a shady velle is therein writ,
And eke thine own long living memory,

Succeeding them in true nobility;

And also for the love which thou dost bear

To th' Heleconian ymps, and they to thee."

Delightful praise from the pen that writ the Faerie Queen! "To the Right Honourable the Earle of Northumberland," he says,

"The sacred Muses have made alwaies clame

To be the nourses of nobility,

And registers of everlasting fame

To all that arms profess and chevalry."

Therefore, to that "Right noble Lord," he sends "the present of his paines," that while the stout Earl of Northumberland defends it from wrong, he may reflect on that

"Which gives them life that else would soone have dide,

And crownes their ashes with immortal bays."

"To the Right Honourable the Lord Hunsdon, High Chamberlain to her Majesty," he says,

"Live, Lord, for ever in this lasting verse,
That all posteritie thy honour may rehearse."

"To the Right Honourable and most valiant Captaine Sir John Norris, Knight, Lord President of Munster," after thirteen lines of glorious praise, each line illustrating a noble quality or heroic deed, the adulator saith, in the flattering fourteenth that sums up the sneaking sonnet,

"Sith then each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,

Lone him that hath eternized your name."

The age of Elizabeth was, indeed, "an age of adulation"—and Edmund Spenser, Adulator-General to the Court. But blame him not too severely, we implore you, for following the "custom of the time." Set these sonnets by the side of John Dryden's prose dedications, and "oh! what a falling off was there, my countrymen!" That was indeed the age of adulation and of every thing base; when, in magnanimous delusion, Sir Walter Scott hath finely said,

"Dryden, in immortal strain,

Had raised the Table Round again,

But that a ribald King and Court

Bade him toil on to make them sport;

The world defrauded of the high design,

Profaned the god-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line."

The star of his nativity did not do the gentle Edmund such wrong as to suffer his bright spirit to be born on earth at a time when such fatal influences were rife in the lower sphere. He appeared,

"In great Eliza's golden days ;"

nor Queen nor Court "bade him toil on to make them sport." Clio and Calliope inspired his song as he lay among the murmuring woods of

his own beloved and beautiful Mulla—he was their laureat—yet the great Gloriana graciously received his lays—and so did all her goodly train of "high lords and mighty earls"—and his "god-given strength" went "unprofaned" to the tomb. Lo! Six of these noble sonnets complete—nor doubt that as they were indited and presented in love and gratitude, they were accepted in honour and with pride.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE AND EXCELLENT LORD, THE EARL OF ESSEX, GREAT MAISTER OF THE HORSE TO HER HIGHNESSE, AND KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

Magnifick Lord, whose vertues excellent
Doe merit a most famous poet's witt
To be thy living praises instrument,
Yet doe not sdeigne to let thy name be writt
In this base Poem, for ther far vnsitt ;
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby :
But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing flitt,
Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty
To the last praises of the Faery Queene,
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine heroicke parts, such as they beene :
Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenance
To these first labours needed furtherance.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ORMOND AND OSSORY.

Receiue, most noble Lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruite which saluage soyl hath bred ;
Which being through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is overspredd,
And in so faire a land as may be redd,
Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thyselfe hast thy brave manslone ;
There indeede dwel faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,
And in thy person without paragone
All goodly bountie and true honour sits.
Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receiue, dear Lord, in worth the fruit of barren field.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD CH. HOWARD, LORD HIGH-ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND, KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, AND ONE OF HER MAIESTEE'S PRIUY COUNSEL, &c.

And ye, braue Lord, whose goodly personage,
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age
Of th' old heroes, whose famous offspring
The antique poets wont so much to sing,
In this same pageaunt have a worthy place ;
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,
That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,
Like flying doves, ye did before you chace ;
And that proud people, woxen insolent
Through many victories, did first deface ;
Thy praise's everlasting monument
Is in this verse engrauen semblably,
That it may liue to all posterity.

TO THE MOST RENOWNED AND VALIANT LORD, THE LORD GREY OF WILTON,
KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

Most noble Lord, the pillor of my life
And patron of my Muse's pupillage,
Through whose large bountie poured on me rife,
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe lue, bound your's by vassalage :
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reauce
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to receaue,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leaue
Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account ;
Rude rymes, the which a rustic Muse did weaue
In savage soyle, far from Parnasso mount,
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned loome :
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favourable doome.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT, SIR WALTER RALEIGH, LORD
WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES, AND LIEFTENAUNT OF CORNEWAILE.

To thee, that art the summer's nightingale,
Thy soueraine goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rusticke madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite ?
Thou onely fit this argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure bath built her bowre,
And daintie Love learnd sweetly to indite.
My rimes I know unsauory and sowre,
To taste the streames, that like a golden showre
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy loue's praise,
Fitter perhaps to thonder martiall stowre,
When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise :
Yet till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cynthia's praises be thus rudely shewne.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADY, THE COUNTESSE OF
PEMBROKE.

Remembraunce of that most heroicke spirit,
The heauens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
Of his braue vertues, crownd with lasting baies,
Of heuenlie bliss and euerlasting praies ;
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,
To sing his sweet delights in lowly laies,
Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
His goodly image, liuing euermore
In the diuine resemblance of your face,
Which with your vertues ye embellish more
And natue beauty deck with heuenlie grace :
For his, and for your own especial sake,
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.

We called them—and are they not so—high-souled sonnets ? Meek and lowly words are interspersed—dropt no doubt in perfect sincerity from his fast-flowing quill—for the “sage Spenser”—as Milton names him—was of sweetest disposition—and the exultation of a great poet in the Muses' love is unlike as maybe to worldly arrogance or spiritual pride. But the star he set before his eyes

was the greatest by far, and the most lustrous of all earthly Queens. True that Elizabeth was not so beautiful as Mary—that false Florimel. True that being a woman she had weaknesses, but they never accompanied her as she stepped up to her throne. They may sneer at her virginity, preserved pure from the opportunities, more dangerous than importunities, of Essex and Leicester and the rest,

who weep for the thrice-wedded and thrice-widow-weeded Loveliness who when a girl had been enjoyed by a feeble French boy, and ere she had reached matron's prime, by a profligate English youth, and a ruffian middle-aged Scot, the murderer of her hated lord. Mary was not without religion, as her last hour showed; but before her imprisonment we nowhere see it in her life; and her fair eyes, that swam in tears at the stern face and voice of the great Reformer, were blind to the dawn of truth beginning to empurple the Scottish skies. Elizabeth had studied religion, and she obeyed its precepts, and like a lioness, she arose in defence of the Faith. Mary was not without courage, and was willing to fight for her crown with her base husband by her side—till he fled—and she fled—how unlike Elizabeth when the Armada was at sea! Wisdom and genius and virtue were the body-guard of good Queen Bess—them the Queen delighted to honour; and if she created the grace she saw in her Arthur, 'twas but the common delusion of enamoured fancy, and a sin easily to be pardoned in such a heart, in its heroic and regal grandeur not inaccessible to love. Ruthven and his crew should not have murdered Rizzio; neither should Scotland's Queen have chambered, though not in wantonness, with lutanists, and singers, and dancers, when Knox was thundering, and the voices of many were heard crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" Never was queen honoured like Elizabeth—for Shakspeare's self rejoiced to celebrate her praises—but Spenser has encircled image after image of his "Dearest Dread" with halo after halo more and more divine—and as Tanaquil, or Gloriana, or Mercilla, or Belphebe, or Britomart, we see her ever and anon rising and setting on the horizon, or mounted to meridian, a pure and shining light in the enchanted skies, and over the enchanted forests of unfading Faery Land.

In the introductory stanzas to each of the Six Books, he idealizes her who was in herself so bright; and you will thank us for showing you here some of those lovely lays. Having invoked the "Holy Virgin, Chief of

Nine," and the "most dreaded Impe of highest Jove, Fair Venus' Son," to bring with him

"Triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jollities arrayed,"

How beautifully he turns from them to "his dearest dread!"

"And with them eke, O Goddess, heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace, and majesty divine,
Great ladie of the greatest isle, whose light,
Like Phœbus' lampe, throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beams into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughts, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted style:
The which to hear vouchsafe, O dearest dread, awhile!"

Where it falleth him to write of Chastity, what needs him, he saith, fetch from Faery,

"Forreine ensamples it to have exprest?
Sith it is shrined in my sovaine's breast,
And formed so lively in each perfect part,
That to all ladies, which have it profest,
Neede but behold the pourtrait of her heart,
If pourtrayed it might be by any living art."

With exquisite delicacy he alludes to "that sweet verse in nectar sprinkled," in which "a gracious servaunt" (Raleigh) pictured his Cynthia—and asks from that "delicious poet" leave for a "rustike muse to sing his mistresse prayse"—knowing in his heart that the rusticke muse's praises would outlive the all accomplished courtier's—and that Cynthia would pale her ineffectual light before the splendour of Gloriana the Virgin Queen, Belphebe the Virgin Huntress, and Britomart the Virgin Martial Britonesse, images of his "dearest dread," in her rule, in her chastity, and in her courage.

In the introductory stanzas to the Fourth Book, containing the Legend of Friendship, after blaming the "rugged foreheads" that frown on love, which is the "root of all honour and all vertue," he triumphantly exclaims,

"To such therefore I do not sing at all,
But to that sacred saint my sovereigne
queene,

In whose chaste brest all bountie naturall
And treasures of true love enlocked brene,
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene,
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive I weene;
To her this song most fitly is address,
'The Queene of Love, and Prince of Peace
from Heaven blest."

True, that when the Commons of
England petitioned her to marry,
Elizabeth told them that she would
be well contented if her marble
told posterity, "Here lies a Queene
who reigned so long, and lived and
died a virgin." And true that, as
far as we know, she kept her royal
word. But Spenser knew that,
though virginity is a gem, and though
he had called chastity "that fairest
vertue far above the rest," no virgin
dislikes to dream of love, nor yet to
hear it predicted that she shall one
day have a husband. Therefore he
does not fear, on closing the Book
of Chastity, and on opening the Book
of Friendship—and "Love is Friend-
ship with a gentler name"—to offend
Belphebe, by this delicious strain.

"Which that she may the better deigue
to heare,

Do thou, dread infant, Venus dearling
dove,

From her high spirit chase imperious
feare,

And use of awful majestie remove:

Insted thereof with drops of melting love,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee
gotten

From thy sweete-smyling mother from
above,

Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage
soften,

That she may hearke to love, and reade
this lesson often."

The introductory stanzas to Book
Fifth, the Legend of Artegall or Jus-
tice, are among the noblest ever
written—"that strain I heard was of
a higher mood" indeed; serious,
solemn, sacred; and with that pomp
and prodigality of well-chosen words
from a treasury in which Spenser
was the richest of kings, it unites the
magnificence and majesty of Milton.
Would we could quote them all—
but we can give but the ennobling
conclusion—

"Most sacred Vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might,
Whose sovereigne powre is' herein most
express,

That both to good and bad he dealeth
right,

And all his workes with iustice hath be-
dight.

That powre he also doth to princes lend,
And makes them like himself in glorious
sight

To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth
recommand.

Dread soverayne Goddess! that dost
highest sit

In seate of iudgment in the Almightyes
stead,

And with magnificke might and wou-
drous wit

Doeest to thy people righteous doome
aread,

That furthest nations fills with awfull
dread,

Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read

As thy great Justice prayed over all,
The instrument whereof, loe here thy
Artegall."

These are daring words, but they
declare truly the doctrine of the
divine right of kings. God "doth
lend" to princes the power of jus-
tice, and he will rigidly require an
account of its use from his vice-
gerents on the thrones of the earth.
They hold sceptre and sword for
their subjects' sakes, and "must
to their people righteous doome
aread," for if they do not, God will
command the people rise up, and
snatch sceptre and sword from their
hands, and breaking, trample them
in the dust. Elizabeth so used that
power, that a great people believed
themselves happy under her reign
and in the imagination of their de-
scendants, a golden glow invests the
age that bears her ever-glorious
name. True it is, "that she farthest
nations filled with awful dread;"
and having driven danger across the
seas, she secured an untroubled
domain to native peace. She did so
by "magnificke might and wondrous
wit," for her counsellors were wise
—and her hosts by flood and field
were mighty—and England, with
undying love and reverence, regards
her—woman as she was—as the best
monarch that ever sat on the throne
of Alfred.

But why have we lingered so long on the borders of Faery land? And where lies Faery land? In what latitude? and in what longitude from Greenwich? We are no great hydrographers or geographers: yet we have travelled and we have voyaged many a league both by sea and land, in the kingdoms sung of by Spenser—the wondrous wildernesses of Nowhere, and Anywhere, and Everywhere—with their own strange sun, moon, and stars—skies often without a speck on their boundless blue—and often, sans-moments' warning, buried in a grave of clouds. Shut your eyes—fall asleep—and you will find yourselves wandering through its woods, or tossing on its waves, in “a dream that yet is not all a dream.” Nay, steady your waking eyes on the stillness of the ether, nor fear more than if you were an eagle, to stare on the sun, and the motes in the air will grow, in wonderful ways, into animated beings of human form—and your ears will hear magical music—and pageants which you think you have seen before, but cannot imagine where—whether in this or a former life—will keep shifting between you and the sky—some bright and glorious—others black and dismal—and there shall be dewdrops on the still grass and on the still leaves—and there shall come storms sweeping by to shatter—and lightning shall all in one instant lift up and let down little worlds of green day-like beauty in the heart of night—and the sullen silence shall be worse than the thunder's roar—and plumed hearses enveloped in death shall nod to nuptial cavalcades arrayed in life; and wakening with a start from the processional reverie so bewildering, you will, as you fall back on your own daily being and familiar world, think with yourself in the solitude—“Is this Faery Land?”

Should this seem mystical, you must turn to the Tenth Canto of the Second Book of the Faery Queene—and read with good Sir Guyon

“A chronicle of Briton kings,
From Brute to Uther's rayne;
And rolls of Elfin emperours
Till time of Gloriane.”

There you will be told that Prometheus made a man, and stole fire from

heaven to animate his work, and that the creature was called Elf, who, wandering through the world with weary feet, found, in the gardens of Adonis,

“A goodly creature, whom he deemed in mynd

To be no earthly wight, but either spright
Or angel, the author of all woman-kind,
Therefore a Fay he her according hight,
Of whom all Faeries spring, and fetch their
lineage right.”

From them shortly grew a mighty people, whose puissant kings subdued all the world. Their eldest son Elfin governed all India,

“And all that now America men call;”

and their second son, Elfinan, founded Cleopolis, and Elfiline, enclosed it with a golden wall. His son Elfinell overcame the wicked Gobelines; but his fame was eclipsed by Elfant,

“Who all of crystal did Panthea build.”

Elfant succeeded, and slew two giants, the one with two heads, and the other with three; and he was succeeded by Elfinor, a magician,

“Who built by art upon the glassy see
A bridge of brass, whose sound heaven's
thunder seem'd to be.”

He left three sons, who were all anonymous kings in their turns; and their offspring “rayned in due descents,” to the tune of seven hundred princes. After all these reigned in great majesty, Elficleos, who, after high advancing the crown of Faery, left two sons, of whom the elder, fair Elferon, untimely died,

“Whose emptie place the mighty Oberon
Doubly supplied in spousal and dominion.”

Mighty Oberon dying, left the fairest Tanaquil him to succeed by testament—and

“Fairer and nobler liveth none this houre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they Gloriane call that glorious
flowre;

Long mayst thou, Gloriane, live in glory and
great powre.”

Though all this be pretty plain, perhaps you may wish us to make it a little plainer to you, as Upton and Warton made it to us—so please to suppose Elfinan, the second son of Elf, to be King Lud, who founded London, or Cleopolis,

"In which the fairest Faery Queen doth dwell."

Elfant built her crystal palace, Panthea, or Windsor. Elfinor's bridge of brass may—nay must—mean London bridge—for Upton says that a Faery King built it, "not like the wicked Salmoeneus, but for beauty and use." These images are all adopted from romance, but applied to realities—some of which, however, no man hath found out till this day. The "wise Elficles" is King Henry the Seventh, whose eldest son, Prince Arthur, died, at sixteen years of age, in Ludlow Castle; and whose youngest son Oberon, that is Henry Eighth, succeeded to the crown, marrying his brother Arthur's widow, the Princess Katherine. It is remarkable, observes Warton, "that Spenser says nothing of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, who reigned between Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, but that he passes immediately from Oberon to Tanaquil, or Gloriana, that is Elizabeth, who was excluded from her succession by those two intermediate reigns. There is much address and art in the Poet's manner of making the omission." Who the gentlemen giants may have been, who were for a while so well off for heads, not knowing, we cannot say; and pray, who were the "wicked Gobelines" overcome by Elfinell? Warton thinks it may either allude to the faction of the Guelfes and Gibbelines in Italy, or to another race of fairies, called Goblins, and commonly joined with Elfs. E. K., the friend and commentator of Spenser,

remarks that our Elfes and Goblins were derived from the two parties, Guelfes and Gibbelines; but "this etymology," quoth honest Tom, "I by no means approve." Nor does Christopher North—nor did John Upton, prebendary of Rochester, and rector of Great Rissington, in Gloucestershire. "It should not be said seriously," quoth the excellent and learned Prebendary, "that the Elfes and Gobelines are derived from the factions of Guelfes and Gibbelines in Italy: these kinds of etymologies are the guesses of an ingenious and lively imagination; for both the words and their significations, as now used, were long before these Italian factions." Upton offers many conjectures—which have been often repeated, and refuted with indifferent success since his time, (see Sir Walter's delightful disquisition in the *Minstrelsy of the Border*, in which he used John Leyden's notes,) respecting the origin of the name Fairies; and he thinks "Gobbeline comes from the Greek *καὶ ἀνιμω*, *dæmones quidam innuites Bachici*,"—and they do appear, we confess, all one in the Greek.

If you are not yet satisfied, and still continue asking where and what is Fairy Land, nor have found it, where we gently told you it must be sought for—in the spiritual kingdom within every man's own breast—we finally refer you to Spenser's self, in the introductory stanzas to the Legend of Sir Guyon. Each line is worth its length, breadth, and thickness in platina.

"Right well I wote, most mighty sovaine,
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' abundance of an ydle braine
Will Iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of iust memory;
Sith none that breatheth living air doth know
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show;
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

"But let that man with better sence advize,
That of the world least part to us is red;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The Amazons huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfulest Virginia who did ever vew?

" Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
 Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene;
 And later times thinges more unknowne shall show.
 Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,
 That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?
 What, if within the Moones fayre shining spheare,
 What, if in every other starre unseene,
 Of other worldes he happily should heare?
 He wonder would much more; yet such to some appeare.

" Of Faery Lond yet if he more inquire,
 By certein signes, here sett in sondrie place,
 He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
 But yield his seuce to bee too blunt and bace,
 That no'te without an bound fine footing trace.
 And thou, O fayrest princesse under sky,
 In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
 And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
 And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry."

And now we come to the Legend of the Red Cross Knight; but before we suffer Spenser to show him to you, "pricking on the plain," we must remind you of what you were told of him a month or two ago, and tell you something more of him than you yet know, that you may clearly understand all his points when he appears. Recollect, then, that Spenser informed us, that on the first feast held by the Fairy Queen, "there presented himself a tall clownish young man," who desired that he might have the achievement of any adventure that should happen; and, on being promised his request, "rested him on the floor, unfitte, through his rusticity, for a better place." A fair lady in mourning weeds came to complain, that her father and mother, an ancient king and queen, had been for many yeas shut up in a brazen castle by a huge dragon; on which that clownish person, upstarting, desired the adventure. The Fairy Queen wondered, and the fair lady much gallsayed; but, in the end, the lady told him, that unless that armour which she brought would serve him, he could not succeed in that enterprise. The armour was that of a Christian man, specified by St Paul in the fifth of the Ephesians. It was forthwith put upon him, with due furnitures thereunto, and he seemed the goodliest man of all that company, and was well liked of the lady. Eftsoons, taking on him knighthood, and mounting the warlike steed the lady's dwarf had led, he went forth with her on that adventure.

Turn we now, for a moment, to Canto X. of the First Book, and we shall hear something more of this "clownish young man," and eke his name—for throughout many cantos he is nameless—and but called the Red Cross Knight. That godly aged sire, hight Heavenly Contemplation, who dwelleth in the House of Holiness, informs him, in the tenth canto, of his lineage, and that he was not a fairy's son, as he believed, but sprung "from ancient race of Saxon kings," who had

" High reard their royall throne in Britane land."

Him, unweening, had a faery reft, and bringing him into Faery-lond, hid him in a heaped furrow, where a ploughman found him, and brought him up in ploughman's state,

" Whereof GEORGOS he thee gave to name;
 Till prickt with courage, and thy force's pryde,
 To Faery Court thou camest to seek for fame,
 And prove thy puissant arms as seems thee best became."

Well worthy, then, was that "Faerie ymp," as Heavenly Contemplation said, however now accounted Elfin's son,

"To aide a virgin desolate—fordonne;" and after those hands—as yet unstained—but to be deep died in blood of the enemies of the Cross—have been cleansed—among the saints,

" Shalt be a saint, and thine own nation's friend

And patrone ;—thou St George shalt
called bee,
St GEORGE OF MERY ENGLAND, the sign
of victoree."

And who may be the lady in
mourning weeds, riding on a white
ass, with a dwarf behind her, for
whose sake, and that of her impris-
oned parents, the Knight of the Red-
Cross will fight with the dragon?
Her name we afterwards are told is
UNA, and in her is shadowed Chris-
tian Truth, in the unity of the faith.
"Endeavouring to keep the UNITY of
the spirit in the bond of peace."—
"There is ONE body and ONE spirit,
even as ye are called in one hope of
your calling." "Till we all come
in the UNITY OF THE FAITH, and
of the knowledge of the Son of
God, into a perfect man, unto the
measure of the stature of the fulness
of Christ." She rides on an ass, the
emblem of humility; and in a higher
and more mystical sense we see the
allusion to the prophet Zechariah,
and Matthew the disciple and apos-
tle. "Rejoice greatly, O daughter
of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jeru-
salem: behold thy king cometh unto
thee: he is just, and having salvation;
lowly, and riding upon an ass, and
upon a colt the foal of an ass."
"Behold, thy king cometh unto
thee, meek and sitting upon an
ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass."
Una wears a black stole on account
of her parents' misfortunes; and who
were her parents? We are told,
after a little while, as we shall see,
that

"She, by descent, from royal lineage came

Of ancient kings and queens, that had, of
yore,
The sceptre stretched from east to west-
ern shore,
And all the world in their subjection
held."

And she tells Prince Arthur, far on
in her calamities, which we shall
hear of anon, that while the favour-
able heavens did not envy their feli-
cities, her parents,

"Did spread their rule through all the
territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehon's golden waves doe wash con-
tinually."

Who, then, were they—Una's pa-
rents—the parents of Christian
Truth? Verily, it is a mystery.
The scriptures of the Old and New
Testament? They were long shut
up in a brazen castle—by the dragon
—and who but the Red-Cross Knight
set them free? Yet other explana-
tion may be simpler, and scarcely less
high. Adam—says the wise and re-
ligious Upton—"was king of Eden,"
(Una comes from Eden, and to Eden
she returns,) "and universal king by
parental authority; but by the pre-
vailing power of that infernal fiend,
he forfeited his right. The restora-
tion of lost Eden was reserved for
the Messiah, the second Adam,
imaged in this Christian knight."

And now, gentle reader, we are
prepared to look together upon the
first Apparition of the Red-Cross
Knight and

"Heavenly Una with her milk-white
lamb."

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many' a bloody feld;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide him foming bitt,
As much disdainyng to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

"And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

" Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond,)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave :
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne ;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

" A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white than snow ;
Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide
Under a veile, that wimpled was full low ;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw :
As one that inly mourned, so was she sad,
And hevie sate upon her palfrey slow ;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had ;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe shee lad.

" So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore ;
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kings and queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held ;
Till that infernal feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld ;
Whom to avenge, shee had this knight from far compeld.

" Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemed, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,
And angry love an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were faine.

" Enforst to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not far away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand ;
Whose lottie trees, yclad with sommer's pride,
Did spred so broad, that heaven's light did hide.
Not perceable with power of any starr :
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr :
Faure harbour that them seems ; so in they entred arre."

The Champion—the Patron of True Holiness—the Red-Cross Knight—the "tall clownish young man," who had hitherto led an innocent and obscure life—as the first Apostles of Christ had done—a tiller of the earth—thinking himself some Faery's son, but sprung from lineage of Saxon kings—Georges—for whom was reserved the high destiny of St George of merry England—what means it, O Neophyte! in the mysteries of the Faery Queen—to say of him that he was

" Ycladd in mighty armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel marks of many a bloody felde ;
Yet armes till that time never did he wield."

He had "put on the whole armour of God,"—"having his loins girt with righteousness, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness"—"above all things taking the shield of faith whereby he shall be able to

quenchall the fiery darts of the wicked"—"and having taken the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." They are called "mighty arms and silver shield," by Spenser after St Paul. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down strongholds." And what are those "old dints that still remain the marks of many a bloody field?" The old dints inflicted by all the fiery darts of the wicked since first Christian panoply was worn. "These were the arms," says Upton, who knew both Spenser and Milton so well, and his Bible still better, "which Michael wore when he routed the Great Dragon," that Dragon figuratively which our knight is going to attack, and in these very arms Milton dresses the Messiah.

"He, in celestial panoply all armed
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended."

Such is the Allegory—it is most beautiful—endeared to us at once are these typical abstractions of Christian Holiness and Christian Truth. But our hearts are likewise moved towards them already as persons; we feel that never were there more fit companions—and that both are beloved of heaven. Whatever may assail Una, nothing shall have power to injure her—pure of all spot and blemish, now and for ever.

"And by her in a line a milk-white
lamb she led."

That lamb we never see again! It was a thought that rose and passed away from the poet's soul; but the image had shown us the character of Una in her simplicity, as if it had been a dove that hung for a moment over her head, and while a voice spake, disappeared—"This is my daughter, in whom I am well pleased." Though according to Romance and Chivalry—the mould in which the poem is cast—Una, like any other "errant damozel," is attended by a Dwarf, it seems to us, and we hope we are right, that her dwarf is throughout such a one as might be attendant on Truth—cautious—nay, timid, yet not afraid—feeble, but faithful, and in all dangers devoted to his Lady and his Lord. No misshapen black dwarf thrall to hated

service—but willing to walk behind that "snowy Palfrey," and though lagging far behind, yet never beyond call—and though wearied with "bearing her bag of needments at his back"—her needments and no more—knowing that 'twas no unreasonable burden—and that, when it was laid aside at night, the sounder because of it would be his sleep. He had accompanied Una from Eden—he had led then to the Court of Faery the warlike steed on which her Champion was to ride—and we are made to feel—if we but think—that there is no one so insignificant that he may not be a useful follower in the train of Truth.

They have been enticed unawares into "the wilderness and labyrinth of the world," as old Upton finely says—for we must not forget, in our personal interest for the lady and her knight, the continued allegory of the poem—to shelter themselves from wind and rain—which, however fierce, was harmless—as are the worst storms of adversity that in time blow over—in Error's Wood. How naturally is their entrance described—

"And forth they passe, with pleasure
forward led,

Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,

Which therein shrouded from the tempest
dred,

Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell
sky.

Much can they praise the trees so straight
and hy," &c.

Our knight, quoth Upton Sage, "has got into a wood, where he amuses himself till he loses his way." And what is his amusement? To admire the scenery on every side, and to note the name and nature of every fair-seeming tree. Spenser's description of the trees is imitated from Chaucer; but it reminds us too of similar descriptive enumerations by Ovid, Seneca, Lucan, Statius, Silius Italicus, and Claudian. "Methinks," says Upton, "that Spenser is superior to all the poets who have indulged their luxuriant fancy in such descriptions, because his allegory so naturally led him to the subject; for what are those trees but the various amusements and errors of human life?" That is right.

But what saith Warton, whom loving as we do, we are sorry to quote so often but mildly to reprehend? "Spenser, perhaps, in having given us this minute and particular enumeration of various trees, has incurred a smaller share of censure than the Roman authors. In some of them, indeed, such a description will be found superfluous and impertinent; but upon this occasion it is highly consistent, and indeed expedient, that the poet should dwell for some time on the beauty of this grove, in describing its variety of trees, as that circumstance tends to draw the Red-Cross Knight and his companion farther into the shade, till at length they are imperceptibly led into the Cave of Error, which stood in the thickest part of it; in short, his description is so far from being puerile or ill-placed, that it seems to improve and help out the allegory." What more could he have had? Whatever is, is right; and yet Warton most absurdly speaks of Spenser having "incurred a smaller share of censure" than the Roman authors, whose descriptions were "superfluous and impertinent." But do, pray, attend to what follows—and that too from a man not only of fine taste and sound judgment, but even of genius. "Notwithstanding this may be affirmed in commendation of Spenser, yet I am apt to think, that the impropriety of introducing such a description, would not have appeared a sufficient reason to our poet, why he should not have admitted it; for his judgment was so greatly overwhelmed by his imagination, that he could never neglect the opportunity of a good description whenever it possessed itself." Any thing more absurdly unjust than that we never read out of an article in a modern review. This is the old story—the old-woman's

charge against every great poet who delights to walk in the realms of imagination. His imagination overwhelms his judgment—as used to be said of Shakspeare—till Schlegel, in the name of all the rational part of mankind, declared that his judgment was perfect, and that impeded and flown by it, his imagination soared into "the highest heaven of invention," and—we are speaking now for ourselves—returned to the lower regions with unflagging and unfatigued wings. Suffice it now to say of Spenser as of Shakspeare, that "while he never neglected an opportunity of a good description," it was because that there can be no bad opportunity for any thing good—and he that goes out of his way for nothing, or the mere pleasure of poetizing or prosing, is a fool. But Edmund Spenser was no fool—and there is not an inopportune description in the *Faery Queen*.

This earth is full of shade and shelter—loveliest umbrage wherein the weary wayfarer may lie down and rest—nor suspect that he has laid his head on the aspic's hole. Even Una, Truth herself, knows not—so exceeding fair the scene—that this is Error's Wood. The birds sing them in beneath the roof, "not pierceable by power of any star." On its confines pleasant music is heard from thoughtless creatures, merry amid pauses of the thunder—who—(what an exquisite expression of the feeling of perfect security!)

"Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky."

For a while Holiness and Truth suspect no evil; but surely nothing can be more characteristic of them and of the Dwarf, than the description of the discovery they make of the enemy, and the danger into which they have been heedlessly betrayed.

"Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
When weening to returne whence they did stry,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That, which of them to take, in diverse doubt they beene.

"At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out

That path they take, that beaten seemed most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about ;
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave,
 Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
 And to the dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

" ' Be well aware,' quoth then that ladie mildr,
 ' Lest sudden mischief ye too rash provoke ;
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
 Breedes dreadful doubts ; oft fire is without smoke,
 And perill without shew : therefore your stroke,
 Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made.'
 ' Ah, ladie,' sayd he, ' shame were to revoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade :
 Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade.'

" ' Yea, but,' quoth she, ' the perill of this place
 I better wot then you : Though nowe too late
 To wish you backe returne with foul disgrace,
 Yet wisdom warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,
 To stay the steppes, ere forced to retrate.
 This is the wandring Wood, this *Errours Den*,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate ;
 Therefore I read beware.'—' Fly, fly,' quoth then
 The fearfull dwarfe ; ' this is no place for living men.' "

But the youthful knight would
 enter " the darksome hole," and by
 " A little glooming light, much like a
 shade,"

he saw the monster

" Half like a serpent horribly displayd,
 But th' other half did woman's shape
 retain,
 Most loathsome, filthy, foul, and full of
 vile disdain."

Philosophers and bards have described her ; and she has, from old, appeared to all their eyes the same hideous deformity. Hesiod, Dante, Milton, Spenser—use almost the same words in painting her, the offspring of night and Erebus—or if not her, some sister shape, as foul, as fair, and as fatal. They all make the monster half woman half serpent. To Echidna, in her den, Hesiod gives the dark eyes and beautiful cheeks of a nymph ; below, she is voluminous, in vast trails, speckled, and deadly. Milton remembered Spenser in drawing his picture of Sin—

" Woman to the waist, and fair,
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
 Voluminous and vast—a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting."

And both remembered Dante—

" La faccia sua era faccio d' uom giusto,
 Tanto benigna avea di fuor la pelle ;
 E d' un serpente tutto l' altro fusto."

And Dante remembered Dio, who writes of the monster on the Lybic ocean—the Sea of Sand with its Syrtis—" Το μιν προσωπον γυναικειον, και το κατω παν οφει." But Spenser expatiates on the dam with the thousand poisonous dugs, on her brood, their birth and nouriture, and on the sole sure means and method of crushing, extirpating, and sweeping away the whole hideous hubbub from the floor. " Our poet," quoth Jortin, " paints very strong here, and Longinus would have blamed him for it, as he blamed the author of the *Aspis*"—for presenting an image not terrible but odious ; but Longinus, we affirm, would have had more sense than to do any such thing. Soon as on Error's small fry shone the " uncouth light " of the knight's " glistening armour,"

" Into her mouth they crept, and sudden
 were all gone."

These wretches, coming out of the mouth, and creeping in again, are imagined from Revelations—" And I saw three unclean spirits, like frogs, come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet ; for they are the spirits of devils." Up-started their dam, and rushed out to assail the entering light, but, sore afraid, would have turned back,

"For light she hated as the deadly bale,"
had not the valiant Elf leapt upon
her, and sheared her shoulder with
his sword. In an instant she is
wound round his body; and his
lady cries,

"Now, now, sir knight, shew what ye
bee;
Add faith unto your force, and be not
faint.
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle
thee."

He "grypt her gorge," and she fell
off from about him; but

"Therewith she spewd out of her filthy
maw

A flood of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets
raw,

Which stunk so vildly that it forst him
slake

His grasping hold, and from her turn him
backe:

Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes
did lacke,

And creeping sought way in the weedy
gras:

Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled
has."

Then "she poured out of her hel-
lish sink," a spawn of small ser-
pents, black as ink, that crawled like
worms about his legs; and though
they could not hurt, encumbered
him sorely, till, by one great stroke,

—"From her body full of filthie sin

"Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Growing full deadly all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselves about her body round.
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mother's blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

"That detestable sight him much amazd,
To see th' unkindly impes of heaven accurst
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst.
Now needeth him no longer labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend."

Where, all this while, was Una?
Not far off was Truth. The radiant
angel stood a little way in among

He raft her hatefull heade without ro-
morse:

A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed
from her corse."

Some serpents, in their own way,
are beautiful, and we should be sor-
ry to see them slain in their own
woody wilderness, where no human
foot does right to wander, and
where they live like the beautiful
leopards and tigers on their own
provided prey. From pitying we
could bring ourselves to love the
serpent, poor fellow, if he would
but promise not to sting; and to do
him justice, he stings but when you
tread on him, or when he suspects
as much, and even then gives a warn-
ing hiss or rattle—at least some of
the most deadly do—though, we
believe, the deadliest one of all—
the cobra-capello, curse him, bites
mute. But heaven forbid we should
have one atom of pity—love seems
to be out of the question—though
woman's face is fatal—for such a
serpent as Spenser's. Throttling
and tail-treading won't do for her—
and if you suffer her to embrace you
with "folds implicit," a thousand to
one you are a dead man, though your
wife calls out,

"Strangle her, else sure she will strangle
thee."

Behead her, or you die. Heart she
has none—all guts and brains. Nor
heed her spawn—for, their dam once
dead, Spenser tells you how her
spawn behave—they eat her up!

the trees, with the trembling dwarf
near her side; and now that heaven
had given Holiness the victory, she

approached to greet him with a few words, that must have "sunk like music in his heart."

"Well worthy be you of that armoury,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day!"

The Red-Cross Knight remounts his warlike steed, the lady her snowy palfrey, the dwarf takes up his bag of needments, which we may believe he had laid down, and following "the beaten path" again, they all issued into open day.

"He passed forth, and new adventures sought;
Long way he travelled, before he heard of ought."

That last is a meaning line. The Christian knight, who has killed Serpent Errour in single combat at the mouth of her own den, in her own wood, finds the paths of this world, for a long time far and wide, free from all obstacles, incumbrances, and dangers—and pursues his unobstructed, and it may be eventless, journey in peace. But let him not, even with Truth by his side, forget that there are other evils besides Errour, and that there is One who can assume any shape, going about continually, seeking whom he may devour.

You will remember how, in *Paradise Lost*, Milton shows us Satan, in disguise of an unfallen spirit, de-

ceiving even Uriel, the Regent of the Sun.

"So spake the false dissembler unperceived;

For neither man nor angel can discern Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth.

And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps

At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Reigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill

Where no ill seems."

Invisible, except to God alone!
Therefore our Saviour in the wilderness knew the Tempter in the shape of an

"Aged man in rural weeds
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve

Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,

To warm him, wet returned from field at eve."

Invisible, except to God alone!
Therefore, now, the Red-Cross Knight and Una, though he was Holiness and she was Truth, discerned not Archimago—the old hypocrite—the Father of Lies—who had been a liar from the beginning—in the harmless-looking pilgrim that met them on the waste.

"At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long blacke weedes y clad,
His teete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemed, and very sagely sad;
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

"He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
And after asked him, if he did know
Of strange adventures, which abroad did pas.
'Ah! my dear sonne,' quoth he, 'how should, alas!
Silly old man, that lves in hidden cell,
Bidding his beads all day for his trespass,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such thinges to mell.

"But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare.'
'Of such,' said he, 'I chiefly doe inquire;

And shall thee well rewardes to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare :
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.'

" 'Far hence,' quoth he, 'in wastfull wilderness
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.'
'Now,' saide the ladie, 'draweth toward night ;
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be ; for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might ?
The sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves among.

" 'Then with the sunne take, sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin :
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsel best.'
'Right well, Sir Knight ye have advised bin,'
Quoth then that aged man ; 'the way to win
Is wisely to advise : now day is spent ;
Therefore with me ye may take up your in
For this same night.' The knight was well content ;
So with that godly father to his home they went.

" A little lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In travaill to and froe : a little wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermit dowlly went to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde ;
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

" Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainment, where none was ;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will :
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas ;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glas :
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Acc-Mary* after and before."

The picture is perfect. No wonder they are deceived ; yet something seems to say to us—though not to them—"beware." Something there is, that might give rise to strange apprehensions, in the sight of one old man, all by himself in the houseless wild, in such a garb and such a plight ; yet his talk is such as not to lull, but to prevent suspicion ; and what unhallowed thought could be in such a cell !

"Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway."

The fountain was sacred—for it was not Archimago who bade it flow.

"The noblest mind the best contentment has"

is a magnanimous line, to be written in letters of gold—and worn on the breast as a Christian amulet.

Una is in her chamber—and in his the Red-Cross Knight—both fast asleep ; and Archimago opens his book of spells.

"Then choosing out few words most horrible,

(Let none them read,) thereof did verses frame,

With which, and other spellles like terrible,
He bade awake black Pluteo's grisely dame ;

And cursed Heaven, and spake reproachful shame

Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.

A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night,

At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight."

- Nothing like that either in Homer or Virgil! Spenser, at that hour, saw farther than they ever did, into the heart of the blackness of their own mythology. Who is Great Gorgon? The same of whom he elsewhere speaks,

"Thou wast begot in Dæmogorgon's hall."

And who is Dæmogorgon? What means what Milton calls "the dreaded name of Dæmogorgon?" Nobody knows—or knowing, could tell. Spenser, in another place, says,

"Where Dæmogorgon in dull darkness pent,

Far from the view of gods and heaven's blies,

The hideous Chaos keeps."

Lucan and Statius speak of Him—the terrible nameless deity—when they introduce magicians threatening the infernal gods.

"Scimus enim et quicquid dici, noscique timetis,

Et turbare Hecaten, ni te, Thymbræ, vereratur,

Et triplicis mundi summum quem scire nefastum."

According to Boccace, he is the prince and head of all the Gentile deities. Dæmogorgon, then saith Upton, with a shudder, is the DEMON, according to Lucan, *qui Gorgona cernit apertam*—or the DEMON OF THE GORGONS.

At that name, legions of spirits "out of deepe darkness dredde," flutter round the head of Archimago, "like little flies;" and choosing "the falsest two," he keeps the one to do other work, and sends the other to the house of Morpheus.

"He making speedy way through spered ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire,
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe,
In silver dew, his ever-drouping bed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

"Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsey fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

"And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but careless Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enemyes.

Spenser here makes Morpheus the god of sleep; Ovid, in his eleventh metamorphosis, by whom Spenser was inspired, and whom he far transcends, makes him one of the

Somnia, or children of Somnus. Both are best. The False Fly finds him drenched in seeming death; but threatening him "with the dreaded name of Hecate," he sees him "lift-

ing up his lompish head," and commands him, from Archimago, to send a "fit false dream." The god obeys; calls

"A diverse dreame out of his prison darke;"

and the Fly taking it up, bears it on his little wings to his lord.

Here is the Poetry and the Philosophy of Sleep and Dreams. The earth is not so deep as man's mind. The house of Morpheus is the palace of the soul. His bed is on the brain. At the bidding of evil (and bless God! of good, too, and with other issue) he lifts up his "lompish head," and delivers to false flies diverse dreams, that distract and drive people mad. Yet,

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,

Beloved from pole to pole!

By Mary Queen the sleep was given,
She sent the blessed sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul."

So said Coleridge in his "Ancient Mariner," and who does not envy Morpheus—in spite of all Spenser says—as he is lulled by the stanza where

"Careless Quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternal silence, far from enemies."

We must not hate Morpheus, whom all of us have so often had surely reason to bless—because Archimago obliged him to abuse his power; but with a deeper hatred we must curse Archimago for having thus devilishly perverted God's most gracious law, disturbed that divine ordinance, and turned against us miserable mortals, even

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!"

But what does Archimago with the "diverse dream," "the fit false dream," and with that falser fly? You shall hear.

"Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have raviht quight:
The Maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

"Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy;
In sort as he him schooled privily.
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the Makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned how.

"Thus, well instructed, to their worke they haste;
And, comming where the Knight in slomber lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play;
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy.
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne dame Pleasures toy.

"And she her selfe, of beautie soveraigne queene,
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene
To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spring
On earthly branch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen! Hymen! dauncing all around;
Whylst freshest Flora her with yvie girlond crowned.

" In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his :
Lo, there before his face his Ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke ;
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,
Most like that Virgin true, which for her Knight him took.

" All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And half enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight ;
But, hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand ; and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands, in wemens pittceous wise,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

" And sayd, ' Ah, Sir, my liege lord, and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate ?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew ; yet rew my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently :

" ' Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
My fathers kingdom'—There she stopt with teares ;
Her swollen heart her speech seemd to bereave ;
And then againe begun ; ' My weaker yeares,
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde :
Let me not die in languor and long teares.'
' Why, dame,' quoth he, ' what hath he thus dismayd ?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd ?'

" ' Love of yourselfe,' she saide, ' and deare constraint,
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.'
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted Knight
Suspect her truth ; yet since no' untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainfull spight
He would not shend ; but said, ' Deare dame, I rew,
That for my sake unknowne such grieve unto you grew :

" ' Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground ;
For all so deare, as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound :
Ne let vaine fears procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none ; but to your rest depart.'
Not all content, yet seemed she to appease
Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words, that could not chose but please :
So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

" Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearines of former fight
Having yrockt asleepe his irksome apright,
That troublous Dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight :
But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed Spright he backe returnd againe."

Read this a thousand, and a thousand times; and it will still be felt to be more and more beautiful—in its pathos sublime. Archimago did not dare to try to disturb Una's sleep. He knew that no power on earth, or in the bowels of the earth, or in deepest hell, could, even in a dream, with unhallowed thought, or impure feelings, perplex the brain, or agitate the heart of holy Truth. But the Red-Cross Knight was still assailable, even although he had lain down in that heavenly armour. He had, indeed, put on the new man—but the old was not dead—"the offending Adam" was yet in his blood; and he, from whom nothing of evil is hid in man's heart, hoped to betray him to sin and death, by the semblance of what was dearest to him on this side heaven—of his own Una—all clad in white—and with her black stole cast over it—led thither by Venus self, the sovereign queen of beauty—by his bedside, standing at midnight—and offering earthly love in the guise of heavenly truth!

"He thought to have slain her in his fierce despight."

But not all at once, even in that misery, could he hate his Una, worthless as she seemed and wicked; for he sees how she wrings her hands and weeps. The Semblance

"hath stirred up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood and for her
tender youth;"

too like Una in her purity to be more than suspected of untruth—and since no untruth he knew

"Her fawning love with foul disdainful
spight
He would not shend;"

and tries to believe and disbelieve according to the loyalty of his magnanimous heart. The Semblance sees that she cannot thus prevail; and leaves him first to his waking grief, and then to the work impure of distempered sleep. What were all the temptations of St Anthony to this?

Had the sorcerer suffered him to have his natural sleep, the Red-Cross would have shaken from his brain all memory of that phantom in the morning light—

"And cheerful Chanticleer with his note
shrill
Had warned once that Phœbus fiery
carre,
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roomes
did fill."

For even in that dream—and surely it could be no more—though Una seemed arrayed in all her living beauty—he would not "do the gentle creature wrong" but drew comfort from some unknown depth of love in his soul, which the poet lets us believe was there unlocked—as if the nobility of his nature could not suffer him to believe in what he feared even to forgive—for even forgiveness itself, implying blame, might have seemed unjust—and yet

"Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much grieved to think that gentle dame
so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his
blood!"

True Love of Truth struggling, in the alternate stagnation and storm of sleep, with temptations and trials, now unintelligible and now incredible, and now blasting the brain and withering the heart with flashings too eye-searing not to be real, and agonies too soul-searching not to belong to the waking world!

"That feigning Dreeme and that faire-
forged Spright"

tell Archimago of their ill success; and he resolves in broad day-light, to abuse, and in rejoicing morn, the senses of the Knight by horrid glamoury—to shew him Una and a Paramour "knit in Venus' shameful chain." This is no dream—whatever might have been the vision of the night—but a deception. Yet in the following description we are made to feel as if the Red-Cross knew not whether he was or was not in the waking world. The suddenness of his wakening, "as one aghast with feends or damned sprights;" the secret bed of guilt, in which Una and her paramour seem to lie, "covered with darkness and misdeeming night;" the mood in which the Knight sees the shrouded sin—"the eye of reason was with rage yblent;" his being hindered from killing them, not by pity but

the Tempter's self; his returning to his bed as if he had been walking in his sleep; all wears with it a drearish and ghastly air—as if all might be false imagination;—and as we see him “eating his stout heart,” “Yrksome of life and too long-lingering night,”

we remember—and there is a sort of dim comfort in the thought—that the night was already wellnigh gone—for that, some time before, Chanticleer had warned that Phœbus was climbing the East. Do you so read with us the passage?

“Eftsoones he took that miscreated Faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loves and lustyhed
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight;
These two he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
Covered with darknes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

“Forthwith he runnes with feigned-faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to make more sound repast;
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him calls; ‘Rise, rise, unhappy swaine,
That here wax old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine:
Come, see where your false Lady doth her honour staine.’

“All in a mazo he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secrete part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and leud embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire;
The eie of reason was with rage yblent;
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restrained of that aged sire.

“Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest; but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrksome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light;
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away do fly.”

“So both away do fly!” No last look at Una! She is utterly vile. He thinks not of reproaching, forgiving, or killing her; but flies away from—Truth. The false flies—the forged true-seeming Lies—and the diverse dreams—so serviceable, have returned to “deep darkness dredd,” and the house of Morpheus. Is Archimago in his cell? We know not.

The Red-Cross does not say “God bless him”—nor thank Hypocrisy for his night's lodging. He fled as Hesperus “brought forth the dawning light;” but Una—the true Una—she rose not till it was perfect day. The very imagination of sin in her, serves but to brighten her angelic purity; and in her sorrow she is above our tears.

“Now when the rosy-fingered Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through dewy aire;
And the high hills Titan discovered;

The royall virgin shooke off drousyhed :
 And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
 Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
 And for her dwarfe, that wont to waite each howre :—
 Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful stowre.

“ And after him she rode with so much speede,
 As her slowre beast could make ; but all in vaine ;
 For him so far had borne his lightefoot steede,
 Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
 That him to follow was but fruitless paine ;
 Yet she her weary limbes would never rest ;
 But every hil and dale, each wood and plane,
 Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
 He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.”

In this desertion the Allegory itself is affecting ; but without heeding the Allegory, it wounds us as if it were a desertion in the world of our human heart. And the more because of the delusion, to which that noble spirit became a sacrifice, having been such as could hardly have failed, we feel, to succeed against ourselves—or man born of woman. But think of it all in its double sense, and it will be found perfect. For Hell itself could not have prevailed against Truth, if the Red-Cross had made greater advances towards Holiness—and understood the character of Truth, as well as he loved it. There were certain circumstances that, even at the worst, might and should have aroused suspicion that he was played upon by evil spirits. The Semblance told a lie when she said,

“ Your own dear sake forst me at first
 to leave
 My father's kingdom,”

for he first saw Una's face in the Faery court. Now one lie is as good as a thousand ; and a lie like this, had he not been losing his understanding, would have convicted the false Una. We believe, however, that Spenser, throughout this part of the temptation, meant to shadow forth the mystery of the visitations we are involuntarily subject to in the world of dreams—as the humane Banquo's sleep was haunted by, inhuman thoughts that would not be driven off—the night that Duncan was murdered by Macbeth. If the Red-Cross was really awake, then he was not blameless in not leaping up at that lie, and showing Madam the door. Had he done so, white wimpie and black stole would have

been seen to be but painted air, and within them—nothing. Farther—though it is not easy to disbelieve one's own eyes—it ought to be as difficult to disbelieve one's own soul—and if he believed that Una was false, he ought to have that instant disbelieved God. Then—who was that Squire ? And how had he come so opportunely and so noiselessly to those out-of-the-world cells ? Had the Red-Cross looked for him at dawn he would have found him not—but seen Una sleeping as sound and as innocent as a child. Had he—even in rage—collared old Archimago—he would have frightened the hypocrite into a fit—perhaps of absence—for we shall see by and by that even a Sarazin overthrew him, and laughed to see the bald pate, fitter for a cowl than a helmet, as he stripped him of his lying arms. The hermitage itself would have shrunk into a pile of sand, less than that in an hour-glass.

“ The guilefull false enchanter parts
 The Red-Crosse knight from Truth :
 Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
 And workes him woefull ruth.”

Saint George having forsaken Una, falls into the toils of Foesassa.

“ Still flying from his thoughts and
 jealous feare :
 Will was his guide, and griefe led him
 astray,”

when he chanced to meet, “ all armed to point,” a huge Sarazin, on whose shield was writ *Sans Foy*. The Faithless was not without his leman.

“ Hee had a faire companion of his way,
 A goodly lady clad in scarlot red,
 Purfied with gold and pearle of rich
 assay,

And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches gar-
nished,

The which her lavish lovers to her gave;
Her wanton palfrey all was overspread
With tinsel trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and
bosses brave.

With fair disport and courting dalliance
She entertained her lover all the way;
But when she saw the knight his speare
advance

She soone left off her mirth and wanton
play,

And bad her knight addresse him to the
fray;

His foe was nigh at hand."

They fight; and at length the
Sarazin, crying, "curse on that
croasse," hews off part of the Chris-
tian's crest; whereat

"The sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;"
and St George cleaves the head of
Sansfoy. Duessa flies fearfully away,
but, overtaken, implores mercy, and
melts the conqueror by an artful
story of her griefs, and wrongs, and
innocence.

"The wretched woman, whom unhappy
howre

Hath now made thrall to your com-
mandement,

Was (oh! what now availeth that I
was!)

Born the sole daughter of an emperour;
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Ti-
beris doth pass.

He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and
sage;

Was never prince so faithful and so faire,
Was never prince so meeke and debou-
naire.

But, ere my hoped day of spousal shone,
My dearest lord fell from high honor's
staire,

Into the hands of hys accursed foue,
And cruelly was slaine: that shall I ever
mone."

She then goes on, with many tears,
to tell that the body of her betrothed
had been hidden in some unknown
place, and that for many years she
had wandered in search of it through-
out the world—a virgin widow—till
she chanced to fall into the hands of
that Sarazin who led her perforce
away,

"But yet never could win
The fort that ladies hold in sovereigne
dread."

Sansfoy was the eldest of three bro-
thers, "all three bred of one bad
sire;" the youngest, Sansloy, and he
between, Sansloy. A bloody bro-
therhood—Faithless, Joyless, and
Lawless—all doomed to bite the
dust.

"Faire lady! heart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes which
ye shew.

Henceforth in safe assurance may ye
rest,

Having both found a new friend you to
aid,

And lost an old foe that did you molest:
Better new friend than an old foe is said:
With change of chear, the seeming-sim-
ple maid

Let fall her eien, as shamesfast, to the
earth

And yielding soft, in that she nought
gainsaid.

So forth they rode, he feining seemly
merth,

And she coy lookes: so dainty, they say,
maketh dearth."

How unlike his own lady-love
whom he has forsaken, she with
whom he now rides away to shame
and loss of honour and captivity!
Gorgeously appparelled in her scar-
let robes, and with jewelled mitre
on her head, can she be compared
with Una in her white wimple and
sable stole, with not so much as one
single peal in her hair? They are
both royally born, but Una's parents
were king and queen of Eden,
Duessa is the sole daughter of the
Emperour of Rome. And who was
he? The Infallible, before whom
kings and princes bowed and were
fain to kiss his feet. The crowns
and owches that garnished her Per-
sian mitre, and which her lavish
lovers gave, came from the Roman
emperors and the Gothic kings who
had been her devotees and her
slaves. But Una had never received
any such love-gifts or tokens as
these; she had but one lover, and
he had forsaken her, and left her
all by herself—without even her
dwarf—"wandering in woods and
forests." The scarlet lady sat proud-
ly on her proud palfrey, the white
lady meekly,

"Upon a lowly ass more white than
snow."

Tears and floods of tears Duessa shed, and many sighs and sobs she fetched, and her bosom heaved high as it would burst its band of gold. Una had a dim wet eye for ruth and pity, but her "feelings did often lie too deep for tears;" when she wept it was as if she smiled—and at all times, whether grief or joy touched her heart, her breast was still. Duessa had words at will, flowing and flowery, and her speech was richest music; but Una's words were few and simple, she syllabled them sweetly as if she were somewhat sad, and her voice was soft and low, "an excellent thing in woman." Had the Red-Cross not been blind "with jealous feare" he would have seen on Duessa's approach, how

"With faire disport, and courting dalliance,

She entertainde her lover all the way;"

and he would have remembered how Una used to ride by his side, looking up to his face with her holy eyes. She in scarlet declared that she was a virgin—she in white had no thought of

"The fort which ladies hold in soveraigne dread,"

for she had come from Eden, where all are pure.

The story told by Duessa, whom we have seen decked out as the scarlet whore in the Revelation, is made up of truth and falsehood—the most dangerous kind of lie. It is true that she was an emperor's daughter, or rather the offspring of the Pope, and that she was betrothed to a mighty king, who was untimely slain. For Upton asks pertinently, "is not the allegory, that the Pope designed to make himself universal bishop over the Greek and Eastern churches, as he had already over the Western; but, before this could be completed, the Greek and Eastern Christians fell under the power and cruelties of the Saracens and the Turks?"

The first incident after this that befalls—dim, ghastly and woeful—inspires us with compassionate horror at the danger of the Red-Cross, infatuated by the enchantments of the hag. To screen themselves from the heat, they sit down below the shadows of two goodly trees,

"And thinking of those branches greene to frame

A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough, out of whose rifts there came

Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same."

A piteous yelling voice beseeches him not to tear "my tender sides in this rough rynd embard," and then tells the tale of such rueful imprisonment—the voice of one "once a man, Fradubio, now a tree." Poor Fradubio, who had lived always in doubt and wavering—his name signifying want of faith—had been the lover of Fræliissa, a maiden, as her name imports, of weak and frail nature. Fræliissa was beautiful; but Fradubio, having fallen under the same enchantment as the Red-Cross Knight, forsook her for Duessa, who, by her hellish science, had breathed a deforming mist over her face, making her loathsome to her lover, while she herself seemed to shine with celestial charms.

"Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,

And would have kild her; but with faigned paine

The false witch did my wrathfull hand withhold.

So left her, where she now is turnd to treën mould."

Fradubio then enjoyed Duessa,

"Till on a day (that day is everie prime,
When witches wout do penance for their crime)

I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:

A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly revew."

The "devilish hag perceived his thoughts by changes of his cheer," and having besmeared his body in sleep with wicked herbs and ointments, brought him to this desert waste, and enclosed him in these wooden walls, by the side of his Fræliissa, where

"Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we waste."

"But how long time," said then the Elf-in knight,

"Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"

"We may not change," quoth he, "this evill plight,

Till we be bathed in a living well :
That is the terme prescribed by the spell.
' O how,' sayd he, ' mote I that well out
find,

That may restore you to your wonted
well ?'

' Time and auised fates to former kynd
Shall us restore; none else from hence
may us unbynd.' "

The good knight, "full of sad fear
and ghastly dreriment," at this sad
speech of the living tree, thrusts the
bleeding branch into the ground, and
closes the wooden wound with fresh
clay, that he might be innocent from
that blood—and, turning to his lady,
finds her dead with fear.

" Her seeming dead he fownd with
feigned feare,

As all unweeting of that well she knew,
And paynde himselfe with busie care to
reare

Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eye-
lids blew

And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly
hew,

At last she up gan lift; with trembling
cheare

Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew,)
And oft her kist. At length all passed
feare,

He set her on her steede, and forward
forth did beare."

There must be some profound
cause in our being for the popular
and romantic fiction of the imprison-
ment of human life within the bole
and rind of a tree, with the suffer-
ings, and groans, and droppings of
blood, when any of the branches are
torn away. What else can it be than
a dim, or rather vivid commentary
on our sympathy with vegetable
life! Old Homer never tells a fair
spreading poplar by the side of a
river, even in a simile, without
much tenderness for the tree, as
well as for the beautiful young man
to whom it is likened; and Words-
worth bids us "touch gently, for
there is a spirit in the leaves." Or
is the fiction an embodied illustra-
tion of our own life in death—our
notion of what we should feel when,
yet retaining our consciousness, sub-
jected to the indignities of the grave?

" Even in our ashes live their wonted
fires."

We all remember the voice Virgil
gives to poor Polydore; of Ovid the

" Parce, precor; nostrum laniatur in
arbore corpus; "

in Ariosto, the ghost speaking from
his treen mould to Ruggiero of the
witchcraft of Alcina; in Tasso and
Dante, instances of the same trans-
formation, or imprisonment of flesh
in wooden walls; and in Shakspeare
what Prospero tells Ariel of his du-
rance hard by the witch Sycorax.

" Into a cloven pine, within whose reft
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen year."

But in Spenser the description is
the finest of them all, and also the
moral. It cannot be read without
our being, like the knight himself,
who hears the voice, "full of sad
feare and ghastly dreriment." There
is something shockingly witch-like
in Duessa's non-avoidance of the two
wretched trees, and in her bringing
a new victim to hear the tale of
their misery and of her own change
every prime, into a foul, filthy, old
woman.

" Her neather partes mishapen, mon-
struous,

Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
But they did seeme more foule and hide-
ous

Then woman's shape man would believe
to bee."

Her the Red-Cross kisses out of a
swoon—but Una's lips he had never
thought of kissing; before that night
of false wicked dreams it was hea-
ven to him but to touch her hand!

And where now is Una? As if
his heart were overcome by the sor-
rows of the sainted being of his ima-
gination, Spenser exclaims:

" Nought is there under heav'ns wide
hollownesse

That moves more deare compassion of
mind,

'Then beaultie brought t'unworthie wretch-
ednesse,

Through Envie's snares, or Fortune's
freaks unkind.

I, whether lately through her brightness
blynd,

Or through alleageance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart prest with so great agony
When such I see, that all for pittie I
could dy."

The gentle Edmund! How we
love him as we read these words!

This it is to be a great poet. He owes fast fealty unto all womankind, "for fairest Una's sake." In her, in Truth, he sees the nature God gave them all, were they but suffered to retain their innocence! "For pittie I could dy." We believe that holy writ. From the depth of our own souls comes a sympathetic response.

Our hearts, like his, are "empas- sioned deep" to think of Una di- vorced in despair,

"Though true as touch, though daughter of a king."

And yet we have no cause to weep —for Truth is at all times under the eye of Heaven.

"Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wilderness and wastfull dewerts strayd,
To seek her knight; who, subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision which th' enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond: she, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brought.

"One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight;
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside: her angels face,
As the great eye of Heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

"It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddainly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rago aswaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious forse.

"Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong;
As he her wrongd innocence did weat.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compassion;
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,
Quoth she, 'his princely puiissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:—
But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?'

"Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;

With pittie calmd, down fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
 Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
 To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

"The lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
 And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepard;
 From her fayre eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent."

What a picture! We have seen it painted, and beautifully too, by colours on canvass; but never nearly so beautiful as here in the light of words.

"And made a sunshine in the shady place."

A line of itself sufficient to make the whole world in love with Truth. In that utter stillness of solitude there is no danger—no fear; when of a sudden out leaps the lion.

"Her angels face,
 As the great eye of heaven shyned bright;"
 nor is that magnificent image felt to be too magnificent for her perfect loveliness; and we wonder not that, with the sight amazed,

"He kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lily hands with fawning tong."

That the lion knows a virgin, and will hurt her not, is felt to be no fable; and can the heart of man conceive any higher thought than Una's calmness? at that moment, her freedom from all fear, even from surprise, as if she at once accepted the pity of the noble animal as her due, and as characteristic of his nature! And then the turn of her heart at that unappalling sight, towards him who had forsaken her—

"But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her that him lov'd and ever most adord,
 As the God of my life? why hath he me
 abhord?"

No anger—only tenderest reproach! Her dwarf has left her—but another companion of her way Providence hath sent from the heart of the wood—another ward of her wandering, and

another watcher of her sleep. Truth takes Courage, and in all Humility seeks after Holiness; nor will her quest be in vain, even if Courage dies, for other guards and other avengers shall start from the horrid shades, and she and her Christian Hero, when remorse and penitence have restored him to sanity, and his sins have been cleansed in the living well, shall arrive in Eden at last. Long travelled she thus attended through deserts wide—nor saw there trace of any living wight—till following a tract on the trodden grass, under the foot of a mountain, she espied a damsel slow-footing with a pot of water on her shoulder—who, on being accosted, flung it down and fled,

"For never in that land
 Face of fayre lady she before did view,
 And that dredd lyon's looke her cast in
 deadly hew."

This damsel is Abessa, "daughter of Corceca slow." And who can Abessa be but Superstition—and who Corceca but blind Devotion? Corceca that is—as sage Upton saith—*Cui cæcum est cor*—in allusion to what the apostle writes—"whose foolish heart was darkened," "whose understanding is darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through ignorance that is in her, because of the blindness of the heart." Una arrives at their house, and finds the door shut; but

"her unruly page,
 With his rude clawes the wicket open
 rent,
 And let her in; where of his cruel rage
 Nigh dead with feare and faint astonish-
 ment
 She found them both in darksome cor-
 ner pent;

Where that old woman day and night did pray

Upon her beads, devoutly penitent :
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrice nine hundred *Aves*, she was
wont to say."

Una and her lion take a night's lodging; but

"Now when Aldeboran was mounted hys,

Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,
One knocked at the dore, and in would
fare :

He knocked fast, and often curst and
sware,

That ready entraunce was not at his
call."

This was Kirkrapine, a stout and sturdy thief, who robbed churches of their ornaments, and poor men's boxes of their due reliefs, and holy saints of their rich vestments, and priests of their habiliments—at midnight, when men careless slept, and none kept in safety the holy things—and all his sacrilegious plunder he bestowed on Abessa, with whom, in secret, he committed whoredom, and fed her fat with feast of offerings,—

"And plenty, which in all the land did
grow ;

Ne spared he to give her gold and rings."

"Of those fearefull women none durst rize," and Kirkrapine breaks open the door, when suddenly

"His bleeding heart is in the venger's
hand,

Who streight him rent in thousand
peeses small,"

At morning

"Up Una rose, up rose the lion eke ;"

And they pass forward on their journey followed by Abessa and Corceca cursing and banning, and "loudly braying, with hollow howling and lamenting cry," and shamefully railing on her,

"And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity."

And imprecating on her head plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery ; but Truth says nothing, nor heeds them at all, and Superstition and her blind mother return back to howl over the corpse of Kirkrapine.

Spenser has chosen thus to shadow out the destruction of abbeys and monkeries at the Reformation—and here the Lion plays the part of Henry VIII., the Defender of the Faith. Had he chosen, he might have shadowed out the same destruction magnificently, but he prefers doing it meanly ; and 'tis a strange, wild, blind, abandoned place Una visits for one night. The air is stagnant with vice and pollution ; and the hideous loves of Abessa and Kirkrapine, with the privy of her old blind mother, have a horrid ending beneath those savage paws.

Abessa and Corceca meet Archimago, who has assumed the semblance of the Red-Cross, and of his heavenly arms and armour ; and on hearing from them tidings of Una, he follows and overtakes her, but keeps his distance, "because of that wild champion by her side." She, too, spies, "by his like-seeming shield, her knight,"

"And weeping said, ' Ah ! my long-lacked lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight ?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might ;
That should as death unto my deare heart light :
For since mine eie your joyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearlesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is :
But welcome now, my light, and shining lamp of blis.

"He thereto meeting said, ' My dearest dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave, that have me loved stil,
And chose in Faery Court, of meere good wil,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth,
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal dearth,
Then I leave you, my lief, yborn of heavenly berth.

“ ‘ And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place ;
Where Archimago said a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace,
But knight he now shall never more deface :
Good cause of mine excuse ; that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend : now then your plaint appease.’

“ His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines ; one loving howre
For many years of sorrow can dispence :
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sorwe.
Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endurd ; she speakes no more
Of past : true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe ; his eies be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

“ Much like as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare ;
And long time having tand his tawney hide,
With blustering breath of heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orion’s hound ;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearful whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups ; his mates him pledg around : ”

We could not have thought it in our heart’s power to love Una better than we had loved her from the first moment we saw her face. Yet this divine poet has the art, by a continual series of the softest touches, to be for ever beautifying Truth. In her joy she asks no question of her “lion and her lord,” but simply,

“ Where have ye been thus long out of my sight ? ”

Her fear was that she had lost his affection—that he had fancied some flaw in her faith—and now reassured that he still loves her, to her there is no past. Sweet is reconciliation ; but sweeter far discovery that there has been no offence between dear friends, and that estrangement long lamented, has had nothing to do with their hearts. Here the credulity of Una appears a part of her angelic nature ; and we see how Evil cannot help making them happy, even when plotting the misery of the good. For many years of sorrow can dispense “one loving houre,” and now it has renovated the whole being of the wanderer, though but a delusion and a dream.

Archimago “asks her what the Lion meant ?” And we hope he

was satisfied with the answer ; but eftsoones appears one picking towards them in great rage,

“ And on his shield SANSLOY in bloody lines was writ.”

They encounter, and Una sees her knight sink before the Sarazin. She prays Sansloy to spare his life, but he rending up the helmet of his fallen foe, would have slain him straight.

“ But when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hastie hand he doth amazed hold,
And, halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight ;
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.”

Astonied he cries, “ Why, Archimago, lucklesse sire, what do I see ? ” But Archimago is speechless—has not a word to throw to a dog—and the cloud of death seems to sit on “those guileful dazed eyes of his.” Nor was it here any pretence—for he had got a rude shock—and his senses had gone a wool-gathering. Mr Todd observes that it “seems incon-

sistent with Archimago's skill not to have prevented the present discovery and defeat." And perhaps it may; but it is satisfactory to think that by taking Archimago on the sudden, you may overthrow him like Sansloy. Sansloy was indeed a Sarazin of the first magnitude, and a renowned man of war; whereas you are of small stature, and an obscure man of peace. Yet be not dismayed; and, as the enemy approaches, with a pebble from the brook you may crush his skull.

Archimago outwitted himself by assuming that disguise; and Spenser shows us, in his discomfiture, that it is dangerous for the Old One to ride about like a Christian knight. It is well when the Devil makes himself contemptible. It was allowed him so cunningly to imitate the equipments of the Red-Cross Knight, that Una's self could not discover the counterfeit; but when put to the proof, they wanted the ethereal temper. The false glit-

ter was bright as the true glory; but to forge the substance of the armour of righteousness was beyond the power even of Archimago. He had neither the right sort of materials, nor the right sort of fire to create the Silver shield and the Bloody Cross. He knew the worthlessness of the visionary manufacture in which his carcass was encased; and

" Did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steels."

We cannot help laughing at the natural surprise of the Sarazin as he is about to put the knife to his throat, at the line

" Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists
to fight,"

we almost pity the poor Pope, and but that we are ashamed of him, would drop a pensive tear on his shaven crown. Satan was never a good horseman—but about the time of the Reformation, with him the age of chivalry was gone.

Sansloy seizes Una—

" But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdain, whenas his sovereigne dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jaws full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Have reft away with his sharp-rending clawes :
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeemed, and forth his sword he drawes.

" O then too weake and feeble was the forse
Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand ;
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand ;
And feates of armes did wisely understand.
Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed chst
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his lordly hart : with death opprest
He ro'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborn brest.

" Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victor's will ?
Her faithfull gard remov'd ; her hope dismayd ;
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill !
He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproaches and disdainful spight
Her vildly entertains ; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light :
Her prayers nought prevaile ; his rage is more of might.

" And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine ;
And all the way she wets with flowing teares ;

But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
 Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
 But follows her far off, ne ought he feares
 To be partaker of her wandering woe,
 More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe."

It is painful to see the Lion die ; —but his death is not ignoble ; and salvage beast, though magnanimous, must yield to lawless human might. He has done to Una all the service his nature could ; and henceforth she must have higher aid or perish. Yet we shall see how the very Satyrs—the wild men of the woods—won by her civilizing beauty, would not suffer to see her wronged ; and ere long a Magnificent Apparition will come to save her, and give liberty to the captive—Pendragon's Son, with "haughtie helmet horrid all with gold."

We said that we hoped Una's answer was satisfactory to Archimago, when "he asked her what that Lion meant ;" and we cannot choose but quote for your consideration the words of Upton. "The poet leaves Una (at the close of Canto Third, which we have now reached) in the highest distress—her defender is slain, and she is in the hands of Lawless Lust. The Defender of the Faith, I think, naturally leads us (as kingdoms and kings are imaged by their arms) to England and our English kings. Una is forsaken by her proper protector, and takes up, in her unsettled state, with the Lion. Christian Truth was in a very unsettled state during the reigns of King Henry VIII. and of Edward VI. But after their death, she was entirely in the will and power of the Lawless Victor. And for whom is her redemption reserved ? For the Prince who fights under the auspices of the Faery Queen ? Does not the Allegory all appear plain ? And is not this delightful poem one 'continued allegory,' with historical allusions to his own country ?"

And now, gentle and sage readers

—for gentle and sage ye must be who have on our pages been communing with the gentle and sage spirit of Spenser—for a month farewell ! Fear not for Una. The Syl-

"Will save from outrage worse than death
 The Ladie of the Land."

We bid you not not pity her ; for there is a holy pleasure in tears. The pity that fills the heart for suffering Truth is a high emotion, and turns to trust in heaven. Therefore, be comforted ; for, dishevelled though they be, Sansloy shall not have power to hurt one of those golden hairs. Her head will again be seen shining calm as a star. Weep, then, for Una—for there is joy in grief. You have wept a thousand and a thousand times for Cordelia, though you knew she was happy in heaven with the father for whom she died. And in Cordelia you beheld the beautifullest image of filial love. As often have you wept for Desdemona—and at those dying words of hers—

"Nobody ; I myself ; farewell !
 Commend me to my kind lord ! O,
 farewell,"

the holy falsehood told the depth of forgiveness in a wife's heart—while the Image of Conjugal Love reflected the spirit of the skies. Yet, verily, sometimes when the heart sinks, those tragedies are felt to be too doleful ; and we would fain disbelieve that there had ever been beneath the sun such deaths. Una ! Woman though she seem to be, you smile through your tears to know that she is an angel ; and that Christian Truth, though arrayed in earthly weeds, is Immortal. Once more, farewell.

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SPENSER.

No. IV.

THE FAERY QUEEN—LEGEND OF THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

It is a misfortune—but a glorious one—for a great genius to produce a poem, or part of a poem, so perfectly beautiful, that to equal it by some future creation, or to complete it in fairest proportions, shall be almost impossible in nature. There it stands against him for ever and ever—an emanation of his spirit in the highest and happiest mood with which heaven had been pleased to inspire a poet's dream. That inspiration has not been withdrawn—Urania has continued to visit his slumbers nightly—and in that communion his earthly, not overpowered by her heavenly, but by it endowed with power divine, has continued to breathe forth poetry on poetry worthy of immortal life, and that shall never die. Yet shall men's love and delight in his first radiant vision embodied in music—seem to their souls more sweet and sacred than the same emotions ever can be awakened by many a lovely and delightful lay sung by the poet in his prime. It may be that the object of our first love was indeed the fairest of the fair; yet the feeling may owe something to its having been our first love; and it may be out of the power of our hearts to deliver them up again with such entire devotion to any other beautiful existence beneath the skies. "Full many a gem of purest ray serene" his genius may lavishly scat-

ter round our feet, as morning her dewdrops—both alike purifying nature—but those not like these to melt away; yet shall we not be able to help thinking and feeling that we see a more lustrous light in "those strings of orient pearl" that made our young imagination first weep for joy—that each gem is in itself "a perfect chrysolite."

Has it not been even so with Spenser, and the lovers of Spenser? The First Book of the Faery Queen seems thus to stand by itself before them in unsurpassable—in unapproachable beauty; and it may be—we believe it is—his divinest creation. But all the other Five Books are steeped too in beauty. They, too, are in much divine; every page is poetry; and, though it is all the while our own world we travel—and all the while the lights and shadows of our own sun that illumine or darken our path—a mysterious joy is with us, that can be breathed only by the air of Faery-land. Oh! union most exquisite—and no where else to be found in the works of mortal man—of the Imagination and the Heart!

Whom can we ever love as we love Una?—

"Heavenly Una: with her milk-white lamb!"

She is purity arrayed with life—perfect as the idea of purity in the

soul! We have seen the human being full of gross passions, which we know destroy happiness; here we see the human being utterly exempt from that cause of sin and sorrow, and regard her as an angel walking in happiness, and diffusing peace. Her own griefs are pities and compassions—her delight is in holiness—and in beholding that perfected is her bliss. We call Una an angel, for she is sent; and what is our thought of an angel, but that an angel is a spirit untainted by touch of dust? No disturbing, clouding, obscuring passions of any kind have they—pure of all spot or blemish; yet, imagining the calm of their eyes, we can believe that they often weep; and Una, though a still smile lies for ever on her face, for all that sin and all that suffer is ever ready with her tears. Being yet in the body, though exempt from all its impurities, sometimes she sheds them too for her own sake—contrite in innocence; for what is humbler in her own sight than Christian Truth?

And can it be thought that such Poetry, so picturing Purity to our eyes, that her image remains for ever after enshrined within our hearts, is of no avail to purify our own earthly passions? The Will is moved by the Imagination. Inspire, then, the Imagination with heavenly fire and with heavenly light, and the Will must warm towards the fair ideas thus displayed, and life will be good. We have always, in speaking of Spenser, and in quoting from the *Faery Queen*, called Poetry religion. And such, too, has always been our language regarding Shakspeare and his diviner dramas. Imogen, Isabella, Hermione, Cordelia, Desdemona—are they not all Examples—set before us in inspired Scripture—of what Woman may be in this life of trouble—of what Woman has been?—for not brighter the brightest star in heaven, when all are bright—not softer the softest star in heaven, when all are soft—than the character of Christian Lady, as she moves along her own allotted sphere in the eye of God.

Let Una, then, rise before us, like the Evening Star. Yet a little while, and so shall she rise in the light of

tears. But where now is the Red-Cross Knight? If evil happen him, Una—though we have said she is an angel—will be wretched, even as any woman of woman born; were he to perish, she too would wish to die—yet her wish she could not have, for in verity she is immortal.

No outward harm has yet befallen the Red-Cross Knight from his dalliance with Duessa, nor has he yet passionately embraced her, and with loving arms folded her to his longing heart. Nay, as yet he cares not for her at all, except that he pities her, and that with his pity is mixed, more than perhaps he knows, admiration of the dishevelled charms of one

“So fair and so forlorn.”

But, nevertheless, he is untrue to Una. Nor among all the beautiful lines in which his journeying with her who is about to be his Leman—as she had been the Leman of many—“both Paynim and the Peers of Charlemagne”—is described—is there one that leads us to think that he has any happiness in his delusion. The name of Una is never on his lips—her image is never before his eyes—it would seem that all remembrance of her has left his heart. He has resolved to forget her, and though he must have undergone many an agonizing pang that Spenser knew he needed not describe—he has forgot her—the radiant Una has retired out of sight into the background of his soul—Truth still lives in the heart of Holiness—but he knows it not—and to him she is not even so much as a broken dream! He may not yet be in love with falsehood—it is impossible indeed—white witch though she be—and armed with beautiful blandishments that seem to be the dowry of innocence—that he can ever love “the daughter of Deceit and Shame.” But

“Young knight whatever that dost
armes professe,
And through long labours hunttest after
fame,
Beware of Fraud, beware of sicklenesse,
In choise and chaunge of thy deare-loved
dame;
Least thou of her believe too lyghtly
blame,

And rash misweening, doe thy hart remove;
 For unto Knight there is no greater shame,
 Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
 That doth this Red-Crosse Knight's ensample plainly prove."

For whither are they going—and in what house to-night—perhaps on the same couch—shall they two sleep? They had met among untrodden ways, but ere sunset they come to

"A goodly building, bravely garnished,
 The house of mightie prince it seemed to be:

And towards it a broad high-way that led,
 All bare through people's feet, which thether travelled."

Was it not strange and suspicious to see such a Palace there? Yet we may not say it was; for the Knight had already encountered marvellous adventures, and the House of Pride was beautiful, in the architecture of enchantment, as Error's Wood with its colonnades and canopies of the seemingly harmless umbrage of earth's natural trees. The poet shows it to us—as it was—unsubstantial on sand. But the Knight knows not it is Glamour.

"A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
 Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
 Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thicke,
 And golden foile all over them displaid,
 That purest skye with brightnesse they dismayd
 High lifted up were many loftie towres,
 And goodly galleries far over laid,
 Full of faire windowes and delightfull bowres,
 And on the top a dūd told the tūnely houres.

"It was a goodly heape for to behould,
 And spake the praises of the workman's witt,
 But full great pittie that so faire a mould
 Did on so weake foundation ever sitt;
 For on a sandie hill, that still did slitt
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
 That every breath of heaven shaked itt;
 And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

"Arrived there, they passed in forth right,
 For still to all the gates stood open wide;
 Yet charge of them was to a porter hight
 Called Malvendū, who entrance none denied:
 Thence to the hall, which was on every side
 With rich array and costly arras dight:
 Infinite sortes of people did abide
 There, waiting long to win the wished sight,
 Of her that was the lady of that pallace bright.

"By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
 And to the presence mount; whose glorious view
 Their fraile amazed senses did confound.
 In living princes court none ever knew
 Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew;
 Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous Pride,
 Like ever saw; and there a noble crew,
 Of lords and ladies stood on every side,
 Which with their presence fayre the place much beautified."

The Red-Cross had been victorious over the Serpent and the Saracen. He had slain Error and Sansfoy. Had he not forsaken Una, such achievements, high as they were, would have pleased but not puffed

up his heroic heart. She would have led him on to achievements higher still; and he would have thought nothing done till all was done, and the Dragon slain. It is natural that a man should be in danger of be-

coming proud, after he has listened to artful suggestions, subsequent to any great victory achieved by himself; and the Sage Spenser, in every step or incident of his allegory, we believe, is faithful to nature. Many a House hath he built—and every one most appropriate to owner, inmates, and guests. The House of Superstition—the House of Pain—the House of Holiness—the House of Salvation—the House of Riches—the House of Alma—the House of Morpheus—all aloof from one another—yet, had he chosen, he could have created the whole City of the Soul.

Spenser, in our humble opinion, is never too elaborate in his descriptions even of those Shows he desires to represent in utmost gorgeousness and magnificence. If by a few lights and a few shades the picture can be made to stand forth, he boldly gives the strokes, or gently the touches, and a single stanza is a vision. If not, he luxuriates, but never loses himself, in the work of creation, and lavishes on it all

adornments, till his sense of beauty or of dignity is satisfied—and we think we see him smile as he looks and listens—with such a triumphant sweep of music does the closing line of the final stanza, in its Alexandrine pomp, roll echoing away. The Palace of Pride is splendid—but the poet reserved the consummate splendour for its queen.

“ Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long to win the wished
sight

Of her that was the lady of that pallace
bright.”

Their eyes are not content with the noble view of lords and ladies, whose “presence fayre the place much beautifide;” but they are all longing to behold their Sovran Queen. The Red Cross—goodliest Knight though he was of all who had stood near Gloriana’s throne—Duesa—fairest of the brood of Night—are heeded not, as through that assemblage they pass on to the Presence Mount. As if a cloudy curtain disparted, and were updrawn—lo!

“ High above all a cloth of state was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sat, most brave embellished
With royall robes, and gorgeous array,
A mayden queene, that shone as Tytan’s ray,
In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beaultie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone :

“ Exceeding shone, like Phœbus’ fayrest childe,
That did presume his father’s fyrie waync,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, wrapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to slyne.

“ So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne;
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate.
Lo underneath her scorneful feete was layne
A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vowed fayne.
And in her selfe-lov’d semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous fayre, as any living wight.

“ Of grisely Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearlesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell;

And thundring love, that high in heaven doth dwell,
 And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
 Or if that any else did love excell;
 For to the highest she did still aspyre,
 Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

“ And proud Lucifera men did her call,
 That made her self a queene, and crownd to be;
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
 Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
 But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
 Upon the sceptre which she now did hold;
 Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but policie,
 And strong advizement of six wizards old,
 That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

“ Soone as the Elfin Knight in presence came,
 And false Duesse, seeming lady fayre,
 A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
 Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
 So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
 Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
 Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare
 Why they were come her roiall state to see,
 To prove the wide report of her great maiestee.

“ With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
 She thancked them in her diadainfull wise;
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shewe
 Of princesse worthy; scarce them bad arise,
 Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
 Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight;
 Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise,
 Some prancke their ruffles, and others triunly dight
 Their gay attyre; each others greater pride does spight.

“ Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
 Right glad with him to have increast their crew;
 But to Duesse each one himselfe did payne
 All kindnesse and faire courtesie to show,
 For in that court whylome her well they knew:
 Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
 Thought all their glorie vain i. knightly vew,
 And that great princesse too exceeding prowde,
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

“ Sudden upriseth from her stately place
 The roiall dame, and for her coche doth call:
 All hurtlen forth, and she with princely pace,
 As fair Aurora in her purple pall
 Out of the east the dawning day doth call.
 So forth she comes; her brightness brode doth blaze,
 The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
 Doe ride each other upon her to gaze:
 Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

“ So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
 Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
 That seemed as fresh as Flora in her prime,
 And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
 Great Junoes golden chayre; the which, they say,
 The gods stand gazing on when she does ride
 To Joves high hous through heavens bras-paved way,
 Drawne of fayre pecoeks, that excel in pride,
 And full of Argus' eyes their tayles despredden wide.”

This is perfect. She—Pride in her pomp—is here all-and-all—dominant, and delighting in her dominancy—but not even claiming the utter submission of her subjects as her right—tyrannizing as naturally as she breathes. We cannot help admiring her—and on being told her lineage, we forgive Pride her pride. The daughter of griesly Pluto and sad Proserpina is a high-born Sin—and her name—Lucifera—connects her with the Fallen Stars. What

“ Though rightful kingdom she hath none at all ? ”

Her wrongful kingdom comprehends all the provinces of the earth—and mortal men, in millions on millions, believe the usurper when she claims thundering Jove for her Sire.

“ A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,”

is a line that we have always felt to flash upon our mind the idea of the essential difference between the two Passions. Vanity brings us to the lowest stair of the high throne of Pride—and there on humble knee we bow before her footstool. Might we ascend that stair, and sit down on that throne—then what a change of nature on the idolator becoming himself the idol ! But Spenser is loath to humiliate Georgos. He bends the knee because it was the custom of the court—and courtesy is one of the minor morals of a knight which he retains even after he has forsaken Truth for Falsehood, and has placed himself in danger of losing Holiness in Pride.

“ Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd

Thought all their glory vain in knightly view ;

And that great Princesses too exceeding proud,

That to strange knight no better countenance allowed.”

Upton—whom we love to praise—from our having lived so long in the world without knowing his learning and his worth—says rightly that Spenser, in all this description, had his eye on the Persian pomp, and on their magnificent kings, called The King, by way of eminence. Herodotus tells us that, after the destruction of Smerdis the Mage, he was attended by Seven great officers of state. So in Scripture—Ezra—

“ Forasmuch as thou art sent of the king and of his Seven counsellors,” —and in Esther—“ The Seven princes of Persia and Media which saw the king’s face, and which sat the first in the kingdom.” Thus it is that Lucifera is attended

“ Of six wizards old
That with their counsels bad her kingdom did uphold.”

“ Satan,” quoth the Prebendary, “ who seems Lord President of the Council, makes up the number Seven.” He much admires the whole picture, but seems to suppose that Spenser was inspired by Xenophon’s description of the majestic pomp of Cyrus, when he marched in procession from his palace, by that which Herodotus gives of Xerxes, and Arrian and Curtius of Darius. Spenser borrowed, too, he opines, from the historians who speak of the Royal Chariot. We do not doubt the Poet had read them all ; but to theirs his description bears but small similitude. It glows throughout with the original light, and burns with the peculiar fire of his own imaginative genius. Upton quotes with warm praise a passage from the Leonidas of Glover, in which the Chariot of Xerxes is painted according to the old authorities—and we too quote it, to show the difference between a chariot imaged by a Great Poet, and one painted, enamelled, and bejewelled by a respectable artisan.

“ High on silver wheels
The ivory car with azure sapphires shone,
Cerulean beryls, and the jasper green,
The emerald, the ruby’s glowing blush,
The flaming topaz, with its golden beam,
The pearl, the empurpled amethyst, and
all

The various gems which India’s mines afford,

To deck the pomp of kings. In burnish’d gold

A sculptured eagle from behind displays
Its stately neck, and o’er the monarch’s head

Extends its dazzling wings.”

That is liker Atherstone than Spenser. Yet Glover had genius ; and we forgive Leonidas, for sake of Hozier’s Ghost.

Few as may be the students of Spenser, the reading Public has had a thousand opportunities of perusing the stanzas in which Pride’s Six

sage Counsellors are seen riding on the six unequal beasts that draw her chariot—Idleness on an ass, Gluttony on a swine, Lechery on a goat, Avarice on a camel, Envy on a wolf, and Wrath on a lion—while Satan, who is the Seventh, and likewise President of the Council, as Queen's Coachee rides on the "waggon-beam," and tools along the tits in a style bang up to the mark, tipping it to the Leader,

"So oft as Slowlth still in the mire did stand."

The Set-out would seem somewhat grotesque on the road from London to Brighton, and would sorely puzzle the tollmen. Even on canvass 'twould look not a little queer. Painting, perhaps, should have little or nothing to do with such subjects, "for her power is limited," and so is her canvass. But poetry may do what she will—for her works, in words, are for the imagination—the senses are soon reconciled to whatever she orders them to see—for it all seems, whether near or afar off, to have an existence in nature. Or if the *esse* be too much for our faith, it is satisfied with the *posse*, of which these strangenesses are supposed the shadow. We hardly know how it is with us on conceiving this procession of Pride moving along the royal road of Spenser's stanzas. Sometimes we seem to see all the animals, distinguishable each by his proper attributes, and as distinguishable the riders—Car and Queen. Oftener not—but at one moment Slowlth, perhaps, on his ass—at another, Wrath on his lion—then Satan sole sitting on the beam—now a confusion of images—monstrous but full of meaning—at once beasts absolute and emblematical—and sometimes we suspect we have but abstract Ideas of Qualities and Vices. By such visionary alternations of thought and its objects, the whole moral mind is moved along with the imagination, and there is no end to the feelings of the one—to the other's flight.

"So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowering fields themselves to sport ;

Amongst the rest rode that false lady faire,
The foul Duessa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine :
But that good knight would not so nigh
 repaire,
Himself estraunging from their joyaunce
 vaine,
Whose fellowship seem'd far unfit for
 warlike swaine."

The good Knight as yet disdains such "joyaunce vain," nor casts so much as a look on Duessa, maid of honour to Queen Lucifera—Falsehood waiting on Pride! But the hour is near when his heart is to be tried with that temptation which has laid low so many lofty heads. The pride of victory has often sunk the crest of the conqueror beneath the feet of the conquered, and made him "stoop his anointed head as low as death." Having wearied themselves a space "with pleasaunce of the breathing fields y-fed," back they all return to the palace.

"Whereas an errant Knight, in armes
 ycled,
And heathnish shield wherein with letters
 red
Was writ SANSJOY, they new arrived find :
Indam'd with fury and fiers hardyhed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts
 unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter
 mind."

He spies his brother's shield on the Dwarf's back, and tears it away ;
but the Red-Cross

"Disdaind to lose the meed he wonne in
 tray ;
And, him recountring fierce, reskewd the
 noble prey."

Christian and Paynim clash shields,
and shake swords, and prepare for instant battle ; but Queen Pride characteristically commands them, upon "eternal pain of high displeasure," to refrain their fury,—

"And, if, that either to that shield had
 right,
In equall lists they should the morrow
 next it fight."

As characteristic is the haviour of Sansjoy and of Red-Crosse—the Paynim begging pardon of Pride, and loudly venting his rage and grief for his brother's slaughter—the Christian, much moved, but almost mute.

"Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin Knight;
He never meant with words, but swords,
to plead his right."

Hethenthrowshisgauntletasasacred pledge next day to try his cause in combat—and Queen and Court, delighted with the hope of the morrow's deadly sport, pass the night in "joy and jollity"—and with "feasting and courting both in bowre and hall,"—Gluttony, the Steward, pouring out plenty to all, and Slowth, the Chamberlain, after they could feast and court no more, calling them all to rest.

And how is the night passed by Paynim and Christian?

"The warlike youths, on daintie couches laid,
Did chase away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on means of hoped victory."

But soon as Morpheus with his leaden mace had arrested all the rest of the courtly company, Duessa with silent pace repairs to the Paynim's lodging, and finds him broad-awake, forecasting in troublous fit how he might annoy his foe. The colloquy is most characteristic—Duessa with many tears calling,

"Ah, deare Sansloy, next dearest to Sansfoy;"

and ending her implorations that he would not fail to kill the Christian, with the offer of her love and herself to the brother of him who had died for her sake.

"To you th' inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love;

Let not his love, let not his restless spright,

Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandering Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse move."

"Ah! dearest dame," quoth then the paynim bold,

"Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whome great griefe made forget the raines to hold

Of Reason's rule, to see this recreant knight

(No knight, but treachour full of false despight

And shameful treason) who through guile hath slayn

The provest knight that ever field did fight,

Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)

Whose shield he bears renverat, the more to heap disdain."

"Oh, but I feare the fickle freakes," quoth she,

"Of Fortune false, and oddes of arms in field."

"Why, Dame," quoth he, "what oddes can ever bee

Where both doe fight alike to win or yield?"

"Yea, but," quoth she, "he beares a charmed shield,

And eke enchanted armes, that none can perce;

Ne none can wound the man that does them wield."

"Charmd or enchanted," answerd he then ferce,

"I no whit reck; ne you the like need to reherce.

"But, fair Fidessa! sithens Fortune's guile,

Or eninies powre, hath now captived you,

Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,

'Till morrow next that I the elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew."

"Ay me, that is a double death," she said,

"With proud foes fight my sorrow to renew:

Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
Shall follow you." So passing forth she him obaid."

No visitant had the couch of the Red-Crosse Knight. Had he fallen asleep, Una might have seemed to stand beside him a Dream—and, without speaking, gently to upbraid him for fighting for such a need. Sansfoy's shield and Duessa's body—the one forged in hell—the other framed of pollution. And for them was her own Red-Crosse Knight—who had sworn to see her safe back to her native Eden, but on the way had forsaken her—who had sworn to slay the Dragon that was ravaging the kingdom of her dear parents, but had clean forgotten them and all their woes—about to peril his soul in the House of Pride! But he slept not a single wink all night—and his soul, in its wakeful and wilful wretchedness, had not one thought of Una. The Paynim was encouraged by Falsehood—

but the Christian not by Truth. Yet think not that his noble nature, though deluded, was yet debased or degraded—

"Igneus est olli virtus et cælestis origo ;"

he is yet more than a match for all Aveugle's nephews—Sansjoy, like Sansfoy, shall sink beneath his sword—and owe rescue from death to the powers of death, and the skill of Esculapius—still practitioner in medicine—though chain-laden and chain-riveted to a rock in Hell! Spenser cannot yet find it in his heart to let languish much of the virtue of the Good—the Best of Knights;—and now illustrates him with all "permissive glory,"—perhaps that we may afterwards the more lament, and pity, and forgive his fall.

"The noble hart, that harbours virtuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest untill it forth have brought
Th' eternal brood of glorie excellent.
Such restlesse passion did all night torment

The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devising how that doughtie tournament
With greatest honour he achieven might :
Still did he wake, and still did watch for
dawning light.

"At last the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre,
And Phœbus fresh, as brydegrome to his
mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his dewie
hayre,
And hurld his glistering beams through
gloomy ayre :
Which when the wakeful elfe perceiv'd,
streightway

He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sun-bright armes and battailous array,
For with that pagan proud he combatt
will that day.

"And forth he comes into the commune
hall,
Where earley waite him many a gazing
eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights
may fall :

There many minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
And many bardes, that to the trembling
chord

Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doon
many a lord.

"Soone after comes the cruel Sarazin,
In woven maille all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who not a
pin
Does care for looke of living creature's
eye.

They bring them wines of Greece and
Araby,
And daintie spices fetch from furthest
Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily ;
And in the wine a solemn oth they binde,
T' observe the sacred laws of armes that
are assynd."

The combat, fought on foot, is, according to the laws of chivalry, and to our mind, equal to any thing of the kind in old, older, or oldest romance. All ceremonials are observed of highest state. Queen Pride, "in royal pomp and princely majestic," is placed under a canopy in "a paled green;"—opposite her sits Duessa, in all her beauty;—on a tree

"Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody
hew ;
Both those the lawrell girlands to the vic-
tor dew."

A shrilling trumpet from on high
sounds to battle; and, in presence
of all the Lords and Ladies of the
Court, the combatants close—

"As when a gryfon, seized of his pray,
A dragon fies encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle
way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend
away ;
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the heavens
affray :
The wise southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar tells of warres and
mortal fight."

The arms of both "into a pure vermillion now are dyed;" and Sansfoy chancing to cast his sudden eye on his brother's shield, thinks he hears "that wretched sonne of woeful sire," as he sits wailing by the Stygian Lake, cry on his "sluggish german" to send thither his murderer. Duessa, farther to infuriate her champion, calls loud, "Thine the shield, and I, and all." The Fairy at hearing thus his Lady speak, feels, suspecting not her double meaning, all his faith quicken, and vigour revive, and strikes the Paynim to his knee, who but for such stooping had been cloven from "the nave to the chops."

"When lo! a darksome clowd
Upon him fell; he no where doth ap-
peare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives; the darknes
him does shrowd."

This is the way to imitate Homer and Virgil. Kindled by memory of greatnesses in the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, Spenser's imagination almost surpasses his originals. Tom Warton, after observing, "that this beautiful circumstance [Sansfoy's casting a sudden eye on his brother's bloody shield] was probably suggested by one somewhat analogous to it in the *Æneid*," (*Æneas* eyeing *Pallas's* belt on *Turnus*), adds well, "but it must be allowed, that Spenser's spirit suffers but little here from the imputation of imitation." Jortin's note to the stanza, in which the *Saracen* vanishes in a cloud, is curt; "Copied from Homer, *Il. I. 379*." He might have jotted down too, "*Il. E. 315*." But we do not hesitate to assert, that Spenser's picture of the *Red-Cross* raging at the miraculous disappearance of *Sansfoy*, is finer than *Homer's* of *Atrides* raging at that of *Paris*.

Λτρειδης δ' αν ομιλον φοιτα θηρι
βοικως,

Ει πω ισχυρησειεν Αλεξανδρον θιοειδα.

The image of the grylon and dragon flings a wonderful wildness over the combat, and was remembered by *Milton* when he sung of the gryfon in the wilderness pursuing the *arimaspin*. *Homer* was privileged by his mythology to use at will such evanishings as Spenser here uses after him, to close a combat without death. So by his mythology was Spenser. For with what magical power he blends into poetry false creeds and true, faith and fable, till his allegory is now darkened, and now enlightened, by strange shadows and familiar lights, from every age and from every clime! A chivalrous combat between *Sansjoy* and *Red-Crosse*, in a paled green of the palace of *Pride*, before *Queen Lucifera*, daughter of *Pluto* and *Proserpine*, and for *Duessa*, grand-child of *Night*—may well terminate as listeth that imagination which could bring such images to meet from afar, and by alchemy make them mix on meeting—and which is at liberty to call on

the elements to do its bidding in cloud or rain, in thunder or in lightning—for called they shall obey the command and come.

"In haste *Duessa* from her place arose,
And to him running sayd, 'O prowtest knight

That ever ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloodie vengeance: lo th' infernall

powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly

night,
Have borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull

bowres:
The conquest your's, I your's, the shield
and glory your's."

"Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought all round about, his thirsty
blade

To bath in blood of faithlesse enemy,
Who all that while lay hid in secret
shade:

He standes amazed how he thence should
fade.

At last the trumpets triumph sound on
hie,

And running heralds humble homage
made,

Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cause
of eumitie.

"Wherewith he goeth to that sovereigne
queene,

And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service scene;
Which she accepts with thankes and good-
ly gree,

Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree;
So marcheth home, and by her takes the
knight,

Whom all the people followe with great
glee,

Shouting, and clapping all their hands on
hight,

That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to *Heaven*
bright.

"Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous
bed,

Where many skilfull leaches him abide
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly
bled.

In wine and oyle they wash his woundes
wide,

And softly gau embalme on everie side;
And all the while most heavenly melody

About the bed sweet music did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony;

And all the while *Duessa* wept full bit-
terly."

How magnificently here doth the poet "moralize his song!" On all the idle pomp among the gaudy fields! flaunting with flowers, that could not hide "dead skulls and bones of men," while

"Amongst the rest rode that false lady fair,
The foul Duessa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer,"

had the Red-Crosse Knight looked on aloof in scorn, nor taken any part in the pageant. Nor ere then had the stout Faery brooked the haughty presence

"Of that great Princesse too exceeding proud."

But now he accepts the shield from Duessa's hand—before that great Princesse he falls on lowly knee—makes her offer of his service—exults in the shouting and in the clapping of hands of the people—submits to be laid in sumptuous bed—to have his wounds washed in wine and oil by skilful but unhallowed leeches—enjoys sweet music and heavenly melody—for in that palace are all instruments of stop or string

—and voices in whose every note "oh! what a hell of inwrapt lies." And by her hero's bed Duessa weeps—

"As when a wearie traveler, that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,

Unweeting of the perillous wandering wayes,

Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,

Doth wepe full sore, and sheddeth tender tears;

The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is swallowed up unwares;

Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares."

We feel now that he is about to be lost. The witch hath lulled him asleep with her tones and tears, and flies to Sansjoy lying in his swoon beneath that enchanted cloud, and now we behold her invested with dark and shadowy grandeur. For the power of Falsehood becomes magnificent, when, for sake of the wickedness and evil she loves, she descends in darkness into the heart of Hell.

"So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
That shyning lampes in Jove's high house were light;
Then forth she rose, no lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' heathen knight
In slombring swound nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day;
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way:

"Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus' chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth coming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charret stood,
Already harnesssed for iourney new,
And cole-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

"Who when she saw Duessa sunny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare,
(For never did such brightness there appeare)
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,
Saying, 'Yet, O thou dreaded Dame! I crave
Abyde till I have told the message which I have.'

"She stayd, and fourth Duessa gan proceede,
'O thou most auncient grandmother of all!

More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
 Or that great house of gods cælestiall,
 Which was begot in Dæmogorgon's hall,
 And sawst the secrets of the world unmade ;
 Why suffredst thou thy nephewes deare to fall
 With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrayde ?
 Lo where the stout Sansloy doth sleepe in deadly shade.

“ ‘ And him before I saw with bitter eyes
 The bold Sansloy shrink underneath his speare ;
 And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
 Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
 That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
 O what of gods then boots it to be borne,
 If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare ?
 Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
 When two of three her nephews are so fowle forlone ?

“ ‘ Up then ; up, dreary Dame, of darknes queene,
 Go gather up the reliques of thy race,
 Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene
 That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
 And can the children of fayre Light deface.’
 Her feeling speeches some compassion mov’d
 In hart, and chaunge in that great mother’s face :
 Yet pitty in her hart was never prov’d
 Till then ; for evermore she hated, never lov’d :

“ And said, ‘ Deare Daughter ! rightly may I rewe
 The fall of famous children born of mee,
 And good successes which their foes ensue ;
 But who can turne the streame of Destinee,
 Or breake the chayne of strong Necesuitee,
 Which fast is tyde to Iove’s eternall seat ?
 The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
 And by my ruines thinkes to make them great :
 To make one grent by others losse is bad excheat.

“ ‘ Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
 For some shall pay the price of others guilt ;
 And he, the man that made Sansloy to fall,
 Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
 But what art thou that telst of nephews kilt ? ’
 ‘ I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,’
 Quoth she, ‘ however now in garments gilt,
 And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came ;
 Duessa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.’

“ Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
 The wicked witch, saying, ‘ In that fayre face
 The false resemblance of Decelpt I wist
 Did closely lurke ; yet so true-seeming grace
 It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
 Could it discern ; though I the mother bee
 Of Falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
 O welcome, child ! whom I have longd to see,
 And now have seene unwares ! Lo now I go with thee.’

“ Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
 And with her beares the fowle wel-favourd witch ;
 Through mirksome aire her ready way she makes :
 Her twyfold teme (of which two blacke as pitch,
 And two were browne, yet each to each unlich)
 Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,

Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch ;
Then soming tarre, their birdles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

" So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the paynim lay
Devoid of outward sence and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy blood congeald
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald :
So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

" And all the while she stood upon the ground
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwouted sound
With which her yron wheelles did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With dreery shriekes did' also her bewray ;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

" Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deep Avernus hole :
By that same hole, an entraunce darke and bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell : there creature never past
That backe retourned without heavenly grace ;
But dreadful furies, which their chains have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

" By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournfull charett, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes hous are come bilive ;
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eies ; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernal flockt on every side,
To gaze on eribly wight that with the Night durst ride.

" They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp'shrilling shriekes doth bootlesse cry,
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse Paine is built ther-by,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment. ;

" Before the threshold, dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venomous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong :
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, until Dayes enemy
Did him appeuse ; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly ;
For she in hell and heaven had power equally."

Not in all Poetry is there a higher and longer flight more majestically sustained—not even in Homer the daring—or Virgil the divine. We shall be returning—one of these months—to the *Odyssey*—and accompanying Ulysses to the shades in that uncertain region lying beyond the land of the Cimmerians. How melancholy that light obscure, haunted by fitting forms thin almost as itself. By faces pale with the mysterious life adhering to the dead! Apparitions speechless, till from the sword-dug trench they lap the black blood of the ram! Eidolons of heroes, whose might is now but a shadow! Alcides himself but threatening—Ajax, the son of Telamon, but frowning—Air! Then, too, shall we go with the Roman Father into the spiritual world of *Avernus*, with its strange gates of horn and of ivory—another yet the same—and listen in awe while

"Phlegyasque miserimus omnes

Admonet, et magna testatur Voce per umbras

"Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos."

With Dante we shall descend through purgatorial fires to the ninth circle, where, without hope, howl and shall howl for ever, the spirits of the damned—and reascend to earth but to forsake it for the "darkness visible," which to the blind eyes severe of Milton, "served only to discover sights of woe!"

Duessa's descent is not an arbitrary fiction of the Poet—an episode to show off his power over the imagery of the Shades; but an essential incident or event in the allegory. It is indeed a dark conception—and who, pray, is Night? "Let us stay a little," quoth Upton, "and contemplate this venerable old matron, who makes no inconsiderable figure in this Canto." The poets and painters, he observes—"cannot entirely agree respecting her genealogy;" but they all agree in this, that it is high. Hesiod says she is the offspring of Chaos—Homer, the mother of the gods. In the *Iliad*, "Jupiter," saith Jortin, "pays great respect to Night." "Jupiter would have destroyed me," says Somnus, "but that he feared to offend Night."

Εἰ μὴ Νύξ δαίτιον ἐστὶν ἑσπέρης καὶ ἀνδρῶν,

Τὴν ἱκαμένη Σεργων ὁ δ' ἐπαυσάτο
χλωμῆτος πρῶς.

Ἀξίτω γὰρ, μὴ Νυκτὶ θοῇ ἀποδυμένη
εἶδοι,

Milton seems to have been deeply impressed with a feeling of her extreme age. Often does he speak of "Ancient Night"—"Eldest Night"—"Night, eldest of things." Here Spenser calls her "the most ancient grandmother of all—more old than Jove." According to the mythology of the Fairy Queen. Eternity was her Great Grandfather. Eternity—Demogorgon—Chaos—Night! Duessa—we see here—is Night's Granddaughter—and Sansfoy, Sansjoy, and Sansloy, are her Grandsons—for they are the sons of old Aveugle, a child of Night—so the fair Doubledealer is First Coz to the fierce Paynims. No wonder, then, that great is the power of Night—"That she in hell and heaven had power equally." Spenser in thus declaring her dominion, had been instructed by Virgil—

"Vox vocans Hecaten caeloque Ereboque potentem;"

and an article at once fair and fearsome might be written on Hecate—the Threefold Power—known as Juno, Diana, Proserpina—

"Tergeminamque Hecaten, Tria Virginitis ora Dianæ."

Duessa finds her Grandmother at a lucky time—just as she is coming from her mew—and her charret with its cole-black and berry-brown steeds—for Night drives four-in-hand—is at the door. Who harnessed them—who rubs them down—who is groom to the tar-foaming stallions that horse the coach of Night? The griesly Grandam knows not her own. O—so sunny bright is she,

"Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining clear;"

strange sight to one who never saw the day! But the bright Witch—how eloquently doth she plead—and in what magnificent imagery doth she clothe the curses imprecated from the Mother of Darkness on the Children of Light!

"Up then! up, dreary Dame, of darknesses queen!"

Goe gather up the reliques of thy race;
Or else goe them avenge, and let be scene

THAT DREADED NIGHT IN BRIGHTEST DAY
HATH PLACE,
And can the children of fayre Light de-
face."

The prodigious appeal in that one vast line makes Night conscious of her power; and the pride is not less than sublime, that wrought a "change on that great Mother's face." Night smiled! Well doth she know, that none

"can turne the streame of Destinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong Necessitie,
Which fast is tyde to Jove's Eternal
Seat;"

but well doth she know, too, that her empyre on earth is great, and that to her is given at times dominion over the sons of Day, whom, favoured though they be by Jove, she can dishonour with dust, and besmear with blood! Question and reply, and recognition between Duessa and Night are all abrupt, audacious and dark with mischief—and as they mount

"Their mournful charett filed with
rusty blood,"

our blood cardles to see the Bad Pair setting out for Hell. Their journey thitherwards over the earth is almost as dismal as through the Infernal Shades. Horror seizes us—we hardly know why—while they are lifting up the body of Sausjoy. "They be come at length to the place where the Paynim lay." Where is that place? In a ditch—a laue—a pit—a wood? That is not known even to

"The wakeful dogs that never cease to bay."

All the dogs know is, that baleful spirits are abroad. They are not now barking at the moon. And for a good reason—there is no moon to bark at—nor yet a single star. Jortin says, that Spenser has here "applied to Night what the ancient Poets say of Hecate." All who ever read must remember these two lines of Theocritus—

Τῶ ἡδονία θ' Ἑκάτα, τῆσι καὶ οὐκ ἄ-
κας τρομεροῖσι

Ἐρχομένων νεκρῶν ἀνὰ πρὶα καὶ μέλαν
αἶμα."

And Hecate's dogs are celebrated, as you know, by Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Lucan, Statius, Seneca, and

all. But Upton was a far wiser man than Jortin—though he never was a Bishop; and we entirely agree with him in thinking, that the passage has little or no relation to those infernal dogs that usually attend on Hecate. It alludes to an old superstitious belief, that dogs are quick-sighted and quick-scented at the approach of gods or goddesses—as well as of prigs and crackmen. In the *Odyssey*, we read,

"The dogs intelligent confest the tread
Of power divine."

In like manner, on the trial of Thurbart it was, we think, or Hunt, in some previous confession, who said that, at the time they were trying to dig a hole in the hard soil within a belt of trees to bury the body of the booty-billiard-player, they were alarmed, as they kept a listen-out, by an incessant barking—for they smelt blood—and

"The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay."

We hate to seek to strip any sound, or sight, or even smell, of its mystery—so shall not attribute the night behaviour of the canine to that instinct, strengthened by education and habit, that induces them to keep watch and ward over human houses, in place of a more expensive and less effective police. The fears of Rogers's gipsy were not superstitious—

"Whose dark eyes flashed through locks
of blackest shade,
When in the wind the distant watch-
dog bayed;"

Yet we who have been wild, though seldom wicked, wanderers through the night, have heard our hearts quake, as that melancholy, complaining, and unhappy howl, on a sudden hushed, and on a sudden renewed with a sort of convulsive effort at articulate vociferation, came from the low-lying valleys up to our ears on the hills; and we have thought that then the face of the Man of the Moon had a look at once eerie and evil, as if something to his knowledge were going on, of which the less that is said the better, and witnessed with sorrow by the misty een of those kind creatures, so affectionate to man—the celestial stars!

Spenser saw Night and Duessa at the mouth of the old Mythological Hell. He was too wise and too pious to give here a panoramic view of any other that may flame fitfully in the imagination of a Christian Poet. The classical Hell of the Greeks and Romans is the reverse of hallowed; but it is fearfully familiarized to us by a vast crowd of associations—and, besides, Sansjoy had "a heathenish shield," and was a heathen. Night does not dismount with Duessa "To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole;"

but drives down at full gallop to Pluto's House—no doubt making a scientific sweep round the smoking circle of sulphur in front, and pulling up in noble style before the flight of steps leading up below the portico, itself part of a veranda on red-hot cast-iron pillars, environing the Palace that needs no insurance against Fire. What other Poet ever saw such ghosts?

"On every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eies; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on erthly wight THAT WITH THE
NIGHT DURST RIDF."

But Night and Duessa see some who heed them not—Ixion with his weary wheel! Sisyphus with that everlasting stone! By the chin hanging thirsty Tantalus! Tityus with the vulture at his maw! Doomed to eternal slowness unhappy Theseus! The Fifty—each with her sieve severe! And Typhæus with his joints racked on a gin—the same giant whom, according to Homer and Virgil, Jupiter thunder-struck, and buried under Inarime an Island! We were mistaken in saying that none of these lifted up their eyes. Curious in their misery,

"They all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindefull of their smart,

To gaze on them."

'Tis well that there is sometimes a pause—a rest from misery—if but for a moment—with them who dwell in the House of Eternal Pain!

And now they are come unto the farthest part—to the mouth of a cave,
"Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse;"

and it is the prison of him whom they seek—Esculapius. And why find we here that wise Physician? Hippolytus, you know, was beloved and solicited by Phædra, wife of his father Theseus, even as Joseph was by Potiphar's wife—and far worse; and the "jolly huntsman" having refused her charms, his cruel step-dame falsely accused him before her husband, who besought of his sea-god sire some cursed vengeance to cast on his First-born. Marine monsters terrified his steeds, and his goodly corpse was scattered on the mountains. But he had been dear to Diana; and she receiving the relics from repentant Theseus, gave them to Æsculape, who re-formed them into living beauty, and Hippolytus again rejoiced in the Chase.

"Such wondrous science in mens witt to rain

When Jove avizd, that could the dead revive,

And fates expired could renew again,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive

Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,

And shake the heavenly fire that raged evermore."

'Tis a strange, wild, dim tale; yet since Spenser has so told it, let us hold it devoutly true. Æsculape, he says, was imprisoned "remediesse;" but Upton comforts himself with many excellent authorities against such belief. Lucian, he reminds us, introduces him and Hercules scolding for priority of place, and Celsus says he was numbered among the gods for adding lustre to an art before rude. Eratosthenes relates that he was taken into the number of the constellations, and named Ophiuchus, and that Jupiter did this to please Apollo. It is well known that he was worshipped in Epidaurus—and hence Milton speaks of "the God in Epidaurus;" and Ovid tells how in a serpentine form he came to Rome. "Shall we," continues Upton, "endeavour to reconcile Spenser with

the poets and mythologists? Or rather suppose (which he often does) that he makes a mythology of his own suitable to his own scheme or purpose? But if we were to try to reconcile Spenser with his brother poets, we might interpret this story of Æsculapius being in hell, just as the story of Hercules is interpreted in Homer's *Odyssey*, that his *Idole* is in hell, and his spirit in heaven. So let us reconcile Virgil to himself concerning Theseus—'sedet æternumque sedebit;' that is, the *Idole* of Theseus was punished in hell for his presumption to ravish *Proserpine*, but his spirit was a hero or demigod in heaven."

That explanation will hardly suffice. It is a mystery—yet meaning there must be in this "dark conceipt," as in every other in the Poem. And what, think ye, may be the meaning of these stanzas?

"There auncient Night arriving, did alight
From her nigh weary wayne, and in her
armes

To Æsculapius brought the wounded
knight:

Whom having softly disaraid of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer and with
praise,

If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or
charmes,

A fordonne wight from dore of death
mote raise,

He would at her request prolong her
nephews daies.

"Her words prevailed: and then the
learned leach

His cunning hand gan to his wounds to
lay,

And all things elsthe which his art did
teach:

Which having scene, from thence arose
away

The mother of dredd Darknesse, and let
stay

Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure;
And bake retourning took her wonted
way

To ronne her timely race, whilst Phœbus
pure,

In westerne waves his weary wagon did
recure."

Her words prevailed—the ghost of Æsculapius was fettered, but its will was free—and the power of Night overcame the fear of worse punishment. Yet what worse punishment had he to dread—if his tor-

ments—alleviated only by the skill that had not forsaken him in the shades—were "remediesse"—that is, eternal? For ever excluded quite from heaven, he cared not what might betide him in hell! All good dies with hope—and piety is no virtue in despair. In his cave he does penance, but he does not appear to be repentant—the prey of pain, but not of remorse. Night, too, darkly threatens him—

"And fearest not that more thee hurten
might,

Now in the powre of everlasting Night?"

Jupiter dared not hurt *Somnus*, because of Night's dreaded wrath, and now Night glooms deeper woe on one to whom Jupiter has done his worst. Was it that she could have darkened his science—wiped away from his memory all knowledge of the salves with which he now did always strive to heal the sore wounds of the flashing thunderbolt—

"And slake the heavenly fire that raged
evermore?"

Sansjoy is left in the cunning hands of that learned and lamented leach—and Night is again in the sky. And why all this anxiety about Joyless? "Ever more she hated—never loved;" but hate of the sons of Light is a passion equipollent with love of the sons of Darkness—and Night—in her abhorrence of Day—desires as intensely that these should live as that those should die!

"Oh! what of gods then boots it to be
borne,

If old Aveugles sonnes so evil heare?"

Duessa leaves Night, and returning to the palace of Pride, misses the Red-Cross Knight.

"Good cause he had to hasten thence
away;

For on a day his wary dwarfe had spyde
Where in a daugeon deepe huge nombres
lay

Of cavytie wretched thralls, that wayled
night and day."

The poor little faithful and humble fellow had been overlooked in that house, or noticed, we cannot doubt, but for blows and insults. But he had kept his ears and his eyes open, and was a saving spy, in service of the master, who knew not how to take care of himself, Prudence, as well as Holiness, having

been lost in Pride. Into that dungeon the dwarf had looked—like a child into a well—half perhaps in curiosity and half in idlesse—but the canny creature had not been contented with a look of the horrors therein accumulated—but had gone down, and conversed with them that lay in bonds—nor were they

ashamed to converse with him—though on earth they had been the mightiest of the mighty—thunderbolts of war that had shaken down thrones, and overturned empires—but

“ All sleepless souls that perished in their pride.”

“ A ruefull sight as could be seene with els ;
Of whom he learned had in secret wile
The hidden cause of their captivitie ;
How, mortgaging their lives to Covetise ;
Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,
They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,
Provokt with Wrath, and Envyes false surmise,
Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse,
Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretchednesse.

“ There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as only God to call upon,
Till through celestiall doome, thrown out of dore,
Into an exe he was transformd of yore :
There also was king Cræsus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great richesse store ;
And proud Antiochus, the which advanet
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altares daunst :

“ And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd ;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd :
There also was that mightie monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammon's sonne be magnifide,
Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he did.

“ All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carcasses of beastes in butchers stall ;
And in another corner wide were strowne
The antique ruins of the Romanes fall ;
Great Romulus, the grandsyre of them all ;
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus ;
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball,
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius ;
High Cæsar, great Pompey, and fiers Antonius.

“ Amongst these mightie men were women mixt,
Proud women, vain, forgetfull of their yoke :
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes owne blade her fowle reproches spoke ;
Fayre Sthenobæa, that herself did choke
With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will ;
High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of aspes ating her selfe did stoutly kill ;
And thousands moe like the, that did that dongeon fill :

“ Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thrallst,
Which thether were assembled day by day,
Form all the world after their wofull falles,
Through wicked pride, and wasted welthes decay.
But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,

Fell from high princes courtes and ladies bowres,
Where they in ydle pomp or wanton play
Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly throwne themselves into these heavy stowres,

“ Whose case whenas the carefull dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde;
For doubtlesse death ensewd if any him decryde.

“ Scarce could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great lay-stall,
Of mured men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse of decent funerall,
Which al through that great princesse pride did fall,
And came to shamefull end : and them besyde,
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A donghill of dead carcasses he spyde,
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pryde.”

This is indeed a magnificent and dreadful picture of Life-in-Death. What cares the spirit of man—in its trance of imagination and passion—for Time? Here is a Now of misery—ages are gathered together into a point—and the history of much of the world's greatness given in one groan. Of the old world! The huge crimes that had continued to dye centuries in blood, are here all expiated together in the punishment of Pride. Brows once thickened and frowning with laurels from thrones, are here bare and blasted promiscuously in dungeon dust. Withered the once godlike hands that swayed sword and sceptre—Kings and Kæsars slung heads and heels in heaps, tossed into corners,

“ Like carcasses of beasts in butchers stall ; ”

queens and princesses once bold, bright, and beautiful—stars by Love and Poetry constellated in the sky—and worshipped there by nature's fond idolatry—now in shameful exposure, without regard even to sex, huddled there like corpses in time of plague into a pit, among “ endless sortes of wretched thralls,” naked and

nameless—and the breath of still stifling but unstified life, in the vapours of that dungeon, noisome as the rotten scent of death!

We shut our eyes with a shudder—and opening them again with averted faces, seek to pursue the flight of the Red-Crosse, and pray that he may escape on the wings of the wind, far far away from the doleful dungeons of the House of Pride. Those subterranean horrors send up a steam that hides that splendid palace as in a mortal mist—and there is a comfort in thinking that as it was built on sand, it may settle down and sink away into nothing—or be blown away by the simoom into the sultry air.

And lo! where on the bank of pleasant stream, sit Knight and Lady, in dalliance beneath the shade, while all around is beautiful as in the golden age, when every fountain had its Naiad, and Dryad and Hamadryad shunned not to show their faces glimpsing from every wood! 'Tis he—'tis he! And ah, can that indeed be Una, by the side “ of him her Lion and her Lord ? ” Alas! nor white mantle nor black stole are there—it is—it is Dueessa!

“ What man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
As to descry the crafty cunning traine,
By which Deceipt doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her coulours died deepe in graine,
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine ? ”

Great maiestresse of her art was that false dame,
The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessacs name.

"Who when, returning from the dreary Night,
She found not in that perilous Hous of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble redcrosse knight,
Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coted plate;
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

"Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
Doe chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mynd.
The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony sweet.

"Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And, with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade
About the fountaine like a girlond made,
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianas favor, as it then befell.

"The cause was this: One day, when Phoebe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
Satt downe to rest in middest of the race:
The goddessse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow;
And all, that drinke thereof, do faint and feeble grow.

"Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;
And, lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas:
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
His chaunged powres at first themselves not felt;
Till crudled cold his corage gan assayle,
And cheareful blood in fayntness chill did melt,
Which, like a fever fit, through all his bodie swelt."

We said and truly, that the name of
Una had never escaped the lips of
the Red-Crosse since he saw Duessa
—and we venture also to say, that
Spenser meant us to believe that he
had at last banished from the heart
the Forsaken. In the joy of his
clear escape from the House of Pride,
we are told, however,

"Yet sad he was, that his too hastie
speed
The fayre Duess had forst him leave be-
hind;

And yet more sad than UNA, his deare
dread,
Her truth had staynd with reason so
unkind."

These few words wonderfully well
show us the wavering state of his
affections. But had Una met him in
that shade, would he have listened
to her innocence, and taken her back
to his love? No—his heart—though
its pride had been crushed by fear—
had admitted too many gentle and

grateful feelings towards Duessa—and accordingly we see him falling again an easy—a willing prey to the enchantress. And with what delicacy is narrated his delivering himself up to sinful enjoyment!

‘ The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Diu’s favor, as it then befell.”

His manly strength dissolved, and his heroic heart subdued by a loose life in the inglorious shade, what if Sansjoy, healed by Esculapius, and fresh and fierce from the infernal

shades, should leap out upon him like a lion—would the Red-Crosse fly? Courage will by-and-by follow the virtues that have already left him—and at danger he will shiver, a very coward, in a cold fit of fear. For spirit is in much obedient to flesh, and wastes as it wastes when the waste of blood is wilful; so that he who could even

“ Dance armed from head to feet in iron mail,”

shall be weak as a wavering leaf or a woman’s tear. But an enemy is at hand more dreadful than Sansjoy.

“ Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Poured out in loosenesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame :
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
That all the Earth for terror seemed to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th’ Elfe, therewith astownd,
Upstartd lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

“ But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enemy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous geaunt, horrible and hye,
That with his tallnesse seemed to threat the skye :
The ground eke grouned under him for dreed :
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold ; his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sunnes of mortall seed.

“ The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
And blustering Æolus his boasted syre,
Who with his breath, which through the world doth pass,
Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
That she conceived ; and trebling the dew time,
In which the wombes of women do expyre,
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme,
Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sinfull cryme.

“ So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th’ high descent whercof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to losse ; his stalking steps are stayde
Upon a snaggy oke, which he had torne
Out of his mother’s bowells, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.”

It is Orgoglio. Hesiod says the giants were born of Heaven and Earth—but Spenser says this giant was the son of “ greatest Earth,” and that Æolus was his sire. Well, then, may “ the enormous mass of earthly slime” be puffed up with wind, and cruel with all crime. No other is he than “that Man of Sin, the Son of

Perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped ; so that he as God, sitteth in the Temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.” This, saith Upton, is the Tyrant or wild Beast “ to whom it was given to make war with the Saints, and overcome them,” as here our

Christian Knight, to his sorrow,
finds—who “was to continue forty
and two months, so that all shall
worship him”—till conquered by
Arthur, in whom is shown the Power
of God. Before the Red-Crosse
can don his armour or get his shield,
Orgoglio is upon him with his mace.
But hapless, hopeless, disarmed, dis-
graced, and inwardly dismayed, and
faint in every joint,

“Through that frail fountain that him
feeble made,”

the Christian Knight is overthrown
by the wind of the weapon, and lies
senseless at the Giant's feet.

“So daunted when the geaunt saw the
knight,

His heave hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have batred
quight,

Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye,
‘O great Orgoglio!—greatest under akye,
O hold thy mortall hand for ladies sake;
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave
make,

And me thy worthy meed unto thy leman
take.’

“He hearkend, and did stay from fur-
ther harmes,

To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake;
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his new-found make
Then up he took the slombred sencelesse
corse,

And ere he could out of his swowne
awake,

Him to his castle brought, with hastie
force,

And in a dongeon deepe him threw with-
out remorse.”

And what becomes of

“His mightie armour missing most at
need;

His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to
bleed?”

The woeful Dwarf who, while keep-
ing of his master's grazing steed, had
seen him overthrown, and captived
takes them up,

“And with them all departes to tell his
great distresse.”

Orgoglio heeded them not. He knew
not of their virtue—of the old dints
on that silver shield—else had he
even in his pride buried them,
along with his thrall, in his deepest
dungeon. Often had they been lost,
and long had they lain idle; but
their ethereal temper never knew
rust. Una had brought them with
her from Eden, and haply the faith-
ful Dwarf may carry them back to
that land; or he may meet that Lady
wandering in the wilds of Faery—or
some champion to set the captive
free, and again endue him with the
arms and armour of heaven.

Look now on Orgoglio.

“From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full bye,
And her endowd with royal maiestye:
Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples hartes with awful terror tye,
A monstrous beast, ybredd in filthy fen,
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksom den.

Such one it was as that renowned snake
Which great Alcides in Siremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake,
Whose many heades out-budding ever new,
Did breed him endless labour to subdew.
But this same monster much more ugly was;
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and back of scaly bray,
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heavenly gods it raught:
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The ever-burning lamps from thence it brought,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread

The sacred thinges, and holy beastes foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull beast, with sevenfold head,
He set the false Duessa, for more aw and dread."

And now the Scarlet Whore "saith in her heart, 'I SIT A QUEEN.'" In Revelation it is thus written, "Behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads; and his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth." By extorted power is signified, says Upton, the unjust acquisition of the Papal might. And Spenser was thinking likewise on

the prophet Daniel,—“After this I saw a fourth beast, dreadful, and terrible, and strong exceedingly. And it had great iron teeth; it devoured, and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with its feet.” The allusion to the Seven Heads needs no interpretation.

“Rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.”

Of what knight is this the picture?

“A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
Yeladd in mightie armes and silver shilde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many a bloody feilde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foaming bitt,
As much disdainning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

“And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave.
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in uattle brave;
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

Such was the Red-Crosse on his appearing for the first time before us—by the side of Una—and a fairer, happier, holier pair never travelled together through this wilderness of a world. He seemed going forth “conquering and to conquer.” Hopes high as heaven heaved his heroic heart—and Truth smiled on him who, under God, was to be her deliverer. His chivalry was that of the Champions of the Cross—to all its practice he was in a manner born—its virtues to his breast were native—and he who but a day before “was

a tall clownish young man, who rested him on the floor, unfitt, through his rusticity, for a better place” in Gloriana’s court—soon as he bestrode that steed—shone a glorious Crusader in resplendent arms. Where is he now? In a dungeon,—

“Disarmed, disgraced, and inwardly dismayed.

Who shall stand since he has fallen?
Go! child of dust! however high
thy hopes—however high thy virtues—
go thou, and meditate humbly
on thine own heart.

THE ORPHAN'S SONG.

I'm a sma' Orphan Lass, for my Parents are dead,
 Baith father and mother, yet naething I need ;
 For there's Ane up aboon that doth cleed me and feed,
 And at nicht a saft pillow puts under my head.

At nicht I lie doon, as sune's it is dark ;
 In the mornin' I rise up alang wi' the Lark ;
 Day's saft slidin' houres I'm owre happy to mark,
 For a sang's in my heart, and my heart's in my wark.

Sometimes in the house by mysel' left to stay—
 Sometimes by mysel' herdin' kye on the brae—
 Yet I never am lanely the laneliest day,
 But gay as a Linty, or Lammie at play.

Far back's I remember a' folk hae been kind,
 And my ain we sweet warld's gaen aye to my mind ;
 Oh ! gin I were na happy, mine een wou'd be blind,
 For pleasures, like floures, without^t seekin' I find.

I'm sae happy, I fear that my days will be few !
 And grow sad at the thocht, as I look on the dew ;
 As I look, bonny floures, at the gloamin' on you !
 But I sune gather heart—for my Bible is true.

As the Sabbath comes roun', and a' things are at rest—
 Sure on Sabbath the wund aye blaws saft frae the west—
 My heart wi' sic sinkings nae mair is opprest—
 In the Pew for the Poor, then the Orphan is blest !

O' a spirit that's contrite an offering I bring,
 Not despised by Heaven's own merciful King ;
 And as without psalm-book his praises I sing,
 Within the safe shadow I sit o' his wing.

On the ground for the floure—on the floure for the bee—
 For the unherried nest in the heart o' the tree
 Thou carest o' Lord ! and if cared for by Thee,
 Ilka day in the week will be Sabbath to me !

Memorandum of resemblance of the present
 NIGHTS AT MESS.
 CHAP. VIII.

We all prepared to listen very attentively to the pale-faced gentleman's narrative. There was certainly something very odd in his appearance, from the very absence of any thing odd about him. His nose was exactly like every body else's nose; his eyes, lips, brow, cheeks, and chin in no respect differing from the eyes, lips, cheeks, brow, and chin of the greater number of human beings. His very complexion was the most indistinguishable thing you can imagine; he seemed, in fact, the representative of his species—a man, and nothing more. The longer I gazed at him, the more universal his countenance appeared, till at last a sort of awe mingled with my wonder. I thought of ghosts, and ghouls, and vampires, and all the other "tales of the wild and wonderful," that had frightened me in my youth; and the rest of the party seemed to share in my feelings, and to drink with redoubled desperation, as if for the purpose of keeping up their courage. But the oddest thing of all was, that the fellow was not at all ill-looking; there was nothing in the least displeasing in his appearance; his figure was good; his manners easy and gentlemanly; and, when I come to reflect on my feelings seriously, I am half inclined to believe that the aforesaid endeavours to sustain our courage had a great deal to do with our impressions of the stranger's physiognomy.

"I am very much obliged to Captain Graves," he began, "for having introduced me to this party; though I must confess, that, till a few hours ago, I never had the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"Then, by the powers," said Captain Graves, whose tongue was a native of Tipperary, "you've a mighty short memory of your own; for I'm cursed if I haven't known you for a dozen years at least."

"I wish it were so," replied the stranger. "My name, gentlemen, is John Fyche."

"The devil a bit of it," exclaimed the captain; "your name is An-

drew Manners; you live in the good town of Norwich; and, I'll be bound, you've as good stuff in your cellar as any gentleman need wish to tipple; I remember it yet."

"I never had the good fortune to see the town of Norwich; and I must profess myself entirely ignorant of Mr Andrew Manners."

"Well, say on, in the devil's name," replied the captain, looking considerably puzzled, "and tell us *who* you really are; if you're not Mr Manners, I fancy you must have been changed for him at nurse."

"This mistake of Captain Graves's appears no doubt very wonderful to you," continued the stranger; "but to me, such things have happened so frequently, that they now give me neither uneasiness nor surprise. When he addressed me on the street, I was unwilling to deprive him of the pleasure of seeing an old friend; and it was perhaps a piece of unkindness in me to make this discovery, and show that his hospitality had been wasted on a person he had never seen before."

"By no means," said the captain, "for, now that I look at you again, I could swear you were Jem Callaghan, a second cousin of my own, so you're quite a jewel of a boy—you're a sort of foundling hospital for one's missing friends. I'm very glad to have made your acquaintance, Mr Fyche; if you're indeed Mr Fyche, and not his twin brother."

"I was very early left my own master," resumed the stranger; "and with regard to worldly matters, I had very little to complain of—a good estate in the county palatine, a capital house, pleasant neighbourhood, and an excellent library, (for I confess myself a bookworm,) made me, at three-and-twenty, as comfortable as any one of moderate ambition could desire. I will not conceal from you, at the same time, that the other ingredient which is generally thought indispensable to a young man's happiness (I mean love) was not wanting. My estate had become enamoured of two very beautiful farms which lay next to

it, and my guardians had made proposals to the fascinating acres in my minority. They told me the only burden upon them was a very pretty young lady and an annuity of fifty pounds a-year to her *gouvernante*. I was very well pleased with this arrangement, and waited with some impatience for the arrival of Miss Mervyn, who had constantly resided in London, to receive from her own lips the sanction of approval, which my guardians had already received from her's. We had never met, and Fancy was of course busy in his usual occupation of a portrait painter. My sage advisers had constantly dinned into my ears, that the owner of so valuable a farm as Oulsley, and so extensive a manor as Elmdale, could not fail to be all my fancy painted her. And in this persuasion Fancy did not spare a single weapon from the armoury of Beauty. Smiles, and dark blue eyes, and ringlets, and snowy necks, were heaped in great profusion on the heiress of Elmdale manor. But fancy portraits, though pleasant enough for a while, only make one sigh the more anxiously for a glimpse of the original. My aunt, who was a widow, kept my house for me. She had one daughter, at that time very young;—and these two used often to laugh in a very provoking way at my passion for the fair unknown. Hannah Meynell—that was my cousin's name—was a nice, quiet, unpretending sort of girl;—with one of those unambitious kind of faces that sometimes actually startle you with their beauty when lighted up by some suddenly excited feeling, though in general not at all remarkable either for good looks or the contrary. But Hannah was always so kind-hearted, so good-natured, and so thoroughly amiable in all her thoughts, words, and deeds, that she was a great favourite with every one who knew her. As for me, I was very proud of her acquirements—as I flattered myself they were in some measure owing to my exertions. We read together, I directed her studies, and, in fact, I could not have been fonder of the little creature if I had been her brother.

"At last I could submit no longer to my state of suspense as to the future Mrs Fyfe. I resolved to go up

to town, and at all events see the lady, whether I might summon courage to hint about our farther proceedings or not. Accordingly, my trunks were packed by the careful hands of my aunt and cousin. I received packages and directions without number; my aunt sent new orders to her milliner, Hannah her watch and some of her trinkets to be repaired; and, in truth, when I looked over the list of commissions I had to execute, I thought my friends had left me very little leisure in which to play the wooer. But time passed away; the trunks were corded and directed, the adieu said, and the Red Rover conveyed me in a very short space of time to the comfortable coffee-room in Hatchett's, Piccadilly.

"Whilst eating my mutton-chop, preparatory to going to the play, I was very much pleased with the unceremonious friendliness of the gentlemen who sat at the other little tables round the room. Every now and then one or other of them rose and chatted with me a few minutes. This visit to the metropolis occurred, I must tell you, in the heat of a general election, when politics ran unusually high. One old gentleman hobbled across the room, and said, 'I perceive, sir, you're just arrived; though I have never had the pleasure of an introduction to you, would you allow me to enquire how things are going on?'

"'Going on?' I said, 'where?'

"'Why, at home to be sure; I'm very sorry I could not stay longer than the first day to give you a helping hand. Have the rascally reformers any chance, do you think?'

"'I really can't say. I have not troubled myself much about politics; but I believe the Tory candidate had very little chance.'

"'Good God, sir! is that true? Then Exeter has eternally disgraced itself. When did you leave home, sir?'

"'Yesterday morning.'

"'You don't seem much disconcerted at our defeat, which is very unaccountable. I thought you were very much interested in the contest?'

"'Not the least. I promised my vote to the Reformers—but nothing more.'

"'Promised your vote to the Re-

formers!' exclaimed the old gentleman—'then, by the Lord, sir, your conduct was most unaccountable in sitting on the True Blue Committee—infamous behaviour, and, as I live, I will expose you!'

"Saying this, the old fellow hobbled off, leaving me overcome with amazement at his heat. However, I had the table cleared, called for a pint of wine, and began to ruminate on subjects more interesting than blues and scarlets.

" 'I have only an instant, sir, so pray excuse me,' said a middle-aged man wrapt up in a huge quantity of great-coats. 'How are you getting on?'

" 'Oh, pretty well,' I replied, wondering what this new interrogator had to say to me.

" 'Glad to hear it. Have you come to town on the business?'

" 'What business?'

" 'To secure the majority, to be sure. I know where you might have three or four coach loads of them at a moment's notice. They would go for five pounds and their expenses.'

" 'Who would go?—where would they go to?'

" 'Come, come,' said the stranger, 'I see you're a deep one. I certainly never spoke to you before—but I took to you from the first as a brother Radical.'

" 'A Radical?' I said. 'I'm no Radical, I assure you.'

" 'The devil you're not! then the more shame for you. Haven't I heard your speeches—haven't they been published on every wall in Brighton, and after all, have you the assurance to tell me you're not a Radical?'

" 'I'm no Radical, sir—and never made speeches in my life.'

" 'I see how it is—you're bought over, sir;—you're a time-serving, truckling turncoat, sir;—and I can assure you your infamous behaviour shall be known. There's not a man in Brighton but shall hiss you the moment you show your renegade face on the streets.—No Radical, indeed!'

"The man seemed nearly choked, partly with his passion, and partly with the enormous involutions of his cloaks, and hustled off, looking as proud and disdainful as a turkey-cock, before I had time to ask the scoundrel what he meant by his impertinence.

"I swallowed my wine as quick-

ly as possible, in case of any more interruptions; and, having ordered a cab to the door, jumped into it, and made all the haste I could to Covent-Garden Theatre. The driver looked round the corner, from his outside box, at me several times, as we passed the lamps. I fell back into the dark part of the vehicle, to indulge in my quiet thoughts undisturbed. As we pursued our way after leaving the main street, the man leant forward, and said—

" 'Much business doing now, sir?'

" 'I don't know.'

" 'Vorrae luck. I took to't myself once.'

" 'Took to what? I don't understand you, fellow.'

" 'O, ye don't understand me, feller, doesn't ye? Vy, you knows vell enough as I was once in the same line as yourself.'

" 'What line? You labour under some mistake. Drive on, or I'll leave your cabriolet.'

" 'Vell, you've grown mighty big sin' I seed ye last, howsomdever. Me and Bill, ye see, was nabbed by that 'ere old bloody beak about that 'ere old cove's ticker at Brummondsey. Bill was scragged, d'ye see,—and I took a driving this here cab.'

" 'Drive on, fellow, or I'll complain to the police.'

" 'Come, come, there aint no manner o' use for to go hargufying in this here manner—but mum's the word—I wouldn't never be the lad to peach, if so be as you're on the private lay.—Lord, Jem!' he cried, suddenly pulling up, 'here's your chance! Dash me if that there old gentleman bain't dreadful drunk, and never none arter him to see arter his cly.—Jump, Jem, you're the lad to clean him out.—Shall I wait and go halves?'

" 'Let me out of your infernal carriage, you impudent rascal. I don't understand a word you say.—Here's a shilling.'

" 'Thank ye for nothing,' said the man;—'that's a wery hunfriendly thing for you for to do.—I sees the seals as plain as ever I seed any thing—rale gold 'uns, by the hooky. If you'll only hold the reins, I'll have a grab at 'em myself.'

"I got out of the cab as quickly as possible, and hurried off, without attending to any more of the scoundrel's jargon.

"I took my place in a back seat of one of the boxes, attended most strenuously to the play, and, without any farther adventure, found my way back to my hotel. As I sipped my brandy-and-water, in the luxury of slippers and a fire, I perceived my two friends seated at different tables, and eyeing me with such an expression of disgust and abhorrence, that I felt tempted at first to call them to an account for their conduct; but second thoughts told me the wiser plan would be to take no notice of them; and accordingly I went off to bed, without letting them perceive that I was aware of their existence. Next morning I prepared for a busy day. In the first place, I resolved to call on old Mr Jones, the guardian of Miss Mervyn, to ask him to accompany me when I presented myself to his ward; then to execute as many of my commissions as I could; and, after that, to leave myself open for any invitation I might receive, either from the gentleman or the lady. I put my aunt's trinkets and my cousin's watch and rings into my pocket, resolving to call on the jeweller with them myself; and having ascertained my nearest way to Grosvenor Place, prepared to sally forth, and realize all my expectations at once. While the waiter was giving me the finishing brush, a military-looking gentleman, who had been observing me for some time, came up to me, and said, with a strong Irish accent, and a very insinuating smile—

"'Am I lucky enough to have met you so unexpectedly?'"

"I bowed in answer to his pleasant address, and said—'I am sorry I can't remember having met you before.'"

"'Indeed?' replied the gentleman; 'then it's the greater pleasure to have fallen in with you now.—You were perhaps not at the theatre last night?'"

"'O yes, I was—a most admirable comedy.'"

"'Comedy was it?—And can't you guess why I spake to you this morning?'"

"'I can't indeed, unless that you have most likely mistaken me for some other gentleman.'"

"'Other gentleman!' replied the stranger, still smiling;—'you

surely don't pretend to call yourself a gentleman.'"

"'Sir?'"

"'That's right, sir—out with it!—Bluster away for a minute or two!—It will have very little effect, I assure you, on Captain Terence O'Niel.'"

"'I never heard of any such person; and I must say, I can't comprehend the meaning of your conduct.'"

"'Why, the meaning of it seems to me to be as plain as Howth. What have you done with the small bit of paper I put into your hand last night?'"

"'Paper!—in my hand!—What do you mean, sir?'"

"'Just to tell you, that you're a most contemptible, cowardly scoundrel; and that I'll slip a bullet into your carcass, as sure as my name is O'Niel.'"

"'If I were not certain that you speak under some unaccountable misapprehension, I should most undoubtedly take notice of your insulting language. To what do you allude?'"

"'Yes, yes, all your stomach for fighting seems to be for fighting *shy*. Why, didn't you kick up a row in the box where I sat last night? Didn't you press yourself, and a great painted faced female-woman, close to the two ould ladies—young ladies, I mane—I mane one ould lady, and one young one—that I escorted to the playhouse? and didn't ye take my card, and slip it into your pocket, without being so much of a Christian, or a gentleman, as to give me yours?'"

"'Certainly not, sir,' I interrupted. 'You are mistaken in the person.'"

"'If you'll allow me the pleasure of differing from you,' replied the gallant captain, 'I would say you are a shuffling liar; and I will horse-whip you with the greatest pleasure in life.'"

"'You impertinent scoundrel!' I exclaimed, fairly put into a passion, 'I will kick you out of the universe if you don't make an ample apology.'"

"'Now you spake like a reasonable man. Give me your card, and I'll send a friend to converse with you in less than a couple of no-times.'"

"I gave him my card as he requested; and, with a very civil bow and a friendly smile, Captain Terence

O'Niel walked 'jauntily' out of the coffee-room.

"I forgot to tell you, that I had despatched Boots early in the morning with a note to Mr Jones, announcing my arrival in London, and my intention of calling on him between eleven and twelve o'clock. I now sat down in expectation of my adversary's message, and wrote a note to the old gentleman, explaining the cause of breaking my engagements. I gave my note to Boots, with directions to be as expeditious as he could, and returned to my seat, still boiling with indignation at the insults I had received from the bloodthirsty Irish captain.

"Whilst endeavouring to while away the time by spelling for the third or fourth time through the advertisements of the Morning Herald, a very strong-looking, bluff, red-faced man walked up to me, and said, 'Servant, sir.—What's the news?'

"I looked up from my paper, and, not being in the humour to stand any farther impertinence, replied, 'Deliver your message with the least possible delay. I know what you've come about.'

"'Oh, you do, do you?—Glad to hear it.—Then you'll do the thing quietly.'

"'Certainly; and also as soon as may be. Unfortunately, I have no one to act as my friend.'

"'Oh, it makes no odds about that; Mr Obler is a very good-natured gentleman. But if ye'r peticular about that-ere, there's Mr Hookit, in Dyer's-alley, as gets many gentlemen in your situation clear off. He'll come for a trifle.'

"'Well,' I replied, astonished at the vulgarity of the captain's second, 'I don't know what to do on the occasion. I shall consult the only friend I have in London.'

"'Ah, do. Character's a great matter in them there consarns; but then, unfortunately, you're so uncommon well known.'

"'Quite the reverse, I assure you. But when must I appear?'

"'Why, to-morrow morning, at half a'ter nine.'

"'Where?'

"'In Bow Street, to be sure. But you're sure to be remanded.—Come along, and we'll have the examination over in a jiffy.'

"'What examination do you mean?'

"'Oh, you'll hear in plenty of time.—You needn't say nothing to me; 'case, you see, I'm bound to report all you say to my principal.'

"'And what the devil do I care for that? Your principal is a scoundrel; and I hope to be lucky enough to lodge a bullet in his brains.'

"'Come, that *is* letting out.—The cab's at the door—come.'

"'I shan't budge a step. I will meet your principal according to his appointment; but I have business elsewhere, and wish none of his company just now.'

"'I dare say you don't; but I have a couple of gentlemen at the door as will quicken your movements, I expects. You've worn the darbies before this, I guess.—The cab-man has got his supeeny.'

"'May I ask,' I cried, in a tempest of passion, 'what the devil you take me for?'

"'Why, I takes ~~you~~ for petty larceny—for being too busy with your fingers last night at the theatre.'

"I was struck dumb with astonishment at the man's declaration. 'Do you know who I am, sir?' I exclaimed.

"'I can't say I knows you myself—but the cabman swears he took you up here last night, and gave information again' you the moment he heard of the lady's loss.'

"'I will clear up this in a moment,' I said; 'let me just write a note to a gentleman in Grosvenor Place.'

"'By all means; I never hurries no man as behaves like a gentleman. We charges a guinea a quarter of an hour.'

"'You shall have it.' I wrote a second letter to Mr Jones, informing him of my new calamity, and begging his presence in Bow Street as quickly as possible. The two gentlemen who had addressed me the day before were in corners of the room. I went up to the old man who had accused me of sitting on the True Blue Candidates' Committee, and said—'You saw me here last night, sir. I am now accused of picking pockets, or some such thing; do you think it possible, sir, that a man of my ap—'

"'Sir,' replied the old gentleman, 'I beg you will not apply for my

opinion. You yourself confessed with your own lips you were a Whig. I have nothing more to say. After such a declaration as that, I should be inclined to think the accusation as likely to be just as not."

"Disgusted with the bigotry of the old blockhead, I turned to the opposite corner, where the other gentleman was busy over his breakfast—"Sir," I said, "from being mistaken for some other individual, I am accused of having committed a theft at the theatre last night."

"D—d glad to hear it," replied the man; "how we *shall* rejoice at it in Brighton. That comes of selling yourself to the Tories. We shan't be troubled with you for fourteen years I hope—so that we are quit of you for *two* elections, at all events."

"I now lost all command of my temper, and assured both gentlemen, that the moment I had explained the ridiculous mistake, I should most assuredly cudgel them both to death. I now hurried as quickly as possible out of the house, followed closely by the officer, and jumped into a cab that was drawn up to the door. When we stopt at Bow Street, the driver of the vehicle leered round the side at me with a most diabolical grin."

"Vell, Jim," he said, "you von't be so mighty big next time, I 'opes." I recognised the ruffian who had driven me the evening before, and whose gibberish and impertinence had forced me to leave his conveyance."

"Two surly-looking gentlemen were seated, with an amazing air of city dignity, on the bench."

"Sorry to find you here again, prisoner," said the younger of the magistrates: "it is not above half a year since we prescribed a dose of Horsemonger."

"I looked at the man as he said this, expecting that his remark was addressed to some other individual in the court. His huge grey gooseberry eyes were fixed unmistakably on me, and what with the ferment of my spirits, and the disagreeable incidents that had pestered me ever since my arrival in London, I was nearly bursting with rage and indignation."

"What do you mean," I cried, "you scowling ruffian, by pretend-

ing to recognise me as a malefactor?"

"Put irons on the prisoner's wrists," calmly replied the magistrate, "and keep him from any actual violence; his insolence of tongue we shall find another method of curing."

"The elder dignitary here broke in. 'I advise you, young man, to be more respectful to your judges. I myself have an impression of having very lately sent you to the treadmill; but a person in my situation sees so many scoundrels in the course of a day, that it is impossible to remember one villainous physiognomy more than another.'"

"Are you, too, in the plot against me, you foul-tongued pharisee?" I exclaimed; "I give you notice, you shall answer for this the moment I am at liberty."

"Take down his words," said the junior magistrate; "the dignity of this bench shall not be so insufferably outraged while I have the honour of a seat on it."

"In the mean time, my former friend, who had conducted me to the office, was busily employed in putting manacles on my wrists, and whispered, 'Huffing the queer cove won't do—try t'other lay; you'll maybe get off for three months and a flogging.' I scowled at the man as he said this, and by my muttered threats of vengeance converted him from a sort of well-wisher into an enemy."

"The magistrates proceeded in the business. It appeared that a lady had been robbed at the theatre. A hue and cry was raised—and the cabman, who had conveyed me nearly to the theatre, immediately declared that he had taken the notorious Jem Wrencher on his way to the play; that he knew in a moment that Jem was after some spoil, as he was disguised like a gentleman, and lodged at Hatchett's—and that he had not the least doubt that Jem was the thief. He was called up for his evidence."

"Do you know this man—the prisoner at the bar?" said the magistrate."

"Yes; I know's him well. His name is Jem Wrencher; but ve always call's him Jemmy the Jewel, for shortness."

"And you took him last night to Covent Garden?"

" 'Yes; but he left me before we got out of Long Acre, 'cause he see'd an old gentleman as was intossicate, and he wanted to have a grab at his vatch and danglers.'

" 'Did he tell you that such was his intention when he left the cab?'

" 'He! Lord bless ye, no, sir. Jem's as close as wax; he never tells nobody of vat he's arter—for he says, says he, no 'complice, no split, says he.'

" 'Prisoner, you must give an account of yourself. What is your name?' said his worship.

" 'Fyshe.'

" 'Come, sir, none of your vulgar ribbaldry here. We shall fish it out, depend upon it. Again I ask you, by what name you wish to be examined?'

" 'Fyshe, I tell you, sir; my name is John Fyshe, of Notting Hall, in the county palatine of Durham.'

" 'Ob, very well, put down his name. Now, answer me—Where were you yesterday, between the hours of nine and half-past eleven?'

" 'At Covent Garden theatre.'

" 'Write that down.—In the boxes?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Now, prisoner, mark me; I advise you seriously to say nothing that may criminate yourself, but answer me this moment, as you hope to escape the severest penalties upon crime, both in this life and the next—did you not rob a lady of her jewels?'

" 'You insulting scoundrel,' I began, but was stopt by a friendly nudge from the officer at my side.

" 'No nonsense, sir. He doesn't deny the fact. Write down that he confesses'—

" 'Write no such thing,' I exclaimed. 'I confess no lie of the sort.'

" The old magistrate here interfered, and said to one of the myrtridons of the office—'Search the prisoner.' In an instant, the expert hands of the officer had rummaged every pocket of my dress; and a glittering heap of rings, bracelets, and necklaces, were laid on the table, before the glistening eyes of the now delighted magistrates. These, you'll remember, were the trinkets of my aunt and cousin.

" The magistrate, as he took up each article carefully, looked to a written inventory which he held in

his hand, and laid them down again with an unsatisfied shake of the head. At last, when my cousin's watch was taken out of its box and examined, he jumped up, evidently highly pleased, and said—'There needs no farther confirmation. This is the watch described in this paper—there can be no doubt on that point. The cypher of H. M. is quite conclusive. Remand him till this day week, when Miss Mervyn will come forward and identify.'

" 'Miss Mervyn!' I exclaimed—'is *she* the lady I robbed?'

" 'Stop a moment!' exclaimed his worship. 'Put down that exclamation—he confesses he robbed a lady, only that he didn't know her name.'

" At this juncture, a gentleman I had never seen before stepped forward and said—'Please your worship, there is surely some mistake here. I was sent by a friend to wait on this individual with a hostile message. I found, on arriving at Hatchett's, he had been carried to this office, and feel quite astonished at what I have heard. My friend called him out for insulting and rude behaviour to a Mrs Paterson, and her ward, Miss Mervyn'—

" 'The same lady, sir,' said the magistrate; 'who was afterwards pillaged?'

" 'The same. My friend thought him guilty only of impertinence. Of course, he could never have thought of demanding satisfaction from a thief.'

" I was perfectly overpowered as you may suppose with such a concurrence of events, and made no reply. The gentleman indignantly tore the letter he had undertaken to deliver to me, and uttering a fervent prayer for my speedy arrival at the gallows, he left the judgment-hall. Just as they were making out my committal, my friend, Mr Jones, came puffing into the room. Luckily he was acquainted with their workshops—and after shaking me by the hand, deposed that he knew me to be a man of independent fortune, and pledged his life I could not be the perpetrator of the robbery. Things were now easily explained. The cipher of my cousin Hannah Maynell accounted for the H. M. upon the watch; the other things were accounted for by a mistake on the part of the cabriolet driver, and

after an awkward sort of apology from their worships, I was very glad to take Mr Jones's arm and find my way into the street. My first impulse was of course to go and right myself in the eyes of the beautiful Miss Mervyn. Old Jones had some business which he said would detain him about an hour, but at the end of that time he promised to join me at her house. I went and was ushered up stairs. On entering the room, the first object which presented itself to me was the gallant Captain Terence O'Niel, seated beside a good looking sort of dumpy little girl on the sofa. The moment he saw me he started up, looking as fierce as a tiger,—‘What is the meaning of this intrusion here, you scoundrel; has Major Hopkins not delivered my note to you?’

“The lady screamed at this address; and an old person, who I concluded was the *gouvernante*, coming forward, begged us both to be quiet. I explained matters as rapidly as I could. But in truth, by this time, I was heartily sick of the great city and all the miseries I had encountered in it; and now that I had fairly seen the lady of Elmdale manor, and the very sweet smiles she favoured the gallant O'Niel with, I was not very anxious as to whether they thought me a pickpocket or not. However, both the ladies expressed the greatest wonder at the captain's mistaking me for the person who had behaved rudely to them in the box. In a short time Mr Jones made his appearance,—and a few minutes saw us both fairly in the street again.

“‘Elmdale manor, Mr Fyshe, is certainly a beautiful farm.’

“‘Pretty place,’ I replied.

“‘‘Twould make a sweet addition to Notting-Hall.’

“‘Tolerable—if it were not encumbered.’

“‘Encumbered?—there is not a debt on it.’

“‘No, but there's a young lady,’ said I very dryly,—‘and an Irish captain. I am off home again by the evening coach. I wouldn't stay

another day in this infernal town to be made King of England.’

“‘Then, Mr Fyshe,’ said old Jones, withdrawing his arm, and looking very distant and dignified, ‘I have been mistaken in you.’

“‘So have a deuced lot of people,’ I replied.—‘I sometimes doubt whether I am myself or not. After this I will stay among people who have known me all my days, and who won't take me for a thief, or a politician;’—and, in truth, gentlemen, I was as good as my word,—that evening saw me on my way to Durham, with all my commissions unexecuted. My aunt was some days before she forgave my negligence, but Cousin Hannah pardoned me very soon, and, in proof of it, in about three months from that time she consoled me for the loss of Oulaley farm, and Elmdale manor, by giving me herself.”

“That's what I call the best of it, and no mistake,”—said old Hixie, who, to all outward appearance, had been profoundly asleep all the time of Mr Fyshe's story.—“but, gentlemen, if you'll give me leave, I'll tell you an anecdote which I think none of you have heard. A soldier's duty, gentlemen, ought to overrule all other considerations. Friendship, happiness, love itself, ought to yield when put in comparison with duty. When I entered the army, it is now several years ago, a young fellow”——

“Poh! that's the story of John Taylor and the beautiful Portuguese”——said the officer who sat opposite the garrulous quartermaster.

“And how, in the name of wonder, did you know?” said old Hixie, thrown on his haunches.

“Why, you told it two or three nights ago, and you have let us have it, with additions and corrections, twice a-week, on an average, ever since I joined.”

“Well,” replied the quartermaster, joining in the laugh,—“tell us a better, that's all; for my own part I think a good thing can't come too often—so I'll thank you not to detain the bottle.”

IRELAND.

EVER since the Catholic Relief Bill passed in 1829, we have been waiting in anxious expectation of seeing the beneficial effects of that great conciliatory measure appear in the stillness and tranquillity of the Irish people—we have been in daily hopes of beholding its anarchy and agitation cease; its fierce passions subside into peaceful industry; its wild and lawless peasantry assume the habits of civilized life; its former and deep-rooted hatred of England converted into gratitude for experienced obligation—all this, we were told again and again, would happen. Its miseries, it was said, were all owing to English oppression. Richly gifted by nature, the Emerald Isle would soon assume the destined place, if it received justice from the English Government. Its agitation was solely owing to the real evils under which it suffered. The demagogues who inflamed the passions, were strenuously maintained, would lose their power to do so, solely to the reality of the grievances of which they complained. Remove them, and the wand of the magician is broken. O'Connell himself declared that this was the case, and uniformly asserted that the great healing measure "would transform him, from the great agitator, into a *universis* lawyer." The thing, under these assurances, was done; and for six long years we have been anxiously expecting the desired result.

Rusticus expectat dum defuait annis, at ille

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Are, then, the evils of Ireland altogether irremediable? Are kind and severe treatment, indulgence and harshness, liberty and slavery, equally unable to civilize or convert its inhabitants? Is that rich and fertile land an exception to all the principles which elsewhere regulate human nature; and must Government sit down in the melancholy belief that its evils are incurable, and that a system of government, which in every other quarter of its wide-spread dominions has seen its rule attended by a rapid increase of

human happiness, is destined to be there, and there alone, for ever tarnished by the spectacle of crime and wretchedness? We hope not. Recent events have thrown a clear and broad light upon the causes of Irish anarchy: the loud professions of its agitators, the vaunted measures of conciliation, have been brought to the test; and if Ireland still continues the theatre of disorder, misrule, and violence, it is at least not because the means of averting them are unknown, but the resolution to employ them is wanting.

It is now historically known, that in every age the wildest excesses of Irish anarchy have occurred immediately after the most indulgent and beneficent rule which their country has ever experienced. Radicals and Revolutionists may exclaim against this as inconceivable: but it is demonstrable that it is true, and they would do better to disprove the fact, than rail at the conclusion. James I. was the first English monarch who turned his serious attention to the affairs of that island. He first extended to it the British Constitution, founded boroughs having a right of sending members to Parliament, and introduced the same equitable system of government which prevailed in the other parts of his dominions. Exclusion from office or power on the ground of religion was then unknown, and continued so for nearly a century afterwards. What was the consequence? The dreadful horrors of the Tyrone Rebellion, attended with circumstances of barbarity, as Mr Hume tells us, which are almost incredible. The cruel executions and sanguinary sword of Cromwell alone reduced them to any thing like order. During the ninety years (from 1690 to 1780) that Ireland lay under the fetters of the severe code imposed shortly after the Revolution, she was, if not prosperous, at least quiet, and that first of social blessings, security to life and property, was in a tolerable degree enjoyed, although Scotland was twice, during that period, convulsed by rebellion. During this interval her population more than doubled; her wealth and industry advanced more

than sixfold. The severer parts of this rigid code were progressively relaxed by the indulgent government of George III.; and towards the close of the eighteenth century, there remained nothing but exclusion from the two Houses of Parliament, and a few of the higher offices under Government, to distinguish Catholic from Protestant. What was the consequence? Did this vast and most substantial concession awaken corresponding feelings of loyalty, gratitude, and submission towards a government so prodigal of its benefits? On the contrary, a smothered rebellion was constantly going forward at the very time that these benefits were received; the whole ill humours of the peasantry, which heretofore found vent in predal and rural outrages, now condensed into fierce and relentless hostility to the government from which they were daily receiving increased indulgence, and at length the long career of British lenity was followed by the fearful Rebellion of 1798.

After this period, a more rigorous system of government was for some time pursued; military law was repeatedly enforced; special commissions for the trial of offenders were fre-

quent; and various local acts of great severity were passed for the summary conviction and transportation of suspicious and lawless characters. That much suffering, and possibly injustice, in individual cases, may have arisen from the application, by the local authorities, of these extraordinary powers, is probably true; but that the nation prospered, and *prospered immensely* under this rigorous, but just and necessary, system of coercion, is proved by the evidence of facts that at once overturn, if they cannot silence, all the complaints of the agitators. It appears from the returns laid before Parliament, that the imports and exports of Ireland had greatly increased* in the first fifteen years after the Union; and that in the first twenty-five years they had more than *doubled*.† A similar increase was observable during this period in other matters. In particular, the shipping employed in the trade of Great Britain with Ireland was more than doubled in the years from 1801 to 1831.‡ Every Parliamentary return indicated the same prosperity during this period. Between 1820 and 1833, the tonnage of Cork had multiplied nearly *twenty-fold*;§ and the value of Irish produce

* Total imports from 1786 to 1800,	.	.	L.59,000,000
Total exports from do. to do.	.	.	65,000,000
Total exports from 1800 to 1814,	.	.	80,000,000
Total imports from 1800 to 1814,	.	.	92,000,000

† Table of Exports and Imports of Ireland from 1801 to 1829.

1801.	1805.	1809.	1813.	1817.	1821.	1825.
Imports, L. 4,621,000	L. 5,294,000	L. 6,806,000	L. 7,797,000	L. 5,616,000	L. 6,407,000	L. 8,596,750
Exports, 3,778,000	4,670,000	4,992,000	6,297,000	6,447,000	7,705,000	9,101,000

‡ Table of the Shipping of Ireland from 1801 to 1831.

Trade with Great Britain.			With Foreign Ports		Total.	
Years.	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
1801	6816	582,833	874	129,239	7690	711,242
1805	4875	598,720	1085	155,712	7690	754,462
1809	7011	580,587	853	115,356	7764	695,943
1813	9096	773,286	826	125,895	9922	899,181
1817	10,142	845,260	748	108,752	10,890	954,012
1821	9924	814,997	800	116,538	10,724	961,535
1825	11,542	984,754	1116	182,660	12,724	1,169,414
1829	13,878	1,292,041	1093	178,936	14,971	1,470,977
1830	13,339	1,241,501	968	166,642	14,307	1,407,983
1831	13,584	1,262,221	915	158,661	14,499	1,420,382

See PORTER'S Revenue Tables, I. 174.

§ Ships of Cork.

Years.	Ships.	Tons.
1820,	332	4500
1825,	367	4300
1833,	500	95,000

imported into Liverpool, was, in 1833, not less than *seven millions*.* The returns of sheep, oxen, and swine exported, during the same period, to Great Britain and other places, exhibit an increase unparalleled in any other country, the augmentation being in some cases *thirty*, in others *fiftyfold*.† Nor is the progress in articles retained for consumption in Ireland during the same time less extraordinary. The consumption of spirits, tea, sugar, and tobacco all increased in that period, from two to threefold,‡ and in some instances in a far greater proportion; that of timber, cotton yarn, cotton wool, coals, and woollen yarn, has augmented to a degree that is almost incredible.§ It is unnecessary to push these details farther. Enough has now been done to show that, during this period, from 1800 to 1829, when the Irish Revolutionists describe their country as groaning under the relentless tyranny of

England, she was making unprecedented strides in wealth, prosperity, industry, and internal opulence.

And is it really true, as the Repealers assert, that during all this period the English Government was actuated only by a cruel and relentless spirit towards Ireland, and that all this prosperity was the consequence of Irish industry acting in opposition to and in spite of the severity of British rule? Let us examine the facts before we give credit to such an improbable statement.

The first half of this period, let it be recollected, was one of an expensive and almost desperate conflict; and the whole was one of extraordinary and unparalleled financial difficulty, arising from the vast and unavoidable expenditure of the revolutionary war. Did then England lay her leaden yoke on Ireland during this period of difficulty? Did she tax that island more heavily than her own subjects, or make them

Exports from Ireland to Liverpool.

1831,	.	.	L.4,497,780
1832,	.	.	4,551,000
1833,	.	.	7,456,000

Table of Sheep, Oxen, and Cows, and Swine, exported from Ireland.

	Cows and Oxen.	Swine.	Sheep.
1801,	31,664	1,968	2,891
1811,	68,426	57,345	24,634
1821,	26,729	104,556	25,354
1825,	63,524	65,919	172,91

PORTER'S Tables, I. 176.

‡ Table of Spirits, Tobacco, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, consumed in Ireland from 1790 to 1832.

Years.	Spirits. Gallons.	Tobacco. Lbs.	Tea. Lbs.	Coffee. Lbs.	Sugar. Cwts.
1790,	3,720,224	2,587,659	1,732,374	44,370	216,106
1800,	4,295,000	6,405,283	2,773,070	73,262	211,224
1810,	4,239,175	5,625,367	3,551,188	173,273	404,763
1820,	3,883,732	4,164,454	3,316,321	405,186	317,833
1826,	6,668,237	3,818,636	3,548,293	277,465	406,789
1830,	9,169,863	4,060,077	3,887,955	579,260	wanting.
1832,	8,887,189	4,153,302	wanting.	898,363	do.

Years.	Timber. Loads.	Cotton Yarn. Lbs.	Cotton Wool. Lbs.	Woollen Yarn. Lbs.	Coals. Tons.
1796,	20,138	68,717	1,351,000	2,291	338,000
1800,	6,973	557,720	1,166,106	1,808	362,499
1810,	15,304	1,043,636	3,313,834	387,652	491,374
1820,	33,858	1,279,374	2,873,862	608,452	675,910
1826,	55,575	2,510,303	4,368,656	632,758	711,876
1830,	66,588				796,773

PORTER'S Tables, I. 177.

feel the stern rule of the vanquished, *vae victis*? Did she, in return for the black ingratitude which produced the rebellion of 1798, lay on a heavy load of contributions and exactions, in imitation of the French generals, the dearly beloved allies of the Irish revolutionists? She did none of these things; on the contrary, the gentleness of her financial administration of Ireland, ever since the Rebellion, has been such as to amount to a fault, and to be attended with positive injustice to the other parts of the British dominions. From this ungrateful, rebellious, and vanquished people, she *never, during this period, exacted any direct taxes whatever*.* Ireland never paid one farthing, either of income or assessed taxes; although the first of these burdens was fixed upon England for sixteen, the last for thirty-four years after the Union! Thirty or forty millions sterling were thus made a present to Ireland, in the shape of exemption from income, and at least half that sum in relief from assessed taxes. And yet the *soi-disant* Irish patriots speak of the severity of the English Government!

This extraordinary, and we may almost say unexampled forbearance, was the more remarkable, as great part of the expense which England incurred during this period arose from the turbulent and ungrateful disposition of the Irish people. She was constantly obliged to keep an army of 25,000 or 30,000 men in Ireland to secure the peace of that disaffected island; and repeatedly this force, if it had been left at the disposal of the British Government, would have decided the war in a single campaign. Can any one doubt that, if 20,000 English troops had been sent to La Vendée in 1793, or 30,000 English regulars had rein-

forced the Duke of York's army in Holland in 1799, the Jacobins would have been vanquished, the war closed, and five hundred millions of debt saved to the British empire? What prolonged for sixteen more long and costly years that dreadful contest? Evidently the disaffection and passions of Ireland. If the British troops had been withdrawn to strike down the foe of European liberty on the Continent, two hundred thousand united Irishmen would have been instantly in arms, to aid in the restoration of that galling tyranny over the human race. It was Irish disaffection, therefore, which rendered the income-tax necessary, and fixed more than *two-thirds of the existing debt* about the necks of the English people; and yet Great Britain was so far from laying upon Ireland any part of the burden which she thus brought upon her, that she even relieved Ireland of *her own share* of the current expenses, and assessed herself with at least fifty millions, which, at an equal rate of taxation, would have been paid by her indulgent and ungrateful dependent!

Nor was this all. The native Irish legislature, from the restoration of which alone, the Revolutionists tell us, can any thing like property be expected, had so managed matters, that, in 1800, when the Union took place, their income was £2,645,000

Expenditure, 6,852,000

Annual deficiency, £4,207,000

This state of matters had been brought about under the management of the native Irish Parliament sitting in Dublin. It continued till 1817, when the consolidation of the two Exchequers took place. At that period the income and expenditure stood thus:—

	Income.	Expenditure.	Deficiency.
Year ending 5th July, 1815,	L. 5,404,775	L. 10,388,893	L. 4,984,118
1816,	5,566,191	13,927,554	8,361,353
1817,	4,561,353	8,861,658	4,300,305 †

* Her indirect taxes were different, and much lower, than those of Great Britain.

† It is a singular fact, that, at the period of the consolidation of the British and Irish Exchequers, the surplus revenue received by England from Scotland was just about what was taken away by Ireland. The net proceeds of the Scotch taxes, in 1815, was about L. 4 500,000; so that what Scotland gave, Ireland just about took away. Scotland has 5,000,000 arable acres, and 20,000,000 acres of mountain; Ire-

In July 1817, the Irish and English Exchequers were consolidated; and the effect of that operation appeared in this, that this immense deficiency was converted into a surplus; for the revenue and expenditure of Ireland for the three succeeding years stood thus:—

Year ending 5th July,	Income.	Expenditure.	Surplus of Income.
1818,	L.4,601,739	L.4,306,132	L.395,607
1819,	4,577,286	3,278,164	129,122
1820,	4,250,989	3,565,193	685,787

Now, how was a deficiency of four millions yearly converted into a surplus of several hundred thousand pounds annually? Simply by Great Britain taking the burden of the Irish debt, which amounted, at the time of the consolidation, to £103,000,000,* upon its own shoulders, as well as its own immense engagements. And this is another instance of the cruel oppression of the English Government!

Turn to another subject. The immense sums are well known which English munificence has annually, since the Union, applied to the relief of Irish suffering; sums

so great as to be almost incredible. At the Union, the sums which the English Government undertook to pay to the charities of Dublin alone amounted to nearly the enormous sum of two hundred thousand a-year, and the sums annually granted have since very considerably increased.† The sums annually paid by Great Britain to Ireland, generally for works of necessity or charity, which in Great Britain fall upon the inhabitants in the shape of most burdensome assessments, are immense. In the years 1832 and 1833, they exceeded each year L. 500,000.‡ Above a million has

land 20,000,000 arable, and 5,000,000 mountain, in round numbers, yet Scotland yielded as much to, as Ireland abstracted from, the public purse! There is not a more extraordinary fact than this on record in the whole annals of the world.

* See Parl. Deb. April 24, 1831; Hansard, vol. xxxii. p. 1052.

† Sums granted yearly by the British Government to the Dublin charities:—

Protestant Schools	.	.	.	L.38,300	0	0
Foundling Hospital	.	.	.	32,500	0	0
House of Industry	.	.	.	36,640	0	0
Lunatic Asylum	.	.	.	7,084	0	0
Fever Board	.	.	.	12,000	0	0
Dublin Police	.	.	.	26,000	0	0
Lock Hospital	.	.	.	8,000	0	0
Dublin Society	.	.	.	9,230	0	0
Ecclesiastical Society	.	.	.	5,538	0	0

L.175,292 0 0

‡ The following are some of the other sums paid by England to purposes of Irish beneficence and charity, in the years ending 5th January, 1832 and 1833.

Improving Post Roads	.	.	.	L.14,067	0	0
Building Jails	.	.	.	44,464	0	0
Police, in proclaimed Districts	.	.	.	158,143	0	0
Public Works, to employ Poor	.	.	.	29,999	0	0
Board of Health	.	.	.	13,524	0	0
Public Works and Fisheries	.	.	.	176,939	0	0

Other lesser, in all L.505,039 0 0

Improving Roads	.	.	.	L.12,919	0	0
Police, in proclaimed Districts	.	.	.	366,040	0	0
Public Works	.	.	.	30,063	0	0
Board of Health	.	.	.	38,303	0	0
Lunatic Asylum	.	.	.	42,625	0	0
Inland Navigation	.	.	.	6,000	0	0

Other lesser, in all L.521,438 0 0

been expended since 1810 on harbours alone.* And the total advanced to Ireland in the way of grants for improvements, charity, and beneficence, since 1800 is nearly NINE MILLIONS!†

Compare this with the state of Great Britain. Who pays the police of England or Scotland? The inhabitants.—What keeps up their lunatic asylums, houses of industry, hospitals, and fever boards? The charity of the inhabitants. Who find the funds for their roads, bridges, canals, and harbours? Almost entirely the inhabitants. But all these heavy drains on public assessment or private charity are in Ireland met, and munificently met, by Government; which, by immense annual grants, provides for those great and costly establishments for the relief of suffering, or the encouragement of industry, which in Great Britain are left to the unaided efforts of private individuals. And this, again, is the cruel oppression of the English Government!

Look at the Poor Laws. What a prodigious burden do they constitute upon England—how serious and growing an assessment have they fixed on Scotland! Who, then, maintains the Irish poor, where legal assessments are unknown? Is it the Irish proprietors?—the absentees, who, in London, Paris, Rome, or Naples, are spending the hard-earned fruits of Irish labour? Is it the Irish Catholics? No; it is the English and the Irish Protestants who relieve the Irish poor. It is the prodigious flood of Irish pauperism which has overspread Great Britain that has relieved the sister isle; and the pressure for employment, so long and severely felt by the labouring classes

of England, is entirely owing to the monstrous immigration which has taken place mainly in consequence of the redundant population and habits of wretchedness which arise from the absence of all legal provision for the poor on the other side of St George's Channel. Mr Cleland's admirable statistical tables of Glasgow have unfolded the important fact, that there are 35,000 Irish in that city, almost all in the very lowest stages of society; and the proportion in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, London, Edinburgh, and all the other great towns of the empire, is proportionally great. Here, then, is the quarter where the Irish poor are maintained. It is the assessments or charities of England or Scotland which feed them, and feed them in spite of the grievous injury which their presence does to their own labouring poor, both in the reduced rate of wages which they induce, and the low standard of comfort and disorderly habits which they introduce. More than one Committee of Parliament have reported, that there has been, since the peace, no tendency towards an undue increase existing among the English poor, and that the existing distress has always, and exclusively, been owing to the severe competition every where occasioned by the *ceaseless flow of Irish pauperism and labour into this island*. And yet, though suffering so cruelly under the consequence of Irish poverty, the English have been, so far from making any complaint, that they have actually, during all this period, relieved the Irish of the *whole maintenance of their own poor*, and submitted to grievous taxation themselves, to the manifest liberation of their Irish fellow-subjects from a

* Grants for Harbours since 1810.

Howth harbour	L.345,194	0	0
Kingstown	304,335	0	0
Donaghadee	132,672	0	0
Portpatrick	125,379	0	0
Carry over	L.907,580	0	0

Brought over	L.907,580,	0	0
Dunmore	79,175	0	0
Hobbs Point	23,122	0	0
	L.1,009,877	0	0

† See Finance Accounts 1833, p. 87, 90.

Charities and Literary Institutions	.	L.4,225,750	0	0
Manufactures and Agriculture	.	1,340,421	0	0
Public Works and Employment of Poor	.	3,072,160	0	0

Total, from 1800 to 1833,

L.8,638,331 0 0

burden which naturally belongs to the other part of the empire. And this is another instance of the oppression of the English Government!

But Ireland, say the agitators, is neglected by the united Parliament; and it is impossible to get the English or Scotch members to pay any attention to the details of Irish business.—Let us examine how this charge tallies with the fact. Ever since the Union the attention paid by both Houses to Irish affairs has been incessant and unintermitting, as is proved by the Committees, quoted below, continued only down to 1815, because since that time the vast proportion of time and patience occupied in Irish affairs has become notorious to all the world.* Down to 1829, considerably more than a third of the time of both Houses of Parliament, both in public debates and private committees, was exclusively devoted to Irish affairs, as is proved by the large proportion they occupy both in Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, and the Reports and Proceedings of Parliamentary Committees; a proportion out of all sight greater than Ireland was entitled to, either from her population, wealth, contribution to taxes, or political importance. Since the era of Catholic emancipation, and, above all, since the epoch of the Reform Bill, the time occupied with Irish debates and concerns has been so very great, as to have amounted to one of the greatest of the many evils brought upon the nation by that disastrous innovation.

But on these legislative debates and deliberations there is one remark, and it is a most important one, to be made, which is this—the Irish popular party, amidst all their declamation and party zeal, have never

been able to suggest one single practical measure either for the improvement of their country, or the relief of its sufferings. Abuse and intemperate vehemence they have at all times enough and to spare; but sound, rational, beneficent legislation, they have none to suggest. Many are the grievances under which Ireland labours, as every country will ever labour which is torn by intestine feuds as it has so long been; but the Irish demagogues have never suggested any remedy for them. All that has been done has been achieved by English statesmen, or their own patriotic Protestant leaders, not only without the aid of the Catholic malecontents, but against their most strenuous efforts. It is justly observed by that real and eloquent patriot, Mr O'Sullivan, that "it is a very memorable fact, that Mr O'Connell has never, in any single instance, attempted a measure by which the peasantry could be benefited. Any remission of tithe, all men know, would induce a corresponding increase of rent. The remission of church cess has the same effect, and Mr O'Connell has himself characterised it as paltry—but even this is not his measure. The peasant complains of excessive rent, and parades this complaint as one of his justifications for conspiring against the law—Mr O'Connell has never attempted to regulate rents. The peasant complains of insecurity of tenure—Mr O'Connell has never endeavoured to give him permanency of possession. The peasant complains that his labour has no adequate remuneration—Mr O'Connell has never contended for a rise of wages. The peasant complains that the unemployed, the old, and infirm, are not supported—Mr O'Connell has invariably opposed the enact-

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- 1801. Two Committees on Irish Affairs
 - 1802. One Committee on the Linen Trade.
 - 1803. One do. on Irish Poor
 - 1805. One do. on Grand Canal.
 - 1806. Three Committees.
 - 1809. Committee on Bogs.
 - 1810. Another on do.
 - 1811. Committee on Irish Education.
 - 1812. Committee on Grand Juries.
 - 1813. Committee on Irish Currency.
 - 1814. Committee and four Commissions.

ment of a poor law; and yet Mr O'Connell is the organ and the director of popular feeling, and a people suffering under various privations, and conspiring against law, for no other purpose than to procure clothes and food, (if we are to believe modern politicians,) look up to one who never took any thought to provide them either—acknowledge him as their organ—respect him as their director—and out of the extreme poverty, to the enjoyment of which he very composedly resigns them, create for him, it might be said, (for it seems to be formed from nothing,) by voluntary contribution, a larger salary, all things considered, than rewards the exertion of any minister, or any officer under the crown."

The case has been the same with the democratic and revolutionary party of Ireland in every period of their history. They have constantly and furiously declaimed on the cruelty of the English government, but without ever suggesting a practical remedy for the evils of which they complained. Secret societies, United Irishmen, French connexion, separation from England, were ever the objects at which they were driving; a Hibernian republic, independent of England and closely allied with the great blood-stained republic of France, the object of their secret aspiration. Nothing whatever to relieve the sufferings, or improve the industry, or better the condition of their own poor ever was attempted, or even suggested by them. Judging from their political conduct, one would imagine that their object was to keep the poor in a state of continual suffering, in order that they might constantly form a discontented mass on whom they might fall back, and on whose cooperation they could rely in all ulterior measures which they might have in contemplation. But our province is to state facts, not impute motives; and unhappily the annals of faction in every part of the world contain too many proofs of its woful tendency to warp and distort the human mind to render it necessary to have recourse to such an hypothesis to explain the phenomena, or make any thing which the Irish revolutionists can do, the subjects of surprise.

Was then the British Government uniformly and equally indulgent to the Irish people from the Union in 1800 to the Catholic Relief Bill in 1829? Did no class feel the weight of authority, or writhe under the severity of the British rule? Yes! there was a class which did feel the English yoke, and experienced a sad contrast between their present restraint and previous license. The whole tribe of murderers, cut-throats, and assassins; of robbers, burglars, and fire-raisers; of thieves, assaulters, and harriers; of ravishers, deflowerers, and masterful depredators, were grievously oppressed by the English yoke. Comparatively speaking, their occupation was gone. The Insurrection act enabled the local magistrates to transport these nocturnal fiends by the hundred. Under the shadow of this severe but necessary and salutary law, the industrious poor were enabled to go to bed in tolerable security that they would not be roused from their sleep by the torch of the incendiary or the dagger of the assassin; they could waken in the night without expecting every moment to hear a ball come through the window, or the crackling of fire commence under their thatched roof. The discontented counties were rapidly cleared of their disorderly and lawless characters; law was regaining the mastery over violence; industrious habits were beginning to spread; and this protection, joined to the vast and rapidly increasing encouragement to industry, derived from the English market, and the unbounded generosity of the English Government, was rapidly increasing the wealth and enlarging the prosperity of the country.

We have now arrived at a new era in Irish history; that in which the democratic party in Ireland gained the ascendancy, first by the Catholic Relief Bill of 1829, which opened to them the entrance to both Houses of Parliament, and next the Reform Act, which enabled them, through that entrance, to deluge the legislature. What have been the results of this change? Has crime decreased, violence subsided, outrage disappeared, since the Catholics were established in the legislature and obtained a legal channel for the state-

ment of their grievances? Has industry increased, wealth augmented, suffering declined since the memorable time when the vice-regal mandate "Agitate! agitate! agitate!" went forth from the Castle of Dublin? Has the agitation of the disaffected, the violence of the depredators disappeared with the commencement of the boasted system of conciliation and concession; with the stoppage of payment of tithes, the abolition of church cess, and the introduction of flattery and truckling to the Catholic clergy? Here, again, we shall have recourse to the evidence of facts; and, fortunately, the statistical returns laid before Parliament, and lately published, enable us to do so in great abundance.

From the details published in the finance accounts for the year 1833, it appears, that under this new system, the industry and prosperity of Ireland has declined even more rapidly than under the old system it had advanced. It is with deep regret that we announce this fact; but statistical returns are ugly customers, not easily evaded, and their results rise up in fearful array against the present system. To perceive the value and connexion with political changes of the facts we are now going to mention, it is only necessary to recollect, that the Catholic Relief Bill was passed in March, 1829—that the Whigs came into power in November, 1830—that Reform agitation commenced in March, 1831, and that in June, 1831, began the great combination against tithes, which has ever since convulsed the kingdom.

From the table quoted below, it appears, that since the year 1830, the imports of Ireland have sensibly declined, and that her exports have

fallen off nearly *one-half*. This woful result appears the same, whether we go by the official or the real value.* Nor is it possible for the agitators to avoid the inference obviously deducible from these facts, by an alleged general decline of British industry over the whole empire; for there again the facts are directly in their teeth. From the same returns it appears, that the British exports, during the same three years, have considerably increased, although the imports have diminished.† The decline of imports during the three last years, is a clear proof of the blow at our internal resources which the Whig system of government has occasioned, and the diminution of home consumption, which the dread of the revolutionary changes, so evidently impending over all, has produced; but what are we to say to the fall of Irish *exports* to nearly a half of their former amount, at the very time when the exports of Great Britain were increasing? This woful result is obviously the work of the agitators—of that total insecurity of life and property which has arisen from the savage violence which has been let loose over Ireland, since, in addition to its usual and established causes of discontent, the dreadful work of agitation has been going on in the country. The general decline of the *imports*—that is, of internal consumption, which, ever since the Whigs came into office, has been observable over the empire, may fairly be ascribed to the dread of spoliation, which has naturally seized upon the minds of men since revolutionary principles were adopted by the Government; but the *additional* and extraordinary fall of Irish *exports* is obviously owing to a cause peculiar to that island,

* Imports and Exports of Ireland, in the years 1831, 1832, and 1833:

Years.	Imports—Official Value.	Exports—Official Value.	Exports—Real Value.
1831,	L.1,552,228	L.608,938	L.510,952
1832,	1,348,824	452,775	398,497
1833,	1,423,264	368,653	361,834

Parl. Paper, No. 116, *Finance Accounts*, 1834, p. 126.

† Imports and Exports of Great Britain, in the years 1831, 1832, and 1833:

Years.	Imports—Official Value.	Exports—Official Value.	Exports of Brit. Prod. & Manuf.—Real Value.
1831,	L.48,161,661	L.70,820,066	L.36,652,694
1832,	43,237,416	75,618,796	36,046,027
1833,	44,529,287	79,454,439	39,305,512

Parl. Paper, No. 114, 25th March, 1834, p. 126.

and can be ascribed only to the drying up of the sources of industry, under the pressure of the total insecurity to life and property, which the lawless state of the country produced.

Has, then, every thing in Ireland declined alike since the mandate to agitate went forth from the Castle? No! there is one thing which has not declined under the agitating system, but augmented in a prodigious and unprecedented ratio. The increase of CRIME, under the system of agitation, has been unexampled even in the long and bloody annals of Irish violence. The following table demonstrates this beyond a doubt.

Serious crimes in Ireland, during the last three months of 1829: Emancipation bill, passed in March,	300
Do. of 1830,	499
Do. of 1831—Reform agitation,	814
Do. of 1832—Reform and Repeal agitation,	1513

Thus, while under the system of agitation the exports of Ireland were reduced nearly A HALF, the atrocious crimes were multiplied in three years FIVEFOLD. They had risen indeed to such a pitch, as to call forth the special attention of the Legislature; and, as the first fruits of their boasted system of conciliation and concession, the Whig Ministers were compelled, in Spring, 1833, to adopt and press through, with the whole weight of Government, a measure of extraordinary and surpassing severity, which, on their own admission, threw all other rigorous measures of former times into the shade, and was defended on the footing only of absolute necessity, and of its being in its own nature so total a destruction of the liberties of the people, that it never could be drawn into a precedent even in the most arbitrary

times. Thus was it found in Ireland, as every where else in the world, that real freedom was destroyed by the hands of its intemperate and violent supporters, and that industry, peace, and happiness were fast withering away under its delusive and withering blast.

General assertions prove nothing, and make no serious impression on the mind; and therefore we have transcribed from a late Parliamentary return a statement of the crimes reported in Ireland during the year 1832—the boasted and glorious year of Whig government, when the boasted system of truckling to revolution, conciliation, and concession, was in full and unrestrained operation. It exhibits a return, unparalleled at this time in any Christian state, which carries us back from the nineteenth to the fourteenth century; which threatens soon to restore the anarchy of the middle ages, and bury an age, perpetually boasting of its intelligence, civilisation, and education, in the bloody gloom of savage life.* It contains the melancholy and disgraceful catalogue, in one year, of 248 murders, 1172 highway robberies, 844 burglaries, 212 rapes, 571 houses burnt, 1,675 cases of property destroyed. And this in a Christian land, in the nineteenth century, in a country which had been treated with unexampled lenity by Government, which, till three years before, had been making unexampled strides in wealth, prosperity, and industry. How are we to explain this woful spectacle? The system of agitation had been in unrestrained operation, headed by Government, for three years, and that is its result.

Painful as this specimen of the effects of Whig government is, we know not whether the table imme-

* Offences committed in Ireland in 1832:—

	Mur-der.	Robbery.	Burgla-ry.	Rape.	Attacks on Houses.	Destroy- ing Prop-erty.	Burning Houses.	Illegal Notices.	Ribbon Assaults.
Ulster,	44	323	56	53	57	152	108	320	109
Leinster,	66	539	640	28	1318	464	286	1339	852
Connaught,	63	280	138	116	209	47	94	268	119
Munster,	85	30	4	15	91	66	83	159	
Total,	248	1172	844	212	1675	729	571	2086	1080

Parliamentary Return, 14th March, 1834.

diately below the former is not still more deplorable.* From that it appears that the proportion of persons convicted for this enormous catalogue of crimes was deplorably small. For 248 murders only 81 persons were convicted, though that crime is generally committed in Ireland by numerous gangs: for 844 burglaries only 51 persons were convicted, though that crime is almost always committed in that country in the same manner: for 1172 robberies, only 34: for 212 rapes, only 17: for 1675 attacks on houses, only 51: for 571 houses burnt, only 5. In short, at an average there was not in that year *one person convicted for every fifty atrocious crimes committed!* What does this state of things demonstrate? Evidently a system of intimidation which amounted to a complete denial of justice; a state of lawless and desperate violence, which rendered it unsafe for any person to give information even in regard to a crime, far less to bear testimony against any accused person in a court of justice; the existence, in short, of a state of savage anarchy, to which there is nothing comparable in any other part of Europe. With truth did Government say, in their pamphlet on Reform and the Reformed Parliament, that the "only question then was, whether or not Ireland was to relapse into the savage anarchy of Abyssinia."

Here we must do the Whig Government justice. They at length saw, from the strong evidence of facts, that the system of conciliation and concession to the Catholics, which they had so long and eloquently advocated, could no longer be maintained, and they had the good sense and the magnanimity at once to abandon it. Going, but not before

it was absolutely necessary, at once into the other extreme, they passed the Coercion Act, which at one blow prostrated, indeed, the agitation of the country, but restored that without which liberty or freedom are utterly useless—security to life and property. The searching and appalling act laid the axe at once to the root of the evil, by stopping the excitation of the people by means of their demagogues. Public meetings were forbidden, numerous assemblies denounced, extraordinary powers conferred upon the Lord-lieutenant for the proclamation of counties, and military courts established for the trial in the counties so proclaimed of offenders. Satan felt the spear of Michael: agitation, and with it its usual concomitants of murder, robbery, fire-raising, and burglary, rapidly subsided; and Ireland, for the first time since the agitation for Catholic Emancipation commenced, tasted the sweets of security and repose. The returns of crimes for 1833 and 1834 have not yet been published; but the Government have stated, in the House of Peers, that the atrocious crimes had generally declined to a *fourth part* of what they were before the Coercion Act was passed; and that in Kilkenny, which was the only county that was actually proclaimed, they had almost disappeared. And so deeply was Government made sensible of the strong and indissoluble connexion between political agitation and predal violence, that Mr Lyttleton, the Irish secretary, stated in the House of Commons that he had never met with a single person, of whatever party, in Ireland, who did not describe the Coercion Act as the very best measure which ever had been devised for the peace and industry of that country; and Lord Welles-

* Table showing the results of prosecutions for great crimes in Ireland in 1832:—

Crimes.	Convicted.	Acquitted.	No bills found.	Total.
Murder,	31	177	221	429
Burglary,	51	49	91	149
Robbery,	34	44	20	98
Rape,	17	74	178	239
Attacks on houses,	51	39	224	314
Burning Houses,	5	2	20	27

The total persons executed in Ireland was 39, of whom 17 were for murder. The criminals were 16,289.—PORTER'S *Parliamentary Tables*, ii. 89.

ley, the Lord-lieutenant, stated, in the memorable correspondence with Government which led to Earl Grey's overthrow,—“These disturbances have been, in *every instance*, excited and inflamed by the agitation of the combined projects for the abolition of tithes and the destruction of the union with Great Britain. I cannot employ words of sufficient strength to express my solicitude, that his Majesty's Government should fix the deepest attention on the intimate connexion, marked by the strongest characters in *all* these transactions, between the system of agitation and its *inevitable* consequence, the system of combination, leading to violence and outrage: they are INSEPARABLY CAUSE AND EFFECT; nor can I, after the most attentive consideration of the dreadful scenes passing under my view, by any effort of my understanding, separate one from the other in that unbroken chain of indissoluble connexion.” What Lord Wellesley may have said to Lord Brougham, in his correspondence with that exalted functionary at that critical moment, in *Greece*, on subjects of criticisms connected with the ancient tragedians, we do not pretend to know: but this is what he said in good English to the prime minister of England; and it is language so plain, that he that runs may read.

It will not appear surprising that this “indissoluble connexion” should exist between political agitation, and general outrage, when the influence of the Catholic priesthood, and the unhappy revolutionary purposes to which it is now applied, is considered. The baneful influence of this body; the disgraceful prostitution which they have made of their clerical sway and sacred functions, to the purposes of party ambition and democratic faction; the indifference with which they have regarded every outrage, disorder, and crime, provided it answered the purposes of their political demagogues, has long been felt; but the machinery by which these deplorable effects were achieved, was, in a great degree, unknown, and its existence was rather guessed at, from external appearances, than ascertained. Now, however, this is no longer the case. The interior of the prison-house has been laid open;

a master hand has exposed to public view the hidden springs and wheels of the machine, by which Ireland has so long been desolated, and the real causes which have so long made its wounds to fester, and checked all the efforts of the healing powers of nature to close them. The pamphlet of the Rev. Mr Croly, Catholic priest of Ovens and Agilis, has laid open this extraordinary mystery, and we hasten to lay before our readers some extracts from this able production, of great and surpassing interest to the general concerns of the empire at this time, which has already been repeatedly noticed by the Conservative press; but whose revelations are worthy of a place in a less perishable record than their fleeting journals.

The mode in which the influence of the parish priests is now rendered mainly subservient to the extraction of money from the unhappy people, is thus explained:—

“The mode of exacting clerical dues is quite arbitrary and capricious; fixedness and uniformity are out of the question. Almost every thing depends upon the temper and disposition of the clergyman. It is a fact that the exactions are continually on the increase; and that the main attention of the clergy appears to be directed towards the enlargement of their incomes. The dues are now nearly double what they were thirty years ago; so that, strange as it may appear, amid the decay of trade and commerce, agriculture and manufacture, the revenues of the Irish Catholic Church are in a *constant, steady, progressive state of improvement*.

“The people are losing their respect for the priests and for religion—which is now, to all appearance, rendered *completely subservient to the exaction of money*. The priest and his flock are continually coming into hostile collision on pecuniary matters—the former endeavouring to enforce his demands by the dint of terror; the latter paying with the utmost reluctance, and quite ripe for shaking off the expensive yoke of clerical authority.

“In former times, the Catholic clergy lived in the most homely style. In their dress, their manners,

their dwellings, their tables, they stood little higher than the common farmers. With a few exceptions, they had no idea whatever of high life; of being clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day. They needed not, therefore, such an amount of revenue as is necessary for the more consequential and more expensive clergy of the present times. The state of Catholic society, and of the Catholic Church of Ireland, is considerably altered. The humility or the obscurity of former times has entirely disappeared, and is forgotten. The country priest now copes with the country squire, keeps sporting dogs, controls elections, presides at political clubs, and sits "cheek by jowl" at public dinners and public assemblies with peers of the land and members of Parliament. Would the former humble standard of church revenues be adequate to the expenditure of men of this aspiring and consequential description? The extraordinary exactions, therefore, that are so much complained of, are the necessary consequence of the extraordinary change of circumstances.

"The revenue of the parish priest is derived from a variety of sources. There are confession dues, marriage dues, baptism dues, mass dues, and dues for anointing. He is also paid at times for attendance at funerals. Confession furnishes the most steady and constant source of revenue. It sometimes happens that this business is not transacted quietly. If increased dues are demanded—a thing of occasional occurrence—disagreeable and sometimes scandalous altercations ensue. Similar scenes occur when individuals attend and crave time for payment; while such as absent themselves, unless they send the dues as an apology, are generally made the subject of public abuse and exposure."

Mr Croly's observations upon the exaction of money in marriage dues are equally important:

"The first thing done, when there is a question of marrying a couple, is to make a bargain about the marriage money. This sometimes causes a considerable delay. The remuneration or stipend prescribed by the diocesan statutes is never thought of for a moment. Indeed, all sta-

tutes respecting money matters are a mere dead letter. The priest drives as hard a bargain as he can, and strives to make the most of the occasion. Marriages are sometimes broken off in consequence of the supposed exorbitance of the demands.

"The money part of the transaction causes all the canons of the church, touching matrimony, to be set at defiance. The publication of banns prescribed by the Council of Trent is neglected; and why so? *Because money must be raised*—for the maintenance of the bishop to whom belongs the mulct for license or dispensation. The pecuniary wants of the bishop are the weighty reasons by which it is said he is moved to dispense with the triple publication of the banns of matrimony. This omission gives rise to numberless abuses."

And just the same is the spirit in which baptism and extreme unction are administered—lucre is the main-spring of all. Of extreme unction, Mr Croly says—

"This rite is often administered under most distressing circumstances—amid sickness, lamentation, destitution and want; yet money is demanded in most cases, particularly in the country; and instances occur of payment being demanded beforehand, and even of money being pocketed by the priest which had been given as alms for the relief of the dying. No doubt instances of this description are of rare occurrence; but then they never should occur; nor ever would occur, but for the dependent state of the Catholic priesthood. The demand for anointing money is sanctioned by the ecclesiastical authorities, like the demands for the discharge of other clerical functions. It is one of the fixed determinate dues; and is in general enforced, notwithstanding the awful and melancholy circumstances that accompany the transaction. Often, when the money is not to be had, *bitter words take place in the very hearing and presence of the poor dying person.*"

And all is summed up in the following strong, but true sentence:—

"In short, the entire system at present pursued by the Irish Catholic clergy as to money matters,

or matters of Church finance, is to make the very most of their ministry in gross and in detail; and, regardless of consequence, to render every part and parcel of religion, whether we regard the administration of sacraments, or the celebration of divine worship, *subservient to considerations of self-interest.*"

When such is the system pursued by the Catholic priesthood for their own pecuniary interests, it may be easily imagined what a tremendous engine their influence becomes, when it is concentrated for the purposes of political intrigue, and wielded by a faction careless of every thing but their own ambition. It appears, accordingly, from Mr Croly's testimony, that the dreadful scenes of violence and crime of which the preceding statistical returns give so melancholy a picture, are in reality owing to the manner in which the priests either lend themselves to the purposes of political agitation, or refrain from exerting their powerful influence in checking it, when it is so directed by the political agitators of the day. We request our readers' particular attention to the following most important observations.

"One reflection more, and we shall be done with this part of the subject. Let us view the conduct of the Irish priests this time past as instructors of their people. Have they attended to the preaching of the Gospel? Have they inculcated the principles of the Catholic religion? Their congregations every where have shown an utter disregard to law and to the constituted authorities; nothing among them *but sedition and insubordination; burning and maiming; murder and massacre—mob-law*; in short, the greatest of all curses the order of the day. What did the priests—the guides and pastors of the people—do under these circumstances? Did they set their faces against this unhappy state of things? Did they preach obedience and subordination? Did they inculcate submission to the authority of law; or aid in preserving the peace and tranquillity of society?—all which they were bound to do as ministers of the Gospel, and priests of the Roman Catholic Church. This is a position that cannot be disputed. It has

been always the boast of the Roman Catholic Church, that she teaches her children to observe the laws, to respect the civil magistrate, and to do nothing inconsistent with the public peace and with individual security. The Irish Catholic priests have *not this time past preached these doctrines to the people.* It would be too much, perhaps, to say that the priests themselves were the original instigators of the misguided multitude. *There is no doubt that many of them acted a prominent part in the business; and the impression on the minds of the common people was, and is, that the priests gave it their full and unqualified sanction.* But many of them yielded reluctantly to the torrent; and appeared to give their approbation to that which they in reality condemned. They went with the multitude, instead of guiding the multitude; and suffered religion and morality to be completely turned topsy-turvy. *The multitude held the strings of the Catholic parse;* and woe betide the unfortunate priest who would set himself in opposition to their wishes. As a body they became all-powerful in this respect. The common cry among them was, that they would not uphold any priest who would not back them in their proceedings; and instances could be produced where this threat was carried into execution; and upright individuals of the clerical body were made the objects of every species of injustice and persecution. The dread of poverty, and of being cast off by those to whom they looked for subsistence, contributed powerfully to make the body at large become mere time servers, and overlook the obligations of their sacred ministry. It was a kind of gentle apostasy arising from base considerations of a self-interest. Accordingly, they either preached or countenanced lawless combination, and suffered the temple to be profaned."

In a country like Ireland, where the influence of the priesthood is so powerful, and such amazing efforts are made to rouse to desperate acts a peasantry which has ever been remarkable, as Sir Hussey Vivian, the Commander-in-chief in Ireland, observes in his evidence before the

House of Commons, "for its indifference to human life," it is not surprising that the assistance thus rendered, or indifference manifested, by the clergy to acts of outrage for the purposes of combination, should have produced the disastrous effects which rendered the Coercion Act necessary.

Of the manner in which the peasantry are at all times ready to engage in the work of massacre, robbery, or fire-raising, at the bidding, or for the purpose of agitation, either political or religious; the same reverend gentleman presents us with the following graphic account:

"Nothing can persuade them but that they ought to *hate and exterminate*—if in their power—all such as *differ from them in religion*. It gives them great offence to see their priests on friendly terms with Protestants; and such priests as stand in this sort of relationship are by way of reproach denominated Protestant priests. In the country, the lower orders make no scruple whatever in combining against law and order, and massacring, if they can, all those who do not join in their combinations. In their late anti-tithe war, *they set no more value on the life of a fellow-creature than on the life of the most worthless brute*; and many who suffered the extreme penalty of the law for murders of the most revolting description, could with great difficulty be brought to acknowledge the justice of their sentence. They considered it *no breach of God's commandment to murder a tithe-owner, or a tithe-receiver, or a tithe-collector, or a tithe-valuator, or a tithe process-server, or even any one that would not assist them in the great and good work of extinguishing tithes altogether*. They (*the demagogues*) *appear indeed to have got the full control over the Irish Catholic Church*; and they accordingly *exercise a despotism over it such as it could hardly be supposed subject to*, if it were in the closest alliance with the state. They have repeatedly overawed the bishops within the last thirty years—that is, during the period that they themselves have been figuring away in the body politic. They have scared them from their position respecting clerical pensions and respecting the royal veto; have made them look on

with fear and trembling at the profanation of their chapels, which have been turned into political club-houses; and the profanation of their clergy, who have been used as political demagogues. Let the bishops speak out and declare *how they have writhed these thirty years past under the shackles of political agitation*, and lamented in secret the fallen state of their order in this country. The Council of Trent—the last general council—declares that "tithes are due to God or to religion, and that it is sacrilegious to withhold them." The tithe system, in the transition and in the course of time underwent a curtailment. If the Reformation had not taken place or been introduced into this country, or if the monarchs of Great Britain had remained obedient children of the Holy Father—how would the case stand at the present day? Would Dr Doyle have denounced the tithes as a devouring impost; or put up his famous prayer that 'the hatred of the people to tithes may prove as lasting as their love of justice?' Would he have preached up the doctrine of passive resistance, and, in the effervescence of his anti-tithe zeal, have given occasion to such shootings, and hangings, and massacres, and outrages without number, of the most revolting description? Would he, to accomplish his purpose, have assisted in loosening the bonds of society, and making religion ancillary to disorder and insubordination?

"And now, ye Catholic hierarchy of Ireland, it is high time for you to hold up your heads, and to act a part suitable to the importance and dignity of your order. Ye have exhibited even a want of uniformity, for the clergy of Ulster have preserved religion free from that contagion of party politics by which it has been infected in most other parts of the kingdom. Ye suffered political or factious harangues to be made from your altars at the celebration of divine worship, and surrendered your churches to be used as political club-houses; thus not only transgressing in general against the sanctity of the occasion and the sanctity of the temple, but also violating an express ordinance of the Council of Trent respecting such matters."

We must, with whatever reluctance, stop here in our extracts from that most extraordinary and interesting pamphlet; the first key which has been afforded by the Irish Catholic clergy to the dreadful system of agitation for political or party purposes, by which their country has so long been illuminated by conflagration, and stained by blood. We shall only add, that the pamphlet bears in every page the signet-mark of truth, justice, and discrimination; and that it is perhaps the most important production on the internal state of Ireland, and the hidden causes of its frightful maladies that has ever issued from the press.

And it is WITH SUCH FACTS before their eyes—with SUCH EVIDENCE afforded by the statistical returns in their possession, and the important revelations now disclosed as to the working of the hidden machinery which has so long kept Ireland in a flame, that Ministers have set themselves to the great work of Irish pacification. And what have they recently done in that great and necessary work? Have they followed up the admirable principles (admirable for a country in *such* a state, and for that only) of the Coercion Act? Have they striven to coerce the agitation which irrefragable proofs show has ever produced such awful effects? Have they acted upon the opinion of their own Lord-lieutenant, that there is such an indissoluble connexion between political agitation and rural murder, robbery, and conflagration, that he cannot find words in the English language of sufficient strength to express it? Alas! they have done the reverse of all this. Undismayed by the ruinous effects of the conceding system in former times—untaught by the admirable effects which have resulted from the brief period in which they adopted an opposite principle within these two years, they have again rushed blindfold into the conceding system. The Catholic priesthood again rule triumphant—agitation for political purposes is revived—murder, robbery, and conflagration are again about to stalk through the land. The Coercion Act is renewed without the three first clauses; that is, without the clauses which tie up the hands of political agitators: and

they are permitted again to commence the frightful work of political excitement. What has this system led to in time past? Such a state of outrage, disorder, and violence, that Ministers themselves tell us the only question was, whether Ireland was not to relapse into the savage anarchy of Abyssinia? What can be expected from it in time to come? Nothing but a renewal of the same frightful scenes, till a second unmutated Coercion Act is, after Ireland has been again, the theatre of murder and conflagration, rendered indispensable. Lord Brougham himself said, in the House of Peers, that to renew the Coercion Act, without the three first clauses, was to refuse to touch, even with your little finger, the agitators of Dublin, and to press with the whole weight of your loins on the peasantry in the country. And yet this is what Lord Brougham and the purified Administration Reform Cabinet, of which he is a member, have done!

Is this the only concession Ministers have made to the great agitator? Have they not also introduced a bill which goes at once to confiscate *two-fifths* of the income of every clergyman in Ireland, without any equivalent? Was not this revolutionary confiscation to take effect instantly, and on existing interests? And what was the excuse set up for this monstrous piece of democratic legislation? Why, that the clergy of Ireland were so ill paid, that it would be rather a relief than otherwise to them to have three-fifths paid by the landlords, instead of five-fifths by the tenantry; that is, they first, by the extension of the system of excitement, and from the complete obedience yielded to the vice-regal mandate, "Agitate, agitate, agitate," and by announcing from the Treasury-bench the approaching "extinction of tithes" in Ireland, render their collection impossible, or extremely difficult—and then they turn round and say to the clergy, "You are in so miserable a state, that you had much better submit at once with a good grace, and agree to the loss of two-fifths of your property." In what does this conduct differ from the French Revolutionary Government, which first, by paying the fundholders in assign-

nats not worth an hundredth part of the sum at which they were forced on the public creditors, reduced them to starvation, and then offered them the *boon* of receiving *one-third* of the sums due to them in specie, and losing altogether the other two-thirds? Without doubt, to fundholders whose pockets were stuffed with assignats at a discount of twenty thousand per cent, this was a great relief; but does this in the slightest degree palliate or gloss over in the eye of history that disgraceful national bankruptcy? and is it possible to palliate one great revolutionary confiscation by referring to the general misery endured by previous revolutionary changes?

It is immaterial to our argument whether these revolutionary measures were or were not forced upon Government by the House of Commons. We deem it highly probable that they were; and that against their better judgment, Ministers were compelled to go into concessions to the agitating party in Ireland, which they were well aware would cause the reign of murder, robbery, and conflagration again to arise in that unhappy land. Nothing is more likely than that Lord Melbourne found that the democratic party, which, by means of some dark intrigue, had overturned Lord Grey's cabinet, were so powerful in the House of Commons, that they could not be resisted, and that unless he agreed to this great concession to their Irish leader, a majority could not have been secured in the Lower House, and the nation, at the very time when it stood most in need of it, would have been left without a government. We fully sympathize with the feelings expressed by that unfortunate Prime Minister, when he conjured the Peers to recollect in what state the country would have been left, if, when the Tories felt themselves, from the temper of the House of Commons, unequal to the task of guiding the State, the Whigs had quitted the helm. All that may be perfectly true; it may furnish the best apology for the present pitiable weakness of Ministers, and shield them from the imputation of voluntarily consigning Ireland to outrage and devastation: but it will not alter the nature of

things. It will not make wrong right, nor robbery justice—it will not take the eternal brand from the forehead of Revolution, nor save from execration the authors of such a calamitous state of things. It is in vain to attempt to palliate injustice, or veil over confiscation, under the flimsy plea of state necessity. The distinctions of right and wrong are eternal and immutable; they are not to be glossed over by referring to the power of O'Connell or his followers. If the crew of a vessel voluntarily place its government in incapable hands, and in hands that were known and denounced from the first as incapable, it will not remove the execrations of ages that they were drifted headlong on the first ledge of breakers. If the Irish demagogues are so powerful, that in order to disarm their hostility in the House of Commons, it is necessary to have recourse to the robbery of two-fifths of every clergyman's property—let those answer for it who obstinately supported, and insanely forced through by the whole weight of the royal prerogative, in opposition to the property and education of the State, a great democratic change, obviously calculated to produce this result. We uniformly asserted that spoliation was the real object of the Revolutionists—that Reform was valued by them only as leading to that result, solely as a means to an end; and now that the effect has taken place, that the pressure from below is showing itself, and revolutionary confiscation is felt to be essential to carry on the Government, the Whigs attempt to excuse their present weakness under their former madness, and to veil acts of robbery under an alleged state necessity of their own creation.

Among the many arts which the Irish revolutionists make use of to disarm the opposition which their violent and unjust measures cannot fail to produce among all men of education and virtuous feelings, of whatever political party in England, there is none more ordinary, or attended unhappily with greater effect, than representing their opponents, the men of property and education in Ireland, as a bloodthirsty faction, desirous only of establishing a cruel and exterminating system of govern-

ment, and justly chargeable with all the bloodshed, disorder, and anarchy of that unhappy country. To such misrepresentations, the facts, the important and decisive facts above given, illustrative of the astonishing lenity of English—that is, of Protestant rule to Ireland, since the Union, affords, perhaps, a sufficient refutation; but to those who are still unconvinced, we would earnestly recommend a perusal of the eloquent speeches of the Protestant leaders, perhaps Mr Boyton and Mr O'Sullivan, teeming in every page with sound argument, historical information, glowing eloquence, which must at last overpower the mass of falsehood, sophistry, and misrepresentation with which they are assailed on the other side. Let Mr Boyton speak for himself on these false and atrocious charges against the Irish Protestants.

"We are charged, my lord, with the design of extirpating the labouring Catholic population—such, I think, the phrase is—and a reverend friend of mine has a speech coined for him, and he and the meeting of the 14th are charged with these designs. Now, my lord, let me say, I was standing close to my friend, whom I do not now see in his place, and listening with that attention which his talents and viracity are sure to command; and though I may not subscribe to all his opinions, I heard nothing either in expression or sentiment at all of the description which has been attributed to him, and I can, therefore, from my own knowledge, give this calumnious charge the most positive denial. I do here, my lord, in the face of this society, disavow this atrocious sentiment, upon my own behalf, and in behalf of the individuals and body of people with whom I have the honour to act. If I believed that that body participated in this unchristian principle, I would disenroll myself from amongst its numbers, and fling all connexion with it to the winds. If they imagine us base enough to entertain a sentiment so unchristian, can they conceive us so egregiously stupid, impregnated with such asinine fatuity, as to utter one so impolitic? I speak now of the clergy. It must be obvious, as the plainest axiom, that there are no two classes in society

whose interests are so completely the same—whose temporal interests, I mean, are so bound up together, as the clergy of the established church, and the lower order of the Irish population. Surely every one must see, that if the church property were abolished to-morrow, the landlords would be gainers.—But this delusion will pass away; Mr Stanley's bill, which already has done so much, will yet, I do firmly believe, come into universal operation; the source of irritation will be removed, and the means of deception taken away; and the Roman Catholic peasant will yet see how clearly it is to his advantage, instead of paying his rent to a person whom he never sees, to be removed and entirely taken away, and expended in a foreign land, to have a certain portion of it handed over to a resident gentleman in his immediate neighbourhood—to be expended in his immediate view—probably for his immediate benefit—from whom himself, or from whose family, in his hour of sickness or calamity, he may find sympathy and assistance, consolation and advice."

How vividly, and yet how justly does the same eloquent gentleman paint the atrocious system of ruffian violence, mob excitement, murder, and conflagration, by which the Irish agitators endeavoured to overawe, and so beat down the property and respectability of the country, when they re-armed the yeomanry in 1831. "No doubt the country is in a fearful state, and the lower orders of the people, as they have been for centuries, disaffected to the English government. It has been rendered safer —(I use the expressive language of Lord Oxmantown)—*rendered safer to violate than to obey the law.* Mr Lambert of Wexford has quaintly said, there is a ruffian in every village that calls himself the people; and in truth so it is; we are the victims of the tyranny of the few, and of our own fears. *A democratic oligarchy rules the country,* and its ministers are journalism and assassination. My lord, while I am on my legs, I will propose two resolutions. We have fearful enemies to struggle with. First, we had Mr O'Connell and his party—with them we found it hard

enough to deal; their power then was increased by the adhesion of the government, and now they have added to their alliance a very powerful party among the people of England. My lord, against enemies such as these, if we stand alone, we must fall. We must look abroad for allies, and shall we not find them in the sound, the constitutional, and religious portion of the people of England,—the friends of religion, and order, and law—whose blood runs in our veins—whose fathers were our fathers—who kneel before the same altar, and worship the same God? Let us say to them, look to the page of your own history; where were your calamities in which we did not sympathize—where were your dangers, that we were not at your side? Call to your presence our calumniators and foes; tell them to point out one occasion in that roll of history in which, during any period of English difficulty—any period of Irish suffering—the Irish Protestants abated in their affection, or wavered in their fidelity to the English people—tell them to take the map of their blood-stained country, and ask them to explain the deep crimson tinge of the three Catholic provinces, and account for the verdure of the green plains of Protestant Ulster, the country of maiden calendars and of white gloves, and of order, and loyalty, and law—ask them is it reasonable to expect you to punish loyalty, and affection, and fidelity to yourselves, and to reward sedition, and insurrection, and murder? My lord, under God, we have no assistance but from our brethren of England, and let us personally appeal to them at once."

How faithfully, and yet how fearfully, does Mr O'Sullivan paint the unvarying consequences of conceding to the revolutionary party in time past!—"The Right Honourable Charles Grant was a secretary here, and tried the experiment of philosophical sway over our fiery populace.

What was his success? *He conciliated the country into insurrection*—an insurrection which extended its outrages up to the suburbs of the metropolis. He held out, in his forbearance, encouragement to crime; and, to make compensation for the crippled gait at which his justice had proceeded, he assented to, or acknowledged the necessity of, suspending the constitution, and subjected the rural population to the rigours of a more than ordinarily severe tribunal. I remember well the days and nights of his government, and of the rigid rule by which it was succeeded. I remember when the last business of the night, before retiring to repose, within a guarded and garrisoned town, was to ascend to the house-tops and count over the unprotected lands, the flames in which, it might be, *slumbering families were consumed*—and to listen, as fancy created, for the shrieks of perishing victims. I remember, too, when shrieks, more terrific than fancy ever heard, arose round the tribunals, where the doom of sudden and life-long separation was pronounced—and around the gibbets, where conciliation suspended its sacrifices; and I can in all sincerity declare, that I do not know whether I abhorred the connivance of the supine secretary more because of the atrocities it encouraged, or for the terrible retribution it rendered necessary."

The Irish revolutionists uniformly represent the Protestants of that country as desirous only to rule by the sword for their own exclusive behoof. Let the table, quoted below, be the reply;—which shows, that while, in contributions to charity, the Protestants exceed the Catholics in the proportion of *ten to one*, the objects relieved are just in the inverse ratio,—the Catholics rescued from suffering being *ten times* as numerous as the Protestants.*

Most truly does Mr Boyton characterise the measures now pursued

* *Mendicity Society for 1833.*

Subscribers, contributing,	.	.	.	L.4155	18	2
Roman Catholics,	.	.	.	402	5	0

Contributed by Protestants,

L.4053 13 2

by Government, and urged only by the agitators, in the following passage:—"No, my lord, the Protestant people of Ireland feel this to be a question, not of tithes, not of the establishment, but a question of all religion, and all property. It is a question of ecclesiastical property this year, in the next it will be lay property. Every privilege, every right, every possession, is unprotected. There is no government of Ireland, or for Ireland. Ireland is considered only so far as it furnishes a price or a pretext to English parties. Irish questions, with English parties, are a weapon to assail an adversary, or a means to remunerate an auxiliary; but a government, with a view to the real interests of the country, the security of property, life, civilisation, the improvement and support of the population, Ireland has none. It is a fearful and a disagreeable topic, but the landed proprietors are now together, and they should open their eyes and see the state of this country, and *that it is far advanced in the progress of most extensive revolution, to which the acts of Government have made them, and do make them cooperating parties.* The proprietors ought naturally to

have an ascendancy in whatever state of things is about to ensue; self comes in, and commands them. *It is now a movement against property.* Tithe property lies most convenient; it is exposed—it has been made the subject of a popular cry. But, I ask, *is there no other property equally exposed?*—is there no other property the subject of unpopularity? *What think you of the property of the absentees?* Are they popular? Why, my lord, there is no one contained within the circuit of our shores, who does not lay at the doors of these men the whole burden of the miseries of the country. And here I will stop to say,—I will put forward to this great meeting what I have constantly inculcated,—what I have continually put forward,—what I will persist to reiterate,—that in seeking the cause of your own insecurity,—of what is shaking every property, and privilege, and law, to its foundation,—you are not to look to Popery, not to look to disaffection, not to look to democracy; you must go deeper, and seek it in the destitution and agony of the population."

We cordially subscribe to every part of this energetic statement. It

Number of Mendicants, 1833,	.	.	1996
Of which were Protestants,	.	.	150
Roman Catholics,	.	.	1846

Fever Hospital, Cork Street.

Subscription, 1833,	.	.	.	L.379	6	9
Roman Catholics,	10	18 0
				<hr/>		
Contributed by Protestants,	.	.	.	L.368	8	9
Patients admitted,	.	.	.	3991		
Protestants 1 to 10						

Sick Poor Institution, Meath Street.

Subscriptions for 1833,	L.186	18	1
Roman Catholics,	10	1	0
					<hr/>		
Contributed by Protestants,	L.176	17	1
Protestants relieved average 1 in 20							

School Street Weekly and Daily Schools.

Subscriptions, 1833,	.	.	.	L.163	18	0
One Roman Catholic subscriber	1	1
					0	

Contributed by Protestants,	.	.	.	L.162	17	0
20 Roman Catholics to 1 Protestant taught in the schools.						

is not a question of religious discord; that is only the moving power, the engine by which the agitators stir up the embers of popular fervour. It is the great question of Revolution which is really at stake. It is the eternal contest of the House of Want against the House of Have, that really distracts the country. Ireland is the advanced work: her property, ecclesiastical and civil, is the most exposed, and, therefore, it is first made the subject of attack. But, if its institutions are destroyed, the contest will soon approach the English shore; and fierce and strong against the rampart of English property will the sword of Revolution, flushed with its Irish victory, be seen to wave. In vain, in resisting its frightful advances, will the education and property of England look

for the noble and gallant allies who now man the breach of the out-works, and, at the peril of their lives and property, protect all the institutions of the state from the desolating assault of Revolution. Now, therefore, is the time, before this first fatal victory has been gained, and while the House of Peers have still thrown their shield over the menaced quarter, for all men of religion, virtue, and property in England to unite in resisting the forces of revolution at the point which they have selected for attack. It is their battle, even more than their own, that the Irish Protestants are now maintaining; and, if the torrent is yet to be stayed, it can only be by an united effort of all the friends of order at that point where the sword of the destroyer has first aimed his blow.

THE BRIDE OF LOCHLEVEN.

BY DELTA.

I.

THE winds were wintry, and the night was dark,
As Leonard turned him from the gate, where oft—
Oft had he lingered, while the autumn winds
(At purple twilight, 'neath the Star of Love)
Sighed softly past him, through the ample foliage
Of the dark alders; and where oft he stood,
Expectant, 'neath the unclouded galaxy,
As rose, o'er southern hills, the yellow moon,
Tinging the rose-buds round his charmer's lattice.
It was the last time; Parting's farewell kiss,
Warmly solicited, and meekly tendered,
(For, oh, fond Sorrow ever softens Love!)
Had just been sealed, and oft he turned—and looked—
And looked, and turned—to catch another glimpse
Of his beloved Jane, as, 'mid the dusk,
In silence and alone she glided in.

He could not turn him home—his heart was big
With fear, and hope, and treasured recollections;
So, 'mid the shadows of congenial night,
'To scenes where oft they had together roamed,
With fevered brow, and melancholy step,
Alone he hied: how different now seemed all!—
Around him, through the dull and leafless woods,
Howled the sharp winds, like spirits, doomed to pain,
Wailing around their ancient habitations;
Down rushed the river darkly o'er its rocks;
The curlew shrieked afar; and, on the hill,
Glimmered the small light of the Shepherd's cot,
A tiny lustre: overhead the clouds,

Fantastic-shaped, and wild, like angry fiends,
Swept from the east, while stars alternately
Glittered, or bathed their foreheads in the gloom.

III.

By him there frowned a gateway, dank and frail,
And furred with the green moss of gathering years,
Drearly overhung with pine-trees old.
It was a favourite spot, and he stood still;
While, as upon his hand his brow he leaned,
The flood of warm affection gushing came
Over his thoughts, like evening dew on flowers,
When sultry day hath passed through unrefreshed;—
The magic of the past bewitched his soul,
And his heart melted, as Norwegian snows
Suddenly thaw, beneath the vernal sun,
Displaying to the soft, blue, altered sky
The fairy blossoms of awakening flowers:
He thought of their first meetings, of the nights,
Sleepless through all their watches, when his bosom
First owned the impulse of resistless love,
When, with an aching heart, he pined for Jane,
And deemed that wealth was nought, that worlds were vain,
That all was nothingness compared with her!
He called up dreams, sunny and well remembered,
Visions of paradise, and Eden joys,
That to the yearning of flushed hope bequeathed
All that reality denied. He thought
Of latter times, of mellow summer eves,
And scenes, o'er which the rainbow tints of passion
So richly were inwoven, that even Earth
Seemed but a city of blessedness, while there,
By peaceful hamlets, and sequestered paths,
He roamed with Jane, looking with her upon
The landscape now, and now upon each other.
Out upon Time! that only makes to mar;
Out upon Youth! that wantons but to vanish!
Out upon Love! that preys on its own heart—
Alas! that days so blissful, like a stream
Ever in restlessness, should pass away.

IV.

But why, when Hope, amid the shade of Cares,—
Cares that, like clouds, hang ever near Life's sun,—
Loses its brightness, why when Joys grow dim,
Should Passion thus, a scorpion to itself,
Sting selfishly? inexplicable truth!
As leaves the exiled man his native shore,
And clings his bosom to the sunny past,
Not for the future caring, if its skies
Be calmly beautiful like those of Childhood,
Or laden with bleak tempest, so young Leonard,
In the dark night, beneath the muffled stars,
Lived but with Jane 'mid brightly vanished scenes;
Heard but her soft voice in the sighing winds;
Nor saw 'mong stars, fitfully glancing out,
Aught like the melting lustre of her eye.
Fair had she ever seemed, Earth's paragon,
Among surrounding flowers the queenly rose;
To one who eyed her through the lights of love,
Always she had been first of womankind;
But now she seemed angelically beauteous,

When he must leave her—and perhaps for ever !
Spirit of divination, was it so ?

V.

The sails were set, the favouring breezes called,
And Leonard is away to other shores,
A merchant, where the ample Neva washes
Great Peter's capital.

'Mid the stir of life,
The dizzying murmurs of the active world,
Say, often homeward strayed his wandering thoughts,
Oft, in the visions of the stilly night,
Took flight to Jane, and saw her at her home,
Busied with household tasks ; or roamed the lawns,
At morn, or dewy eve, or 'neath the moon,
(The sanctifier of all tender thoughts,)—
With her, as in the days of vanished years ?—
It may have been, it must have been, but ah !
Corruption has a thousand snares all ready
For easy youth ; Guilt, hid 'n varnished robes,
Lures the unpractised eye ; and Folly leads
Her giddy votaries to the gulfs of Ruin.
Oft Leonard paused—oft pondered—often thought
Of Jane, and how her heart would bleed to know,
That he, to whom her inmost thoughts were given,
Wandered from virtue's ways,—forgot his faith—
Was all unworthy of her !—and he vowed
(How frail are vows without determination !)
To leave his present life, which in the calm
Of staid Reflection's hour his spirit loathed,
And fix to Industry his virtuous aim ;
So that at length propitious heaven might grant
To his exertions favour ; and the sun
Of life might set, over his Jane and him,
Cloudless, or only veil'd by the casual haze,
Which dims our Earth's sereneest atmosphere.

VI.

Two years had passed—and, by the banks of Tay,
Where regal Scone looks proudly back on Perth,
From out its flowery lawns, and girding groves,—
Time found our Jane as beautiful and good,
And ah ! more faithful than her foreign lover ;
But Fortune smiled not on her father's home ;
And Ruin o'er his wide ancestral fields,
With storm-presaging aspect, grimly low' red.

VII.

A suitor came to pleasant Wentworth farm,
A suitor came, unequal in his years,
Unequal in his wealth—for he had much,
Meadow and vale, and ships upon the sea
A goodly heritage : her love he asked,
And warmly sued, and strove to win her hand.
“ Jane,” said her father, one day, as she sate
Beside him on the sofa,—“ my dear Jane,
My own beloved daughter, well thou know'st,
That as the blood which warms my heart I love thee ;
Have I not felt so—shown so to thee always ?
Nor, 'gainst the settled purpose of thy heart,
Would I solicit ; but, alas ! my daughter,
Look up to me, my Jane, thou seest how ill

Fares it with our poor house ; thou seest how changed,
 (Think of the summer days that we have seen !)
 Is all from what it was, when thou, a child,
 Beside the evening hearth, didst climb my knees !
 Yet will I have no sacrifice,—I ask not
 That thou shouldst dip thy pure hands in the stream
 Of foul dishonour ; but, for Leonard—sweet,
 Surely thou knowst 'tis vain to think of him,
 And link thy virtues to his base disgrace !
 Ah ! better 'twere that Death should seal thine eyes,
 (And closed be mine before such day arrive,)
 Than Misery haunt thee like a spectre ever :
 All vicious, guilty, altered though he is,
 Hath not he freed thee from all promises,
 Given back thy plighted troth, and left thee free ?
 Jane, (but you weep !) hear'st thou a father's words,
 Thy father's, who hath treasured up his all
 In thee, his child ? ask counsel from on high !—
 Ah ! guilt hath not the heart to wed thee, daughter,
 And wilt thou stoop thee down to wed with Guilt ? ”—
 He ceased, and gazed upon her earnestly,
 With all a parent's anxiousness and hope ;
 Jane turned her head, and wept—but could not answer.

VIII.

Months came and went, and darklier Ruin frown'd ;
 Gaunt Poverty, with hastier strides, rush'd on ;
 And Grief her father's head with age's snows
 Did prematurely whiten. On his staff,
 Leaning beside his gate, at eventide,
 What time the beetle humm'd, and lated bees
 Dropped, honey-laden, 'mid the clover flowers,
 He gazed around—as did the leaguered Jew
 From Salem's wall, when all the peaceful fields
 Lay bristling with the crops of Roman steel,—
 Without a ray of comfort : while her mother,
 Disconsolate—as Rachel when she wept
 For those who were not—wandered up and down,
 Aimless, like autumn's sere and severed leaf,
 Neglecting comfort, and forsaking hope.—
 Could Jane restore them ? Yes !—And did she not ?
 Her heart was cloven by sorrow's sharpest sword ;
 At every turn she tried, Distraction met her ;
 And Misery, like a vulture, o'er her thoughts,
 As oft she strove to calm and call them in,
 Pounced tyrannously down, and scattered them.
 Waking from restless sleep, oft would she toss,
 At midnight, on her couch, as shone the moon
 With a calm fairy brightness o'er her floor,
 And, 'mid the silent beauty, call on death
 Kindly to come, and free her from her ills !
 Then straight, in lowliness of heart, would pray
 Forgiveness of the impious wish—and weep !
 When alone she walked beside the murmuring stream,
 Striving to quench the memory of the past
 In dark oblivion's Lethè, she would burst,
 Scarce conscious of her frenzied desperation,
 On to the steep brink—then, recoiling, shudder
 To think how dark her meditated doom,
 In the sight of Him who made her, and could move
 Away—by the great fiat of his will—
 The shades which Destiny had thrown around.

IX.

It was in vain to struggle—and she waned,
 Feeble as April sunshine, pallid as
 The early snowdrop, from beneath the storm
 Of winter peeping. He, who loved her once,—
 He, whom she loved, was gone—she knew not where.
 Her parents urged her, and her suitor urged her;
 Nay, Duty almost told her she should yield,
 If not for her own sake, at least for theirs,
 The father and the mother whom she loved,
 Who loved her as their lives, and so she yielded.

X.

It was a kind, a happy change for all,
 If not for Jane; her husband's wealth flowed in,
 As summer dew on parched and withering flowers,
 Upon her parents, cheering their lorn home :—
 Once more her father smiled beside his hearth;
 Once more the mother, with a cheerful pride,
 Looked round her, watering July's scented blooms,
 O'er which hummed fitting the industrious bees,
 Weary with cloying honey, to their homes;
 Or propping the acacias, which her Jane
 Had planted near the western window-sill,
 In childhood's spring, to form her fairy bower.

XI.

And Jane was linked to one who loved her well;
 More were his years, for he had travelled long,
 And voyaged much : had wondering stood, at eve,
 To note how far the western sun shot out,
 Over the sloping plains, the shadows deep
 Of China's vasty and unending wall,—
 Near which huge trees were dwarfed, or showed alone
 Sunshine upon their summit boughs; and smoke,
 Curling aloft, marked where, amid the dusk,
 Lay hamlet homes, and scatterry villages :—
 Had, awe-struck, stood in Elephanta's caves
 Immense, Earth's natural temple, where the Bramin
 Lifted his voice to Seeva, or the beasts,
 Dog-barking jackal, or deep-spotted ounce,
 That prowl the night, scared by the eye of day,
 Found secure shelter 'mid dark caves unsunned :—
 And on the Red Sea coast had viewed arise,
 As 'twere a spectre of the early world,
 Yet woven with the dreams of bright romance,
 The dark, eternal towers of Bussorah.
 Yet was the glow of manhood on his cheek,
 Though by the might of Tropic suns embrown'd,
 Vigorous in middle age; and he was rich,
 Through industry and honourable toil;
 But ah! a something was not to be found
 In all this splendour, 'mid Dunedin's homes
 Of palaced pride, nor yet amid the groves
 That skirted glittering Almond to the west,
 Where rose, 'mid woodlands of delightful green,
 His pleasant country seat.

Months followed months,
 Like autumn's shadows o'er the checkered fields,
 In gloom and glimmer. Where was Leonard now?
 Alas! the idler, who in spring disdains
 To sow, shall look for harvest wealth in vain!

Pale, meagre, downcast, from far northern climes,
 Where flames the Arctic Bear in the icy sky,
 Had he returned, and how? Alas! most poor.
 'Twas pitiful to look at him;—he lay,
 Ere almost boyhood's down from off his cheek
 Had passed away, a worn and wasted thing,
 A warning spectre to surviving friends,
 Upon the bed, which he had pressed of yore,
 In more delightful, and less guilty years,
 As fleets the meteor o'er the twilight fens,
 To fade in death.

Jane heard of his return,
 Heard how successful all his plans had proved,
 And how disease had worn him to a shade;
 She thought of what was now, and what had been;
 Sighed o'er the wrecks and ravages of Time;
 And her heart melted—how could it but melt!

XII.

Jane heard that he was dead; it was a blow
 That stunned her as if heaven and earth were rent;
 Over the sunlight of her soul there came
 A shadow that settled dim, nor passed away,—
 Not darkness, but a twilight of the mind,
 Where all is dreary, dull, and blank, and grey,
 Unpierced by sunshine, and immovable:
 It came not now, as once it might have been,
 Armed by the dart of passion—but it came,
 That dismal stroke, as comes the wild fire to
 The flourishing oak-tree—scathes it—and flies on,
 Leaving a blasted trunk, and withered leaves!
 Yet was she voiceless; how could she complain,
 To whom, and where? The calmness of her brow,
 The frozen lakes of Jutland not more calm,
 Belied the workings of hot blood within;
 And she would sit, at evening, while the wind-harp
 Lay in the window, harkening to its tones
 So wizard-like and wild, as if a spirit
 Wailed to the deep, sepulchral ear of night;—
 Lost in the maze of thought, a reverie,
 Wherein the pictures of departed times
 Passed to and fro;—nor answered she, when called.

XIII.

The leeches' art was summoned, but in vain;
 Her ail was of the heart, and inly burned,
 Unseen, like lamp in Eastern sepulchre:
 Useless it was to strive; for, day by day,
 As wane the autumnal skies, so did she wane,
 And, like the imprisoned eagle, pined away,
 Fair as the star that ushers in the morn,
 And silent as the Spring's dissolving snows.

XIV.

Then change of place was tried, and change of scene;
 Amid the Hebrides they sailed, and saw
 St Columb's isle, where, 'mid the darkened days
 Of Eld, sat Learning on her Northern throne;
 As tokened yet by many a ruined arch,
 And mouldering obelisk, amid the grass,
 Under whose wild-flowers, by the sounding sea,
 Afar from cities, sleeps the dust of Kings:—

Or, wondering, viewed o'erhead the natural arch
 Of Fingal, where the Deep its orisons
 Hymns to the God of Nature, with a voice
 Majestic and sublime :—Or, on thy shore,
 Remote Argyle, listened, at eve, to hear—
 Borne on the favouring lapses of the wind,
 The thundering Corryvrieken, in whose jaws,
 As tells tradition, sank the Norway prince,
 Down sucked with all his gallant mariners.

XV.

Nor could the settled sadness of her mind,
 The ail without a cure, without a name,
 Be lightened by the view of Katrine's tide,
 Shining like silver in the moonlight pure :
 No, vain were all : for her the eagle soared,
 And screamed unnoted ; Benvenue threw down
 The cumbrous shadows of his shagged sides
 On the still waters—still, or faintly heard,
 A sweet, low murmur—and, aloft in air,
 The deluge-severed Trosachs reared their heads,
 Tufted with trees fantastic as themselves.

XVI.

At length she asked to see the Leven Loch,
 The castle, where Queen Mary, Scotland's Helen,
 Looked from imprisoned solitude abroad,
 And sighed, as rose the song of vernal birds,
 To think how weary was a crown with chains !—
 Thither they brought her.

Never July sun

Illumed scene more softly beautiful ;
 On either hand the ripening wheat-fields showed
 Their golden wealth ; wild-roses, not less rich
 For being wild, by every pathway side
 Blossomed, and lent a perfume to the wind,
 That seemed to wanton with them. Here and there,
 Spotting the landscape, rose majestic homes,
 With rural charms begirt, amid whose lawns
 Browsed the dark heifer, and uncounted flocks.
 Jane for the first time smiled—for many a day,
 The first time, and the man who valued her
 As his own soul, her husband, smiled to note it.
 He bade her look to the west—she looked, and saw
 The Grampians towering in majestic grandeur,
 And lifting, to the pale blue depths of heaven,
 Summits yet hoary with unmelted snows—
 To the North—and there the gentler Ochils stretched
 Their pastoral sides, with groves and fields between,
 And gentle undulations, shadow-marked.
 Before her—and, behold, the sheeted Leven,
 With its small castled isle, the loveliest picture
 In Scotland's varied volume ; with quick wing,
 O'er it the seamews floated, dipping down
 Their plumage in the waters ; then, ascending
 High o'er the blasted trees before its gate,
 Screamed westward towards the sea.

They left the boat,

And stood before its portal—and she turned,
 Wondering,—so fair around her spread the lake,
 With its green islets, and most gentle shore,
 A scene of fairy beauty, peaceful and pure.

They gazed ; but up he hurried her to look
 Abroad from its high battlements. The relics
 Of faded grandeur, and long-vanished state,
 She heeded not ; but, as he glanced around
 The lofty halls and winding labyrinths,
 Lost in the thoughts of far departed years,
 When Mirth and Music made their dwellings there,
 The gorgeous past came back to Memory's eye :
 He saw thee not, grey castle, as thou art,
 Tomblike and tenantless, or by the birds
 Of night alone for shelter visited ;
 But turned, regretful, to the regal times,
 When Beauty from thy lattice leaned to hear,
 Over the waters borne, her lover's lute ;
 Or listed to the evening serenade,
 That sung to her sweet dreams from the fairy skiff
 Slow gliding onwards with its snowy sail :
 Above, he heard the Warder's heavy tread,
 Aye, to and fro, athwart the granite battlements,
 A measured step, to which his voice kept time,
 Coming and going : on the tapestried wall
 Shields glittered, various in device ; the sword
 Depending hung, war-cloaks, and vizored helms,
 And silvery spurs.

XVII.

For a while he scarcely wist,
 So perfect was the picture of the past,
 That Jane, his lovely partner, stood not by :
 He glanced around—he called—then louder called—
 But only from arched roofs and dreary walls
 Came back his solitary voice. He sought her
 From gloomy room to room—around—beneath—
 But saw her not ; at length he climbed on high,
 And, when his frantic search almost in vain
 Began to seem—for trace of her was none—
 Upon the northern battlement he found her,
 Speechless, reclining on the mouldy wall.—
 Pale was her brow, her breathing faintly came,
 And her eyes wildly glanced, but still she lay,—
 Still as the peaks of Iceland Jokuls, when
 Stirs not the freezing air, and caked snows
 Look glittering upwards to the powerless sun.
 He seized her hand, she heeded not—he called
 Tenderly to her, pressing her cold fingers,
 But her lips moved not, and her open eyes
 From either of which a big, bright tear came down,
 Looked forth in fixedness—their glance he followed—
 For, as the snake's eye, from the sheltering brake,
 The small bird fascinates, and makes it flutter,
 Without the power to fly its enemy,
 So steadfast was her look. He gazed abroad—
 But nought could he perceive ;—the lake was calm,
 Still were the woods, and in the azure sky
 The lark's shrill anthem, Nature's melody.
 What could it be ? “ My Jane, beloved Jane !
 Lean on me, tell me what hath happened thee ?
 Speak to me,—look at me—’tis I, your husband.”
 Half took he her within his circling arms,
 And pressed her drooping beauty to his breast
 In tenderness, but she lay still and mute,
 Without the power, or strength to raise herself ;

Immotioned as a statue overthrown,
 Save that the heaving of her breast betrayed
 Life, and the alabaster of her skin
 Surpassed the chisel's art in Nature's glow.—
 Then forwards, with a bound, starting she sprang,
 And clasped her hands together.

“ In that sweet place
 Oh would that I with him were lying there !—
 In that lone churchyard have they buried thee,
 Poor Leonard ! cruel, cruel, I forsook thee !
 But in my ear there is a warning sound ;
 And death comes now to lay his cold, chill hand
 Upon me ; and how sweetly we will sleep
 Together ;—hold not !—thou art not my husband !
 Unhand me, he sleeps yonder, Leonard, Leonard ! ”

XVIII.

Home was she hurried, but she would not rest,
 She could not ; from her wild and haggard eye,
 Frenzy looked out in flashes, like the wildfire
 In the blue midnight. Up and down she strayed,
 Now singing and now silent, and anon
 Would stop and mutter—ever 'twas the same,
 By night, by day,—and force could not restrain her,
 Far less the magic of kind words : alas !
 It was a miserable, heart-rending sight ;—
 Love wept, and friendship, unavailing wept,
 In sympathy with woe they could not cure :—
 A heart of stone had melted ; to and fro,
 Through the courts she walked,—beside the ivied wall,—
 The terrace steps descended,—and anon
 (The gates being locked) she roamed the garden paths ;
 While, ever muttering wildly to herself,
 Blossoms she plucked from trees, and nipped the flowers,
 Naming them by their names, as she stooped down,
 And cast them from her. Food she spurned away,
 Yet called for water, which she left untouched.—
 Her father, in his brokenness of heart,
 Called her his “ Jane,” and fondly patted her,
 While sorrow almost choked his faltering words :
 Her mother, “ Oh ! my daughter ! ” cried, and wept,
 While her husband, with affection weariless,
 Tended her up and down, by day, by night,
 For she would sleep not—rest not—stand not still.—
 Thrice sunk the sun over their wretchedness,
 Only to leave her weaker ; room by room
 She paced, and weaker grew ; and, as she roamed,
 Half downwards would she sink, and 'gainst the wall
 Lean—and then forward walk—and lean again.—
 At length upon the fourth eve, as the moon
 Rose yellow and broad above the eastern woods,
 Filling the heaven and earth with sombre light,
 Her strength forsook her quite ; and she fell down,
 Poor girl, and helpless lay ; and but her breath
 Was heard, a short, quick panting, soon to cease.—
 'Mid gushing tears, and sobs, and stifled moans,
 To her couch they softly carried her, but ere
 Over her breast the coverlet was laid,
 Without a word, a sigh, her spirit passed !

MY COUSIN NICHOLAS.

CHAP. XV.

SIR WILLOUGHBY PUMPPÉ? Ay, where, who, and what was Sir Willoughby Pumppe? This was a question much more easily asked than answered: who could he be? what motive could he have for thus impeding a marriage, bothering a bishop, and throwing a whole family into confusion?—Pumppe? Lord Manningham had never heard the name, neither had Sir Oliver; it sounded low, vulgar, and monosyllabic, and savoured little of the equestrian dignity; but then the *prænomen*—Willoughby!—that at least was aristocratic, and the Baronet set himself down seriously to fathom the mystery.

Scarcely had the sound of the wheels that whirled the happy couple from the Hall sunk upon his ears, when, turning from the door whence he had waved them his farewell, Sir Oliver proceeded to what he somewhat humorously denominated his study. This was a large and well-proportioned room, which ran nearly the whole length of the south wing of the building, and, to say the truth, was much better furnished with books than the generality of manor houses even in the present day. It did not, to be sure, boast a Penny Magazine among its treasures, Sir Thomas More being the only chancellor whose works had found a place upon its shelves; but then, to say nothing of the whole law library of the learned Sir Marmaduke, the Fletas, the Bractons, and the Cokes of former days, together with (Sir Oliver's magisterial oracle) Williams's edition of Burn's Justice, a bachelor uncle of the present proprietor had devoted no inconsiderable portion of a younger brother's patrimony to the accumulation of the works of the best authors, ancient as well as modern. There had been an antiquary, too, in the family a century since, and many a rare and precious tome had Mr Dugdale Bullwinkle there deposited, one glimpse of which would have smoothed the wrinkled front of a Ritson, electrified an Ellis, and made Tom

Hill's heart leap for joy. But not to the illuminated missals, nor even the visitations and genealogies, still less to the classic productions of the Elzevir and Aldine presses, did Sir Oliver now incline. From a shelf near the fire-place, on which stood the "Burn's Justice" aforesaid, "Turpin's Farriery," the "Sporting Magazine," and a few other volumes which he sometimes opened on a rainy morning, he drew forth "De-brett," and commenced a determined consultation of his pages; but in vain did he ransack the "Baronetage," index included; in vain was Townsend's "Catalogue of Knights," in its turn, subjected to the most scrutinizing examination; Pumppe, indeed, he found, more or less illustrious, but not one rejoicing in the adjunct Willoughby. After a two hours' application to every book in the room at all calculated to throw a light upon the object of his search, the persevering but baffled investigator was driven to the conclusion that "the fellow was nothing else, after all, but a confounded humbug."

To Amelia and myself, meanwhile, the mystery was none. Fast as the flying steeds bore us from Underdown, they had not reached the first milestone on the London road, ere we had decided that the pseudo Mr Stafford, James Arbuthnot, Esq., and Sir Willoughby Pumppe, were, as Mrs Malaprop predicates of another impostor, "like Cerberus, three gentlemen in one," and individualized in the person of my Cousin Nicholas. Who but himself could have any object in delaying, perhaps breaking off, a marriage which he had already endeavoured to forestall? Who but himself had "the heart to conceive, the head to contrive, and the tongue to execute" such a "jolly good hoax!" The paragraph in the *Post* had evidently apprized him of our plans, and the necessarily immediate departure of the Bishop gave him a facility of defeating them. His own attempt at abduction would naturally suggest

the story of the elopement, and he would rightly calculate that, under the pressure of circumstances, no time would be left the good prelate for investigation, even should any suspicion of deceit, which was most unlikely, arise in his mind. The disappointment, though but a temporary one, would be a revenge upon Amelia for her insensibility to his own *agrémens*, a punishment to her father for turning him out of the house, and a serious annoyance to myself, whom he honoured with an especial portion of his dislike. All, or any, of these incitements were sufficient; and then there was another, not less powerful, perhaps, than them all united—"it would be such desperate good fun!"

Of Nicholas and his pranks, however, I thought less and less every moment; and, though heartily provoked at his audacity, as well as entertaining a firm resolution of one day visiting on his head the mischievous tricks he had perpetrated, the possession of Amelia made me too happy now to waste a thought on him or his impertinences. Domiciled in a beautiful retreat, and enjoying all the charms of a picturesque neighbourhood, together with the more substantial comforts of a delightful home—above all things, happy in each other,—time flew over our heads on silken wings, and the very name and existence of my Cousin Nicholas had almost faded from our memories, when they were recalled to my recollection by a letter from my mother, containing intelligence of his expulsion from the University, and the great annoyance of Sir Oliver thereat.

The reader has not, as I would fain hope, forgotten a certain reverend gentleman, Josiah Pozzlethwayte by name, whose skill in dialectics went so far in convincing my uncle Oliver of the improbability of his son's having been in two different places at one and the same time. Although a sense of justice towards his pupil, not altogether unmixed, perhaps, with an eagerness to vindicate his own superintending vigilance, had, on the occasion alluded to, induced him to advocate my Cousin Nicholas's cause with no common zeal, it must not be thence inferred that he was altogether satisfied with

the general conduct of that ingenious individual, or violently enamoured of his society. Few, indeed, of his pupils had, if the truth must be told, occasioned him greater trouble and inconvenience in his capacity of bear-leader. Not to mention that his almost total absence from the lecture-room, through constant indisposition (to attend), promised no great accession of fame to the tutor from the future reputation of the pupil, the frequent escapades of Nicholas, who, as it was the Reverend Josiah's wont to aver, was "only regular in irregularity," annoyed him not a little in the situation which he held as a Senior Fellow of the College, and, of course, a *censor morum*. Nor did the evil stop here; he had strong personal grounds for objecting to his conduct. Immense as were his intellectual advantages, personal beauty was not Mr Pozzlethwayte's *forte*. He stood about four feet nothing in his stockings, a stature, which Nicholas once affirmed in his hearing, and upon Shakspeare's authority, to have been originally that of the whole human race, to prove which assertion he quoted Portia's declaration to Shylock, that

"All the souls that are were *four feet* once!"

The vileness of the pun might perhaps have induced the learned gentleman, who hated any approach to the *paronomasia* worse than all the other rhetorical figures put together, to pardon it, as well as the impertinence in which it originated, but this was far from being a solitary instance of my cousin's jocoseness at his expense; a misfortune in early life had deprived him of one of those members which, as Meneuius tells us, in his familiar assimilation of it to a leading demagogue, "being one of the basest, lowest, poorest, yet goes first,"—he had lost his great toe. This calamity, for such it proved, had not only given a peculiarity to his gait, but, from the dancing-master style of progression which it occasioned, procured him, at the hands of his unfriends, the *sobriquet* of "Pettitoe." It was a point on which the nominee was peculiarly sensitive, and here again did Nicholas, to use his own expres-

sion, "touch him on the raw." A sympathizing *Freshman*, on being informed one day that the loss had been occasioned by the carelessness of a grocer's foreman, who had let a hundred weight of Gloucester cheese fall upon his customer's foot, exclaimed in the simplicity of his heart, "Good Heavens! what a shocking Accident!" "*Accident?*" quoth a *Man of Standing*—"Nay, no *Accident*; every body knows that a *Toe* is a *Substance*."—"Pardon me," interrupted Nicholas, "you must have read your Aristotle to very little purpose, if you are not aware that the great Stagyrte defines a *substance* to be 'To on,'—now this, you will observe, is the very reverse of 'Toe on'—it is 'Toe off.'" The syllogism was reported to its subject, by "a d—d good-natured friend," in less than half an hour from its construction.

But keenly as a *jeu-de-mot* is felt by many, jokes of more mechanical and practical nature are still less welcome. As if for the purpose of counterbalancing the nigardliness of nature by the resources of art, Mr Pozzlethwayte had endeavoured, as it were, to atone for the deficiency of one extremity by the redundancy of the other; a magnificent peruke was his crowning glory, similar in form, and not inferior in bulk, to that which erst distinguished the renowned and self-be-praised scholar, whose adoption has stamped upon these horse-hair *tumuli* the designation of "*Parrish Wigs*." The amplitude of its projections seemed to set all the laws of gravity, in every sense of the word, at defiance, and affected the mind of the spectator with an unpleasant sensation, similar to that produced by a first view of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The observer was involuntarily impressed with an idea of the impossibility that such a superstructure, so totally at variance with every rule of architecture, and one the *apex* of which so much exceeded its base, could long preserve any position at all approaching to the perpendicular; at the same time its hue, and the general appearance exhibited by the woolly Acropolis six days out of the seven, made the feeling heart shudder at the probable loss of life which

must attend its descent. Once a-week, however, its snowy brilliance rivalled that of Mont Blanc itself, and gave it the appearance of an impending *avalanche*. Every Sunday morn, exactly as St Mary's clock announced the hour of nine, did Gilles Gutteridge, the stammering tonsor, emerge from his domicile in Holywell, furnished with a huge band-box, whose interior seemed bursting with the hairy wonder it contained, newly befrizzled and *pou-dré à la merveille*. Now, it so happened that its owner's apartments were situated on the first floor of that side of the quadrangle which immediately fronted the gateway; it is evident, therefore, that the bearer must traverse one half the square before he could reach them; whereas Dr Battles, the bursar, occupied rooms on the northern side, at a right angle with those of his friend, and, as he regularly shaved on Sundays, it was Mr Gutteridge's professional duty to look in, on his way, and operate on the reverend functionary's chin. On these occasions, it was the wont of the unsuspecting barber to deposit his freight for the nonce upon the landing-place, outside his customer's "oak," for the ten minutes during which he was employed within. The sun shone clear as usual, no thunder growled, no earthquake shook the Radcliffe, no awful prodigy announced impending calamity, when one morning, the hebdomadal abrasion duly performed, a cold chill struck to the very marrow of Gutteridge as he resumed his load; it rose in his grasp light as a feather. To remove the lid was the work of an instant—it was so! his most horrible anticipations were realized—*abiiit! excersit! evasit! erupit!*—the wig was gone!

For one moment the unhappy one stood paralysed—the next, two steps, each five times as long as those ordinarily taken by

"Such men as walk in these degenerate days,"

brought him down two flight of stairs, and placed him in the "Quad."

The Reverend Mr Pozzlethwayte was at this precise instant of time busily engaged in winding up the peroration of a discourse to be deli-

vered that very morning at St Mary's; an unusual stagnation of ideas had already made him long for the *avatar* of Gutteridge. It is recorded of a celebrated counsel, learned in the law, that he could never plead to any purpose without a piece of string to twine round his finger while he was addressing the court—Mr Pozzlethwayte could never compose without his wig. While yet in the very act of consulting his watch, and wondering at the tardiness of his decorator, "strange sounds of grief, lamentations heard I' the air," struck on his sensorium; he rose and applied himself to the window, when, in the very centre of the grass plot, irreverently trampling on that sacred sod, fenced in by privilege from every tread less hallowed than that of a senior fellow, stood, or rather stamped, the infuriate Gutteridge, writhing in all the contortions of demoniacal possession. His uplifted hands and eyes seemed as they were invoking the vengeance of all the gods on somebody or something, but on whom or what remained a mystery. The learned tutor threw up the sash, and called loudly for an explanation. It has been already hinted that Mr Gutteridge had, like another great orator of antiquity, a slight impediment in his speech—"Wi—wi—wi—wi—wi!" was all that could be collected from him by his interrogator, till, raising his eyes in the direction in which the outstretched arms of the supposed maniac were pointing, a sigh arrested them which froze his heart within him. There was the wig!—his wig—*the wig par excellence* of the whole University, enshrouding the temples of the first murderer, whose stony brow seemed to derive tenfold rigidity from the addition, while, such fantastic tricks does fancy play us, a lively imagination might have traced a horrid laughter mingling with the convulsions of the expiring Abel, and even the "grim-bearded busts" of Alfred and Brigena seemed to grin in ghastly glee from their elevation above the buttery hatch. "The wi—wi—wi—wi!"—still shrieked the frantic tonsor, but, "ere he could achieve the word proposed," Pozzlethwayte was already by his

side cravat-less, hat-less, trencher-less, and, alas! wig-less; in all the unreadiness of college *deshabille*, and presenting, as my Cousin Nicholas, who was contemplating the scene from his window, classically observed, "the very *beau idéal*, in every thing but size, of a

'Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui Wiggum ademptum!'"

The porters were by this time alarmed, and one of the most agile among them, climbing up the pedestal, set his foot on Abel's shoulders, and stretched out his hand to secure the ravished peruke that frowned far, far above the reach of its bereaved owner; but whether Æolus owed the tutor a spite, or that the "Little Breezes" seized on this opportunity of avenging themselves for their constant exclusion from his chambers, the motion, occasioned by the removal of the caxon, fanned into activity the embers of a half-extinguished cigar, which had been for some time smouldering among the bushy thickets of its *occuput*.—"Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire," was the logical deduction of the scout, and, as he paused to examine, the truth of his inference was demonstrated by almost instantaneous ignition. A single slap with the wig, vigorously inflicted on the back of Cain, at once extinguished the flame, but serious, not to say irreparable, damage had already been done to the comatose fabric, which still hissed, and curled, and sent forth odours the farthest in the world from Sabaean. To preach before the assembled Heads of Houses in a jasey that looked and smelt like a singed sheep's head, was impossible, and, as no substitute could be found *sur le champ* for the wig, its discomfited proprietor was obliged to seek one for the preacher.

But who was the nefarious depredator? Who the perpetrator of all this villany? Of that no proof could be obtained, though diligently sought for. General suspicion, unquestionably, pointed at Nicholas, who had been seen in the Quad when Gutteridge entered it, and who had even asked that individual, "H—h—h—how he d—d—did?" a sympathetic

hesitation in delivery seeming to have seized upon him in the moment of enquiry. But he had passed on, as he declared, to his own rooms; nobody could gainsay it, and moreover, he denied all knowledge of the larceny "upon his honour;" such an averment it were heresy to doubt; still, from the undisguised amuse-

ment he had exhibited at the window, and his subsequent introduction of a song at "the Phoenix," which was considered to bear upon the subject, the injured Pozzlethwayte was convinced that, if not a principal in the robbery, he was at least *particeps criminis*, and "an accomplice before the fact."

"The wig's the thing! the wig, the wig,
The wig's the thing! the wig, the wig;
When portly parsons claim the pig,
And gouty aldermen look big,
I do not say they are not wise,—
I only say, in vulgar eyes,
The wisdom's in the wig!"

(Grand Chorus of Under Graduates.)

"The wig, the wig, the wig, the wig,
The wisdom's in the wig!"

"Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride" of Josiah Pozzlethwayte scattered wild dismay, as he returned, a day or two afterwards, from evening chapel. The windows of the *symposium* were all open, every syllable came o'er his ear, not indeed like the sweet South breathing upon a bank of violets, but with a distinctness of articulation which it needed not the remembrance of his misfortune to render complete. The voice of my cousin Nicholas, the *primo tenore*, sounded above the rest in beautiful intonation; the victim even fancied he saw him peeping at him over the blinds; from that moment his doubts were merged in certainty, and dislike was converted into a sentiment that approximated as nearly to hatred as such a passion can be supposed to approach a celestial breast.

"It is easy," says a homely proverb, "to find a stick to beat a dog;" and when one has positively determined that, right or wrong, the cur shall not escape castigation, a cudgel is generally kept handy. It was scarcely necessary to make occasions for complaint against my Cousin; alas! he afforded but too many ready made; and it soon became apparent that a war to the knife was raging, if not openly proclaimed, between tutor and pupil. "Crosses" and "impositions" fell thick on the devoted head of Nicholas, who revenged himself as best he might by

a corresponding shower of lampoons. To this species of weapon, certain anecdotes and adventures related of Mr Pozzlethwayte's *première jeunesse*, rendered him peculiarly obnoxious, and "a column of advertisements from the *Times*, to be rendered into Latin verse," inflicted upon my Cousin, was followed by a shower of odes and epigrams, supposed to be the production of the same pen. There is a *locale* in every college which corresponds, in some of its uses, with the *Pasquin* and *Marforio* of Rome, and, as the great majority of resident members are in the habit of resorting thither, at least, once a-day, few better modes of disseminating anonymous effusions could be found, than by means of an *affiche* in a situation so frequented. Here did the lines alluded to constantly appear. The allusions were generally caught up; copies of the different squibs multiplied apace, and the same "good-natured friend," of whom I have before spoken, usually placed them on the table of the Reverend Josiah. Conjecture again fixed on Nicholas as the author, but again nothing appeared in the copies positively to fasten on him the imputation, and it was *infra dig.* for a senior fellow to visit the originals, for the purpose of identifying the hand-writing;—a fallacious test after all.

The campaign was at length rather unexpectedly brought to a close, and

my Cousin Nicholas, like many another great man before him, was finally defeated—by wine. In his sober senses he would have defied a world in arms, but “he whom nor storms nor shipwreck could subdue,” fell prostrate, alas! before a batch of Burgundy. He had procured from the vaults of the immortal Latimer a choice case of “genuine Chambertin;” a dozen of his allies were summoned, and “to it they went like French falconers;” for all who remember our Universities a quarter of a century ago, will bear sorrowful testimony to the occasional excesses, the computations and the revellings within those sacred walls, where now, in accordance with the better spirit of modern times, and to the everlasting confusion of Mr Bulteel, the “men” quaff chiefly from those “cups that cheer but not inebriate,” and only

“Let the *buttered* toast go round.”

As none of my Cousin’s party were unpractised hands, their *soderunt* was a protracted one. Towards midnight the mirth grew fast and furious, when Pozzelethwayte, whose ears were invaded by the sound of their orgies, meditated an assault. He had even made his *sortie*, taken the stairs by *escalade*, and was about to dash in upon the garrison sword in hand, when, as his fingers yet grasped the handle of the door, the portentous sound of

“If any presume

To come into the room,

We’ll fling the dog out of the window!”

echoed as an *antistrophe* by half-a-score voices in *all*, gave him pause; Minerva in the shape of cool reflection came to his aid, and threw her protecting *egis* around him. Gently and imperceptibly did his grasp relax, softly, as one who treadeth on eggs, did he retrace his way across the quadrangle, and with uneven footstep press the sod till he reached the sanctuary of his own apartment.

Not so Nicholas and his pot-companions; on they went, pouring the enemy into their mouths to steal away the brains of those who were possessed of such a commodity, till, as is not uncommon with persons puffed up, whether by wine or vanity,

a general vituperation of “things as they are,” was succeeded by an eager longing after “things as they should be.” “The Grass-plot! what a piece of ecclesiastical tyranny that none should be allowed to tread upon it under the degree of A. M.!”—what a piece of folly that it should be a grass-plot at all!—a useless, uncropped, four-cornered bit of pasture! browsed by no herd, enamelled with no flock! wasting its ‘greenery’ on the desert air, and altogether unprofitable to man and beast. Then, too, the miserable and stunted shrubs that deformed the Principal’s garden! green to no purpose, fragrant to no end! who saw them? who enjoyed them? No one, or next to none. It was a wanton waste of the gifts of Nature—the thing must be reformed—aye, Radical Reform! that was what was wanting!” And accordingly the “Grand Botanico-horticultural and Agricultural Society of King’s Hall and College of Brasenose” was established on the spot, with my Cousin Nicholas for its President. Sofas from the neighbouring rooms were put in instant requisition, and formed admirable substitutes for ploughs and drills to break up and convert the much abused pasture into arable land; while the laurels, myrtles, with such other shrubs as were not too firmly imbedded in the soil for extraction, yielded to the energies of the “Reforming Committee,” and, instead of languishing as heretofore in isolated insignificance, formed, when duly arranged against the Vice-Principal’s door, a bower, scarce inferior to that of our first parents’ in Paradise, as described by the immortal Milton. In one respect it may even be said to have had the advantage over it; Adam’s “proud alcove” was altogether innocent of candles, but here were lights innumerable; wax from the rooms, lamps from the stairs, lanterns from nobody knows where: the very scout’s “muttons” were called into play, till the “enterprising Mr Gee” himself, could he have witnessed the brilliance of this academic Vauxhall, would have blushed to charge “a shilling” for the inferior glories of his gala nights. Alas! alas! why is it that all human

joys are so evanescent? why is it that we find them ever

"Like clouds that tint the morning skies,
As bright—as transient too?"

The "bright clouds" of the poet had hardly begun "to tint the morning skies" at all, when an irruption of the college janissaries disturbed the philanthropists in the very height of their enjoyment. They who could run did run, they who could not fell, and were picked up again; while my Cousin Nicholas, their illustrious President and Arch-Reformer, covered with grease and glory, was captured and conducted to his couch, hiccuping as he sank into the arms of Morpheus, "I say, Jem, you rascal, mind you put out the lights, and be — to you!"

My Cousin Nicholas had now reached the zenith of his academical career. On awaking in the morning he found, Wolsey like, that a killing frost had nipped his root, that he was about to fall "never to rise again" in Oxford; therefore, with all that firmness of purpose which is the distinguishing characteristic of great minds, he resolved so to dispose his robe as to fall with dignity. A summons before the seniority he anticipated, nor did he deceive himself as to its necessary result. But the emergency found him not unprepared; he had long contemplated the possibility of such an event, and his soul rose equal to the occasion.

It was past one o'clock p. m. The various classes had been dismissed, and the common room already exhibited his "judges all met, a terrible show." At the upper end of the apartment sat the Principal, and the Fellows were arranging themselves to his right and left according to their standing. The immediate appearance of the delinquents, for two other of the rioters were included in the same bill of attainder, was expected, when the door opened, and Sir Lawrence O'Thwackes and Mr St John Gomerrily, gentlemen commoners both, entered the room. My Cousin Nicholas did not appear, but the space he should have filled was occupied by the Rev. Josiah Pozzlethwayte in person, who, acting as "bodkin" to the other two, advanced with them, in his usual saltatory

style, to the bottom of the table. His unexpected appearance in such a situation arrested the embryo rebuke already trembling on the lips of the Principal. That dignitary gazed on the apparition before him with astonishment. One instant previous he had been consulting with the very gentleman now *vis-à-vis* to him, and had received his vote for the ostracism of all the offenders. How he could have left the room in the interval was amazing! Yet there he stood, arrayed in his snuff embrowned suit of sables, with wig, green goggles, and pointed toe, perfect in his individuality. An exclamation from his right drew off the president's attention; he turned, and, to his consternation, I will not say horror, beheld there another Pozzlethwayte!—in wig, in goggles, and in toe the same, but evidently quivering with suppressed agitation, while his double, at the other end of the room, stood regarding the scene with the most complacent equanimity.

"Bless me! what can be the meaning of all this?" asked the astounded "Head."

"*Mon Dieu! il y en est deux!*" quoth the junior fellow, as he quoted the despairing exclamation of the French profligate.

"Bless my heart!"—"why, Mr Pozzlethwayte!"—"why, who is this?" &c. &c. &c. burst simultaneously from different members of the congress as the seniority rose in confusion; meanwhile the two accused, and their extraordinary middle-man, preserved their composure, and appeared to be the only unembarrassed persons in the assembly.

The agitated Pozzlethwayte at length found voice, and, pointing to Pozzlethwayte the composed, "See!" he exclaimed, "see, gentlemen! I knew how it would be! it is all a part of the system—all done to harass and annoy *me*—I was sure it would be so!"—

"What is the meaning of this absurd masquerade?" interrupted the Principal, now thoroughly certified by the voice as to which was the real Simon Pure; "who are you, sir? and where is Mr Bullwinkle?"

"Here, sir, at your orders," returned the fictitious Pozzlethwayte,

reverently bowing as he raised his glasses, and darting from beneath them glances of tenfold obliquity on the company.

"What do you mean, sir, by presenting yourself in this ridiculous dress?"

"Ridiculous? pardon me, sir," replied Nicholas, with much seeming humility, "I have often been re-proved for unintentional violation of the university costume, and a *cross* was placed against my name last week on that very account, by my respected tutor who sits beside you; I have since determined to make

him my model in dress, and my friends flatter me by saying that I have succeeded indifferently well."

The cool impudence of this reply was not to be borne; the seniority rose *en masse*, and soon after broke up in much admired disorder. Mr Bullwinkle and his tittering companions were in the meantime ordered to withdraw, and soon after received an official intimation that they "were no longer to consider themselves members of that university."

And so my Cousin Nicholas took his leave of Oxford.

CHAP. XVI.

SIR OLIVER'S wrath was, as I well knew it would be, fearful;—sentence of perpetual banishment was forthwith pronounced against the principal offender. I say the principal, because, though Nicholas unquestionably came in for the chief portion of his indignation, yet the various members of the "seniority" were by no means absolved in his estimation. They had disgraced a Bullwinkle, and that, whether done justly or unjustly, was, in the eyes of the representative of the redoubted Roger, a high crime and misdemeanour. Letters which we received about this time, both from my mother and Miss Pyefinch, concurred in representing the Baronet as having been in a state of continued excitement almost amounting to frenzy, from the moment of his receiving the principal's official notification of the removal of his son's name from the books, together with a statement of the cause of his having been thus unceremoniously sent to the right about. All this I fully expected to hear, but, I own, I was not prepared for the shock which followed, and which exhibited the misconduct of Nicholas in still more glaring colours. His follies and improprieties had at length made him little less than a parricide; and, as I read the following paragraph from a London journal, which I took up accidentally at a little inn in the Isle of Wight, whither Amelia and myself had gone on a short excursion, I was not more grieved at the event which it announced, than shocked by the conviction that his son's misbehaviour

had broken the poor old gentleman's heart. At the head of the list of deaths was—

"Suddenly, of apoplexy, at his seat, Underdown Hall, Kent, Sir Oliver Bullwinkle, Bart., in the sixty-third year of his age. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his only son and heir, now Sir Nicholas Bullwinkle."

Poor uncle Oliver! This, then, was the end of all his hopes and fears—his cares and anxieties for the welfare of one who had as surely destroyed him as if he had plunged a knife into his bosom! Poor Sir Oliver! Till this moment I had never known how much I had loved him. To me his kindness had been, from the first, as warm as undeviating; and I well knew that in his affections I held a place second only to that so unworthily occupied by his heartless offspring. The date of the announcement was that of the third day after we had quitted the Abbey, where, I doubted not, full details of the melancholy event were awaiting my return. But my course was already determined on; and, crossing over that very day to Portsmouth, I sent Amelia home under the protection of her servants, and placing myself in the mail, reached London on the following morning. Notwithstanding his eccentricities, my mother was, as I well knew, deeply, fondly attached to her brother, and would now need all the consolation a son's attentions could bestow. Besides, Underdown Hall was now the property of My Cousin Nicholas; and under any roof which called

him master, I was certain she would not choose to remain longer than was absolutely necessary. I had partaken of some slight refreshment, and had ordered a chaise and four to be got in readiness, while I just stepped out to give my tailor some orders, rendered necessary by the event that had occurred, when, as I turned the corner of Sackville Street, my arm was grasped from behind. I stopped, and beheld Nicholas himself. He was in deep mourning; and, to do him justice, I never saw grief and affliction more strongly depicted in any one's countenance in my life. It was some time before he could find words to address me; they seemed, like Macbeth's, to "stick in his throat," and the big drops stood on his forehead, while a convulsive choking appeared to impede his utterance. The encounter was an unexpected one to both of us, and, to me at least, unwelcome. I gazed at him in silence; tears at last came to his relief.—"Charles!" he exclaimed, in a voice scarce audible from emotion, "for Heaven's sake, pity me! I have murdered my father!"

Incensed against him as I was, and not without reason, on my own account, there was a something so truly pitiable in his whole appearance, in the misery expressed by his glazed eye and hollow cheek, that, spite of myself, I could not look at him without feeling my anger sensibly giving way to compassion. It was not at such a moment, at all events, that I could dwell on personal injuries; it was no time for revenge, or for heaping reproaches on one whom the bitterest remorse had already stricken to the earth. I took Sir Nicholas by the arm, and retraced my steps with him to the Clarendon.

When at length his emotion permitted him to speak, I learned that he had preceded me to London by little more than twenty-four hours. On leaving the University, he had taken up his temporary abode with his friend Hanbury, in Sussex, where he had intended to remain till time and the mediation of friends should so far induce his father's wrath to relax, as to hold out to him some hope of a reconciliation. The absurdity of his late conduct, and the injury done by it to his own character and prospects in life, had, as he assured me, already made a very

strong impression upon him; the lesson he had received had not been thrown away; and he had fully made up his mind to discard his follies, abandon his mischievous frolics for ever, and to do every thing in his power towards regaining the place which he had forfeited, both in society, and in the affections of his friends. "Incredible as you may think it, Cousin Charles," he added, "it was on yourself that I placed my firmest reliance. To you I have much to answer for—more perhaps than you are even now aware of. I have acted by you like a scoundrel and a madman—yet on you, I repeat, I had rested all my hopes of obtaining my father's forgiveness, and the pardon of others whom I have still more grossly sinned against. Grave cause as you have against me—for I know you too well to suppose I could make you my dupe—I had made up my mind to write to you—to throw myself on your mercy—to confess to you the whole of my folly, my madness, and to plead the only, the miserable excuse that exists for my infatuated conduct, when the papers informed me of the deplorable"—He covered his face with his hands, and seemed as if he would have knelt before me. I shrunk from so degrading an act of self-abasement, and, in a tone which I fear had at least as much of contempt as pity in it, desired him to compose himself.

He would have proceeded at once to confession, but I stopped him with the remark, that other matters had a prior demand on the attention of both of us. He had come, as I now found, to London immediately, on reading the account of his father's decease, and had already employed the time which he had been in town in despatching the necessary tradesmen and orders to the Hall, for the performance of the late Baronet's obsequies, in a manner suitable to the rank and station which he had held in the county. Having just completed his arrangements, he was about to proceed to Underdown, when he saw me pass a shop, in which he was making the last purchases requisite for his journey. Finding that I was myself about to proceed to the same destination, he now requested to be permitted to accompany me, adding, that it would

give him the opportunity for which he so earnestly longed, of making his avowal, and of affording to me and mine all the reparation yet in his power. After some little hesitation, I agreed to his proposal, and having briefly written to my tradesmen such directions as were necessary, we stepped into the chaise, and set out together at a rapid pace for the Hall.

Scarcely were we fairly launched from the stoney breakers of Bond Street, into the smooth water of Macadamization, when my Cousin Nicholas began to make a clean breast of it, and with every token of sincere contrition, went into a recapitulation of his offences against us all. He told me, that at our never-to-be-forgotten interview with her at the theatre, the impression made upon him by Amelia's beauty was not inferior to that which it had produced upon myself—that he had, in short, to use his own expression, fallen deeply, madly in love with her at first sight; but that this passion, like many which had preceded it, might perhaps have yielded to time and absence, had not a combination of fortuitous circumstances occurred to foster and increase it. It will be recollected, that on parting with me in Jermyn Street, after I had, as we both then thought, safely marked down my bird at Mrs Morgan's, Nicholas had repaired to what may now be mentioned, even to ears polite, as a "hell," in the vicinity. The usual flocks of rooks and pigeons were found congregated in its interior, and, flush with the supply so recently received from myself, he plunged at once into all the mysteries of *rouge et noir*. A very few deals, however, had taken place, when an "intelligencer" entered with the news of an attack meditated by the police, and fixed for that very night. The party broke up abruptly, and Nicholas, who had been hitherto a winner, and was not sorry for so good an excuse to pocket his earnings, found himself once more in the street. As he passed Mrs Morgan's door, the often-mentioned dark green chariot caught his eye, with Amelia and her antiquated *chaperon* in the act of getting into it. The real state of the case flashed upon him, and as the carriage drove

leisurely along, he had no difficulty in keeping it in view, till he saw it finally deposit its lovely freight at her father's mansion. His first impulse was, as he assured me, to make me acquainted with the discovery, but, alas, the event proved that the warning of the bard is not an idle one—

"Friendship, take heed! If woman interfere,

Be sure the hour of thy destruction's near!"

After what he declared to have been a very severe struggle, passion prevailed over principle, and he found himself unable to renounce the advantage which his knowledge of the residence of our *incognita* gave him over me, his rival. When he had ascertained the real name and condition of the lady, and her relationship to myself, all which he had accomplished, without difficulty, during the interval of my journey to Underdown, the struggle recommenced, and when, on the evening of my return to town, I had made him my confidant with respect to Lord Manningham's intentions in my favour, the secret was actually upon his lips. But my evil genius, it seems, again prevailed, and accident again secured his triumph.

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

Makes ill deeds done!"

"Had you not incautiously let fall that letter of your mother's, Cousin Charles, I verily believe I should yet have proved honest to you, and, after diverting myself a little longer with your perplexities, have at once removed them; but the temptation was irresistible. One moment only was your attention distracted by the waiter, but that moment was decisive—to seize, to exchange the letter for one of my own, was the work of an instant; the hurry with which you followed me in pursuit of an *ignis fatuus*, conjured up for my purpose, forbade all examination, and I saw, with triumph, that my hastily formed plan had succeeded; the substituted epistle was already in your pocket. A thousand and a thousand times during the remainder of that day did conscience fly in my face, and tell me I was acting most unworthily; a thousand times did I resolve to confess all to you, to restore the letter I

had purloined, and trust to your affection for my pardon; but then the image of Amelia rose in her beauty before me, and the die was cast. With my subsequent conduct you must be but too well acquainted; its only palliation is, that I was no longer my own master; every thought, every feeling of right and wrong, was absorbed in the hope of obtaining by any means the paragon of her sex. A very few days, as I was well assured, were all that would be afforded me, ere the imposture must be discovered; my own imprudence contributed to shorten even that brief interval, and, in a moment of infatuation and despair, I was hurried into that Quixotic enterprise which infatuation and despair alone could have inspired. Nay, I will own, that, from the date of my more intimate acquaintance with Miss Stafford and her perfections, the strongest personal jealousy of yourself was added to my other bad passions; and this, with the envy of your good fortune which it excited, induced me subsequently to play off an abominable trick upon the Bishop of Bengal, which would, I hoped, have the effect of deferring, if only for a few hours, a marriage I could not bear to think upon. But oh! Charles," continued he, seeing my colour rising, "spare me, spare me, I beseech you, the reproaches which I so justly merit; think, think what my feelings must be at such a moment as this, when I avow that, guilty as I have been towards *you*, there is another crime that lies yet heavier on my heart,—my poor, poor father!—yes, Charles, it is but too true that the individual who so atrociously insulted him was his own son. I had not, I scarce need say, quitted London as you believed, but had accompanied Captain Hanbury, the brother of a college friend, to the theatre, when, to my astonishment no less than alarm, I came plump upon Sir Oliver; I knew the consequence of his finding me in London; I knew the violence of his anger when thoroughly provoked; not an instant was left me for consideration,—I denied, disowned,—gracious Heaven! I even threatened him!"

A violent burst of anguish here interrupted the speaker, nor could I help being moved by the bitterness

of his remorse. Resentment again gave way to compassion; I could not trample on the self-abased creature beside me, I could not quench the smoking flax, nor bruise the broken reed: he had behaved scandalously, but he was miserable—the image of his dead father, too, that father who had so loved us both, seemed to rise between us, and demand forgiveness for his erring but repentant child. Before we had reached Dartford I had solemnly accorded him an entire amnesty, and had ventured to promise him as much on the part of Amelia.

From this time I endeavoured to change the subject, and to converse with him on his own affairs—on his future plans and prospects—but found it exceedingly difficult to withdraw his mind from the course of self-reproach which his thoughts had taken. He was perpetually reverting to the subject of his disgraceful conduct towards his father. A chaise and four, he told me, and the connivance of the college porter, had enabled him to anticipate the arrival of Sir Oliver in Oxford, which he was sure would follow, by several hours, and, secure in the secrecy of his friend the captain, who had promised to keep out of the way for a day or two, he had managed to escape detection; but the remembrance of his behaviour on that occasion to a parent who so doted on him would, he continued to assure me, embitter every moment of his future existence. He spoke of himself as of the worst of murderers, and it was almost impossible to divert him from these gloomy reflections to his worldly concerns. From what at length fell from him, however, I gathered that his pecuniary embarrassments were much more considerable than I had anticipated; he even hinted at the propriety of a temporary visit to the Continent. This was an idea which I rather encouraged than repressed, as, though I had made up my mind not to refuse my assistance towards extricating him from his difficulties, it struck me that, for many reasons, his absence from England for the present would be a relief to all parties. When we reached Sittingbourne, we stopped to partake of some refreshment at the Rose, and here, as I verily believe for the first

time in his life, did the appetite of Nicholas altogether fail him; he forced down a mouthful or two with difficulty, and remained totally absorbed in his own thoughts, which continued apparently to be of the most painful description; he did not even show the slightest inclination to fly to his old resource, the bottle, for relief, nor was it without great persuasion on my part that he was induced to swallow a single glass of sherry: I wanted no other proof of the sincerity of his grief, at least for the time being.

At a short distance below the village above named, the approach to the hall diverged from the great turnpike road to Dover, and after meandering for several miles through a rich and varied country, brought us to the well-known entrance of the Underdown domain. The sun had set in glory, and the shades of twilight were fast closing in upon a lovely evening as we reached the avenue, whose majestic trees threw a still darker shadow on all beneath them. At the extremity nearest to the mansion, and at a right angle with one corner of the building, stood a splendid oak, "the monarch of the wood," Sir Oliver's favourite tree. A rustic bench encircled its time-worn trunk, and here, a hundred and a hundred times, had I seen him in happier days, gazing with an honest pride upon the silvan scene before him, the fair domain transmitted down to him from so many Bullwinkles, now like himself at peace, while he inhaled the sedative fragrance of a pipe of the best Virginia. Alas! poor uncle Oliver! never again should I behold that open friendly countenance, in which might be read, as in a book, every thought of his guileless heart!—never again should I encounter the kindly glance of that eye beaming with all but paternal love!—never again receive the fervent pressure of his hearty and affectionate grasp!—never again should I hear—Why, what on earth was that? How deceptively the unreal mockeries of fancy!

"And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unscen,"

how often does she in her vagaries

"Give to airy nothings

A local habitation and a name!"

I could have sworn, at the very moment that these, and thoughts like these, were rushing on my mind in an overwhelming flood of fond reminiscence—even then I could have sworn that I heard again that voice, now hushed for ever by the still, cold hand of death—that very cough too, which exhibited the strength rather than the weakness of my poor uncle's lungs, seemed to issue again from beneath the tree of his love, and I could almost believe that a shadowy form, resembling him that was gone, was yet hovering around its gnarled and knotty trunk.

The same idea seemed to have stricken Nicholas, for, rousing himself from the corner of the chaise in which he had been for some time silently reclining, he suddenly exclaimed, with a vivacity that startled me, "Gracious Heaven! what is this?" and, breaking one of the front glasses in his eagerness to let it down, he called loudly to the drivers to stop.

My eye followed the direction of his own, and again, to my thinking, I saw my uncle Oliver, in his habit as he lived, rise deliberately from the accustomed seat, and advance towards the carriage. Nicholas uttered a shriek, and sprang from the vehicle. Before I could follow he was on his knees upon the green-sward, his hands uplifted, and his eyes starting from his head with horror. "Father! dear father!" he cried in agony, "come not from the grave to curse your son. Pardon! oh pardon!" He fell upon his face as he spoke, and I was electrified as I distinctly heard the phantom reply to his adjuration, "Go to the devil, you infernal scoundrel!"

A mist seemed to gather on my senses, and I could scarcely summon up resolution enough to quit the chaise. When, however, I had accomplished my descent, there still lay Sir Nicholas Bullwinkle, literally writhing with agony. "Mercy! mercy!" came from his lips, in suffocating accents—"Pardon! Mercy! Forgive, blest shade!"—

"Blest fool's-head!" to my indescribable astonishment, returned the spectre—"Get up this instant, you rascal, and don't lie sprawling there."

And it looked all the while so like the late Sir Oliver, that, had I not

known him to be defunct, I could have made oath it was himself.

"Get up, I say, scoundrel!" continued the *eidolon*; and, at the same moment, the sound of a kick from what seemed its foot, as the shadowy member vehemently encountered the most undefended part of my cousin Nicholas's person, excited a strong suspicion of materiality.

Mine eye had by this time "well examined the parts" of the apparition, and "found them perfect Oliver."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "can it be?—Sir Oliver?—and you really are *not* dead?"

"Dead?—Dead be d—d!" quoth the spirit, as if on purpose to illustrate that obscure line of Gray's—

"Even in our ashes live their wonted fires!"

"No more dead than yourself, if you come to that! All a bam of that rascally newspaper—put in by some lying vagabond on purpose—this fellow as likely as any body!"

And so it was—so it must be—a hundred circumstances flashed on my memory to prove it—his difficulties, his debts, his menaced incarceration!—Mr Bullwinkle, *ci-devant* of Brasenose, the disgraced of Oxford, the discarded of his father, the rejected of Rabbi Aaron Ximenes, could not, as a *Desdichado*, have preserved his personal liberty one week;—it was reserved for the genius of my Cousin Nicholas to turn disaster into victory, and, by a splendid *coup de main*, to convert foes into auxiliaries, drawing supplies from the very quarters whence he had most to apprehend. His tailor, like many, not to say most, of the West-End *Schneiders*, dealt at least as much in bills as breeches, and "Sir Nicholas Bullwinkle," the youthful and extravagant baronet of six thousand a-year, not only obtained an immediate cessation of the hostilities proclaimed against N. Bullwinkle, *Esquire*, but found every "accommodation" he could require "on the most reasonable terms," while, as no "Grand-National-United-Tailors'-Strike" was in those unenlightened days so much as dreamt of in the most glowing visions of the Humes and Owens, complete mourning for the whole of his embryo esta-

blishments in town and country was promised, without fear of failure, at six hours' notice, and the professional credit of Mr Kerseymere Kite pledged for its delivery within the time. Messrs Birdseye, Mapleton, and Company, who had not long since furnished a pleasant little retreat in the King's Road, Fulham, for a female relation of the Bullwinkles, whose name Sir Oliver had most unaccountably omitted to register in the family pedigree, but for whose *ottomans*, *chiffonniers*, and *chaises longues*, my Cousin Nicholas had very generously made himself responsible, were no less polite. An order for a splendid funeral, and for the hanging Underdown Church with the finest black broad-cloth, accompanied with a hint that the heir was rather short of ready cash, till "the will should be proved, and arrangements made with the bankers," were both immediately taken. The deceased baronet, it was faithfully promised, should be interred in a manner worthy the representative of the Conqueror's Standard-bearer; and a cheque for L.500 offered, and, I need not say, accepted, as a temporary loan, evinced at once the opulence and liberality of the firm.

Though not fully aware of all these and similar particulars at the moment, Nicholas had, in the communications he had made to me, said enough to furnish me with a clue to his whole plot. Doubtless he had taken his measures too well to permit any proof to exist that he was, in fact, the fabricator of the paragraph of which he had thus reaped the benefit, and of which, in common with the rest of us, he would, no doubt, profess to have been the dupe. In the mean while, he had freed himself for a time from importunity, not to say a jail;—he had raised the wind for his intended Continental excursion, the only part of his story I now believed in, and he had, moreover, succeeded in "humbugging" me into a condonation which, disgusted as I was with him, it was impossible to retract. Such consummate duplicity, however, precluded the possibility of my taking any farther notice of him; and, seizing Sir Oliver's arm, we turned towards the Hall, leaving the

penitent to the full enjoyment of his raptures at finding his father still in the land of the living, and to rub off, at his leisure, the verdure which his

black net "tights" had contracted from his long-continued genuflexions on the moist grass.

CHAP. XVII.

SIR OLIVER and myself pursued our way towards the house; and it would not have been very easy to determine which of the two felt most astonished and gratified at so unexpectedly encountering the other,—one a dear friend whom he believed to be dead, the other a no less dear relative whom he knew to be married. As both these conditions are apt to imply a separation from former ties and habits to a rather considerable extent, a sudden reunion, like the present, had, for hearts such as ours, a more than ordinary charm. My mother's surprise at seeing me was extreme; so was that of Miss Pyefinch, and far more vociferous. Had the resurrection from the "Mools" been one on my part instead of my uncle's, her wonderment could scarcely have been greater. My last communication had been dated from Belvoir Abbey, the day before our quitting it for Ryde, and both the ladies believed Amelia and myself to be at this moment ruralizing among the romantic glades of Shanklin. The penetrating Kitty, however, hit the right nail upon the head in a twinkling. "He has seen Sir Oliver's decease in the papers, and come home to comfort us! But do not believe it—it is all nothing but nonsense," continued the poetess; "dear Sir Oliver is not, and never has been, dead at all!"

I assured her that I gave implicit credit to her statement; and the honest joy which sparkled in her eye lost nothing of its intensity, from the pleasing self-importance which we all derive from being the first to communicate positive and authentic intelligence.

When the *eclat* of my arrival had a little subsided, I was told a tale which, while it added fuel to the scarcely-slumbering embers of my anger, it was impossible to hear, as Miss Kitty and Jennings respectively delivered it, without feeling at least as much disposition to laughter as

indignation. The "Liberal" journal in which the obnoxious paragraph had appeared was never seen at the Hall, where, as was the case with ninety-nine in the hundred of the "good old English" families, all were, of course, of sound Conservative principles. The first intimation which Sir Oliver had of his own decease was from a spruce-looking gentleman in a suit of sables, the sprightliness of whose manner, and the smug familiarity of whose address, comported but badly with the lugubrious character of his habiliments, and the solemnity of his errand. The baronet was taking his morning's stroll about the grounds, and had reached the end of the avenue, where he was leaning over the gate, in a picktooth attitude, and looking as if he thought he was thinking, when a smart, flashy "buggy," freighted with the dapper gentleman aforesaid, drew up before him.

"Hunderdown 'All, hold gentleman, eh?—They said, first gate with bulls' heads on the *postes*."

"They were quite right," replied my uncle. "This is the road to the Hall; and what, pray, may be your pleasure there, sir?"

"Pleasure?—oh, no pleasure in life, hold boy—quite the *con-tra-ry*—no pleasure! hall bizz'ness—come to measure Sir Holiver for his coffin."

"The d—l you are!" said the astounded baronet; "and what rascal, pray, sent you here on such an errand?"

"Rascal?—Vot do you mean by that, you foul-mouthed old buffer?—I tell you, I belongs to Birdseye, Mapleton, and Co., the first hundertakers in Lunnun, and I comes to manage the old jockey's funeral;—so open the gate at vonce, and mind my mare—she's an 'ell of a kicker."

"So am I," said Sir Oliver, whose bristles were by this time thoroughly up; "and curse me if I don't kick

you round the park, if you dare put your foot into it. You make Sir Oliver's coffin, you son of a cinder-sifter! Sir Oliver would see you d—d first."

"Oh, vot, you thinks to do it yourself, I s'pose—von of the old boy's country *rums*, vot does carpenter's vork, and mends his barnses!—It's no go, old chap—Sir Nicholas has given *us* the job, I tell ye, so you may as vell mizzle at vonce."

"Sir who?" roared Sir Oliver.

"Vy, Sir Nicholas Bullwinkle, to be sure, who else? The young barwnight as is—So open the gate vide, vill ye? and don't stand jawing there all day!"

It was lucky perhaps that a light, open van drew up to the gate at this moment; the baronet was thoroughly exasperated, and an assault and battery upon the gentleman in the gig would, in all probability, have wound up the colloquy. As the metropolitan Jehu, however, had begun to back his kicking mare a little at the first sight of his opponent's manifestations of determined hostility, the humbler vehicle "cut in" before him.

"Be this the road to Underdown Hall, sir?" asked the lad that drove it, respectfully touching his hat.

"Yes, my man, what have you got there?"

"Bullwinkle arms, sir," answered the driver, and there, sure enough, did the astonished eyes of Sir Oliver behold, in the back of the cart and bolt upright, a splendid escutcheon, within a black, lozenge-shaped frame, some six feet by five, charged with the golden fetterlocks in the azure field, and the "bloody hand" in a canton; the whole surmounted by the equestrian helmet, bearing a bull's head *proper*, horned and coupéd *or*—his family coat in full and gorgeous blazonry—the only perceptible difference was, that in lieu of the motto, *Sans peur et sans reproche*, the single word *Resurgam* was conspicuous on the scroll, beneath which grinned horribly a death's head, flanked with bat's wings, and having a couple of thigh bones crossed in *saltir* under its chin.

At the very glimpse of an heraldic bearing, Sir Oliver had thrown open the gate, and the van had fairly en-

tered the park before he caught sight of the ominous label, or fully comprehended the purpose to which the achievement was intended to be applied.

"Where are you carrying that thing? and what are you going to do with it?" he enquired, in an astonishment, which began to partake of alarm.

"Hang it over the hall door, sir," said the lad civilly, "the men will be here directly."

"Why, who is dead, boy?"

"Sir Oliver Bullwinkle, Esquire.—Cheep—cheep"—and the horse, in obedience to the well-known signal, trotted on with his light burden along the vista.

"Vot, didn't you know it, my covey?" quoth the foreman of Messers Birdseye, Mapleton, and Company, who had seized the opportunity to drive through the yawning portal himself, "Vy, lawk love 'ee, he's as dead as 'Arry the *Heighth*, and as been these three days; vy, it's in *hall* the papers."

The baronet fell back absolutely confounded, and the "ell of a kicker" bore the "buggy" and its contents rapidly on towards the house.

My uncle's annoyances unfortunately did not terminate here; it is true, that the united testimony of men and maids did at length, sorely to his amazement, convince the worthy agent of the Birdseye firm that he was in error, and a "conglomerate" him pretty considerably in his turn, while the achievement was sent back, with blessings, to the place from which it came; but scarcely had Sir Oliver doffed his corduroys and continuations, and was preparing to sit down to dinner in dove-coloured hose and clean linen, the latter adorned with a most magnificent redundancy of frill, when the sound of wheels was again heard approaching the mansion.

"Somebody come to dinner," quoth the Baronet; "well, so much the better—glad of it—been plagued and bothered all day—shall like a chat—Pyefinch, you're an infernal dummy—as well talk to the cat."

The captain raised his eyes, but seemed to think no answer necessary. A carriage stopped at the door, and the parlour windows being part-

ly open, a voice was heard enquiring if "the baronet was at home?" The rattle of the steps, which followed, proved that the answer had been satisfactory, and that the unexpected guest had alighted.

"Two gentlemen to wait on you, Sir Oliver."

"Shew 'em in here, Jennings,—glad to see them—lay more plates—who the d—l are they?"

"Mr Jones and Mr Simpson!" said the butler, announcing two respectable looking personages in travelling dresses, who followed him into the room.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen; walk in—glad to see you—come to dine, I hope? Be on table in a minute."

"You are extremely kind, sir—very much obliged—but really not at all prepared—did not expect the honour—a little business."

"Pooh! Pooh! no ceremony here—d—n dress and all that—business? very well—talk of business after dinner. My sister, gentlemen,—Miss Pyefinch—Captain Pyefinch—sister, Mr Sampson and Mr Thingumsee—Jennings, dinner!"

"Yes, Sir Oliver," said the butler, as he retired and closed the door.

"Sir Oliver!" said Mr Jones.

"Sir Oliver!!" said Mr Simpson.

"Why, yes, Sir Oliver," echoed my uncle—"Oliver Bullwinkle—who the d—l do you take me to be?"

"Sir Oliver Bullwinkle is no more," said Mr Jones.

"Sir Oliver Bullwinkle died last Friday," said Mr Simpson.

"It is an infernal lie!" said Sir Oliver. "Here, Jennings!—Pyefinch, ring the bell—do ring it as hard as you can. Why, Jennings, I say, keep back the dinner—throw the plates out of the window. What the d—l do you two scoundrels mean by coming to insult me in my own house?"

"Your own house?" said Mr Jones.

"Your own house?" screamed Mr Simpson.

"My own house? ay, my own house—it is not yours, is it? Who are ye? What are ye come for? the spoons? or the furniture?"

"Neither, sir, it is the books we want!"

"Oh, my books, do ye? Confound your impudence! Where do ye come from, I say,—who sent ye? What do ye take me for?"

"A madman," whispered the alarmed Mr Jones.

"Must be crazy!" gasped the terrified Mr Simpson.

"Crazy?" cried Sir Oliver, "no crazy? Hark ye, fellows, here stands old Oliver Bullwinkle, who, crazy or not, will never suffer himself to be called so on his own oak floor by a couple of impudent vagabonds.—Jennings! Tom! Wilkinso! here, throw these rascals into the horse-pond."

"For heaven's sake, Sir Oliver," interposed my mother, "here must be some mistake!"

"For heaven's sake, Sir Oliver!" chimed in Miss Kitty.

The captain said nothing, but, like the philosopher's parrot, doubtless "thought the more."

"Sir Oliver?" reiterated Mr Jones, but in a much lower key than before, "I beg pardon—I beg a thousand pardons—I mean no offence—no offence in the world—But is Sir Oliver Bullwinkle really alive?"

The captain nodded vaguely, for to him the appeal seemed to be more particularly directed; and his sister exclaimed, "Alive? why, don't you see he is? I wonder how you can ask so foolish a question!"

But Mrs Stafford, who had heard enough of the events of the morning, and began to divine how matters stood, now interfered effectually. She exerted all her energies, and not without success, to pacify her brother's kindled rage, and to reassure the alarmed and astonished booksellers, for such the visitors were, who were beginning to entertain no slight apprehensions for their personal safety. Their story was soon told—Sir Nicholas Bullwinkle, as he had styled himself, being in want of a little ready money on succeeding to his title, had obtained one thousand pounds sterling from Messrs Jones, Palimpsest, and Gingerby, of "the Row,"—"on account." Mr Jones, who had seen the library at Underdown, and knew its value, was to go down, and select from its shelves such, and so many, volumes as he might approve to the above amount, while Mr Simpson, of the

Firm of Blueakin, Simpson, and Wiggleby, was to accompany him in the capacity of appraiser for, and on the part of, the vender.

"What inconvenience and trouble has one 'mistake' in a newspaper occasioned! What a shame the editor was not more particular!" So said Miss Pyefinch; so said Mr Simpson—Mr Jones said nothing, but he looked unutterable things. At length he found words enough to touch upon the one subject which was evidently nearest his heart—his thousand pounds—"I hope, Sir Oliver, you will see the necessity of letting me have the books, or of returning, or at least guaranteeing the repayment of the money?"

"Who, me?—what have I to do with it? Me pay Nick's debts? me answer for his swindling tricks? Not a stiver—never—let him pay it himself—if he can't, so much the better—catch him—transport him—hang him if you can—all the better—should be quite delighted!"

The head of the firm looked blank; but a significant glance from my mother somewhat reassured him; he had already witnessed the extent of her influence over her brother; he was a man of the world, and knew that this was not the moment to press his suit; so like many a profound statesman, he yielded to expediency, and sat down with his friend, Mr Simpson, to partake of the baronet's hospitality, which, now that harmony was restored, was again freely tendered them. As the bottle circulated after dinner, Sir Oliver got into a better humour, but his guest failed, after all, in drawing from him any thing like a "promise to pay;" and, declining the offered accommodation of a bed at the Hall, the discomfited speculators in literature returned to sleep at the post town, Mr Jones consoling himself with the reflection, that he had, at all events, two strings to his bow, and that if Sir Oliver should continue obstinate, and he could once get Nicholas "within his vice," he should, in all human probability, extract from the father's fears what, it seemed, he was not to expect from his generosity.

Several minor miseries of a similar description had been inflicted on the family during the interval be-

tween the departure of Messrs Jones and Simpson and our arrival; the sexton had called to "know about tolling the bell," and the parish-clerk, who, to his ecclesiastical functions, superadded the lay occupation of an operative bricklayer, had walked up "for orders" to enforce the rotten jaws of the tomb of all the Bullwinkles to open; these intrusions, however, had been for the most part confined to the servants' hall, and had never reached the baronet. Still there was another and a more formidable antagonist in ambush, who yet meditated a vigorous assault upon him, no less a personage than Nicholas himself, who, repulsed as he had been from before the fortress, had since not only effected a lodgment within its outworks, under the auspices, and with the co-operation of Jennings, but was actually preparing to carry the citadel itself by a *coup de main*. Alas! like many an enterprising soldier before him, for once he overrated his powers, miscalculated his time, and ruined his best chance by his own precipitancy. Sir Oliver had been stoutly assailed in the morning by my mother, who made her assault precisely on the side where his defences were weakest,—the honour of the family. The other debts of Nicholas he might deal with as he pleased, and leave him to suffer for his imprudence in contracting them, but the affair of the books looked so like swindling, and obtaining money under false pretences, that it was questionable whether any twelve men could be found clear-sighted enough to distinguish the difference; she owned that she trembled for the result. Mr Jones, at parting, had "right little said," but there was a something ominous in his very silence, and his eye carried Newgate in its every glance. Jennings, too, had given her a hint that one or two odd-looking people had since been seen about the grounds. Gracious powers! a Bullwinkle at the Old Bailey! Shade of the immortal Roger!—that way madness lay! Open earth first, and swallow Underdown and all it contained! Though not so wedded to "the pedigree" as her brother, Mrs Stafford was yet sufficiently imbued with the honest pride, that exults in descending from a li-

neage of which "all the sons were honourable, and all the daughters virtuous;" she would have done and borne much to prevent a stain upon the family, which no subsequent effort could obliterate. She thought, too, that, deserving as my cousin was of punishment, it should yet stop short of that excess which might drive him to despair. She implored her brother to pause, to consider the consequences which must follow the apprehension of the heir of the house on such a charge; the disgrace which, however unmerited, would infallibly attach to all connected with him. She pressed him for her own sake, for all our sakes, to replace the sum, and declared that, should the raising it on the instant be inconvenient to him, she would joyfully advance the money herself.

"No, no, that's not it," returned the Baronet, a little staggered by her representations—"that's not it—curse the money—there is enough in that *bureau* to pay it twice over—it is not that—but to be choused, and humbugged—sell the books! Never—I'll never forgive him—no, if he were kneeling now at my feet!"—And there he was—there the most contrite, the most supplicatory of mankind in look and action, knelt my Cousin Nicholas, his arms crossed upon his breast, and his eyes turned up with the expression of a male Magdalen—barring the squint.

Under cover of a tall screen, placed just within the door of his "snuggery," for the purpose of preventing the draughts of Heaven from visiting the Baronet's limbs too roughly, Mr Bullwinkle had followed my mother unperceived, into the little room where his father usually transacted his "Justice business," and kept his papers; in silence had he witnessed the whole progress of her intercession. The moment he thought was at length arrived when a demonstration on his own part might effectually sustain the attack of his auxiliary. He was never more mistaken in his life. The very sight of him seemed at once to bring back the ebbing ire of Sir Oliver in tremendous refluxence; all his newly acquired mildness was dissipated in an instant, and, to use the language of the present day,

"the reaction" was complete. Nicholas was compelled to scud before the storm under bare poles; he effected his retreat indeed, but not before his father had, in the exuberance of his wrath, launched at him an *anathema* which he vowed he would never revoke but on the death-bed of one of them.—*O cæva mens hominum!* little did he then think how soon—how very soon—he would have given worlds to recall it!—but let me not anticipate.

Once more ensconced among his "Curiosities," in the back attic, Nicholas again lay *perdu*, disheartened, but not subdued, when a sight which he beheld from its solitary window, rendered him for the moment very little inclined to quit his asylum; this was the view of a travelling carriage, followed by outriders in the Manningham liveries, and advancing rapidly along the road to the Hall. My Cousin was just now in no humour to see company, especially when awkward recognitions might by possibility take place—he resolved to keep close in his garret, and be "not at home to any body."

Nor were his conjectures without foundation; the vehicle which he beheld contained the Viscount and Fortescue, who, like myself, were brought to Underdown by the fabricated paragraph. Astonished at having received no intelligence of such an event from his sister-in-law, and apprehensive as to the cause of her silence, Lord Manningham had come in person to condole with, and offer her his best attentions; but the hoax had by this time got wind through the medium of the Jones and Birds-eye gentry, and his Lordship had been undeceived as to the Baronet's supposed decease, while changing horses at the last stage. His arrival, however, was by no means *mal-a-propos*; on the contrary, it appeared to act like oil upon the billows of my uncle's wrath, and soothed him once more into something resembling a calm, though the groundswell still continued to manifest itself for some time after. But Sir Oliver had a great respect for his noble connexion, and, if Fortescue had never ranked very high in his good graces, from the time of his "winging" my unfortunate self, his

quiet and reserved habits had prevented their coming much into contact, or ever into collision.

It will not be necessary to take my readers again over the same ground which we have so recently travelled together, or to speak of the astonishment of the new comers at the impudence of the forgery, their conjectures as to its author and his motives, or their congratulations on its ascertained falsehood; though all these topics were naturally enough brought under revision by the party, both before and after dinner. I hasten to the narration of an event which changed, in one moment, the whole current of our thoughts, and produced a sensation, compared with which all our previous agitation and excitement might be called tranquillity.

The evening had closed in; my mother and Miss Pyefinch had long since sought their pillows, and I myself was preparing to retire for the night. On ascending the great staircase I encountered Fortescue, who had preceded me by a few minutes. He was evidently in waiting for me, and now made a quiet signal, in obedience to which I followed him in silence to the apartment prepared for his reception, one immediately over that which my uncle used to call his "snuggery," the same in which the last interview between him and my Cousin Nicholas has been recorded to have taken place. We had left Sir Oliver and Lord Maningham still engaged in conversation in the cedar parlour, which was on the other side of the house, and the door to which opened from the farther extremity of the hall. The Baronet, when I quitted the room, was a little elevated; either in what he would consider the due discharge of his duties as a host, he had somewhat exceeded his customary potations, or the excitement previously undergone in the course of the morning had given additional effect to his usual *quantum*. I know not how it happened, but it was very evident that his vivacity was increasing in exact proportion to the drowsiness of which his visitor began to exhibit no equivocal symptoms—symptoms which Sir Oliver, who had now got fairly astride upon his favourite hobby-horse, "the fa-

mily of the Bullwinkles," could not, and would not, understand. He had reached as far as Geoffrey Bullwinkle, who was killed fighting *ex parte regis* at the battle of Marston Moor, before his noble auditor was fairly asleep; and as his native politeness had induced the latter to listen, or seem to listen, as long as nature could be persuaded to countenance the hypocrisy, the *raconteur* did not perceive the real condition of his patient till just upon the stroke of midnight.

Fortescue and myself meanwhile were engaged in a discussion, the *sombre* character of which suited well with "the dead hour of night" at which it was carried on. He was looking much paler and thinner than when I had last seen him; his melancholy seemed more intense, and from the involuntary twitchings of the muscles, his whole nervous system appeared to be more thoroughly shaken. I adverted, in a tone of sympathy, to the fact, which he at once admitted, and then, for the first time, I heard from his own lips an avowal of that mysterious communion which, as he was fully persuaded, continued to exist between his own spirit and that of his departed mistress,—an intercourse which he pronounced to be at once the charm and the bane of his existence. That he had been long since warned of danger threatening Amelia,—that he had been incited at first to protect, and afterwards to avenge her;—that, under this overpowering influence, he had found all the ties of gratitude and humanity too weak to restrain him from his destined task—all this he solemnly declared, and that with an earnestness which left no doubt of his own conviction of the reality of his visitation. In vain did I endeavour to prove to him his delusion; in vain did I appeal to his reason, and even urge the fact of his having been so entirely mistaken in the object of his vengeance, as an argument of the fallacy of his impression—it staggered, but it did not convince him.

"No, Charles," he replied, "your conclusion is a hasty one. Since the unconscious error, fraught with so much mischief to yourself, I have been more ill at ease than ever; an inward feeling seems to upbraid me,

not more for what I have done, than for what I have left unperformed;—there seems to be a deed reserved, a something yet to be executed,—what I know not,—ere the importunate demands of destiny will be satisfied, and I may rest in peace. This it is which blanches my cheek, and unnerves my frame; I am ever in a state of vague and unnatural excitement; anxious I know not why, apprehensive of I know not what; this it is ”——

He paused—for a slight sound like that of a stealthy footstep seemed to proceed from the corridor. Not desiring an eavesdropper, I rose and opened the door, but there was no one to be seen, and I was about to close it again, when the clock in the hall struck one. Immediately after, the measured tread of Lord Manningham was heard ascending, as his servant showed him to his chamber. I listened in vain for that of my uncle; he did not follow, but, as I concluded, remained still below. The noise of a closing door or two was heard, and all was again still. We renewed our conversation, and I my arguments and persuasions; half an hour had perhaps elapsed, and our candles were beginning to exhibit a most disproportionate length of wick, when the ears of both of us were at once invaded by a sound from the room beneath; it was a protracted, harsh, and grating noise, as if produced by a saw or file. It ceased for a few moments, and then again commenced. Scarcely had we time to interchange a word on the subject when its character was altered. There was a pause—a scuffle—a chair fell—then the half smothered accents of a stifled voice—it sounded like the cry of “murder.” I rushed to the door; Fortescue, who had just before thrown off his coat, seized the travelling pistols which he had left undischarged upon the toilet, and followed in his shirt sleeves. As I reached the head of the stair-case, I made a cannon between Miss Pycfinch, issuing from her bedroom in her night gear, and the banisters,—we rolled down to the first landing place together—Fortescue sprang over our revolving bodies, and reached the hall below; in an instant after the crash of a door burst open, the sound

of a pistol-shot, and a heavy fall spoke of mischief—of injury—of death. I recovered my feet in haste, and, without a word of apology to my terrified companion, rushed downwards to the hall. Years have since rolled by, but never have I forgotten, never can I forget, the scene which met my eyes. The broad light of an autumnal moon shone full into the little chamber I have described, unchecked even by the window, which was open; in the door-way, and just within the entrance, two figures were distinctly visible, the one leaning on the other for support; they were my uncle Oliver and Fortescue; more in the interior, and towards the centre of the apartment, lay prostrate a form which, from the uncertainty of the light, there intercepted by a projecting cornice, might or might not be that of a human being. My candle had been extinguished in my fall, Fortescue’s had been left above, I stumbled over a third which had been stricken from the hand that bore it; but the household was by this time alarmed—servants were flocking in from every quarter, and Lord Manningham himself, in his *robe de chambre*, appeared upon the scene of action. My uncle Oliver was still clinging, with a grasp convulsively tenacious, to the stalwart frame of Fortescue, who supported him as the oak supports the ivy. On the ground, with the head towards their feet, and the face to the floor, lay indeed the body of a man, still and motionless, while a thick, but narrow, line of the deepest crimson, issuing from beneath the forehead, stagnated at the distance of a yard, in a broad and curling pool, on the surface of the stone-coloured carpet. The light and company multiplied; Sir Oliver was the first object of attention to all; he was uninjured, save by a slight wound on the back of one of his hands, but breathless, and with his dress disordered and torn, as from a violent struggle. The prostrate form was next examined; it was raised from the ground, and, as the light flashed upon the inanimate and bloodstained features, Lord Manningham exclaimed—“By Heaven, the pretended Stafford!”—and I, “My Cousin Nicholas!”—“Then it is done, and my weird is accom-

plished!" cried Fortescue, as, extricating himself from my uncle's grasp, he staggered back into the hall, and sank in all the feebleness of infancy upon a chair; a discharged pistol fell from his hand as he spoke.

Let me draw a veil over this horrible event, the earlier particulars of which could never be clearly ascertained, for poor Uncle Oliver, who alone could have elucidated the whole, never recovered the shock, but sank from that fatal moment into childish imbecility. From Fortescue alone we gathered, in after days, that guided by the sounds from within, he had forced open the door with his foot, that he had seen Sir Oliver, exhausted, upon his knees, and a ruffian with one hand twisted in my uncle's cravat, while the other grasped a weapon that glittered in the moonbeam, and seemed in the act of descending on his unprotected head; a moment longer and it would have been too late,—he fired, and the rescued victim staggered into his embrace as the assassin fell without a groan—the ball had penetrated his brain.

A sharp and heavy chissel, found on the spot from which the corpse had been raised, corroborated this account, while marks of violence, corresponding with the instrument, which appeared on the forced lock of the *bureau*, bespoke the main—let us hope the only—purpose for which it had been introduced. Whether Sir Oliver, whose vigils, as we have seen, had been prolonged beyond his wont, had been alarmed by the noise produced in attempting his *escrutoire*, or whether he had taken it into his head to pay a casual visit to his "snuggery" before retiring to bed, and there encountered the intruder, cannot be known; that he had detected him in the act of breaking into his depository, was clear; it was also evident that a personal conflict,—let us hope in mutual ignorance of their relative situations,—had taken place between the parties. That Nicholas had overheard his father's avowal, made to my mother, concerning the sums in the *escrutoire*, was almost certain; that the apparent hopelessness of any farther appeal at present, the pursuit of the officers, and, above all, the arrival

of Lord Manningham, who would be sure to recognise him if seen,—that all these circumstances combined to make him desperate, was most probable. In all likelihood, finding it impossible to remain long undetected in his present retreat, he had determined on possessing himself of the property, and on putting into execution his previously avowed design of retiring for a while to the Continent, where the sums he had collected, and that which he thus expected to secure, would support him till circumstances might render his return to England safe and advisable. The fatal result of his unprincipled attempt we have already seen.

But little of this eventful history remains to be told; for the satisfaction, however, of those who have travelled thus far with me through the chameleon life of my unfortunate cousin, and who may condescend to take an interest in the fortunes of all associated with him, I may be permitted to state that my poor uncle Sir Oliver did not survive the loss of his son many months, and never awoke to a full consciousness of his misfortune. He wasted gradually away, and, without any decided disease to which Drench could give a name, became as a blighted and a withered tree. He ate the food set before him; but, as Miss Pyefinch often observed, "it seemed to do him no sort of good." He seldom spoke, and still more rarely quitted his chamber; there were times, however, when, from his enquiring glances, we fancied that he partially recognised those about him, but he never confirmed that opinion by words. It was in the twilight of an autumnal evening, in the course of the following year, that the gamekeeper's son, a boy of fourteen, had, in the temporary absence of the family, taken his father's gun, attracted by a flight of pigeon-fares which had alighted among the berries of the shrubbery; a projecting buttress of the building offered him concealment, and from beneath its covert he made his shot. Sir Oliver, now quite enfeebled and unconscious, as usual, of all about him, was in a room above. At the report of the piece he sprang from

his seat with a vigour, which to his attendants seemed little less than miraculous, and, with a shriek that long after rang in their ears, exclaimed—"Hold!—Hold your hand, I say!—'tis my boy!—'tis Nicholas!" A servant caught him as he was falling, and conveyed him to a couch, but his weary course was ended; his heart-strings had given way—Sir Oliver Bullwinkle was dead!

Fortescue quitted England, as he declared, for ever, soon after the fatal catastrophe in which he had taken so unfortunate a share. The accident of the real insulter of Amelia having fallen by his hand, only the more strongly confirmed him in his melancholy delusion. Without assuming the shape of decided insanity, his eccentricities became more and more apparent. We have often heard from him during his wanderings, which have extended over no inconsiderable portion of the habitable globe. Our last accounts were from India, and spoke of ill health, and increasing debility. "He had returned," he said, "to Hindostan, in obedience to a summons from Matilda, to lay his bones beside those of his early love."

Captain Pyefinch is no more; he did not long survive the last of the Bullwinkles; for the first time in his life, perhaps, a tear was seen to trickle down his cheek as he beheld his old friend and companion consigned to "the narrow house;" and from that moment, though little alteration was to be perceived in his ever placid demeanour, yet he too seemed to grow thinner and thinner; his nose became as sharp as a pen, and he looked as if he had no longer anybody to hold his tongue to. His passing out of the world was, like the whole tenor of his existence in it, quiet and tranquil. One morning he did not come down to breakfast; more marvellous still, he was absent from the dinner-table. Drench repaired to his bedside, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and asked him "how he found himself?" The patient laid his hand upon his heart, looked wistfully in the doctor's face, and said—"Queer!"—"What was the matter? What were his symptoms?"—"Un-com-fort-a-ble"—whispered the poor captain—and expired!—

Drench is decidedly of opinion that he died of suffocation produced by the polysyllable.

But Miss Kitty is yet alive, and likely to live—devoted as ever to the worship of the Muses. Without abandoning the service of Polyhymnia, she has been coquetting much of late with her severer sister, who presides over Political Economy. She has become in consequence more thoroughly engrained than even of yore with the prevailing tint that marks, what one of her new friends, an impassioned orator at the late Finsbury election, styled "the azure, blue, cerulean vault of heaven." For much of her deepened dye she is indebted to the celebrated Dr Broadback of the "Grand National Institute of Intellectual Chimney-sweepers." This erudite professor, in one of his itinerant excursions, undertaken for the enlightening of every provincial *ignoramus*, happened to include Underdown in his circle, and to deliver, in the great room at the Saracen's Head, a series of lectures at the trifling charge of twopence each person. In the course of these interesting disquisitions, the philosopher demonstrated incontrovertibly that the sun is *not* a soot-bag, nor the moon made of cream cheese; that any opposite opinions which may have prevailed are "vulgar errors" originally introduced by the late Lord Londouderry, and since countenanced by Sir Robert Peel, for the mere purpose of "trampling" on the "useful classes." Miss Pyefinch was first the attentive and delighted auditor, and then the friend and correspondent, of this talented individual. Together they walked hand-in-hand through the labyrinths of statistical lore. In principle she is become a decided Malthusian, speaks with horror of "thoughtless procreation," and looks forward with alarm to no very distant period when the world shall be destroyed by its human vermin, as a ripe "Stilton" is devoured by its own mites. She has discarded her flaxen ringlets, laughs at fashion, and is learning to smoke cigars. In her last "Essay on Propagation" she lays it down as an axiom, that those parts of the globe where polygamy prevails are the most thinly inhabited, and thence infers that the only way to prevent

excess of population is for every man to have half a dozen wives. She is said to be much in the confidence of Ministers, and is grievously suspected by the Bishop of Exeter to have had a hand in framing certain questionable clauses in the new "Poor Law Bill," which are thought to press hard on the comforts of those who "love not wisely, but too well." I was told at the Alfred last Wednesday, that she is now projecting a voyage to the West Indies for the purpose of watching the progress of procreation among the emancipated Negroes.

The Reverend Josiah Pozzlethwayte has lately attained his grand climacteric. His academical labours came to an abrupt termination some years since by the falling in of a valuable college living in a midland county, and he is now the respected incumbent of Taptou Boozle, with the vicarage of Soakingham annexed. He is happy in the possession of a comfortable income, a snug parsonage, and a housekeeper, who delighteth in cherry-coloured ribbons. Though no longer resident, he is a frequent visitor at Oxford, and at the late installation was honoured by the especial notice of the Duke of Wellington himself, that illustrious chancellor condescending to enquire, with much earnestness and characteristic rapidity, "Ingles, who is that d—d odd-looking fellow in the wig?" So glorious a close to his long and laborious career is justly considered a subject of great congratulation by his friends.

Drench, though somewhat fallen into "the sear and yellow leaf," is still, to use his own language, "as hearty as a buck," thanks to an excellent constitution, and never taking his own medicines. The end of his pigtail to be sure is white, and contrasts well with the sable shalloon that unites it to his *occiput*, but then, *per contra*, his nose is redder than ever, and no man in all Underdown has a keener relish for his glass of old port, and rubber of long whist. He has long since retired from the active duties of his profession, and having consigned his *hiera piera* to a younger hand, enjoys his *otium cum dignitate* on an adequate independence honourably acquired. Some months before his final resolution to "throw

physic to the dogs," a sharp attack of bile confined him to his room, and thirteen disbanded army surgeons settled themselves at Underdown in anticipation of a vacancy; but his *stamina* carried him through, and soon after his recovery he seized an opportunity of disposing of his practice to an Irish professor, inventor and sole proprietor of the "Reanimating Mineral Pill." The fame of this celebrated *panacea* is now great in Underdown and its vicinity, for though two or three perverse verdicts under "crown's quest law" have recently cast a shade of suspicion on its virtues with the incredulous, yet, as its learned proprietor observes, "*Magna est veritas et praevalabit.*" Among the better disposed and more enlightened, a single bushel of these invaluable boluses is still considered as generally sufficient for the cure of all human complaints.

My noble and gallant father-in-law is receiving, in a higher and happier state of existence, the reward of a life passed here in the faithful and active discharge of every duty which they who are placed by Providence in exalted stations owe to their country and to mankind. A splendid funeral, attended by the magnates of the land, and a monument in Westminster Abbey, erected at the public expense, were the tribute paid by his country's gratitude to his public merits. Sorrow unfeigned, and affectionate regret, were the homage as genuine, if less ostentatious, rendered by a large social circle to his private virtues.

At his decease, the family honours, of course, devolved upon myself. Lady Manningham, in whom my fondest hopes have found their accomplishment, has presented me with five good-looking children, who, if not absolutely "little angels," as my friend Kitty would once have called them, are well-formed, healthy, and robust. When not detained in London by my parliamentary duties, we pass our time alternately at the Abbey and the Hall, which latter, with the surrounding domain, became my property by succession, and has since been settled as the appanage of my second son, Oliver Stafford. There are times when we have the authority of one who was himself a statesman, for believing,

that "the post of honour is a private station," and though I never have shrunk, nor ever shall shrink, from doing what I consider my duty towards the country which has given me birth, I have little encouragement, and less inclination, at present to embark upon the stormy sea of politics. As a husband, a father, and a resident landlord, I have full and pleasing occupation for my time. My children are educated under my own eye, and that of their excellent mother, by a pious and learned divine of our venerable church, who officiates also as my chaplain. They are brought up in the fear of God, and love of their fellow-creatures; and when we see, as we sometimes do see, in the exuberant liveliness of their animal spirits, any tendency to

extravagant and practical jokes, or to self-indulgence at the expense of others, we fail not to inculcate upon them the too lightly regarded axiom, that impudence is not humour, nor mischief wit; that levity, if unchecked by principle, may degenerate into vice, and terminate in crime. It is our constant aim not to throw unnecessarily a damp upon the light and buoyant spirit of youthful hilarity, but to confine that spirit within the limits set by Reason and Religion; to check all outrageous and injurious follies, and to

"Warn the frolic and instruct the gay,"

by setting before them in distinct, if sombre colours, the melancholy

END OF MY COUSIN NICHOLAS.

SONNETS, DEVOTIONAL, AND MEMORIAL.

(Continued from *Scenes and Hymns of Life*.)

BY MRS HEMANS.

I.

A PRAYER.

FATHER in Heaven! from whom the simplest flower
On the high Alps or fiery desert thrown,
Draws not sweet odour or young life alone,
But the deep virtue of an inborn power
To cheer the wanderer in his fainting hour,
With thoughts of thee; to strengthen, to infuse
Faith, love, and courage, by the tender hues
That speak thy Presence; oh! with such a dower
Grace thou my song!—the precious gift bestow
From thy pure Spirit's treasury divine,
To wake one tear of purifying flow,
To soften one weary heart for thee and thine;
So shall the life, breathed through the lowly strain,
Be as the meek wild-flower's—if transient, yet not vain.

PRAYER CONTINUED.

"What in me is dark
Illumine; what is low, raise and support."

Far are the wings of intellect astray,
That strive not, Father! to thy heavenly seat;
They rove, but mount not; and the tempests beat
Still on their plumes:—O source of mental day!
Chase from before my spirit's track the array

Of mists and shadows, raised by earthly care
 In troubled hosts, that cross the purer air,
 And veil the opening of the starry way,
 Which brightens on to thee !—Oh ! guide thou right
 My thought's weak pinion, clear mine inward sight,
 The eternal springs of beauty to discern
 Welling beside thy throne ; unscal mine ear,
 Nature's true oracles in joy to hear ;
 Keep my soul wakeful still, to listen and to learn.

III.

MEMORIAL OF A CONVERSATION.

Yes ! all things tell us of a birthright lost,
 A brightness from our nature passed away !
 Wanderers we seem, that from an alien coast,
 Would turn to where their father's mansion lay,
 And but by some lone flower, that midst decay
 Smiles mournfully, or by some sculptured stone,
 Revealing dimly, with grey moss o'ergrown,
 The faint-worn impress of its glory's day,
 Can trace their once free heritage ; the dreams
 Fraught with its picture, oft in startling gleams
 Flash o'er their souls.—But One, oh ! *One* alone,
 For *us* the ruined fabric may rebuild,
 And bid the wilderness again be filled
 With Eden-flowers—One, mighty to atone !

IV.

THE RETURN TO POETRY.

Once more the eternal melodies from far,
 Woo me like songs of home : once more discerning
 Through fitful clouds the pure majestic star,
 Above the poet's world serenely burning,
 Thither my soul, fresh-winged by love, is turning,
 —As o'er the waves the wood-bird seeks her nest,
 For those green heights of dewy stillness yearning,
 Whence glorious minds o'erlook the earth's unrest.—
 —Now be the spirit of Heaven's truth my guide
 Through the bright land !—that no brief gladness, found
 In passing bloom, rich odour, or sweet sound,
 May lure my footsteps from their aim aside :
 Their true, high quest—to seek, if ne'er to gain,
 The inmost, purest shrine of that august domain.

V.

TO SILVIO PELLICO,

On reading his "Prigione."

There are, who climb the mountain's heathery side,
 Or, in life's vernal strength triumphant, urge
 The bark's fleet rushing through the crested surge,
 Or spare the courser's fiery race of pride
 Over the green savannas, gleaming wide
 By some vast lake ; yet thus, on foaming sea,
 Or chainless wild, reign far less nobly free,
 Than *thou*, in that lone dungeon, glorified

By thy brave suffering.—Thou from its dark cell
 Fierce thought and baleful passion didst exclude,
 Filling the dedicated solitude
 With God; and where *His* spirit deigns to dwell,
 Though the worn frame in fetters withering lie,
 There—throned in *peace* divine—is liberty!

VI.

TO THE SAME, RELEASED.

How flows thy being now?—like some glad hymn,
 One strain of solemn rapture?—doth thine eye
 Wander through tears of voiceless feeling dim,
 O'er the crown'd Alps, that, midst the upper sky,
 Sleep in the sunlight of thine Italy?
 Or is thy gaze of innocent love profound,
 Unto those dear parental faces bound,
 Which, with their silvery hair, so oft glanced by,
 Haunting thy prison-dreams?—Where'er thou art,
 Blessing be shed upon thine inmost heart,
 Joy, from kind looks, blue skies, and flowery sod,
 For that pure voice of thoughtful wisdom sent
 Forth from thy cell, in sweetness eloquent
 Of love to man, and quenchless trust in God!

VII.

ON READING COLERIDGE'S EPITAPH, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Spirit! so oft in radiant freedom soaring
 High through seraphic mysteries unconfined,
 And oft a diver through the deeps of mind,
 Its caverns, far below its waves, exploring;
 And oft such strains of breezy music pouring,
 As, with the floating sweetness of their sighs,
 Could still all fevers of the heart, restoring
 Awhile that freshness left in Paradise;
 Say, of these glorious wanderings what the goal?
 What the rich fruitage, to man's kindred soul
 From toil of thine bequeathed?—O strong, and high,
 And sceptred intellect! thy goal confest
 Was the Redeemer's cross—thy last bequest,
 One lesson, breathing thence profound humility!

VIII.

HOPE OF FUTURE COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

If e'er again my spirit be allowed
 Converse with Nature in her chambers deep,
 Where lone, and mantled with the rolling cloud,
 She broods o'er new-born waters, as they leap
 In sword-like flashes down the heathery steep,
 From caves of mystery;—if I roam once more
 Where dark pines quiver to the torrent's roar,
 And voiceful oaks respond;—may I not reap
 A more ennobling joy, a loftier power,
 Than e'er was shed on life's more vernal hour
 From such communion?—yes! I then shall know,
 That not in vain have sorrow, love, and thought,

Their long, still work of preparation wrought,
For that more perfect sense of God revealed below.

IX.

DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

Oft in still night-dreams a departed face
Bends o'er me with sweet earnestness of eye,
Wearing no more of earthly pains a trace,
But all the tender pity that may lie
On the clear brow of Immortality;
Calm, yet profound—soft rays illumine that mien,
The unshadowed moonlight of some far off sky
Around it floats, transparently serene,
As a pure veil of waters.—O rich sleep!
The spells are mighty in thy regions deep,
To glorify with reconciling breath,
Effacing, brightening; giving forth to shine
Beauty's high truth, and how much more divine
Thy power when linked in this with thy strong brother—Death!

MEMOIRS OF MONSIEUR DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

No. IV.

We are now able to fulfil the engagement we entered into with our readers, of presenting them with a fourth article on the subject of these memoirs. We are proud to be able to state, that we have received the passages we have now to communicate direct from Monsieur de Chateaubriand himself. He has done us this honour, and has besides expressed his lively satisfaction on perusing the previous articles we have devoted to his works. We must acknowledge this distinction he has conferred upon us warmly and reverently. When the finest genius, and one of the most illustrious public characters of Europe, thus condescendingly communicates with a foreign periodical, having no impulse or motive thereto but what is furnished by the singular amiability of his disposition, which makes it the continual feast of his life to oblige and gratify all who approach him—when we know that such acts of kindness flow spontaneously from him as water from a spring, and that he possesses—which is proved by the almost adoration with which he is regarded by all parties indiscriminately in France—all those private virtues and winning qualities which soften the splendour of glory, and render it still more lovely than it is dazzling, we feel that we should

fail in our duty of rendering honour where honour is due, and still more in doing justice to our own sentiments, if we did not proclaim our sense—not so much of the honour done us, though of that we are duly sensible—as of the habitual kindness and cordiality towards all men which characterises Monsieur de Chateaubriand, and which we have no doubt would have led him, independent of any other motive—warmly as we are convinced he sympathises with the great cause we espouse—to favour us as he has done.

As to the idea that Monsieur de Chateaubriand craves our praise, it is absurd. For the last six months he has been absolutely breathing an atmosphere of incense. Almost every writer of distinction in France has felt himself honoured by lavishing the most enthusiastic adulation, we may say, on this freely elected monarch of French literature. Without exaggeration, we may assert that Roman emperors, *grands monarques*, and all the patrons of letters from Mæcenæ downwards, have never been regaled with such a full chorus of eulogistic harmony, as has been Monsieur de Chateaubriand, since the first sound of his memoirs issued from the *Abbaye aux Bois*, and was taken up and repeated in a thousand

echoes by the whole press of France. In fact, the adulation of which he has been the object looks like the effect of electricity. Brilliant as is his genius, honourable and illustrious as has been his life, they do not account for it; nor can we attribute the spontaneous burst of admiring and affectionate applause and enthusiasm, in which he walks continuously as in a perfumed cloud—like the gods of old when they visited the earth—to any thing but the thrilling emotions, which the genius of the *heart* communicates to all who are permitted to come within its magic circle. After the steam of rich distilled perfumes, therefore, which Monsieur de Chateaubriand has been inhaling for so many months, we feel convinced that any thing we could add would appear vapid and insipid. We can only sincerely admire and applaud, and that in measured terms; but by his own countrymen Monsieur de Chateaubriand has been *glorified*. Nevertheless, when we read such odorous and bejewelled passages as the first which we shall lay before our readers, we do feel inclined to indulge in an aeronautic flight of praise beyond what is suitable to our northern gravity and phlegm. This passage is preceded by a letter to the gentleman to whom it was communicated, which, as it is in itself very eloquent—for what can its author write that is not so—and shows the value of the favour it confers, we shall previously transcribe. The letter is addressed to M. Ed. Mennechet, and is as follows:—

"I have been much moved, sir, by the letter you did me the honour to write me; nevertheless, I experience some embarrassment in replying to it. Permit me to speak to you with frankness.

"Many persons have already asked for fragments of my *Memoirs*. I do not merit this flattering ardour; but even when I wish to yield to the lively sentiment of gratitude it occasions, I find myself prevented by considerations of some weight. My memoirs are not destined to appear till after my death; if I make them, therefore, too much known during my life, I abandon my design. I weaken the effect of a diversified and extended work, of which a very false idea must be formed from de-

tached and broken passages. If, for example, I detach one scene of childhood from its successive scenes, it loses the propriety it has in its proper place in the narrative, and retains only its puerility. If I extract a *portrait* or a *political fragment*, without that which precedes or follows them, the circumstances which justify and introduce them are not perceived. One book of my *Memoirs* may be a voyage; such another rises to poetry; a third narrates a private adventure; a fourth belongs to general history; a fifth is an intimate correspondence, the detail of a congress, an account of an affair of state, a picture of manners, a sketch of a club, of a drawing-room, or of a court, &c. &c. &c. All is not then addressed to the same readers, and in this variety one subject makes another pass off.

"You desire particularly to have the passage upon Venice; but, as it is very long, I cannot give the whole of it. You would see then neither the *rencontres* I met with in that city, nor my enquiries about J. J. Rousseau and Lord Byron; the *souvenirs* of my first visit to Venice in 1806, and my last reveries at Lido in 1833, would be no longer mingled with the beauty and melancholy of that wondrous dying city. I do not believe there is in the world an author less infatuated with his works than I am, or who holds them more cheaply; nevertheless, there are some mutilations which cannot be demanded even of the least exacting vanity.

"But now, sir, that I have spoken to you with sincerity, I must prove to you that a Breton can never absolutely refuse a Breton. If I cannot place at your disposition my views *delle fabbriche di Venezia*, I send you a description of the spring in our dear Armorican country; you will be a competent judge of the truth of the picture. I must only tell you, that you have not there all *my* Brittany. There are in the memoirs many other tender recollections of our native heaths—of those heaths where our Duguesclin desired 'that his feats of prowess should be couched in writing, that he might have at least a share of the laurel chaplet of glory, if he could not grasp the whole garland,' &c. &c. &c.

We now give the passage allu-

ded to, entitled a "Spring in Brittany."

"The spring in Brittany is milder than in the environs of Paris, and commences three weeks earlier. The five birds which announce it, the swallow, the loriote, the cuckoo, the quail, and the nightingale, arrive with the tepid breezes which harbour in the gulfs of the Armorican peninsula. The earth is then flecked with daisies, hearts-ease, jonquils, butter-cups, hyacinths, ranunculus, and blue-bells, like those abandoned spaces which environ St John of Lateran, and the Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome. The wood glades are variegated with lofty and graceful fern; the fields are stained with flowers, which might be taken for golden butterflies, settling upon green and azure shrubs. The hedges, along which raspberries and strawberries and the violet abound, are decorated with the eglantine, the white and red hawthorn, the honeysuckle, the convolvulus, the box, the ivy, and scarlet berries, and briers, whose brown and crooked branches bear magnificent leaves and fruit. The air is alive with bees and birds; swarms and nests arrest children at every step. The myrtle and the laurel grow in the open air, and the fig ripens as in Provence. Every apple-tree, with its carmine roses, resembles the great Bouquet of a village bride.

"The aspect of the country, intersected with ditches, is that of a continual forest, and puts one in mind of England. The low and narrow valleys, where, among hemp-fields and willow-trees, trickle little unnavigable rivers, present the most smiling and solitary perspective. The massive forests terminating the heath plains, inhabited by *sabotiers*, (makers of wooden-shoes,) coal-heavers, and glassmakers, having something of the gentleman, the trader, and the savage. The naked lands, the shaven platforms, and the fields red with buck-wheat, which separate these valleys from each other, make their freshness and delight the greater. Along the coast, light-houses, watch-towers, bell-turrets, Roman works, druidical monuments, and the ruins of chateaux, succeed each other; and the sea bounds the whole prospect.

"Between the land and sea extend sandy plains, an indecisive frontier between the two elements; the field and sea-lark fly there together; the plough and the bark, at a stone-throw distance from each other, furrow the earth and the waters. Sands of different colours, and banks varied by shells and sea-weed, and fringes of silvery foam, mark with white and green the ridges of the wheat-fields. I have seen, in the island of Ceos, an ancient bas-relief which represented sea-nymphs attaching festoons to the bottom of the robe of Ceres.

"In the interior landscapes of the continent, the heavens and the earth behold each other with a motionless aspect; but in maritime prospects, the rolling azure of the waves is enclosed under the fixed azure of the firmament. Hence results a striking contrast. The winter, contemplated from the height of the steep shores, presents a picture of two opposed colours: the snow which whitens the earth blackens the sea.

"To enjoy this rare spectacle, one must see in Brittany the sun, and especially the moon, rise over the forests, and set upon the ocean.

"Established by God, as the sovereign of the abyss, the moon has her clouds, her vapours, her long rays of light, and her shadows, like the sun; but she does not, like it, retire alone; a train of stars accompany her, in proportion as she descends towards the brim of the ocean; she increases her silence, and communicates it to the sea. Soon does she touch the horizon, intersects it, shows only the half of her face, dims, sinks, and disappears in the soft swellings of a bed of waves. The stars which stand near about their queen, before plunging after her into the bosom of the ocean, hover a moment suspended over the billows and the rocks: eternal beacons of an unknown land. The moon has no sooner set, than an air springing up effaces the image of the constellations, as torches are extinguished after a solemnity."

The above is certainly one of the passages of the memoirs which, as Monsieur de Chateaubriand says himself, rise to poetry. We must now give a few more most interesting fragments. Monsieur de Chateaubriand is speaking in the following one of the friends of his

younger days, who have disappeared, one after another, from the earth, "only two or three mummies of past times remaining behind."

"I have seen death close one door upon me after another, which have opened no more. There is no one but myself in the world who preserves in his memory the trace of that society which has forever disappeared. Twenty times since this epoch I have made the same observation. The impossibility of duration and of length in our human friendships—the profound oblivion which follows us—the invincible silence which takes possession of our tomb, and spreads over our house, remind me continually of the necessity of isolation. Any hand will serve to give us the glass of water we may need in the fever of death. Ah! may it not be one too dear; for how abandon without despair a hand which we have covered with kisses, and would wish to hold eternally on our hearts."

We find the following passage at the conclusion of a detailed account of the ancestors of Monsieur de Chateaubriand.

"Here," he continues, "are many vanities, at an epoch when the past is merely the double infancy of the commencement and the close of life—when a larger view of humanity, and a juster and more elevated sentiment of the dignity of our nature, have urged us beyond the contracted limits of a society of convention—when, thanks be to heaven, education and enlightenment have restored equality, and have caused the individual to resume all his value. But I have been forced to descend to the puerility of these details to describe the character and ruling passion of my father. For the rest, I neither complain of the old nor of the new society. If in the first I was the *Viscount de Chateaubriand*, I am *François de Chateaubriand* in the second; and I have the arrogance or the humility to prefer my Christian name to my title."

We must make a few observations on the passage we have just cited. We confess we can see nothing puerile in recording one's ancestral dignity. The pride of birth is not mere vanity. It is a moral feeling, and one of that elevated and generous order which constitute *the wine of*

life. It is a mistake to imagine that this sentiment arises from the worldly advantages with which it is usually accompanied. On the contrary, these form its *alloy*. It is a spiritual affection. It is the same feeling as that which makes us love to contemplate an ancient edifice, or an old ruin. It is one of those fine and subtle affections which shun the touch of gross utilitarian philosophy. This philosophy takes all such for illusions which its zeal is to destroy, and does not perceive that they betray the residence of a hidden fire, compounded with our mortal clay, and are like the spontaneous flame which rises from the burning springs of Dauphiné, which, if quenched for a moment, kindles again of itself, and gives alone interest and radiance to the slaty and rocky soil which generates it. Nobility—or the same thing *deteriorated*—a class of men of another kind above *their fellows*, will ever exist. Woefully, therefore, mistaken is the nation which strives to extinguish the only sentiment which can dignify, and, as it were, spiritualize the qualities of the highest rank in the order of social precedence. Monsieur de Chateaubriand, however, in apologizing, or something like it, for making mention of his ancestors, is probably only acquiescing in a fact accomplished, viz. the extinction of the noble order in France. In this sense we can well understand the timidity with which he approaches the subject, and his desire to avoid the scornful glee of those who are too gross and selfish to appreciate any thing but personal advantages, which they vainly imagine to be personal merit. There are other observations which we might make on the above passage, but we think it better to leave them, and proceed with our extracts. Our next shall be a full description of the *Chateau de Combourg*, that severe baronial residence, which filled the infant mind of its describer with visions, and made him familiar with all the beautiful forms of nature, and all the delights of solitary meditation—that source of sensibility which never dries up. It is as follows:—

"Coming from St Malo, we perceived first a little lake, and the spire of a village church. At the western extremity of this village

the towers of the feudal chateau rose among the trees of a forest, brightened by the rays of the setting sun. I have been obliged to stop after these lines. My heart throbbed, so as to agitate my hand, and shake the table on which I write. The recollections which rise in my memory overwhelm me with their force and their multitude; but I must not interrupt my narrative. To every suffering its order and its place.

"Having descended the hill, we forded a rivulet, and after advancing half an hour, we quitted the high-road; the carriage rolled along a *quincunx*, into an alley of elm-trees, whose branches formed an arch over our heads. I have still present the impression which I felt, the frightened joy I experienced, at the moment I entered under the shade of these trees. Issuing from the obscurity of the wood, we traversed a court planted with walnut-trees, reaching to the garden and the house of the overseer; from thence we passed by a folding gate into a grass court, called the *green court*. To the right were a long range of stables, and a chestnut grove; to the left another. At the bottom of the court, which sloped insensibly upwards, stood the chateau, between two clumps of trees. Its severe and sombre *façade* presented a curtain bearing a covered gallery indented with embrasures. This curtain united two towers, unequal in age, in materials, in height, and thickness, which were terminated by battlements, surmounted by a pointed roof, like a bonnet placed upon a Gothic crown. A few grated windows in the Moorish taste, appeared here and there on the nudity of the walls. A large flight of steps, twenty-nine in number, steep and straight, without railings, replaced the ancient drawbridge over the *fissures*. This reached the gate of the chateau, which was pierced in the middle of the curtain; above this gate were the arms of the Lords of Combours, cut in the stone, and the loopholes, through which, in former times, the chains of the drawbridge had passed.

"The carriage stopped at the foot of the steps. My father came to meet us. The meeting of the family in the place of his choice so softened his temper for the moment, that he received us most graciously. We

ascended the steps, passed into the vaulted echoing hall, and from this hall into a little interior court. This court was formed by an entrance lodge, and by another lodge parallel to it, which joined together two towers smaller than the first, and by two other curtains, united the great thick tower to the two little ones. The whole chateau had the figure of a car on four wheels.

"In the little court was a well of immense depth, and opposite to it a turret which contained a spiral granite stair.

"From the interior court, passing into the building which joined the two small towers, we came into a gallery formerly called the guard-room. There was a window at each extremity, and two others in the lateral direction. To widen these four windows it was found necessary to excavate the walls, from eight to ten feet of thickness. Two slanting corridors, like the corridor of the great pyramid, commenced from the two exterior angles of the hall, and led to the two little towers; a stair winding into one of these towers, established a communication between the guard-room and the upper story. Such was this first lodge.

"That of the *façade* of the great tower on the side of the green court was composed of a sort of *dortoir*, square and sombre rooms, which served for kitchen, hall, and chapel. Above these rooms extended the gallery of *archives*, or of *armour*, or of the *lunights*, so called from the painted escutcheons which ornamented its ceiling. The embrasures of the narrow windows of this gallery were so deep, that they formed a kind of cabinets, with walls of granite. Add to all this, in the different parts of the edifice, secret doors and stairs; prisons and dungeons; a labyrinth of corridors, concealed or open; walled subterraneous passages, leading to unknown outlets; and all around, silence, obscurity, and the grim aspect of stone—and you have the Chateau of Combours before you.

"A plentiful meal taken in the guard-room, where I ate without constraint, terminated the first happy day of my life. True happiness costs little. When it is dear it is not of the right sort.

"Hardly was I awake the next

morning when I went to visit the outside views of the chateau, and to celebrate my accession to solitude. The flight of entrance-steps looked to the north and to the west. Seated on it, the green court was in front, and beyond it a kitchen-garden lay between two woods; the one to the right (the *quincunx* by which we had arrived) was called the *little wall*, the other to the left the *great wall*. This last was a wood of oak, beech, sycamore, elm, and chestnut trees. Madame de Sévigné boasted, in her time, of these ancient shades. Since then a hundred and forty years had been added to their beauty.

"On the other side, towards the south and east, the landscape offered a very different view. From the windows of the great hall were seen the houses of Combours huddled confusedly together, a basin, the high-road to Rennes which passed by it, a water mill, a meadow in which cows were pasturing, and separated from the basin by the road, along the meadow, was a little village, depending on a priory founded in 1149 by Ravillon, Lord of Combours, in which was seen his effigy, armed as a knight, and couched on its back. From the basin the ground rose gradually, and formed an amphitheatre of trees, out of which rose the steeples of the village, and the turrets of gentlemen's villas. From another point of view, between the east and the north, were seen the heights of Becherel; a terrace, bordered with great clipped box-trees, surrounded the foot of the chateau, passed behind the stables, and, after making many turns, joined the Bath garden, which communicated with the *great wall*.

"If after this sketch a painter should take his pencil, would he produce a picture resembling the old chateau. I do not believe he would. Nevertheless, my memory sees the object as if it were before my eyes. Such is, in material things, the impotency of words, and the power of memory. In speaking of Combours, I sing the first couplets of a complaint, which will charm only myself, and in which nothing will be forgotten or omitted. Ask the Tyrolese goatherd, what charms him in the three or four notes he repeats from morning to even-

ing to his flock. Does he know? No. They are mountain notes, sent from echo to echo, to reverberate from rock to rock, and respond from one bank of a torrent to the other."

We alluded in our last article, on the subject of these memoirs, to a romantic incident which occurred to Monsieur de Chateaubriand on his first sojourn in England, and of his subsequent after meeting with the party concerned when he was ambassador in London. We do not know whether the following letter, published now, like our other extracts, for the first time, alludes to this circumstance or to another. It shows Monsieur de Chateaubriand in the most amiable and interesting light. It is addressed by the Baron Billing, *Charge d'Affaires* of France at Naples, to Monsieur Jules Janin, who first brought the memoirs to the notice of the public, and is as follows:—

"Sir, you have given us, in the *Revue de Paris*, an admirable article on Monsieur de Chateaubriand; you promise us a second; and it is therefore that I address you at present. It is not in the country of Tasso, and close to the tomb of Virgil, that one can be cold in the worship of genius; besides, I will ~~now~~ that from the day since Providence vouchsafed to bring me into relation with that illustrious man, I have been penetrated with some indefinable sentiment similar to that which he describes having experienced himself on his interview with Washington. Since that day, I have felt myself vivified by the notice of a great man. This notice has sustained, encouraged, and consoled me. It has elevated my soul, enlarged my heart, and developed my talents. Alas! sir, why has not this divine ray brought out a less *mediocre* harmony from the matter it has struck. But the question at present is not as to myself. You must know, then, that at the time of Monsieur de Chateaubriand's embassy to London, he not only honoured me with an interest of which I experienced afterwards the effects, but deigned also to grant me some share of his confidence. Knowing how long I had been habituated to the country, in which he represented France, he was accustomed to place in my hands, often without even examination, the let-

ters he received from the interior of England. One day, among those which formed this daily correspondence, there was one, the writing and form of which excited particularly my attention; a certain feminine perfume which exhaled from it made me hesitate a long time to break it open, for I feared some indiscretion on the part of one, whose head, like that of Father Aubry, had not always been bald. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that this paper breathed an odour of innocence and purity. I opened it. It was one of those charming epistles, which Clarissa would have written before her meeting with Lovelace. It was addressed to Monsieur de Chateaubriand, by a young woman whom he had known as a child, whom he had entirely lost sight of since, but who nevertheless (happy privilege of genius!) had preserved the poetic name with which he had christened her in joke. She reminded him of the happy days of her merry infancy, and told him that since then, being grown up, she had contracted a union with a young clergyman which constituted the happiness of her existence. She asked his permission to present to him her husband, but, above all, to thank, in the name of her aged parents, the ambassador of the powerful King of France, for the benefits which the poor author, and then unknown, of the *Essay on Revolutions*, had conferred on them. 'You cannot have forgotten,' said she, 'that, knowing my parents to be in distress, you compassionated the sufferings you yourself had experienced, and abandoned generously to your humble entertainers, all the profits of a work which you had just published.'

"When I brought this letter to Monsieur de Chateaubriand, and asked him what day I should fix for the young lady to acquit herself of her duty towards him, his features were immediately agitated with that infantine confusion, which you may sometimes have observed in him. He was so confused, that even one of his most sincere admirers was surprised at this new trait of his admirable character.

"I shall never forget, sir, the interview which took place a few days after, when the young Englishwoman, animated by the chaste assu-

rance of virtue, and in the fulfilment of a duty, regarded with a calm and confident look, the timid representative of a great empire, blushing to be caught, as it were, in this manner, in *flagrante delicto*. Then the husband of the young woman, serious as his holy ministry, invoked the divine benediction on the benefactor of his family and his wife. Finally, Monsieur de Chateaubriand, thus powerful, and surrounded by diplomatic pomp, agitated, confused, and stammering a few English words, to stifle the recollection of the good action he had done, when poor, obscure, and solitary, he had generously succoured a family poorer, more obscure, and more isolated than himself.

"I do not know, sir, whether this little incident will not have been omitted in the Memoirs which are attracting so much interest at this moment. But if so, it appears to me that it belongs to you to repair this omission. For my part, I shall be most gratified by seeing this anecdote inserted in the next article which we are expecting from your pen, and in drawing it from oblivion, having thus an opportunity of testifying to the illustrious man who is its subject, how much the gratitude which his conduct towards me has inspired, has become even more lively in these days (as the world calls it) of his misfortune, than it was when he was numbered among the powerful of the earth."

We do not know what our readers may think, but this anecdote appears to us to reveal one of the most beautiful traits of character that have ever been brought under our notice. We think not so much of the act of generosity recorded; but that that virgin timidity, that peach-bloom of sensitiveness which so rarely survives early youth, should embarrass and confuse an ambassador, appears to us as singular as it is delightful.

The next extract we shall give from the *Memoirs* is a parallel between Washington and Bonaparte. This has already been published in the first volume of *Travels in America* and in Italy, but as it has never been put into an English dress, and forms part of the *Memoirs*, we think we shall give pleasure to our readers by transcribing it.

"If Washington and Bonaparte

are compared, man with man, the genius of the first will seem to take a less lofty flight than that of the second. Washington belongs, not like Bonaparte, to the race of the Alexanders and Cæsars, who surpass the ordinary stature of the human race. He creates no sentiment of astonishment. He is not seen contending on a vast theatre for glory with the greatest captains and most powerful monarchs of the earth. He traverses no seas; he hurries not from Memphis to Vienna, from Cadiz to Moscow. His work is the simple one of defending himself, with a handful of citizens, within the narrow circle of domestic hearths, in a land without a past and without celebrity. He gains none of those battles which renew the bloody triumphs of Arbela and Pharsalia; he puts not his foot upon the necks of kings; he does not say to them, waiting on the vestibule of his palace, 'Qu'ils se font trop attendre et qu'Attila s'ennuie.'

"A certain spirit of silence envelops the actions of Washington; a slow caution marks them all. One would say that he had ever the sentiment of his great mission within him, and that he feared to compromise it by rashness. His own personal destiny seems not to have entered into the calculation of this hero of a new species. The destinies of his country alone occupied him, and he did not permit himself to risk or gamble with what did not belong to him. But from this profound obscurity what light breaks forth! Seek through the unknown forests where the sword of Washington glittered, and what will you find there?—Tombs? No! A world. Washington has left the United States as the trophy of his field of battle.

"Bonaparte possessed no single trait of this grave American. His wars were all waged upon an ancient continent, environed by splendour and stunning with noise. His object was personal glory. His individual destiny filled all his thoughts. He seems to have known that his mission would be short, that the torrent which fell from such a height would quickly expend its force. He hurried forward to enjoy and to abuse his glory, as if aware that it was a fugitive dream of youth. Like the gods of Homer, four steps must

suffice him to reach the end of the world. Every shore sees his apparition. His name is inscribed on the records of every nation—but precipitately. In his hurried career he scatters crowns to his family and his soldiers. His monuments, his laws, his victories, are all the work of haste. Hanging as a portent over the world, with one hand he overthrows kings, and with the other strikes the revolutionary giant to the earth; but in crushing anarchy he stifled liberty, and in the end lost his own on his last field of battle.

"Each of these men has been recompensed according to his works. Washington, after having raised a nation to independence, slept peaceably, as a retired magistrate, under his paternal roof, amid the regrets of his countrymen, and the veneration of all people.

"Bonaparte, having robbed a nation of its independence, was hurled, a dethroned emperor, into exile, and the terrified earth hardly thought him secure enough even under the custody of the ocean. Even whilst, exhausted and chained to a rock, he was struggling with death, Europe dared not lay down her arms in her fear of him. He died; and this event, published at the gate of the palace before which the conqueror had proclaimed so many funerals, hardly arrested the passer by. What, indeed, had citizens to weep for?

"Washington and Bonaparte both arose out of the bosom of a republic; both were born of liberty; the first was faithful to it; the second betrayed it. Their lot will be, according to the different parts they chose, very different with future generations. The name of Washington will spread with liberty from age to age, and make the commencement of a new era for the human race. The name of Bonaparte will be pronounced also by distant generations, but no benediction will be attached to it; it will serve, on the contrary, as an authority to oppressors, great and petty, of all times.

"Washington represented completely the wants, the ideas, the state of enlightenment, and opinions of his epoch. He seconded, instead of thwarting, the advancing movement. He willed that which he ought to have willed—the fulfilment of the mission to which he was

called. Hence the coherence and perpetuity of his work. This man who strikes the imagination so slightly, because he was natural, and kept within his just proportions, has confounded his existence with that of his country. His glory is the common patrimony of increasing civilisation. His renown rises like one of those sanctuaries whence a stream, pure and inexhaustible, flows forth for ever for the solace of the people.

"Bonaparte might also have enriched the public domain. His action was on the nation the most civilized, the most intelligent, the most brave, the most brilliant of the earth. What a rank would he have occupied at present in the universe, if he had joined magnanimity to his other heroic qualities; if, Washington and Bonaparte at the same time, he had nominated liberty the inheritrix of his glory!

"But this disproportioned giant did not completely identify his destiny with that of his country; his genius belonged to the modern, his ambition to ancient times. He did not perceive that the miracles of his life by far surpassed the value of a diadem, and that this Gothic ornament but ill became him. Sometimes one might see him take a step with the age; at others he would retrograde towards the past. But whether he reascended the stream of time, or followed its course, the prodigious force of his genius seemed to command a flow or a reflux at his will. Men were, in his eyes, only a means of power; there was no sympathy between their welfare and his own. He promised to liberate, and he enchained them. He separated himself from them, and they shrunk back from him. The kings of Egypt built their funeral pyramids, not amid fertile plains, but sterile sands. On a like site has Bonaparte constructed the monument of his renown."

We do not exactly agree with Monsieur de Chateaubriand in his view of the American rebellion, but we will leave disputation, and proceed with what we have further to say of himself. These last few months have been to him fertile in glory; himself and his works have formed the sole topic of all literary conversation; nor can we pass over, on the present occasion, the mention

of an event which forms an epoch in his literary life: we mean the representation of his sacred drama, *Moses*—at Versailles, and afterwards at the Odéon in Paris. There was some talk of this representation taking place some years ago, in 1829, and a private reading of it was solemnized, we may say,—for a solemnity it was considered,—at the *Abbaye aux Bois*. Madame Recambies presided at this feast of reason, at which all the literary and fashionable "notables" of Paris were invited to assist. Among others, Monsieur de Barante, Benjamin Constant, Delamartine, and Pasquier, were there, besides ambassadors, dukes, countesses, duchesses, and the whole tribe of blue stocking matrons and damsels. The piece was read by Lafond of the Comédie Française, and its success with the auditors was great. From all sides nothing was heard but praise. It was a complete classic tragedy. It was *Molière* revived; it rivalled *Athalie*; and was as original a creation as any of Lord Byron's. In fact, such a chorus of sweet eulogium overwhelmed the modest author, especially from the dulcet voices and pretty applauding palms of the ladies, that he might well exclaim with Voltaire, "Cease, cease, you are stilling me with roses."

In spite, however, of this enthusiastic admiration thus elicited, Monsieur de Chateaubriand had always doubts of the success of his drama. He perceived that the biblical simplicity of the piece, which develops no violent passions, no intricate plot, no love scenes or modern sympathies of any kind, would require great scenic and instrumental pomp and decoration to make it succeed. The printed drama indeed itself indicates this. "The theatre," in one scene it says, "represents the Desert of Sinai. On the right is seen the camp of the twelve tribes, among which are perceived camels, dromedaries, horses, sheep, and goats. On the left appears the rock of Oreb struck by Moses, and pouring forth a stream of water; a few palm-trees in front; and under these palm-trees the bier or tomb of Joseph. The background presents vast plains of sand, dotted over with thickets of aloes; and the whole prospect is bounded on one side by the Red

Sea, and on the other by the mounts Oreb and Sinai." It is only natural, therefore, that such expensive scenic preparations being requisite, and that Monsieur de Chateaubriand being no longer ambassador, and so able to command these essential accessories, should have given up all idea of seeing his drama performed. The director of the theatre of Versailles, nevertheless, seized the favourable moment when the name of Monsieur de Chateaubriand was on the tip of every tongue, to try the experiment of a representation. An interesting correspondence between the director and the author took place on the subject, in which the latter refuses his consent to the attempt, and declares he will be in no way a party to it. The representation, notwithstanding, took place, and a gala-day, or rather night, it was at Versailles. The theatre was crowded. The whole quartier of St Germain hurried to the spectacle. Madame de Recambies was there, and all the former auditors of the *Abbaye aux Bois*. Among others, we observed Monsieur and Madame de Guiche, Monsieur Bertin, the directing editor of the *Journal des Debats*, Madame Sophie Gay, and all the actors and actresses of the Comédie Française. But Monsieur de Chateaubriand was not there; he remained in Paris; and we are persuaded that whilst his drama was performing, he was enjoying as sound and unbroken a sleep as if he were in no way concerned in its success or its failure.

Fail, however, it did not; but its success was not of that enthusiastic kind which many of its admirers had anticipated for it. The reason why it could make no very striking impression, we have already hinted at. Nevertheless, it was received very favourably. Yet we cannot help thinking, that respect for the author did more to fix and retain the attention of the audience, than the *dramatic* merit of the piece. We say *dramatic* merit, for we think that in this, from the very nature of the subject, it is deficient. Lyrical merit it has, we confess, and of a very high order; and the whole work is so truly poetic, that if the subject matter did not repel us, we could read

it with very great delight. But the subject, we must freely declare, *does* repel us. We cannot consent to confound together the religions of Jupiter and Jehovah, by consigning them equally to the regions of fiction. We cannot approve of borrowing topics from the pulpit for the stage. The events of scriptural history are to us *truths* solid and solemn as the firmament. We will not behold them through the prism of imagination, for we know that so they are only distorted or seen double. They are to us *sacred*, and that in no trite or canting acceptance of the term, but as the only sources of our moral life and immortal hopes. We will then distinguish and separate them, scrupulously and zealously, from all the *profane* associations with which we are surrounded. We will not take the fire from off the altar to ignite the spirit in a punch-bowl. We know very well, however, that these sentiments belong to a Protestant view of Revelation. We have, therefore, been unduly severe, perhaps, on Monsieur de Chateaubriand, in the observations we have thought it our duty to make. We are perfectly well aware that he has the merit, the unappreciable merit, of *reconciling* (what a word!) his countrymen to Christianity, by showing them how full it is of poetic beauty and purifying emotions. Sacred dramas may consequently—we write it not irreverently—form, as Doctor O'Toole says in the farce, "a part of his system." But we, thank God! have got beyond the need of these specious arts of reconciliation. Our part it is to keep revelation pure, pure as much from the meretricious colourings of poetry, as from the ignorant adulterations of superstition. We love it *as it is*—in its sober simplicity.

We hope these concluding observations will show Monsieur de Chateaubriand that our praises have at least this value, that they are discriminating; and that much as we admire and reverence his genius and character, we suffer not these sentiments—warm as they are—to interfere with the expression of our honest convictions, even when they may be opposed to his own.

O. D.

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

CHAP. X.

WHERE IS THE BALLAHOO ?

THE lieutenant commanding the *Spider* came on board, and finding we were bound for Kingston, strongly recommended our not attempting it alone, as he said privateers were swarming between it and the west end of Jamaica; but, on hearing my final destination, he politely said, that, although bound for Havanna, he would himself see us into Montego Bay, where the brig might remain until the coast was clear, or she could get convoy. This was too good an offer to be rejected, and we accordingly hauled our wind, and made all sail in company.

We were sitting at dinner in the cabin on that same day, the Spanish gentry preferring to eat their garlic and "bacalado" and oil on the deck.

"I was glad to see your servant out of his hammock and on deck again to-day. He is a smart chap that, and managed the small-arm party exceedingly well, considering. He seems quite at home with the musket, I assure you, sir."

I laid down my knife and fork at this speech of the captain.

"My servant—my servant, did you say?"

"Yes, sir;—did you not notice how well he behaved on the fore-castle, when the schooner was drawing ahead of us?"

I had noticed a black fellow, in an old red jacket, very active certainly during the brush, and had observed the coolness and expertness with which he had fired; but I little dreamed who it was.

"Pray," said I to the skipper, "do me the favour to desire the man to come aft here."

Straightway our old friend Sergeant Quacco, my dingy adherent, made his appearance at the cabin-door, endeavouring to look very modest and sheepish; but his assumed bashfulness was but a flimsy cloak to his native impudence.

"Quacco," said I, in anger;—but before I could get a word out—

"Sergeant Quacco, if massa will be so good as remember."

"You impudent rascal," continued I, "how dare you smuggle yourself on board as my servant, and without my knowledge, after having told me that you had entered on board *Gazelle*?"

"Massa, do hab a leetle patient, and massa shall know everyting.—You see, massa, I was mind, as massa say, to sarve on board de Commodo—massa say de trute in dat—but dat was de time when I was tink de brigand knife had top massa him promotion."

"Cool, and deliciously modest," thought I, as Quacco continued, in nowise put out,

"But when I yeerie dat massa not only was like to cover," (recover, I surmised, was meant,) "but dat he was nephew to one big somebody, wid plenty money, and, beside all dat, he was to go to Jamaica—oh dat alter Quacco taught atogeder, becaase he knowed he could be much use to massa in Jamaica, from him knowledge of de world dere."—"Indeed!" thought I, "how very disinterested!"—"Beside," seeing I twigged, "to tell de hanest trute,—one ting wery *pleasant* for do when him *profitable*.—I taught it more better to take my *chance* wid you as my master, den face de *sartainty* of hard work, leetle sleep, and much flag, in de frigate—so I take de liberty of ship myself in de Ballahoo lang wid good massa."

"So—and pray where have you been skulking since we sailed, may I ask?"

"To be sure," said he, with the most provoking calmness,— "to be sure."

"To be sure of what, sir?" said I fairly savage at last.

"To be sure massa may hax where I have been since we sailed," roared Quacco, making for the door as I rose—"and if massa will only sit down again, I will tell him, and satisfy him on all particular."

He said this with his head leant back, so as to be the only part of him visible at the door, while his

hands clutched the ropes of the companion-ladder, his feet being on the second step of it, in act to bolt on deck if I had moved after him. I sat down, seeing there was no use in putting myself into a passion with the poor fellow.

"Well, do tell me then, you free-and-easy scoundrel you."

Here the sergeant again advanced into the cabin, where he made a variety of grimaces; and after rubbing his great blubber lips hard with the back of his hand, he proceeded:—

"You see, sir—it was no fault of I—some how, when I turn in, I hab one larsh case-bottle of rum wid me, and I could not finis him in lesser time den tree day,—so dat was de reason massa did not see me more sooner;—but de moment I hear enemy was dere—dat fighting was for do—ha, ha!—Quacco sober in one moment, and I jump up, and lef de bottle one tird full, and fight—Massa surely see how I was fight."

"Ay,—and, with Mr Brail's permission, you shall have a free passage for your gallantry, Quacco," said the skipper.

"Tank you, massa captain," quoth Quacco, joyously.—"Now, Massa Brail, you must forgive de leetle liberty I was take—believe me, you hab got one gooder sarvant more as you taught,"—and so, after all, I did indeed find afterwards.

Six days after this, the man-of-war schooner, having seen us safe to the end of our voyage, left us for her destination, and we ran into Montego bay as the night fell, and came to anchor.

Right above us, on the larboard hand, perched on a bold rock, stood a large and very handsome house, a very conspicuous object from the offing, and commanding the entrance to the bay, as it were, which, by half-past eight, when I was going on shore to the tavern, where I intended to sojourn for the night, began to be brilliantly lit up; and I could hear preparatory strains of music, and other tokens of revelry, as if a ball or some other piece of gaiety were toward.

There is something striking in being suddenly withdrawn from prowling on the "melancholy main," and plunged into the vortex of civilized life. The very jabber of the negroes startled me more than I had allowed for as I landed on the wharf, an old rickety wooden fabric, and accosted a tall man in white trousers and jacket, who was walking up and down upon it, and enquired where the best tavern or lodging-house was situated. He very civilly gave me the desired information, and accompanied me as a pilot, so that I soon found myself in the dark piazza of a large building, which had any thing but the look of a place of public resort. An open balcony ran along the front next the street, to which you ascended by five or six steps, with a common unpainted wooden rail, to prevent your toppling over into the thoroughfare. Beyond this there was a gloomy dungeon of an interior chamber, apparently wainscotted with some sort of dark-coloured hardwood, and lighted by one solitary unsnuffed tallow candle, glimmering on a long mahogany table covered with slops, and wet marks, as if glasses had recently been removed, and there was a strong smell of tobacco smoke and brandy punch. There appeared to be bedrooms opening off the hall at each end.

"Hillo!—house!" shouted I;—"house!"

A tall decently-dressed brown woman—lady, beg her pardon—at this presented herself at the farther door of the large room fronting the one at which I stood—

"Hose!—hose!—what you want wid de hose?"

"I am a traveller," said I, "just landed, and want some supper and a bed."

"Supper and a bed," said the old lady,—"*sartainly* you shall have dem. But—beg pardon, sir—I hear no noise of horse or sarvant, so I was tink you might have been *walking buccra*,* and I never allow dem sort of peoples to put dere nose into my house. But here I see sailor

* A most opprobrious appellation in Jamaica, as nothing, in the eyes of the coloured and black population, seems so degrading to a white man as the being compelled to travel on foot.

carrying in your luggage," as the master of the brig, whom I had invited to sup with me, came up the front steps of the piazza, followed by one of his crew, and Sergeant Quacco, carrying my traps.

We were now treated with abundant civility, and soon were enjoying ourselves over an excellent repast.

"Pray, Mrs—I forget your name."

"Sally Frenche, an please, massa."

"Sally Frenche!" said I;—"ho, ho, I am in soundings here, mayhap—Pray do you know old Mr Lathom Frenche, my good lady—a rich old chap, who lives somewhere hereabouts, at a place called Ballywindle?"

My simple enquiry appeared to have an electrical effect, and at the same time to have given some unaccountable and serious offence,—for my talkative hostess, a deuced buxom-looking dingy dame, of some forty years or so, now drew herself up, and crossed her arms, looking as prim as mustard at me, and slowly grumbling out—

"Do—me—Sally Frenche—know—one—reesh—old—chap—dem call—massa Latom Frenche—who—live—at one place somewhere hereabouts—dat dem call Ballywindle?"

"Yes," said I, a good deal surprised at the tone and manner in which she drawled out her words—"I mean no offence—I ask you a plain question—Do you know Mr Lathom Frenche of Ballywindle? I am a near relation of his, and desirous of engaging horses, or some kind of conveyance, to proceed to his house in the morning."

She here came round to the side of the table where I sat, shoving the black servant who had been waiting on us away with a force that spun him into the corner of the room, with an exclamation of—"Heigh, misses, wurra dat for?"—and shading her eyes from the glare of the candles with her hand, she fell to perusing my face in a way that was any thing but pleasant.

"Ha, ha—Sally Frenche know something—I see—I see—you must be de nyung buccra, Massa Latom is look out for so hanzious—so tell me, is you really and truly Massa Benjamin Brail, old massa nephew?"

"I am certainly that gentleman old lady."

"Hold ladee, indeed—Ah, Jacka—but never mind. You is my family, and so you is—but don't call me hold lady, if you please, again, nyung massa. Let me see—you have him mout, and him nose, and de wery cack of him yeye. Oh dear, you is Massa Benjamin, for true you is de leetle boy dat de old man look out for so long—here, Teemoty, Peeta, Daroty—here is your cosin, Massa Benjamin—Oh, massa neger, I am so happy"—and she began to roll about the room, sprawling with her feet, and walloping her arms about, seizing hold of a chair here, and a table there, as if the excess of her joy, and the uproariness of her laughter, had driven her beyond herself.

At her call two tall young mulatto fellows, without stockings or neck-cloths, dressed in white duck trousers, and blue coatees, and a very pretty, well-dressed brown girl, of about eighteen, presented themselves at the door of the room.

"Pray, who are those?" said I, during a lull of the matron's paroxysm.

"Who dem is? why, your own cosin—your own flesh and blood—your uncle, God bless him—him children dem is, all—ay, every one on dem."

"And who is their mamma?" said I. "Not you, ma'm?"

"Me—Oh dear, de poor boy don't know noting about him own relation—No—his Sally Frenche—daughter of old Terence Frenche, your uncle that was die, five year ago—he who leave all his money to his broder, Mr Latom Frenche. I is his only daughter, and your cosin, and kind fader he was to me."

"Well, kinswoman, I am glad to see you; but are these really my cousins? and again I ask, who is their mamma?"

"Ha, ha, ha—you really know noting, none at all—dem is Teemoty—hold up your head, you poppy dag—and Peeta, Massa Latom sons—bote your own cosin, too."

"And that pretty young lady—who is she?"

"Ha, ha, ha—Oh dear, oh dear—why, him is Miss Daroty, dere sister."

"And a devilish pretty girl she is, let me tell you. Why, Dorothy, give me a kiss, my fair cousin." And as I gave her a hearty smack—she dropped me a low curtsy.

"Tank you, cosin Benjamin."

Our friend the skipper was all this time taking his cargo on board with great industry, only stealing a passing squint at us now and then; and I was beginning to think it was high time to put in my oar also, lest I should go without my meal, when a great bustle was heard in the street—first a trampling as of a squadron of dragoons, then the rustling of carriage wheels, and a loud gabbling of negroes. Presently some one whistled loud and shrill on his fingers, and a voice called out—

"Why, Sally Frenche—Sally, where the devil are you, and all your people, Sally?"

"Massa Jacob Twig, sure as can be," cried Sally, and again the hysterical laugh seemed to carry her beyond herself. "All my friend come on me at one time. What shall me Sally do?—Teemoty, tell Parot-toe for kill de kidd, and de two capon, and de wile dock, dem, [*anglice*, wild-duck,] and—and—and—oh, kill every ting him can lay him ogly paw upon."

"Den," quoth Timothy with a grin—"I shall keep out of de way, misses."

"Coming, Massa Jacob—Oh dear—ha, ha, ha,"—and as some one now entered the dark piazza, she ran out and stumbled against him, and knocking his hat off, in her flourishing, she fairly clasped her arms round the person's neck, more for support during her violent and extraordinary cachinnations, however, than any thing else. "Oh Massa Jacob—sweet Massa Jacob—I so glad to see you."

"Why, old lady, you appear so, certainly—but come, come, you must be bewitched," said the stranger, shaking her off. "Do gather your wits about you, and desire your people to see my horses cared for, and get us some supper, *do you hear?*"—the words in *Italics* pronounced with a strange emphasis, and a very peculiar accent, as if the words had been twisted out from between the closed lips.

Here the speaker caught my eye—he bowed.

"Good evening, sir. I hope I am not disturbing you, gentlemen."

"Not in the least," said I. "We are strangers just landed from the brig that came in this evening; and as our hostess and I here happen, to my great surprise, to be relations, her joy has shoved her a little off her balance, as you see."

"Balance!" said the person addressed, with a good-natured smile—"Sally Frenche was never very famous for keeping her balance."

"Oh, Massa Jacob," said the plausible Sally—"how can you say so?"

"But you are her relation you say, sir," continued the stranger; and here he turned round as if recollecting himself, and stuck his head through the window that looked into the piazza, and addressing some one who was tumbling portmanteaus and luggage about there—"I say, Felix—he can't be a brown chap, eh?—he don't look like it."

"Poo, poo, what if he be?" said the person spoken to—"What if he be—order supper, man—curse this portmanteau, the straps are as stiff as iron hoops—and have broken my nails. You villain, Twister, why don't you come and help me, that I may get out my clothes?"

"Here, massa," said a blackie from the street—and the gentleman who had spoken now entered.

Sally had asked leave for the new comers to join our party, and as this might be according to rule in Jamaica, we consented, and they were presently seated at the same board.

The shortest of the two was a stout sun-burned man, with a round face, but a fine white forehead, and beautiful clustering brown hair. He was dressed in very short nankeen trousers, very much faded, silk stockings, and shoes—rather an out of the way rig for a traveller through dirty roads, as it struck me, and he wore a long French-cut blue military frock or pelisse, garnished with a perfect plague of frogs.

This was largely open at the breast, displaying a magnificent whitish-blue cambric frill, while a neck-cloth, with a strong dash of the same indigo shade, was twisted round his

bull neck, as gracefully as a collar round a mastiff's, while the collar of his shirt stood up in such pomp of starch and stiffness, that I could not help considering his ears in some peril. When he entered, he had replaced the small narrow-brimmed glazed hat that had been knocked off, the oily appearance of which in such a climate was enough to make one perspire. Altogether he looked like a broiled man, but when he sat down at table, I was refreshed by noticing that his hands were beautifully white, and, according to Lord Byron's maxim, I took this as a kind of voucher, for want of a better, that the nondescript was a gentleman. His companion was a tall, thin, dark young fellow, with short curly fair hair, dressed in white jean pantaloons, with long Hessian boots drawn up over them to his knees, white waistcoat and neckcloth, and a blue coat. There was nothing peculiar about his appearance. We all carried on for some time in silence. At length the shortest of my new acquaintances asked me to drink wine with him.

"Your good health, sir. Here's to our better acquaintance."

"Massa Jacob," quoth Mammy Sally, who was superintending the attendance of her servants—"you know who you drink wine wid?"

Mr Twig looked round at her with an expression of face as if he neither knew nor cared.

"Ha, I see—you tink you know every ting, Massa Jacob, but—but—oh dear, oh dear—you no know—you no know?—why it is Massa Benjamin himself—Massa Benjamin Brail, dat old Massa Latom so long for see."

Massa Jacob at this rose, and first looking steadfastly at me, munching all the time, and then regarding the old lady, with his mouth full, he stretched his hand across the table to me.

"If you be Mr Brail, I am particularly rejoiced to see you. Your uncle, young gentleman, is my most especial friend; and there is not a worthier man breathing. I knew you were expected; and as I am bound with my friend, Mr Felix Flamingo there, on a visit to Mr Frenche—Mr Flamingo, Mr Brail—

Mr Brail, Mr Flamingo of the extensive Kingston firm of Peawweep, Snipe, and Flamingo—ahem—as I was saying, we are bound on a visit to this very identical uncle of yours, my excellent friend, Mr Lathom Frenche. So nothing could have been more opportune than our meeting."

"And whom have I the honour of addressing?" said I, a little startled at such sudden cordiality on the part of a stranger.

"My name is Jacob Twig, of the Dream, in the parish of St Thomas in the East, at your service; and for your excellent uncle's sake, it will give me great pleasure to be of service to you. But, Felix, my darling, we must go and dress for the ball at Mrs —'s; we shall be late, I fear."

The tall youngster, during all the time occupied by Mr Twig in expatiating, had been looking as grave as a judge, and making the best use of his time. Both now rose, and retired as it were to dress. Just as they had left the room, and the master of the Ballahoo and I had filled a glass of wine together, Mr Twig returned.

"I say, Mr Brail, I have just been thinking you had better come with us—Mr Roseapple will be glad to see you, I know."

"Why, I have not the honour of knowing your friend, Mr Roseapple," said I. "Besides, this gentleman is the captain of the brig that I came from Havanna in, and I invited him to supper with me; so"—

"The more the merrier, man—the more the merrier—why, *we shall take him too*."

All this appeared to me very odd, and too free-and-easy by a great deal; but the sailor had by this time drank more Madeira than he was accustomed to, and as he, to my great surprise, made no objection to the proposal, only stating that he had no clothes fit to appear with in a ball-room, I thought I might as well swim with the current also.

Jacob eyed him.

"Why, you are a deuced good-looking fellow."

Jack rose, and made a most awkward obeisance.

"Oh, 'pon my honour," quoth

Twig, with the utmost gravity—"my clothes will suit you to a nicety. Cato, tell Romulus to desire Cobbler to fetch in my portmanteau instantly. So come along, *my dear fellow*, and let us rig you." (What next, thought I—this to a man he never saw before!) And away the jolly tar sculled between Mr Twig and his friend Flamingo.

I had never before been guilty of such a heterodox proceeding, as going unasked to a ball given by a lady I had never seen or heard of; and although the wine I had drank had by this created no small innovation in my brain, still I had discretion enough left to induce me to go up to Mr Twig's room door, where I again remonstrated with him on the impropriety of such an intrusion on my part.

"Poo, nonsense, my dear fellow. Just say you are old Frenchie's nephew, and the whole company will hug you as an old acquaintance, man—not a Creole miss but will set her cap at you—take Jacob Twig's word for it—why, you will find that your fame has outstripped you the instant your name is mentioned, and your uncle makes no secret of his intention to make you his heir—so come along, man. Go dress—that's a good fellow."

I did so, and we were presently all in the hall of the tavern again, where friend Quacco was waiting with my cloak and hat ready for a start.

"Thank you, Quacco; I hope you have made yourself comfortable?"

Quacco grinned. "Very, sir; find myself great man here. My story please people—better country dis dan de coast of Africa."

"Glad you find it so; but where, in heaven's name, got you that rig? you don't mean to follow me to Mr Roseapple's in such a dress?"

"Certainly I do, with massa's permission." And he snuffed the air as if his *amour propre* had been somewhat wounded by my disapproval of the mode in which it had pleased him to make his toilet.

"But you will be laughed at, and get me into some ridiculous scrape."

"No, no, massa; never fear Quacco's discretion—never fear. I have much practice in Havanna, in wait on gentlemen at table. Ah, you sail

see, massa—but one ting I sail pretend, dat I is one Spanish negro; dis will give de interest to me, you know." (*Interest!* thought I, like to laugh in his face.) "So tell de captain dere, not to peach upon Quacco—say I am one Spanish servant you got from de governor Señor Cien Fuegos."

I laughed heartily at this instance of barbarous puppyism, and at the figure he cut when I had leisure to look at him. First, he had powdered his black woolly coco-nut shaped skull with flour, until it was white as snow, the little crispy curls making it look like a large cauliflower. To the short, well-greased wool, he had attached a long slender queue abaft, like a yard of pigtail tobacco, that hung straight down his back, over an old faded Spanish cut sky-blue silk coat that he wore, thickly studded with large sparkling cut-steel buttons, but it was all too short at the wrists, and too long at the skirts, so that while the former were largely uncovered, the skirts reached halfway down his leg; a faded white satin embroidered waistcoat, the flaps coming down over his hips, black silk small clothes, and a pair of large old-fashioned shoes, very high in the instep, with a pair of great lacquered buckles, completed his dress. He sported a very flashy pink watch-ribbon, with a great bunch of brass keys and seals, but to what substitute for a horologe these gaudy ornaments were attached, the deponent sayeth not. As for his cucumber shanks, they were naked, and unless one had been particular in the inspection, so as to perceive the little tufts of black wool that covered them, like a minikin forest of fir trees, you could not have made out whether he had silk stockings on or not. To complete the whole, he had acquired a little "*sombrero de tres picos*," or old fashioned cocked hat, an amber-headed cane, and when you add one gold ear-ring, and another of silver, an enormous silver brooch, with a stone in it, more like a petrified oyster than any thing else, in the breast of his gaudily befrilled shirt, with a pair of green spectacles on his nose, over which his low tattooed forehead fell back like a monkey's, you have our friend Quacco before you, as well as I can paint him.

"Mercy on me," said Mr Felix Flamingo, "*what is this!*—who have we here?"

"My servant," said I, unable to constrain my laughter, "strangely transmogrified certainly."

At this time Mr Twig joined us, having retired with the skipper of the merchantman, whom he had dressed out in a suit of his own clothes; and as he was a very handsome man, he looked uncommonly well in his borrowed plumes.

"Now," said Flamingo, "we must be jogging. So, Quacco, lead the way."

"Stop," said Jacob, "no hurry, Felix, it an't long past ten yet, so let us crack a bottle of Sally's champagne, it *launches* one nobly into a ball-room; it is the *grease* on the ways, my lads, to use a vulgar phrase. So, Sally—Sally, a bottle of champagne."

The wine was brought, and was really extremely good,—so unexpectedly good, that somehow we had number two, just to see whether the first had been a fair sample of the batch or no. At length, we again addressed ourselves for the start.

But the master of the brig, who was the most modest creature imaginable in his cool moments, had become a changed creature, by the great innovation wrought in his brain, by the, to him, unusual potation.

"Gentlemen, had it been strong grog, I would have carried sail with most of you; but really—I must—in short, Mrs Sally, I must top off with some hot brandy and water before weighing."

The hot stuff was brought, and we started for Mr Roseapple's in earnest; Quacco in advance, carrying a small stable lantern, held aloft on the end of his cane—then Mr Felix Flamingo and I abreast, followed by Mr Twig and the skipper.

The cool night air was an astonishing assistant to the grog, as I could perceive, from the enunciation of the sailor in my wake becoming rapidly thicker and more indistinct as we advanced.

The street we passed through was quite still, the inhabitants, according to the custom of the country, having already retired to rest; but several gigs, and carriages of various de-

scriptions, gitted past through the deep sand of the unpaved thoroughfares, apparently returning from setting down company.

As we were toiling up the ascent, crowned by the gay domicile, which was sparkling with lights, and resounding with music, and merry voices, and laughter, we could, through the open blinds, see dark figures flitting and moving rapidly about between us and the lamps.

"Felix," quoth Mr Twig—"how vastly gay—stop, let us reconnoitre a bit"—and we all hove to in the middle of the ascent, when, without any warning, down came a plump of rain like a waterspout, the effect of which was instantly to set us scampering as fast as our legs could carry us, preceded by Sergeant Quacco with the lantern, who hopped and jumped about, like an *ignis fatuus*; nor did we stop in our red-hot haste until we had all bolted up the steps, and into the piazza where the dancing was going on, to the dismay and great discomfiture of the performers; indeed, so great was the impetus with which we charged, that we fairly broke the line, and did not bring up until we had reached the inner hall, or saloon, where several couples were drinking coffee, and taking other refreshments, at a side-board or long table, behind which stood several male and female domestics—blacks and browns—lading out punch, and negus, and fruits, and handing sandwiches, and coffee, and all manner of Creole luxuries.

We were introduced to mine host and his lady, both remarkably pleasant people, who, with true West India cordiality, made all manner of allowance for the suddenness of our *entré*, and the unexpectedness of our visit altogether.

There was now a pause in the dancing, which was filled up by a general promenade of the whole company, during which, taking Mr Flamingo's offered arm, I had an opportunity of looking about me, and making my observations.

The house was a very large airy pavilion, erected on a small limestone bluff, that overhung the sea at the easternmost point of the bay. According to the Jamaica fashion, it consisted of a brick shell two stories high, subdivided into the various apartments, public and private,

composing the domicile. The first floor, comprising a very handsome dining-room, and a most elegant suit of lofty drawing-rooms, beautifully papered, and magnificently furnished, was raised on a stone pediment about eight feet high, (containing cellars and other offices,) and above this, I presume, the bedrooms of the family were situated.

The whole of the surbazes and wooden work about the windows and doors were of well-polished and solid mahogany, of the most costly description. These rooms were all fitted with glass sashes, that opened into the piazzas—long galleries, about fourteen feet wide, that enclosed the house, as it were, with white pillars and green blinds, fitted like those of a tanwork, but smaller, which, when open, with the feather edges of the blades towards you, as you looked at the fabric from a distance, gave it the appearance of a Brobdignag bird-cage; and indeed, so far as the complexion of the majority of the male figurantes on the present occasion went, it might be said to be well filled with canaries.

The roof was composed of what are called *shingles* in the United States—pieces of cypress splinters, about eighteen inches long by four broad, and half an inch thick, which are nailed on, overlapping like slates; indeed, when weatherstained, at a distance you cannot distinguish the difference, excepting as in the present case, when they are covered with brown paint to preserve them.

From this peculiarity in the covering of the roof of a West Indian house, it often happens, when the rains set in suddenly after a long drought, that the water finds its way down, in consequence of the warping of the wood, in rather uncomfortable quantities, insomuch, that when you go to bed, the rooms in the country being often unceiled, an umbrella may be as necessary as a nightcap. However, after the *seasons*, as they are called, have continued a few days, the cypress or cedar swells, and a very indifferent roof becomes perfectly watertight.

To return. No sooner did the shower abate, than a whole crowd of negroes, male and female, once more clustered round the door, and scrambled up on the trees round the

house, to get a peep at the company through the open blinds.

"Do you admire our West India fruits, Mr Brail?" quoth Twig, cocking his eye at the blackies aloft.

I was exceedingly struck by the profuse and tasteful display of flowers and green branches with which the rooms were decorated; many of the latter loaded with the most luxuriant bunches and clusters of fruits—oranges, star-apples, citrons, and a whole array of others, which were nameless luxuries to me.

There was a golden pine-apple on a silver salver, on a side-table, eighteen inches high, by nine in diameter, that absolutely saturated the whole air of the room with perfume.

The novelty and elegant effect of the carpetless, but highly polished, mahogany floors, which at the sides of the room, where not dimmed by the feet of the dancers, reflected every thing so mirror-like, was very striking, although I was in terror lest, from the shortness of the ladies' petticoats, it might expose them to be taken in reverse, by the reflection of the brilliant chandeliers. The dresses of the fair dames, although they might have been a little behind the London fashions of the day, were quite up to what those were when I left home, except in the instances of several natural curiosities from the inland and mountain settlements, who were distinguished by their rather antediluvian equipment and sleepy Creole drawl; but as a counterpoise to both, they had the glow of the rose of Lancaster in their cheeks.

As for the other fair creatures resident in the hot plains in the neighbourhood of the sea, and in the still hotter towns of the island, they were to a man (*woman*—oh, for Kilkenny!) so deadly pale, that when one contemplated their full, but most beautiful and exquisitely managed figures, you were struck with amazement at the incongruity, if I may so speak—"so these faded lilies are really in good health after all." Between the mountaineers and lowlanders, it was the emulation of the two houses of York and Lancaster. As to figure, they were both exquisite—Lancaster, however, being more full of health, more European looking in complexion, and a

good deal more hoydenish in manner—York more languid and sentimental, to appearance at least.

But the men—"Oh, massa neger!" to borrow from Quashie—what a sallow cadaverous crew; with the exception of an officer or two from the neighbouring garrison, and one or two young chaps lately imported—what rigs!—such curious cut coats—some with the waists indicated by two little twin buttons between the shoulders, and scarcely any collar, with the long tapering skirts flapping against the calves of their legs, in shape like the feathers in the tail of a bird of Paradise—others with the aforesaid landmarks, or waist-buttons, of the size and appearance of crown-pieces, covered with verdeggris, and situated over against the hip-joints, and half a yard asunder, while the capes stood up stiff and high, and the square-cut skirts that depended beneath (perfect antitheses to the former) so very short and concise, that they ended as abruptly as a hungry judge's summing up. However, no fault could be found with the average manners of the whole party, whatever might have been objected to their equipment.

I soon noticed that the effects of our soaking were giving great entertainment to the company, for the heat of the apartments sent up clouds of vapour from our wet coats, as if we had been so many smoking haycocks. We could have been traced from room to room by the clouds we sent up, and the oily steam of the wool.

About the time supper was announced, which was tastefully laid out in the piazza, and just before the guzzle began, I was drawn towards the inner hall, along with my fair partner, by a general titter, as if something amusing had been going on. Just as we approached, however, the door connecting the two apartments was shut, in consequence of some preparation for supper, so that the hall where the company were now collected was rather awkwardly entered by a side-door from a sort of second drawing-room communicating with the principal saloon—to the left, and directly opposite to the side entrance, there was a large mirror reaching to the floor. The shut-

ting of the door before mentioned, had thus the effect of altering the geography of the interior apartment very materially, to one who had been the whole evening passing and re-passing, straight as an arrow, through it from the dancing room to the piazza.

The change was especially unfortunate for poor Hause, the master of the brig, who was by this time pretty well slewed; for as he entered by the side-door, with the recollection of another that should have been right a-head facing him, and opening into the piazza, he made directly for the large mirror that now fronted him, and beyond all question he would have walked right through it, just as we entered, had it not been guarded by brass rods, or fenders, having, according to the old jest, mistaken it for the doorway. After the fenders brought him up, still he was not undeceived, but for a minute showed his breeding by dancing from one side to another, and bowing and scraping in a vain attempt to get past his own shadow. At length he found out his mistake; but no way abashed, his laugh was the loudest in the throng, exclaiming, "Why, we must have the channel buoyed, Mr Brail. I thought the landmarks had been changed by witchcraft. However, Miss —, you see there are moorings laid down for us there in the piazza, so let us bear up and run for them through the other channel, before those lubberly fellows haul them on board;" and so saying, he hove ahead, with a fair scion of the aforesaid House of Lancaster in tow, until they came to where our friend Quacco was the busiest of the busy, having literally hustled the other blackies out of all countenance, and whom, as we entered, he was roundly abusing in Spanish for lazy "*pendejos*" and "*picarons*," as if he had been the master of the house—enforcing his commands with a crack over the skull every now and then, from a silver ladle, that he carried in his hand as a symbol of authority.

At length the vagaries of our friend, as he waxed drunk, became too noticeable, and the master of the house asked the gentleman who was nearest him, whose servant he was; the party I could see indicated me, and I was about apologising, when some-

thing or other diverted the attention of our landlord from the subject, and the black sergeant escaped with a scold. I had before this noticed a very handsome, tall, well-made man in the party, with an air peculiarly *distingué*, who, so far as I could judge, was a stranger to most of the visitors. He had been introduced by the landlord to one or two of the ladies, and for some time seemed to devote himself entirely to his partners, and certainly he was making himself abundantly agreeable, to judge from appearances. At length he took occasion to steal away from the side of the table he was on, and crossed in rather a marked manner to the other, where poor Hause was sitting doing the agreeable as gently as a Norwegian bear, or a walrus, and planting himself beside him, he seemed to be endeavouring to draw him into conversation; but the skipper was too devoted an admirer of the ladies to be bothered with males, and being somewhat in the wind besides, the stranger appeared to fail in his attempts to engage his attention. However, he persisted, and as I passed near them I could hear him ask "if his sails were unbent, and whether he was anchored by a chain or a hempen cable?"

"And pray," hiccuped Hause, whose heart wine had opened, "don't you know I only got in last night, so how the deuce could I have unbent any thing—and my chain cable is left to be repaired at Havanna, since you must know; but do you think it's going to come on to blow, friend, that you seem so anxious to know about my ground tackle? or should I keep my sails bent, to be ready to slip, eh?"

"In '*vino veritas*,'" thought I; "but why so communicative, Master Hause?" I could not hear the stranger's reply, but I noticed that he rose at this, and disappeared among the congregating dancers in the other room.

"Pray, Mr Jones," at this juncture, said our landlord to the gentleman already mentioned, as sitting nearest him on the side of the long narrow table, "what is the gentleman's name that Turner brought with him?"

"Willson, I think, he called him," said the party addressed. "He arrived yesterday morning at Fal-mouth, in some vessel consigned to Turner from the coast of Cuba, and I believe he is bound to Kingston."

"He is a very handsome, well-bred fellow, whoever he may be, and I should like to know more of him," rejoined our host. "But come, gentlemen, the ladies are glancing over their shoulders; they seem to think we are wasting time here, so what say you?"

This was the signal for all of us to rise, and here we had a second edition of the comical blunders of poor Captain Hause. On his return from the supper-table to the drawing-room, he was waylaid by Flamingo, and having a sort of muzzy recollection of his previous mistake, he set himself with drunken gravity to take an observation, as he said, in order to work his position on the chart, but the champagne he had swilled had increased his conglomeration twofold, which Master Felix perceiving, he took an opportunity of treating him to several spinning turns round the inner room, until he lost himself and his latitude entirely. He then let the bewildered sailor go, and the first thing he did was to mistake the real door, now open into the dancing-room, for the mirror, and although Twig, who was standing in the other room, beckoned him to advance, an invisible barrier appeared to prevent his ingress. When the young lady he had been dancing with would have led him in, he drew back like a rabid dog at water—"Avast, miss, avast—too old a cruiser to be taken in twice that way—shan't walk through a looking-glass even to oblige you, Miss—no, no—Bill Hause knows better—here—here—this way—that's the door on your starboard beam—and the mirror—bless you, that's the mirror right a-head," and so saying he dragged the laughing girl up to the latter.

"What a deuced handsome fellow that chap under bare poles is, miss,"—this was himself, dressed in Mr Twig's small clothes and black silk stockings—"I should be sorry to trust my lower spars out of trowsers, I know."

Flamingo followed him close, and

standing behind him, a little to one side—on his starboard quarter, as he would have said—he made signs to him in the glass to advance, on which the sailor made a tipsy bolt of it, and was a second time brought up by the brass rods, nor was he convinced of his mistake until he felt the cold surface of the plate glass with his great paw. Dancing now recommenced with redoubled energy—the fiddlers scraped with all their might, the man who played the octave flute whistled like a curlew, and the tabor was fiercely beaten, *rumpti, tumpti*, while the black ballet-master sung out sharp and shrill his mongrel French directions, to *massa dis*, and *misses dat*, indicating the parties by name, who thereupon always pricked up their ears, and looking as grave as judges, pointed their toes, and did, or attempted to do, as they were bid. But as I was overheated, I strolled into the piazza fronting the sea, where the lights by this time had either been burned out, or had been removed—it was very dark. I walked to the corner farthest from the noise of the dancers, and peered through the open *jealousies*, or blinds, on the scene below.

The moon was in the second quarter, and by this time within an hour of her setting. She cast a long trembling wake of faint greenish light on the quiet harbour below, across which the land wind would occasionally shoot in catpaws, dimming and darkening the shining surface, (as if from the winnowing of the wings of some passing spirits of the air,) until they died away again, leaving their whereabouts indicated by streaks of tiny ripples, sparkling like diamonds in the moonbeams. Clear of the bay, but in shore, the water was as smooth as glass, although out at sea there seemed to be a light air still breathing, the last of the sea breeze. The heavy clouds that had emptied themselves on our devoted heads in the early part of the night, had by this time settled down in a black, wool-fringed bank in the west, the fleecy margin of which the moon had gloriously lit up, and was fast approaching. The stars overhead, as the lovely planet verged towards her setting, sparkled with more intense brightness in the deep

blue firmament, more profoundly dark and pure, one would have thought, from the heavy squalls we had recently had.

There was only another person in the dark piazza beside myself, looking out on the ocean. He was about ten yards from me, and I could not well distinguish his figure.

I looked out to sea, a large vessel was standing in for the land, her white sails, as she glided down towards us, drifting along the calm, gently heaving swell of the smooth water, looming like a white wreath of mist. To leeward of her about a mile, and further in the offing, two black specks were visible, which first neared each other, and then receded, one standing out to sea, and the other in for the land, as if they had been two small vessels beating up, and crossing and recrossing between us and the moon. If it had been war time, I would have said they were manœuvring to cut off the ship; but as it was, I thought nothing of it. Presently the vessel approaching fired a gun, and hoisted a light, which I presumed to be the signal for a pilot, on which two boats shoved out towards her from under the land. I watched them till they got alongside, when I heard a loud startled shout, and then several voices, and the sound of a scuffle, during which several musket or pistol shots went off—presently all was quiet again, but the yards and sails of the ship were immediately braced round, as she hauled by the wind, and stood off the land.

"Curse the blockhead, why does he meddle with *her*?" said a voice near me.

I started—it could only have been the solitary person I had formerly noticed. As I turned, one of the lozenges of blinds fell down, or opened, as it were, with a rattle, that made me start, and disturbed him.

"What does the ship mean by manœuvring in that incomprehensible way?" said I.

"Really can't tell, sir," said the person addressed, evidently surprised at my vicinity,—"I suppose she has been disappointed in getting a pilot, and intends to lie off and on till daylight."

"But what could the noise of scuf-

fling be? Didn't you hear it?" I continued,—“and the pistol shots?”

“Pistol shots! I did not hear them,” quoth he, drily.

“Then you must have been deaf,” thought I; and, as he turned to re-join the dancers, I made him out, the moment he came into the light, to be the stranger indicated in the conversation between the landlord and his guest at supper.

“Very odd all this,” quoth I; “and I should say, were he a suspicious character, that it was very shallow in this chap to let such an exclamation escape him;” and I again looked earnestly at him. “Ah! I see he has been drinking wine, like our friend the skipper.”

I joined our host, but still I could not avoid again asking him who the deuce this same stranger was?

“I really cannot tell you, Mr Brail. He is a very well-bred man,—you see that yourself,—but there is something uncommon about him, unquestionably. All the women are dying to know who he is, he dances so well.”

“Ay, and talks so bewitchingly,” quoth my lady-hostess,—no less a person,—as she passed close to us, hanging on the very individual's arm.

“Heyday! It's my turn now—so! Confound the fellow, who *can* he be?” said my host, laughing.

“That strange gentleman *has* such a beautiful tone of voice, uncle,” said a little lady—his niece, I believe—who during our colloquy had taken hold of Mr Roseapple's hand.

“Indeed, Miss Tomboy!—Why, there again, Mr Brail. Young and old, male and female, he seems to have fascinated all of them.—But I really cannot give you more information regarding him, than that my friend Turner brought him up in his gig from Falmouth, and sent to ask leave if he might bring him to the party. It seems he came over two days ago from the opposite coast of Cuba, in a felucca, with live stock and dye woods, or something equally ungenteel, which he consigned to Turner; and, having got the value of them in advance, he is on his way to Kingston. He says, that the cargo was merely to pay his expenses, and seemed desirous of insinuating, I thought, that accident alone had been

the cause of his being led to deal in such vulgar articles as Spanish bullocks and Nicaragua wood.”

“I verily believe him,” said I.

“He does seem a high sort of fellow,” continued Mr Roseapple, without noticing my interruption. “But here is Turner, let us ask him.—I say, Turner, allow me to introduce Mr Brail to you.”

We bowed to each other.

“We have been speaking about your friend.”

“Well,” said Turner, “I believe, Roseapple, you know about as much of him as I do.”

“Pray,” said I, “may I ask what sort of craft this same felucca was?”

The Falmouth gentleman described the Midge exactly.

“Well,” thought I, “the vessel may be owned by an honest man after all; at any rate, what does it signify to me whether she be or no?” Nevertheless, I had an itching to know more about her somehow.

“Is the felucca still at Falmouth, sir, may I ask?” continued I.

“No; she sailed yesterday morning at daylight.”

“That was something of the suddenest too” said I.

“We gave her every expedition, sir.”

“I don't doubt it—I don't doubt it.—Was there a schooner in company, sir?”

“No; no schooner—But there is my partner waiting for me, so you'll excuse me, Mr Brail.” So saying, away skipped Mr Turner, and I had no other opportunity of asking him any more questions.

As I had nothing particular to engage me among the dancers, I again strolled into the dark piazza. Mr Roseapple followed me.

“Why, you seem strangely given to the darkness, Mr Brail; won't you join the dancers?”

“I will presently, sir; but really I have a great curiosity to know what that ship is about out there. Is there any vessel expected from England, sir?”

“Oh, a great many. The Tom Bowline from London has been becalmed in the offing the whole day; I saw her from the piazza some time ago. I fear she will not get in until the sea-breeze sets down to-morrow. There,” said he, pointing at the less-

ening vessel, "look! she has stood out to sea yonder. She intends giving the land a good berth until daylight, I suppose."

"She does do that thing," thought I—"Pray, Mr Roseapple, do you happen to know whether she took a pilot during the daylight?"

"To be sure—she is consigned to me. The pilot-canoe brought my English letters ashore."

"Indeed!" thought I; "then what boats could those be that boarded her a little while ago? Besides, I heard pistol shots, and a sound as of struggling."

"Oh," quoth mine host, "the captain is a gay chap, and has a great many friends here, who are always on the look-out to board him in the offing. Besides, he is always burning lights, and blazing away."

"Very well," thought I, "it's all one to me."

I now noticed that the ship, having got into the sea-breeze, bore up again, and was running down towards the two small vessels that had continued lying off and on to leeward. As the ship ran off the wind, and got between us and the moon, her sails no longer reflected her light, but became dark and cloudlike, until she reached them, when they all stood out to sea, and gradually disappeared in the misty distance like dusky specks. I never wish to appear an alarmist, so I made no farther remark.

As Mr Roseapple and I walked back into the room, the first thing that struck us was the master of the Ballahoo sound asleep on a sofa, and Mr Flamingo carefully strewing the great rough seaman with roses and jessamine leaves.

"Love amongst the roses," quoth he, as he joined his partner.

"I see that same stranger, who has been puzzling us all, has succeeded in making that poor fellow helplessly drunk," said Jacob Twig.

"Bad luck to him!" quoth I.

It appeared, that he had been much with him during the evening; and had been overheard making many minute enquiries regarding the tonnage of his vessel—the number of hands on board—and as to whether the Spaniards and their money had been landed or not; but as both were strangers, and the unknown

had apparently a smattering of nautical knowledge, it seemed natural enough that they should draw up together, and no one seemed to think any thing of it.

It was now three o'clock in the morning, and high time to bid our worthy host adieu; so, after I had again apologized for my intrusion, Mr Twig, Flamingo, Captain Hause, and myself, withdrew, and took the road homewards to our quarters in the town.

Mr Jacob was leading the way as steady as a judge, for he seemed quite sober, so far as his locomotion was concerned; but Flamingo and I, who, I grieve to say it, were not quite the thing ourselves, had the greatest difficulty in lugging the skipper of the brig along with us, for, on the principle that the blind should lead the blind, Twig had coolly enough left him to our care. Bacchus had fairly conquered Neptune.

Whilst we were staggering along, under the influence of the rosy god and the weight of the skipper, who should spring past us, in a fast run, apparently in red-hot haste, but the mysterious Mr Wilson!

"Hillo, my fine fellow," quoth Twig, "whither so swiftly? Slacken your pace, man, and be companion-a-ble."

I now perceived that Twig's legs were the discreetest of his members, and more to be relied on than his tongue, his potations having considerably interfered with his usually clear enunciation. The person hailed neither shortened sail nor answered him.

"Why, Mr Twig," shouted I, "if you don't heave to, we must cast off Mr Hause here. I believe he is in an apoplexy, he is so deadly heavy."

"Here, Mr Brail—here—bring him along," quoth Twig, returning from the front, and laying hold of the navigator wheelbarrow fashion, placing himself between his legs, while Flamingo and I had each a hold of an arm. As for the head, we left it to take care of itself, as it bumped on the hard path at every step, demolishing, no doubt, thousands of sand-flies at every lollap. We staggered down the zigzag road, until we came to an opening in the lime fence, through which we turned

sharp off into the fields, led by Mas-sa Twig, and, wading through wet guinea-grass up to our hip-joints, which drenched us in a moment to the skin, we arrived at a small rocky knoll under an orange-tree, where we deposited the drunk man on his back, and then, with all the tipsy gravity in the world, sat ourselves down beside him.

We were now planted on a limestone pinnacle of the bluff, on which the house stood, from the fissures of which grew a most superb orange-tree that overshadowed us. Our perch commanded a view to seaward, as well as of the harbour, that slept under our feet in the moonlight. As soon as we came to an anchor, Flamingo ascended the tree, which was loaded with golden fruit, and sparkling with fireflies.

"Nothing like an orange with the dew on it," quoth he, stretching to reach a bunch, when he missed his footing, and shook down a whole volley of oranges, and a shower of heavy dew.

"Confound you, Felix," quoth Jacob Twig, who received a copious showerbath in his neck, as he stooped his head, busying himself in an unavailing attempt to strike fire with his pocket-flint and steel, in order to light his cigar, "what do you mean by that?"

"A volley of grapeshot from the felucca," stuttered the skipper, on whose face Flamingo had again dropped a whole hatful of fruit, sending down along with them another fall of diamonds.

"Now don't be so pluviose, Flamingo," again sung out Twig; "if you don't come down out of the tree, Felix, I'll shy this stone at you, as I am a gentleman."

"An't I a very pretty peacock, Jacob?" quoth his troublesome friend. "But stop, I will come down; so keep your temper, man, and haul Tarrybrecks nearer the root of the tree, that I may fall soft."

"I say, Flamingo," quoth Twig, "you don't mean to make a feather-bed of the navigator's carcass, do you?"

Crash went the bough on which our friend had trusted himself, and down he came, tearing his way through the strong thorns of the tree, right upon us. However, his fall was so much broken by the

other branches, that there was no great harm done, if we except the scratches that he himself received, and a rent or two in his clothes.

"Murder, I am scratched and torn most terribly—why, see, my clothes are all in tatters absolutely," with a long drawl.

"Serve you right, you troublesome animal," quoth Twig; "but sit down, and be quiet if you can. Look, have you no poetry in you, Felix? Is not that scene worth looking at?"

The black bank of clouds that had lingered above the western horizon had now slid behind the hills, and disappeared, leaving the moon just lingering above the dark outline of the latter.

The pale clear luminary still cast a long stream of light on the quiet waters of the bay, which were crisping and twinkling in the land breeze, and the wet roofs of the houses of the town beneath us, whose dark masses threw their long shadows towards us, glanced in her departing beams like sheets of polished silver. The grass and bushes beside us were sparkling with dewdrops, and spangled with fireflies. The black silent hulls of the vessels at anchor floated motionless on the bosom of the calm waters; the Ballahoo being conspicuous from her low hull and tall spars. The lantern that had been hoisted to guide the skipper on his return still burned like a small red spark at the gaff end.

There were one or two lights sparkling and disappearing in the lattices of the houses, as if the inmates were already bestirring themselves, early as it was.

The moon was just disappearing, when a canoe, pulling four oars, with one solitary figure in the stern, dashed across her wake, and pushed out to sea.

We distinctly heard the hollow voices of the men, and the rumble of the rollocks, and the cheeping and splashing of the broad bladed paddles. I looked with all my eyes. "A doubloon, if you pull to please me," said a voice distinctly from the boat.

"That chap must be in a deuced hurry, whoever he may be," quoth Jacob Twig.

"It's more than you seem to be, my boy," rejoined Master Felix.

"You seem to be inclined to sit here all night; so I'll e'en stump along to my lodgings, at Sally Frenche's, and leave you and the skipper *al fresco* here, to rise when it pleases you. Come, Mr Brail, will you go, or shall I send you out a nightcap and a boat-cloak?"

"Oh we shall all go together," said I; "only let us take another look of that most beautiful sky."

The moon had now sunk beneath the distant mountains, leaving their dark outlines sharply cut out against the clear greenish light of the western sky. They looked like the shore to some mysteriously transparent, self-luminous, and deadly calm ocean. Several shreds of clouds floated in this mild radiance, like small icebergs in the north sea, during the long twilight night, while the sun is circling round just below the horizon; while to windward* the fast reddening sky, and the rise of the morning star, gave token of the near approach of day.

We got home, and tumbled into bed, and it was two o'clock in the forenoon before I rose to breakfast.

The sea-breeze was by this time blowing strong, almost half a gale of wind, making the shingles of the roof clatter like watchmen's rattles, and whistling through the house like a tornado.

I had just risen, and taken my razors out of my desk, which lay open on the dressing-table, when the wooden-blinds of the window fell down with a loud bang, from the dropping out of the pin that held them shut, and away went the letters and papers it contained, scattered by the reckless breeze east, west, north, and south; some flying up to the roof, others sticking against the walls far above my ken, as resolutely as if they had been pasted on by little Waddington the billsticker himself; while, by a sort of eddy wind, several were whisked away out of the door, (that at the moment was opened by a negro boy with my coat in one hand, a beautiful pineapple on a plate in the other, and a tin shaving-jug full of boiling water on

his head,) and disappeared amongst the branches of a large umbrageous kennip-tree, that overshadowed the back yard, to be worked up in due time into birds' nests.

"There they go," cried I. "Why, Sally—cousin Sally! see all my letters flying about the yard there; send some of the small fry to catch them."

I continued my shaving, until another puff whipped up the piece of paper I had been wiping my razor on, charged as it was with soap-suds, and there it ascended spirally in a tiny whirlwind, until it reached the roof, where, thinking it would stick to the rafters, after being tired of its gyrations, the room being uncieled, I shouted to Sally to bring me one of my letters; and as I peeped through the blinds, I felt something settle down as gently as a snow-flake on the crown of my head. "So try and secure my *love*-letters, cousin."

"Love-letter, dem?" quoth Sally. "La, Massa Benjamin, how you no say so before—love-letter—I tink dem was no more as shaving-paper."

"Shaving-paper? Oh no, all my shaving-paper is sticking to the crown of my head; see here," stooping down to show her the patch on my skull.

Sally was now all energy. "Shomp, Teemoty, Peeta, up de tree, you willains, and fetch me all dese piece of paper, dem—shomp;" and the fugitive pieces were soon secured.

When Sally, honest lady, entered with the papers, the soapy scalp still adhered to my caput. She first looked in my face, being a sort of quiz in her way, and then at it. "Dat is new fashion, Massa Benjamin. When gentlemen shave demself in England now-a-day, do dey wipe de razor on crone of dem head?"

"Assuredly they do," said I; "the universal custom, Sally, every man or woman, *willy nilly*, must wipe their razors, henceforth and for ever, on pieces of paper stuck on the crown of their heads. There is an act of Parliament for it."

"My gracious!"

* Once for all. In the West Indies, from the sea-breeze, or trade-winds, always blowing from the east, objects or places are universally indicated, even during a temporary calm, as being situated to *windward* or to *leeward*, according as they are to the *gustward* or *westward* of the speaker.

"Ay, you may say that."

And exit Sally Frenche to her household cares.

I had now time to give a little attention to the scenery of the yard, where Cousin Sally reigned supreme.

Three sides of the square (the house composing the fourth) were occupied by ranges of low wooden huts, containing kitchen and washing-houses, rooms for the domestic negroes, and a long open shed, fronting my window, for a stable. There was a draw-well in the centre, round which numberless fowls, turkeys, geese, ducks, guinea-birds, and pigeons, *stuffed*, and gobbled, and quacked, while several pigs were grunting and squeaking about the cookroom door, from whence a black hand, armed with an iron ladle, protruded every now and then, to give grumpy, when too intrusive, a good crack over the scull.

Below the large kennip-tree already mentioned, sat Sally Frenche, enthroned in state, in a low wicker chair, with a small table beside her, on which lay an instrument of punishment, ycleped a cowskin, a long twisted thong of leather, with a short lash of whip-cord at the end of it. She was nothing loth, I saw, to apply this to the shoulders of her hand-maidens when they appeared behind hand, or sluggish in their obedience; and even the free Brownies of her household were not always exempt from a taste thereof.

Two nice showily-dressed negroesses were receiving their instructions from her. They each balanced a large wooden bowl on their heads, full of handkerchiefs, gown-pieces, and beads, and appeared to be taking their instructions as to the prices they were to ask during the day's sale. They departed—when a black fellow, naked all to his trowsers, with a long clear knife in his hand, approached, and also took some orders that I could not hear, but apparently they had been the death-warrant of a poor little pig, which he immediately clapper-clawed, and, like a spider bolting with a fly, disappeared with it, squeaking like fury, into his den—the kitchen.

There were several little naked

negro children running about Mrs Sally, but the objects of her immediate attention were a brown male child, of about eight years old, and two little mulatto girls, a year or two his seniors apparently. The children had their primers in their hands, and Sally held an open book in one of hers.

The girls appeared, with the aptness of their sex, to have said their lessons to her satisfaction, but the little cock-yellowhammer seemed a dull concern, and as I looked, she gave him a smart switch over his broadest end with her cow-skin.

"Try again, you stupid *black-head*"—(his head was black enough certainly)—"now mind—what doz you do wid your eyes?"

"I sees wid dem."

"You is right for one time—what doz you do wid your yees?"—(ears.)

"I hears wid dem."

"Bery well—you sees you is not so stupid when you attends—you only lazy—so now—what doz you do wid your foots?"

"Walks wid dem."

"Bery well, indeed—now mind again—what doz you do wid your nose?"

This was a puzzler apparently—the poor little yellowhammer scratched his head, and eke his behind, and looked into the tree, and all manner of ways, when seeing Mammy Sally's fingers creeping along the table towards the cowskin,—he rapped out,

"I *picks* him."

"*Picks* him, sir!—*picks* him!"—shouted Sally, threatening him.

"No"—blubbered the poor boy—"no, mammy—no, I *blows* him sometimes."

"You nassy snattary little willain—what is dat you say—you *smells* wid him, sir—you *smells* wid him." Another whack across his nether end, and a yell from yellowhammer—"Now, sir, what you doz wid your mout?"

"*Nyam plawn*."*

"Bery well—dat is not so far wrong—you does *nyam plawn* wid him—but next time be more genteel, and say—you eats wid him. Now

* Creole for "*eat plantain*."

sir—read your catechism, sir—begin—Mammy Juba—de toad of a boy—if him no hab de wrong side of de book turn up—ah ha—massa—you don't know de difference between de tap from de battam of de book yet?—Let me see if I can find out de difference between, for you own tap and battam."

Whack, whack, whack—and away ran the poor little fellow, followed by the two girls, so contagious was his fear, and off started the wrathful Sally after them, through the flock of living creatures, where she stumbled and fell over a stout porker, on which a turkey-cock, taking the intrusion in bad part, began stoutly to dig at Sally's face with his heels, and peck at her eyes with its beak, hobble-gobbling all the time most furiously, in which praiseworthy endeavour he was seconded by two ducks and a clucking-hen, one of whose chickens had come to an untimely end through poor Sally's *faux-pair*, while the original stumbling-block, the pig, kept poking and snoking at the fallen fair one, as if he had possessed a curiosity to know the colour of her garters. This gave little yellowhammer an opportunity of picking up the cow-skin, that had dropped in the row, and slyly dropping it into the draw-well, to the great improvement, no doubt, of the future flavour of the water.

At length Sally gathered herself up, and seeing that there was no chance of catching the urchins, who were peeping in at the back-door of the yard, that opened into the lane, she made a merit of necessity, and called out,

"So, go play now—go play,"—and away the scholars ran, and Cousin Sally returned to the house.

I was sitting at breakfast, and the gig I had ordered was already at the door, when the Captain of the Ballahoo, who had been put to bed in the house, joined me. He looked rather sheepish, as if he had had a dim recollection of the figure he had cut over night. Just as we had finished our meal, and I was about saying good-by to him, I found I had forgotten two boxes of cigars on board the Ballahoo; and as none of the servants of the house were at hand, I accepted his offer to go on

board with him, in a canoe, for them. So desiring the boy in charge of the gig to wait—that I would be back *instantly*—we sallied forth, and proceeded to the wharf, and embarked in the first shore-canoe we came to. There were three West-Indiamen taking in their cargoes close to the wharf, with their topmasts struck, and otherwise dismantled, and derricks up, and a large timbership, just arrived, whose sails were loosed to dry, was at anchor beyond them in the bay.

"Pull under the stern of that large ship with the sails loose, my brig is just beyond her," quoth Hause to the black canoe-man. "A fine burdensome craft that, sir"—said Hause to me.

"Very."

We were now rapidly approaching the large vessel—we shot past her under the stern—when, lo—*there was no brig to be seen.*

The captain, apparently bewildered, stared wildly about him—first this way, then that way, and in every direction—then at a buoy, to which we had now made fast—he turned round to me, while with one hand he grasped the buoy-rope—"As sure as there is a Heaven above us, sir—this is our buoy, and the brig is gone."

"Gone," said I, smiling, "where can she be gone?"

"That's more than I know;"—then, after a pause, during which he became as blue as indigo, "where is the Ballahoo?" gasped the poor fellow in a fluttering tone to the canoe-men, as if terrified to learn their answer.

"Where is the Ballahoo you say, massa!"—echoed Quashie in great surprise, that *he*, the master of her, should ask such a question.

"Yes—you black scoundrel!"—roared Hause, gathering breath,—"where is the Ballahoo—this is her buoy don't you see?"

"Where is de Ballahoo!!!"—again screamed the negroes in a volley, in utter extremity of amazement at the enquiry being *seriously* repeated.

"Yes, you ragamuffins," quoth I, Benjie Brail, excited in my turn—"Where is the Ballahoo?"

Omnes.—"WHERE IS THE BALLAHO?"

MY GOOD OLD AUNT—A SKETCH.

——— "*forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"—*VING,*

Ah ! never, never can my heart forget
 The good old maid that took me for her pet !
 Methinks I see her in her sober trim—
 So clean—so tidy, but by no means prim—
 That pointed backward to a former time
 When she, and many gone, were in their prime ;
 Her decent headdress of transparent lace,
 A simple ribbon fastened to its place ;
 Beneath the chin it formed a little knot,
 Above her brow there bound it to the spot
 A tiny brooch of sparkling garnet-stone,
 Her chastened taste permitted that alone
 To deck her forehead, where the "almond-tree"
 Usurped the place where auburn used to be !
 Around her neck, as pure as summer dawn,
 Was thrown a kerchief of unsullied lawn.
 Let not the belles within our own good town
 Deride the antique fashion of her gown ;
 What though the sleeves just reached the elbow-joint ?
 What though the train seems rather from the point ?
 What though its rustling length would hardly suit
 The wanton mincing of some pretty foot ?
 Still she'd salute me with endearing word—
 Her "sweet"—her "darling"—or her "bonny bird :"
 Would gently stroke my little head the while,
 The action suited by her kindly smile !
 Would make me con the hymn or simple prayer—
 From naughty words would caution to forbear ;
 Would speak of Him who loves the little child,
 Who tends the lamb, and clothes the floweret wild,
 Of that most happy place where enter none
 That lack the temper of the little one ;
 To that thrice-holy Book would draw mine eye,
 And lead me on mine infant skill to try
 Its sacred page to scan ; and when away
 To luring print my giddy thought might stray,
 Would still endeavour with some wile of love
 To hint a lesson of the things above !
 Then, from her pocket there would ever come
 The pretty book—confectionary plum ;
 And, as I kissed my hand with sparkling eyes,
 More pleased than since with some far greater prize,
 The mother's heart would glisten in her eye !
 But her true love had died :—and when her sigh
 Had reached my ready hearing, then I took
 Her hand, with childhood's unsuspecting look,
 And asked, in lisping accent, if she ailed,—
 Her quivering hand her eyes a moment veiled !
 'Twas but a passing cloud !—for the clear blue
 Of their fair sky resumed its customed hue.
 And when, at walks, I toddled in her hand
 To daisied mead, or sea-begirting sand,
 With ceaseless converse we beguiled the way ;
 Then from her side I oft would scour away
 To cull some pretty weed or shining shell,
 Where ocean's mimic murmurs seemed to dwell.
 And she would smile to mark my childish glee
 When fleeing from the fast-pursuing sea ;
 And, when I bilked the drenching of the spray,
 Her feeble cheer would join my shrill huzza.

Much would I prattle of the passing sail,
 When scudding fast before the favouring gale,—
 Much of the finny tenants of the wave,
 Much of the "sinking sands" and "mermaid's cave;"
 Much of the hidden treasures of the deep,
 Where many crews of gallant sailors sleep
 The sleep that needs nor couch nor downy pillow,
 Nor constant lulling of the rolling billow.
 And when the Sabbath brought its heavenly calm,
 With chime of bell, and voice of simple psalm,
 How pleased was I to seek the house of prayer—
 My hand in hers!—With what a solemn air—
 Precocious mannikin!—I took my seat!
 Far was the flooring from my dangling feet,
 Unwelcome neighbours of the muslin gown
 Of buckram spinster, whose forbidding frown
 And jerking jog, and eye as fierce as cat's,
 Denounced both marriage and its plaguy brats!
 But *my* old maid would draw me to her side,
 With shoes and all, and look so gratified
 When I would note the text in holy book,
 From which the man of God his counsel took,
 And still would help her fading sight to trace
 Th' appointed service to its proper place.
 And when some pettish mood, or froward pranks,
 Procured me something in the shape of thanks
 (For some transgression of a high command)
 From dreaded ferule, or the ready hand
 Bent on performance of the parent's duty,
 In strict accordance with the moral beauty
 Of that same proverb which seems rather odd
 To all who *feel* the *fondling* of the rod,
 How she would strive to soothe my little grief,
 And to my faults would still refuse belief!
 Of some "bad boy" she now and then would hear,
 Yet sure she was it could not be "her dear!"
 And when with coming years I laid aside
 The child—the boy—for the gay stripling's pride,
 And stepped abroad in all the confidence
 Of what I deemed my own matured sense,
 Careless of counsel—of success secure—
 In hope—so rich!—in caution—very poor!
 With what delight she viewed my ripening years—
 Myself the centre of her hopes and fears!
 At length—I helped to lay her reverend head
 Gently upon its last and lowly bed;
 Still to her grave my pensive steps I bend
 To bless my early, venerable friend.
 Ah! often midst the tumults of the strife
 Of joys and sorrows in my after life
 Would I bethink me of my good old maid,
 And even would fancy that her friendly shade
 (If such permission to the saints were given)
 Might steal a moment from the bliss of Heaven
 To touch my heart!—Did not the contrite tear—
 My better thoughts—bespeak her presence near?
 How dear, O, memory! thy reflective power
 To render back the bygone happy hour!
 Too oft, alas! thou only bringest gloom
 From the dim precincts of the beacon tomb
 Of days departed!—When thou dost display
 A pleasing dream of some past halcyon day,
 We yearn for joys that never must return
 As fondly as we clasp the cherished urn!

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LXIX.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΑΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'Tis right for good winebibbing people,
Not to let the jug pass round the board like a cripple ;
But gaily to chat while discussing their tippler."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE—*Old Blue Parlour, Ambrose's, Gabriel's Road.—Present, NORTH,
TICKLER, SHEPHERD.*

SHEPHERD.

What'n a nicht! Only hear to that lumm—as if a park o' artillery were firin' a salute in the sky. But a salute or salvo seldom consists o' mair than a hunder guns, and these aerial engines hae been cannonadin' for hours on end, as if the North and the East Wund were fechtin' a pitched battle wi' the South and the West for the Empire o' Darkness. In such a hurricane, I could pity the Moon—but then to be sure she has her ain Cave o' Peace, star-roof'd, in a region sacred frae a' storms.

NORTH.

Poetry!

SHEPHERD.

There goes an auld woman frae the chumley-tap, rattling down the sklates, to play crash amang the cats in the area.

TICKLER.

Painting!

SHEPHERD.

Blash awa', Sleet! thou wishy-washy-faced dochter o' Rain and Snaw! Blatter awa', Rain! thou cloud-begotten son o' Uranus! Drift awa', Snaw! thou flaky family o' Dew and Frost, embracing on their air-bed in the lift wi' mirk curtains, and stock ice-congealed yet thaw-drippin—and aften sinkin' doon till it settle on some mountain-tap where the pine-trees daurna grow!

NORTH.

Fancy! Imagination!

SHEPHERD.

O the power o' Glass! Yet what is't to the power o' the human Ee! Licht, I'm tauld, is driven frae the sun to the earth some hunder million o' miles or thereabouts in minutes fewer in nummer than my fingers—and yet hoo saftly it solicits the een o' us mortal creturs, for whom it was there prepared! And what pleasure it gies the pupil devoutly learnin' to read the sky!

TICKLER.

Philosophy!

SHEPHERD.

It's just the nicht, sirs, for het toddy and caller oysters.

(*Enter Mr AMBROSE with the Natives.*)

NORTH.

Ambrose! In the Blue Parlour met once more!

"Three blyther hearts
You may not find in Christandle."

[AMBROSE deposits the Barrel, and rushes out quite over-
powered by his emotions.]

SHEPHERD.

Puir fallow!—he's the verra child o' Sense and Sensibility!—Whatt?
You're greetin' too! The tears rap, rap, rappin' doon your nose like hail-
stones, and jumpin' on the rug!

NORTH (*wiping his eyes*).

Old Times so hurried upon my heart—

SHEPHERD.

That you could but gasp—and glower like a Goshawk or a Hoolet.

NORTH.

Here was writ the Chaldee MSS.! Here—in that closet sat Gurney—a
novice from Norwich—taking down NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ, No. I.! And
now they have almost reached the natural term of man's life—Threescore
and Ten!

VOICE.

Seventy but One.

SHEPHERD.

That cretur's vice aye gars me a' grue. Fule that I was to save him frae
droomin' in the Yarrow! But a braw time's coming, and the auld saw will
be confirmed—Short-Haun' 'll be Lang-Neck afore he gie's up the ghost.

TICKLER.

I never heard of the rescue.

SHEPHERD.

He enjoined silence—but you see, sirs, naething wud satisfy the cre-
tur, when you were a' in the Forest, but that he too maun try the Fishin'.
Sae takin' a baggy-mennon-net, he sallies oot ae mornin' afore the smoke
had left the lumm, and awa' doon to Yarrow-brigg for what he ca'd bait
for the swivel. Our rivers, ye ken, are rather deceptive to strangers, and
Girrnny thocht yon fast, smooth flawin' o' liquid licht a fuird! He never
considered that a brigg's never built owre a fuird; sae in he gangs intil
what seemed to his ee some sax inch deep o' water, just coverin' the green
glimmerin' gravel—and at the second step—plump outowre head and ears,
like a pearl-diver or water-hen.

TICKLER.

Who saw him dive?

SHEPHERD.

I saw him dive. I had happened to rise early, and was leanin' owre the
ledge, spittin' wafers into the water. My first fear was that he was com-
mittin' suicide, and I stood switherin' for a while whether or no to prevent
him effectin' his purpose, for he has lang been the plague o' my life, and
his death wud be a great riddance. By and by, he makes his appearance
on the surface, shootin' and gullerin' like a hoolet on a dyeuck's back, and
then doon again, wi' his dowp in the air, and up again five or sax times, as
if he had been gamesome, and was takin' a recreation to whet his appe-
teet for the barley scones and fresh butter at breakfast. I couldna but
wonder at his activity, for it seemed equal to that o' ony otter. This could-
na hae lasted abune some ten minutes or less, when he began to wax weak-
ish, and to stay rather langer at a time aneath than seemed consistent wi'
prudence; sae I walked hooly doon to the bank, and cried on him to come
oot, unless he was set on *felo-de-se*. I do not believe that he heard me, for
he was now lyin' yellow at the bottom, as still as a salmon.

NORTH.

You listered him?

SHEPHERD.

I did.

TICKLER.

And resuscitated him according to the rules prescribed by the Humane Society?

SHEPHERD.

I hate a' new-fangled schemes o' resuscitation, or ony thing else; and acted as my forefathers o' the Forest hae done for a thousan' years. I just took him by the heels, and held him up wi' his head doonmost, to alloo the water an opportunity o' rinnin' out o' his mouth—and I can assure you, sirs, that the opportunity was no neglected, for it gushed as if frae the stane-mouth o' the image o' a fountain, and ran back into the Yarrow like a wee waterfa'. You can imagine what a relief it was to the cretur's stamrack, and he began to spur. But I knew better than to reverse his position, and held him perpendicular to the last drop. I then let him doon a' his length on his back; and the sun coming out frae behind a cloud, rekindled the spark o' life, till it shone on his rather insignificant features, relaxing into a smile. He then began to book dry—was convulsed—drew up his legs—steeikit them oot again—flang about his arms—clenched his hauns—whawmmled hissell owre on his groof—bat the gerss—opened his een—mutted—and lo! there was my gentleman sittin' on his dowp, and starin' at me as if I had been the deil. We got him carried up into the Gordon Arms—pit'n into the blankets—wi' bottles o' het water at his soles—and rubbed him owre wi' sawte, till he was as red as a labster. What'n a breakfast did na he devour!

VOICE.

A true bill.

NORTH.

Ah! Gurney! these were happy days in the Forest. How different now our doom!

SHEPHERD.

You're no like the same man, sir. Oh! but you were a buirdly auld carle in yon Peebles plush sportin jacket, Galashiels tartan troosers, Moffat hairy waistcoat, Hawick rig-and-fur stockings, and Thirlestane trampers a' studded wi' sparables, that carried destruction amang the clocks. On the firm sward you carried along wi' you an earthquake—and as ye strode along the marshes, how the quagmires groaned!

NORTH.

I stilted the streams in spate, James, as a heron stilts the shallows in mid-summer drought.

SHEPHERD.

And noo ye hirple along the floor like the shadow o' a hare by moonlicht, and sit on your chair like a ghaist leanin' on its crutch. O-hon-a-ree!

NORTH.

James!

SHEPHERD.

Forgie me, sir, but tenderness will tell the truth: Embro' does na agree wi' you, sir. Pitch your perennial tent, sir, in the Forest, and you will outlive the crow.

NORTH (*showing a toe*).

Are these spindle-shanks?

SHEPHERD.

Frae the bottom o' my sowle I wuss they were—but, alas! they are but wunnlestraes! The speeder wou'd na trust himself to what's sae slender—the butterfly wou'd fear to sit doon on sic a fragile prap. You're a wee, wizened, wrinkled, crunkled, bilious bit body, that the wund could carry awa wi' a waff. And a' the wark o' ae single month! Come and keep your Christmas at least wi' your freens in the Forest—

TICKLER.

Curse the country in winter.

SHEPHERD.

Wheesht—wheesht—wheesht! That's a fearsome sentiment. Eat in your words, sir—eat in your words; for though I ken you're no serious,

and only want to provoke the Shepherd, I canna thole the thocht o' impiety toward the hoary year.

TICKLER.

I am an idiot. Your hand, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

There's them baith.

NORTH.

This was the Shortest Day—you remember this Year's Longest Day, James?

SHEPHERD.

And wull till I dee!

NORTH.

It resembled some one or other of those Longest Days that, half a century ago, used to enshroud us in the imagery of some more celestial sphere than our waning life now inhabits—when, between sunrise and sunset, lingeringly floated by what was felt in its bliss and beauty to be a whole Golden Age!

SHEPHERD.

I shoudna hae been sorry to hae said that mysell, sir, for its rather—verra—beautifu'; and the expression, while it is rich, is simpler than your usual style, which, I canna help thinkin', has a tendency to the owre-ornate.

NORTH.

You think no such thing, James. But let the foolish world persist in the utterance of any bit of nonsense, and even men of genius, in spite of their hearts, will begin to repeat the cry.

SHEPHERD.

I daursay you're richt. Tak Time, and stretch it out till it becomes an invisible line, and then is felt to break, yet shall ye not be able to lengthen out a Day now into the endurance o' au Hour,

“In life's morning march when the spirit was young.”

NORTH.

I recoil from the very imagination of those interminable day-dargs of delight, when earth's realities were all splendid as dreams, and yet dreams there were that extinguished even those lustrous realities, in which we took our seats upon thrones among the Sons of the Morning, and felt privileged in our pride to walk through the Courts of Heaven.

SHEPHERD.

But our verri dreams, sir, are dulled noo—on their breakin', we do not feel noo as we used to do then, as if fallen to earth frae sky! The world o' sleep is noo but different frae the wauken warld in being somewhat sadder, and somewhat mair confused; and ane cares but little noo, sir, about either lying doon or rising up, for some great change has been wrocht within the mysterious chambers o' the brain and cells o' the heart, and life's like a faded flower, scentless and shrivelled, yet are we loath to part with it, and even howp against a' howp that baith colour and brightness may revive. But inexorable is the law o' the Dust.

NORTH.

Cheer up—cheer up, James!

SHEPHERD.

But you'll no let me—for your face is as wintry-like as if it had never known a simmer smile. Lauch, sir—lauch—and I'll do my best to be happy.

NORTH (*smiling*).

Time and place are as nothing to a wise man. My mind my kingdom is—and there I am monarch of all I survey.

SHEPHERD.

Weel quotted. But is na the Forest exceedin' fair? And may na the joy o' imagination, broodin' open-eyed on its saft silent hills—ilka range in itself like a ready-made dream—blend even wi' that o' conscience—till the sense o' beauty is felt to be almost an wi' the sense o' duty, and peacefu' is all around in nature, and all within the Shepherd's heart! I

felt sae last Sabbath, as we were comin' frae the kirk—for though the second Sabbath o' November—a season when I've kent the weather wild—sae still was the air, and in the mild sun sae warm, that but I missed the murmur o' the bee, I could hae thocht it simmer, or the glimpsing spring.

NORTH.

I have heard it said, my dear James, that shepherds, and herdsmen, and woodsmen, and peasants in general, have little or no feeling of the beauty of Nature. Is that true?

SHEPHERD.

It canna' weel be true, sir, seein' that it's a lee. They hae een and ears in their heads, and a' the rest o' the seven senses—and is't denied that they hae hearts and sowles? Only grant that they're no a' born blin' and deaf—and that there's a correspondency atween the outward and the inward warlds—and then believe if you can, that the sang o' a bird, and the scent o' a flower, or the smell o't, if it ha' nae scent, is no felt to be delightfu' by the simplest, aye, rudest heart, especially after a shower, and at the coming out o' the rainbow.

NORTH.

Help yourself, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

They dinna flee into raptures at rocks, like town folks, for that's a folly or affectation; nor weary ye wi' nonsense about sunrise and sunset, and clouds and thunder, and mist stealin' up the hills, and sic like clishmaclavers—but they notice a' the changes on nature's face, and are spiritually touched—believe me, sir—by the sweeter and the mair solemn—the milder or the mair magnificent—for they never forget that nature is the wark o' an Almighty hand—and there is nae poetry like that o' religion.

NORTH.

Go on, James.

SHEPHERD.

Is there nae description o' the beauty o' nature in the Bible? All the Christian world mair dearly loves the lily o' the field, for sake o' a few divine words. None but poor men now read the New Testament. By none—I mean too few—they who do chiefly live in rural places—and how can they be insensible to the spirit breathing around them from the bosom of the happy earth?

NORTH.

Go on, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

Wha wrott a' our auld sangs? Wha wrott a' the best o' our ain day? In them is there nae love o' nature? Wha sing them? Wha get them by heart that canna sing? Lads and lassies o' laigh degree—but what signifies talkin'—only think on that ae line,

“The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede awa!”

NORTH.

You need say no more, James.

SHEPHERD.

Simple folk, sir, never think o' expatiatin' on the beauties o' natur. A few touches suffice for them; and the more homely and familiar and common, the dearer to their hearts. The images they think of are never far-fetched, but seem to be lying about their very feet. But it is affection or passion that gives them unwonted beauty in their eyes, and that beauty is often immortalized by Genius that knows not it is Genius—believing itself to be but Love—in one happy word.

NORTH.

James, what is Beauty?

SHEPHERD.

The feeling o' Pure Perfection—as in a drap o' dew, a diamond, or a tear. There the feeling is simple; but it is complex as you gaze on a sweet-brier arrayed by Morn in millions o' dew-drops—or on a woman's head, dark as night, adorned wi' diamonds as wi' stars—or on a woman's cheek, where

the smile canna conceal the tear that has just fallen, in love or pity, frae her misty een, but the moment afore bricht-blue as the heavenliest spot o' a' the vernal skies.

TICKLER.

Here come the oysters.

(Enter Mr AMBROSE, *solus*, with more Natives.)

SHEPHERD.

What newspaper's that?

NORTH.

Bell's Life in London—worth all the other Weeklies in a bunch—*Examiner*, *Spectator*, *Atlas*, and the rest.

SHEPHERD.

Diinna say sae, sir.

NORTH.

Well—I won't. Indeed, it is not true; for the papers I have mentioned—though I hate their politics as I hate the gates of hell—are in much admirable—and the three ablest of the kind ever published in Britain. But “*Bell's Life in London*” is the best sporting paper that ever flourished, and will circulate all over the Island long after many a philosophical penny-wiseacre, that pretends to despise it, has gone the way of all flesh.

SHEPHERD.

Mair nor ane o' our farmers takes it in—and it used to be weel thoomb'd by your friend the Flying Tailor. Indeed, he had it filed for some years, and it brocht a great price at the sale o' his leebRARY. Puir fallow! wi' what pride he used to turn up the leaf in ane o' the files, containin' the account o' his beatin' Cristopher North at hap-step-and-loup!

NORTH.

That's a lie, James. *Bell's Life in London* had then no existence.

SHEPHERD.

Sae you confess he beat you?

NORTH.

It never was in his breeches—but I merely said, “that's a lie—*Bell's Life in London* had then no existence.” We leapt, it is true—

SHEPHERD.

And he beat ye a' to sticks. But what for said ye “that's a lie?” I'm never sae rude. I only say, when you happen to deviate frae the truth, “that's a lee.” Noo, there's an essential difference atween thae twa words. “That's a lie”—pronounced in what tone you will—is aye felt to be rather insultin'; “that's a lee”—especially if pronounced wi' a sort o' a laugh—is but a britherly intimation that you shou'd tak tent o' what you're sayin'; for that, if you do not, every body mayna choose to answer ye sae ceevilly, but may even impeach your veracity in direct terms.

NORTH.

It is a Chronicle—and a fair, and faithful, and most animated one—of the manly amusements of the gentlemen and the people of England—the Turf—the Chase—all the sports and games of the Field.

SHEPHERD.

It's a curious fact, sir, o' my idiosyncrasy—

NORTH.

Your what, James?

SHEPHERD.

Na—catch me, after gettin' safely through a word o' sax syllables, tryin' the adventure again the same nicht. But it's a curious fact o' my peculiar conformation o' character, that I tak the intensest interest in reading about actions and events that I wou'd na gang a mile o' gate to see. There's horse-racin', on a regular coorse at Musselburgh, for purse, plate, or steaks. Naething to me mair wearisome in this wearisome world.

NORTH.

The Caledonian Hunt!

SHEPHERD.

There sit the leddies in the grand-staun, sae high up, that for, ony thing you can tell they may a' hae bairds.

NORTH.

Ho! ho! you never look at the race.

SHEPHERD.

The blaw o' the bonnets is bonny aneuch, and sae is a tulip-bed; but if a man in a booth below bids ye admire the beauty in the pink pelisse, they hae a' pink pelisses, or purple anes, which is just the same thing; and your een, after a' their glowerin', are just as likely as no to fa' on the blowzey face o' some auld dowager.

TICKLER.

A just punishment.

SHEPHERD.

I've seen some gae bonny faces in the hired landaws along the rapes—and the lasses in them are aye ready to gie a body a nod or a wink—but sic vehicles, it seems, are no reckon'd genteel, though fu' o' parasols.

TICKLER.

They cannot possibly be vulgar, James, if full of parasols.

SHEPHERD.

I thocht he had been sleepin'. I gie a penny for a bill, and try to mak oot the colour o' the horses and their riders. But a's initials. Why no prent meres, geldings, staigs, fillies, colts, and the rest o' the rinnin' horses, at full length, to prevent confusion? I've compared them severally wi' the paper, ane after anither, as they cantered by the staun afore the start, and never yet cou'd identify a single naig wi' his description. The uniform o' the jockies is even mair puzzlin'—sae that the minute after layin' a croon, nae idea hae I on what beast I hae betted, whan aff they set, a' haudin' in, as if the race was to be won by the hindmost, and I tell my neighbour to let me ken whan they are beginnin' to mak play.

NORTH.

That you may hedge?

SHEPHERD.

I have aye had mair sense. For what's the use o' hedgin' on a green jacket when he comes in a black ane? or on a black mere when she comes in a broon horse? or crying "Crimson for a croon," meanin' him that's a hundred and fifty yards afore a' the lave, when, after the heat, a wee wicket vretch, wi' a lang waistcoat and tap-boots, taps you on the shouther, and hauds oot his haun, swearing that Purple has won in a canter, and that him that was really Crimson had broke doon, and was limpin' by the distance-post?

NORTH.

On what principle do you make up your Book?

SHEPHERD.

What'n book?

NORTH.

Your bet-book.

SHEPHERD.

Catch me wi' a pocket-book o' any kind on a race-grund. But the race was to hae been in heats. A horse wuns ae heat—and anither horse wuns anither—but never by ony accident him or her I was supposed to be bettin' on, though I was not; and now, after a lang delay, and frequent ringin' o' bells, comes what a' men are justified in believing to be the heat decisive o' the steaks. The horses do indeed seem most uncommon sleek and dry, and their colours not only to have brightened up most uncommon, but to have undergone a great change—for, lo and behold! an iron-grey and a chestnut, which I had never observed in the twa first heats—and, mair extraordinary still, and as appears to me no fair, five horses in the whole in place o' foure—that set aff like a whirlwund! I cry, "Purple a pound!" certain that I am takin' the naig that wan the last heat in a canter. The twa miles are ran in little mair than three minutes—and the same wee wicket vretch wi' the lang waistcoat and tap-boots taps me again on the shouther, and hauding oot his open haun, swears that nae Jockey wore purple—and I discover, to my consternation, that this was a different

race—atween different horses—wi' different riders—and for different steaks—for that the ither race was as gude as dune;—fand there by and by comes Purple to canter the coorse by himsell, as the condition was heats.

NORTH.

Done brown, James, on both sides, like a bit of dry toast.

SHEPHERD.

O' the twenty thousan' folk present, I dinna believe abune five hunder ken, o' their ain knowledge, wha wons or wha loses a single steak.

NORTH.

Your losses have soured you, James, with the Turf.

SHEPHERD.

I alloo my losses hae been considerable—for I canna hae lost at Musselburgh, during the last five years, less than five punds sterling.

NORTH.

Per annum?

SHEPHERD.

Heaven forbid! A'thegither. Frae which you may deduct fifeteen shillings won frae a lang clever chiel o' your acquaintance in spectacles—wha's sand-blin'—and mistook a bricht bay for a moose colour, and because he happened to hae a rat-tail.

NORTH.

Well—it cannot be said, after all, that you have dearly purchased your experience and disgust.

SHEPHERD.

I hae cheaply purchased my delicht in the turf. I tak in the New Sporting Magazine.

NORTH.

That is right. So do I. The editor is a gentleman—of that his very name is an assurance—and he is also a scholar.

SHEPHERD.

And the Auld Sportin' Magazine too.

NORTH.

That is right. So do I. I have taken it for nearly forty years! Hambletonian and Diamond! That was a race. Sir Joshua and Filho da Puta! That was another. The first is now an old story—nor the second a new one—there were racers in those days.

SHEPHERD.

And are now.

NORTH.

Plenipo? Bah! Bah! Bah!

SHEPHERD.

But, sir, was na ye gaun to defend "Bell's Life in London" frae the charge o' blackguardism brocht lately against it by some writers, or writer, in the United Service Journal and the New Monthly Magazine?

NORTH.

Not I. I greatly admire both those periodicals—and have no wish (at present) to break a lance with any knight who chooses in those lists to challenge another adversary—and not me, who am known to be a man of peace.

SHEPHERD.

Knight! Lance!

NORTH.

Well—well—James—fight him yourself with a rung. But don't hit him on the head.

SHEPHERD.

What for no?

NORTH.

You may guess.

SHEPHERD.

Aye—aye—I understand. Can you comprehend, sir, the horror many worthy folk feel for fechtin' wi' the nieves?

NORTH.

I candidly declare that I cannot. The whole question, James, lies in a nut-shell.

SHEPHERD.

But a cocoa nut-shell, sir.

NORTH.

Well. The English have for ages chosen to decide their personal quarrels by an appeal to the fist.

SHEPHERD.

It's the custom o' the kintra—a national characteristic—a trate o' mainners—and I houp that a pastime sae truly popular will never be discountenanced by them who love the people, and see in all their manly amusements an expression of the inborn energies o' the sons of Liberty.

NORTH.

The fist is a national weapon, and always at hand.

SHEPHERD.

That's a truism.

NORTH.

Nor though formidable, is it often fatal.

SHEPHERD.

A swurd's a deadly weapon—and still deadlier a dirk—but he would indeed be a coof that would say that the human haun'—

NORTH.

You have but to look at your knuckles to know that a knock-down blow must be a casualty of frequent occurrence during a fair stand-up fight between two powerful and courageous men—and most of the men of England are powerful—according to their length and inches—and all the men of England are courageous as mastiffs, bull-dogs, game-cocks, or lions.

SHEPHERD.

Modern naturals assert the lion's a cooard.

NORTH.

Modern naturals are idiots.

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad to hear ye say sae, sir, for I would be ashamed o' my country had she chosen to emblazon her banner wi' an animal that was a cooard.

TICKLER.

“And in the vault of heaven serenely fair,
The Lion's fiery mane floats through the ambient air.”

NORTH.

“Victorious Judah's Lion-Banner rose.”

“Lord of the Lion-heart and eagle eye.”

SHEPHERD.

Ye need na accumulate authorities, for a true Tory, though he gies up the doctrine o' the divine richt o' human kings, haulds firm to the auncient faith, that by the fiat o' Him who created the dust o' the desert, courage, the regal virtue, has its residence in the lordly heart o' the King o' Beasts.

NORTH.

Gray, in his famous ode, speaks of the “lion port” of Queen Elizabeth—for the poet thought of her addressing her heroes on the heart-rousing alarm of the Armada, and the image was characteristic of the glorious bearing of the virgin Queen—for she was indeed a Lioness—worthy to rule over that race, of whom another poet has said,

“Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by.”

SHEPHERD.

Yon's no the roar o' a cooard, sirs, when he puts his dreadfu' mooth to the grun', and for miles roun' spreads sic a thundrous earthquake, that

troops o' deers and antelopes are sent boundin' up frae the groanin' sands, and fear drives the whole desert aflight, frae the majestic auld male elephant, risin' up in his seraglio like a tower amang turrets, and trumpetin' in terror that the lion is on his walk, up to the insignificant ape, incapacitated by a shiverin'-fit frae chatterin', and clingin' in desperation, not only wi' his paws but his tail, to the very tapmost twig o' a tree.

NORTH.

People calling themselves Christians should be shy of applying the name "brutal" to the actions of men—and these men Englishmen. The English are not a brutal race—yet they are a race of boxers. Sir Charles Bell has written a treatise—the best of all the Bridgewater Treatises—except Whewell's—on the Hand—and we happen to know that Sir Charles Bell, so far from thinking that the Hand is degraded by being doubled up into a bunch of fives, and quick as light applied to the *os frontis* of Sampson Agonistes, delights in the *beau idéal* of a fist such as Jem Belcher's, and regards pugilism as one of the chief causes and effects of BRITISH SPIRIT.

SHEPHERD.

I like a fine manly fallow o' a philosopher that cares na about ae chiel gien anither chiel a clour on the head, but rather encourages them to set to, kennin' that the lettin' o' liquid in that way 's far healthier than in ony ither, and that a hash on the nose, dispassionately considered, though it does for the time occasion a determination o' bluid to the heed, maun ultimately be a great relief, especially to a man o' a sanguine temperament; and unless a man be o' a sanguine temperament, tak ma word for't, he'll be nae great fechter.

NORTH.

It seems, then, to be admitted on all hands, that the English are the most courageous people in the world, and that they have chosen, of their own accord, to settle such disputes as cannot otherwise be settled, by the fist. He, therefore, who calls that custom a cowardly custom, should be kicked out of this island as a calumniator of the character of the inhabitants.

SHEPHERD.

The sea would spew him back.

NORTH.

I laid emphasis, James, on the words BRITISH SPIRIT, and I lay emphasis on the words FAIR PLAY.

VOICE.

I have underlined them both—capitals—sir.

SHEPHERD.

That cretur's vice gars me a' grue.

NORTH.

Gurney is an Englishman—a pretty sparrer with the gloves—and for his weight—

SHEPHERD.

For his wecht! He can be nae wecht—nae heavier than his bowk in air.

NORTH.

FAIR PLAY is a synonyme for HONOUR and HUMANITY. Often in hot, seldom in bad blood, the challenge is given and accepted—the booths stand tenantless, and the wake forms a ring on the village green, a circle perfect as sun or moon, with a pleasant halo symptomatic of a squall, soon to be succeeded by a calm. The men strip and meet at the scratch—toe to toe—face to face—eye to eye—and as they *shake hands*—anger subsides into resolution—and hatred—if such a passion could for a moment possess an English yokel's breast—expires in the generous glow that warms his heart and illumines his countenance as he inwardly says—"now, it will be seen which is the better man." They set to—and after a merry battle of half-an-hour, a hit on the jugular, or a cross-buttock, gives the victory to our friend with the red whiskers. In five minutes, the man who lost the fight feels himself not a whit the worse—the conqueror treats him and his se-

cond to a gallon of cider—and during the evening you see them both figuring in the same dance, with faces that would shame the rainbow.

SHEPHERD.

Freens for life—nay brithers—for they inveet ane anither to ane anither's houses, and mutually marry ane anither's sisters.

NORTH.

Fair play, which I have rightly called Honour and Humanity, could not thus prevail among any people—not even the English—without the aid of laws. Therefore laws were enacted—in the spirit and letter of justice—and these are the LAWS OF THE RING. They are few and simple—in theory and in practice equally sanctioned by nature—and form a code purer and higher far than was ever fabricated by Vattel, Puffendorf, or Grotius.

SHEPHERD.

International law, that is, the law o' nations—seems to me nae better than a systematized and legalized scheme o' rape, robbery, piracy, incendiarism, and murder.

NORTH.

Quite correct. Such combats, thus guarded by laws passed by the people, keep alive the sentiments in which the laws originated; and thus in England we see the working of a Spirit of Laws that was beyond the experience, and above the comprehension of President Montesquieu.

SHEPHERD.

Tickler's sleepin'.

NORTH.

Thus no man need fight at all unless he chooses—and no man need fight a moment longer than he chooses—and hence are the English—in the boxing counties—the least quarrelsome of the nations of Europe.

SHEPHERD.

The boxin' counties?

NORTH.

Yes, James, the boxing counties. Unfortunately, in some of the northern counties, THE LAWS OF THE RING are unknown—and the up-and-down system—savage as in Kentucky—prevails to an extent that may well make a Briton blush black while he weeps. What maimings and murderings then befall! More loss of life and limb in one year than over all the rest of England in twenty, in fair stand-up fight—though who will say that the men of the North are not naturally as brave as their brethren who live under better laws—and with whom, as I said, fair play is honour and humanity?

SHEPHERD.

That's decessive.

NORTH.

Juries in vain threaten capital conviction—judges in vain declare that capital conviction shall certainly be followed by execution—but evil customs are the most inveterate—they laugh at penal law, and defy its terrors—and at every assize the calendar is crammed with the names, and the prison with the bodies of such criminals—must I say the word—when speaking of Englishmen?—I must—with ruffians.

SHEPHERD.

Nefawrious.

NORTH.

Thus far I have been speaking the sentiments of the wisest men I have ever had the happiness to know—I need not say the humanest too; but there are fools—and I suspect that knaves eke are they—who, while they have not the audacity to libel the whole people, nor choose to have their own filthy lick-spittle blown back in their faces from the

“Bold peasantry, their country's pride,”

assembled at rural feast, and fair, and festival, all over merry England—squirt their venom, like toads from holes, at the LONDON RING, and seem to suppose that the Legislature will listen to the croak of incarcerated reptiles.

SHEPHERD.

Taeds is the only leeivin cretur I canna thole.

NORTH.

— Extinguish the London Ring and you extinguish all the Rings in England. In it the laws are settled as in a Court of Judicatory of the last resort. In it the best men contend—London against all England, and all England with London against the World. The provinces look up to the capital in all things—Westminster-Hall, St Stephens, Covent-garden, Moulsey-Hurst. What a people of pettifoggers we should be, were there no woolsack softly soliciting the sitting-down thereon of an Eldon, a Lyndhurst, or a Vaux ! What odd oratory would be ours, if there were no grander field for its display than the Green of Glasgow, by Glasgow's gander cackled and hissed over from the Calton to the Goosedubbs ? In provincial towns the genius of Kemble and Cook and Kean would have fretted and strutted its little hour in vain ; and but for the London Ring, pitched on fair Moulsey-Hurst, by Thames's silver side, no such glorious title would have been known as "Champion of England"—and Jem Belcher gone down to the grave without his fame.

SHEPHERD.

You give me much pleasure, Mr North.

NORTH.

I am speaking, my dear James, of mere amusements—

SHEPHERD.

Mere amusements—such is the word—o' the people are no' to be shackled on licht gruns—much less put down by the arm o' the law.

NORTH.

Good. In this hard-working world, the people are entitled to their amusements—the sweeteners of life and solders of society—and they *will have them*, James, in spite of cant, hypocrisy, and falsehood—never rarer than now—in spite of the mean malignants, never before so numerous or so noisy, who, in utter ignorance of the nobility of their nature, would shear away the privileges of the people—and by a base outcry against gin-drinking, and Sabbath-breaking, and dancing, and wrestling, and cudgelling, and boxing—which are huddled together—with many more—as equal and kindred enormities—and made crimes at all but by liars' license and liars' logic—would fain persuade us that Albion is a sink and sewer—filled with the foul vices of slaves—the scum of the earth—whereas all the wide world knows that

"Though some few spots be on her flowing robe
Of stateliest beauty,"

she is worthy still to wear the title she won of yore, and is crowned still with her towery diadem—Queen of the Sea.

SHEPHERD.

There's a slicht !

NORTH.

A person in Parliament—if the reporters are to be trusted—and they seldom misrepresent any man—some months ago rose up in a sudden fit of humanity, justice, and religion, and vehemently asked if the House would take no steps in consequence of a MURDER that had lately been perpetrated under circumstances of peculiar atrocity at Andover. I forget whether he uttered these words before or after the trial. If before the trial, then he cruelly and impiously prejudged the case of a fellow-citizen and a fellow Christian—whose life he believed was at stake—far wickeder behaviour than if I were now—with Gurney at work in the closet—to denounce any M.P. as a dishonest man, supposing that his conduct had ever been subjected to such a charge, and before he could refute that charge, tell all Europe that he was a swindler. If after the trial, then he not only lied against an innocent man, but libelled jury, judge, and law ; for Owen Swift, so far from having been convicted of murder under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, was found guilty of manslaughter under circumstances of peculiar alleviation—and his conduct all through the unfortunate fight with his antagonist Anthony Noon—the Pocket Hercules—

and especially towards its close, when Swift refrained from striking him—and seconds, bottleholders, umpire, referee, and all the ring did what they could to prevent that poor fellow from rushing in—was declared, by as enlightened a judge as ever dignified the seat of justice, Judge Patteson, to have been “fair, manly, and humane!”

SHEPHERD.

He'll be a Sant—a crôcodile.

NORTH.

Saint, crocodile, or shark, he is one of your speakers at meetings in Free Masons' Hall in the cause of humanity—and while he would have wept to flog a negro convicted of setting fire to a plantation, seemed in haste to hang a white for an offence which, notwithstanding the lamentable result, was pronounced by the common sense of the people of England one of the lightest in the calendar at that assize.

SHEPHERD.

I can excuse occasional inconsistency in politics, for nae mortal man is aboon the influence o' pairty speerit, and selfishness will at times sway the maist upright; but in penal legislation I can conceive naething mair wicked—because naething mair cruel—than to deal out undue severity o' punishment to particular offences, while we let ithers as bad, or far waur, gang free—legislating noo in a tender, and noo in a truculent speerit, and thus showing that your guides and monitors are no at a' times that reason and that conscience to which you avow before the public ye are aye, under religion, humbly obedient, but just as often prejudices, and bigotries, and wilfulnesses, and blindnesses o' birth and breeding, at biddin' o' which, instead o' temperin' justice wi' mercy, you harden mercy into a mood misnamed o' justice, and thereby are seen æ day fentin at the sicht—na the thocht—o' the sheddin' o' the bluid o' the maist atrocious criminal who may hae outlawed and excommunicated himsel' frae human nature by some horrid ack, and are heard neist day imprecatin' the last human punishment on some unfortunate fellow, who, after having been severely beaten in a fair fight, has happened, not only contrary to his own wish, but against his own will, to cause the death o' his too obstinate antagonist. Sic Justice is no blin', but she squints, and wi' sic obliquity o' vision she manna be trusted wi' the swurd in her haun'.

NORTH.

I have walked over all the beautiful fields of England—

SHEPHERD.

The boxing counties.

NORTH.

—and mixed familiarly with all grades of life—but never with disreputable society, high, middle, or low—and never did I receive a wanton insult from any man.

SHEPHERD.

Nor ever, I'm sure, sir, gied aye.

NORTH.

Never. I have seen many a turn-up, and some pitched battles among the yokels; and though one or two were rather too sanguinary for my taste, no serious mischief was done; and I pronounce the English—with the exception of the barbarous practice already lamented and censured—a most peaceable people—a nation of humane heroes. Let not legislators, then, by their busy intermeddling with the national customs, endanger the stability of the national character. It would be sad and ludicrous indeed if John Bull were to be emasculated by Miss-Mollyism. Let the Miss Mollies wear stays and be thankful—nobody expects them to strip.

“Let Dares beat Entellus black and blue,”

while the feebles and the fribbles paint their cheeks after their own fashion, and kn't purses. Away with the wishy-washy school of sentiment in which a knock-down argument is thought of with the same horror as a knock-down blow! It might be cruel perhaps to impale such insects, and pin them

down on paper, but not to brush them away; yet, if they will persist in biting, the midges must be murdered at last.

SHEPHERD.

I can forgie a' creturs o' that kind, but no the blusterin' fallows that ca' a' folk blackguards wha happen to like to look at twa men fechtin', and extend their abuse to a' athletics whatsomever, as if the powers o' the body were na intended to be brocht intil play for our amusement and pastime as weel's the powers o' the mind.

NORTH.

All athletic sports are nearly allied—they all flourish together—with the commonalty in England, boxing is the guardian of them all; and I do not hesitate to affirm, that even cricket-matches—that glorious game—would not be, among what are rightly called the lower ranks, the bloodless contests they now are, were it not for the operation of the ever-present principle of Fair-Play, which in all matters of amusement reigns in England, and derives its permanent power from, and makes its ultimate appeal to, the practice of the Ring.

SHEPHERD.

I've heard there are desperate battles at the Hurlin' Matches in Ireland.

NORTH.

I love and admire the Irish. But what think ye, James, of O'Connel holding up his hands in horror at the death of one English pugilist before the superior prowess of his honourable and humane antagonist in single combat, and vowing before heaven that he would bring in a bill to amend the law of England and the character of the men of England—by making such manslaughter in all cases murder! He who in Ireland would indict capitally magistrate or policeman—for having been compelled to act in defence of their own lives, or the lives of others murderously attacked by an organized army of infuriated madmen, indiscriminately knocking out the brains of men, women, and children, with stones and staves—treading their flesh into the mire—driving their adversaries—adversaries from some senseless feud of which the parties know neither the origin nor the cause—into lake or river—and not only seeing them drowning and drowned without pity—but frightening away the boats that went to rescue the battered wretches from death!

SHEPHERD.

Alas! for Ireland.

NORTH.

From the depth of my heart a voice responds—alas! for Ireland.

SHEPHERD.

Can naething, think ye, sir, be dune for her—the Gem o' the Sea?

NORTH.

It would seem to require the touch of some angel's hand—not to burnish up the gem, for it is green as any emerald—not to wipe away the stains of blood that often ruefully redden the verdure when at its brightest—but to heal the heart-wounds and the soul-sores, from which the poison flows—and which seem incurable by human skill, festering, and inflaming, and mortifying, till on all hands are misery, madness, and death.

SHEPHERD.

Strang—strang—strang.

NORTH.

Words weak as water. Two murders a-day!

SHEPHERD.

Wha are the murderers?

NORTH.

Almost all Catholics.

SHEPHERD.

The murdered?

NORTH.

Almost all Catholics.

SHEPHERD.

It canna be their religion.

NORTH.

God forbid I should say it was their religion.

SHEPHERD.

What can be the cause ?

NORTH.

The wickedness of the heart, infuriated by superstition. The horrid delusion has been long gathering over their conscience, till it has become black as night—and now the eye of the soul—as Conscience has been called—sees not the sanctity of the house of life—and hands break through its walls—without pity and without remorse.

SHEPHERD.

But their priests pray and preach against all such violation o' the first great law o' Nature—they are humane men—and withhold absolution from sinners who come to the confessional dipped and died up to the elbows in blood.

NORTH.

Of that I know nothing. But this I know, that if the Priests have done their duty, there must be something more dreadful in man's heart than was ever revealed to my own even in the delirious dreams of god-forsaken sleep.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir !

NORTH.

I take the hint, and cease.

SHEPHERD.

I did na mean, sir, to stap you—but to induce you to strike a less fearsome key—for that ane jarred my heart-strings and my brain—and I was growing sick.

NORTH.

Down with the Church is the cry.

SHEPHERD.

And I'm no surpris'd that it is—for the Church does na *deserve* to staun when sic atrocities are rife beneath its shelter or its shadow, and prosper among the services of its most faithful and devoted Ministers. I never liked the Popish Church;—but then, to be sure, I am a Protestant—and, what is worse, a Presbyterian bigot.

NORTH.

Down with the Protestant Church in Ireland !—that is the cry.

SHEPHERD.

Fools.

NORTH.

Madmen—and worse than Madmen. Knowledge is Power—Knowledge is Pleasure—Knowledge is Wealth—Knowledge is Virtue—Knowledge is Happiness—

SHEPHERD.

Oh ! that it were ! and earth in Time might be an image of Heaven in Eternity !

NORTH.

Hymns and odes—had I the genius—would I sing in praise of Knowledge—for from heaven descended the voice that said, "KNOW THYSELF."

SHEPHERD.

Try.

NORTH.

No—dumb am I at those divine words—as in presence of a spirit—as in hearing of a spirit's voice. The minds of men were kindled—and lo ! the REFORMATION dawned, and in that dawn was disclosed the true aspect of the skies. And scorn we now that light—now that it has climbed high up in heaven, and far and wide spread the blessing of meridian day ?

SHEPHERD.

Sir ?

NORTH.

Tithes—tithes—tithes—abuses—abuses—abuses—are now the watch-

word and reply. And by whom are they yelled? Not by poor, naked, hungry, ignorant, misinstructed, superstitious savages alone—nor by the fierce and reckless agitators that drive them into convulsions—for then we could understand the folly we deplored, and the wickedness we abhorred—but by men holding the Protestant faith—of which the cardinal belief is—that all good which man can enjoy on earth must be generated by the light of the Christian religion—and that that light is in the Bible as in a Sun.

SHEPHERD.

It's an awfu' thing to think o' wide districts, sprinkled wi' touns and villages, and clachans, and thousands o' single houses, a' crowded wi' human beings, and no' ane o' them, for fear o' divine displeasure, suffered to read the Word o' God!

NORTH.

Dismal. And in that land a war waged against Protestantism by Christian statesmen! The Protestant Church is the cause of all this darkness, all this distraction, all this guilt! Therefore, let its altars be desecrated—its ministers despoiled—its services destroyed—its pride brought low with all its towers—and that meek, humble, and holy faith substituted and restored, which diffused peace and good-will to men, wide as day, from the Seven Hills on which it sat so long enthroned in simplicity, and as with an angel's voice did “indicate the ways of God to man!”

SHEPHERD.

I wish you was Prime Minister.

NORTH.

What, in place of Lord Melbourne?

SHEPHERD.

Wha's he? I never heard o' him afore.

NORTH.

Nay, James. Stanley and Graham—

SHEPHERD.

I've read some o' their speeches—

NORTH.

—ought to have seen long before they did that their colleagues were a gang of church-robbers. I have always admired both the men—but I cannot comprehend how they, eagle-eyed, were stone-blind to what was visible to the very moles.

SHEPHERD.

They had unwittingly been hoodwinked—but as for moles being blin', you would hear a different story were you to ask the worms.

NORTH.

Therefore they resigned—and all the church-robbers in the kingdom shouted aloud for joy.

SHEPHERD.

What think ye, sir, made Lord Grey resign? Was it a voluntary descent or a forced fa'?

NORTH.

A little of both.

SHEPHERD.

I did na see your name, sir, in the list o' stewards—was you at the great Grey Denner?

NORTH.

Sir? Eh? Whatt?

SHEPHERD.

But tell me—though you was na there—was it a Failure or a Succeed?

NORTH.

Much folly and falsehood, I am sorry to say, all parties are guilty of, in describing Political Meetings got up by their adversaries; and so far from thinking that we Conservatives are less liable to the charge than the Destructives, be they Whigs or Radicals, I shall not be surprised to see myself taken to task, by the low-flying Tories, for declaring, that, in my opinion,

the Edinburgh Dinner to Lord Grey was, on the whole, honourable to him, and creditable to our Reformers.

TICKLER.

On the whole! Reformers!

NORTH.

With ten points of scornful admiration, if you please—for I do not believe that a greater mass of ignorance, prejudice, bigotry, stupidity, and vulgarity were ever collected together under one roof.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna ye?

TICKLER (*roused*).

Dishonesty and malignity.

NORTH.

Two-thirds of the two thousand five hundred males there assembled were of the lowest intellectual grade, and in the meanness of their moral nature, into which not one ennobling sentiment had ever been inspired by education or experience, incapable of comprehending any one of the great principles on which is founded the stability of a Constitution in Church or State.

SHEPHERD.

Ye're speakin' o' the Radicals.

NORTH.

No. Of the blind leading the blind—their name is Legion, for they are many—and not a few Radicals are among them—but far the greater number are Whigs.

TICKLER.

In Edinburgh there are ten Whigs for one Radical in good society—

SHEPHERD.

What ca' ye gude society?

NORTH.

I presume the society of honest men.

TICKLER.

Right. But, as regards our argument, James, I mean by good society, the society of honest men of the middle ranks—for below that I fear most men at present suppose that they are Radicals—and I presume there were not many of that class at the dinner to Lord Grey.

SHEPHERD.

They had mair sense than to get up a guinea for a cauld denner and a bottle o' cork'd port.

NORTH.

Eight hundred men—I calculate on data not to be denied by any one acquainted with Scotland—were present at that dinner, worthy to welcome to Scotland, and to Edinburgh, any Statesman.

TICKLER.

I agree with you, North. You and I do not lay any great stress on what is called the nobility and gentry present on that occasion—for they, though respectable, were sparse—but without excluding such sprinklings—and acknowledging with pleasure the high character of the Noble Chairman—we declare that the strength of the assemblage lay in those citizens who had either raised themselves from a humble condition to what is rightly called a high—or added lustre to the condition in which they happened to have been born—by their own moral and intellectual worth—or by the endowment of genius.

SHEPHERD.

Genius?

NORTH.

Yes, genius. Henry Cockburn, now a Judge—which I am glad of—did not, to be sure, write the *Queen's Wake*—nor is Sir Thomas Dick Lauder the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*—nor did Andrew Skene write *Adam Blair*—nor Andrew Rutherford the *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*—nor Robert Jamieson the *Trials of Margaret Lindsay*—but have they not

done far more difficult things—if not as good, or better? And think ye that the same powers that have raised them (the Painter and Poet of the great Morayshire Floods, out of politics, is one of ourselves, James, and though we need not veil our bonnets to him, we wear them in his presence but as equals) to the highest eminence in law, might not, if directed into that pleasanter channel, have won them as high a place in literature?

SHEPHERD.

No in poetry, sir, no in po——

TICKLER.

Poo upon poetry! Fire away, Kit.

NORTH.

The educated classes in Scotland—and I allow a wide latitude to the term educated—were much divided on the question of reform. All true Conservatives abhorred the bill—many—nay, all moderate Whigs—feared it in much—and the wildest disliked some of its most improvident provisions—it was welcomed in its reckless radicalism but by the Destructives.

SHEPHERD.

Truth uttered by Wisdom.

TICKLER.

Therefore not even the eight hundred could have been unanimous in their approbation of the statesmanship of Lord Grey.

NORTH.

No, indeed. Not even had they been all the most violent of Whigs; but of the six hundred Whigs worthy the name—for I skim away the scum—a half at least had all their lives—as you well know, Tickler—deprecated such reform—a quarter of them at least had long abjured its principles—while the remaining fourth—with the exception of such men as Mr Green-shields, and a few other grave enthusiasts—men of talent and virtue—were either worthy old foggies, who took a pride in seeing doctrines triumphant in their age, which they had vainly battled for in a pedantic war of words in their youth, or worthy young foggies, whom—as I do not wish to be personal—I shall not name at a Noctes—following in their train, and fondly imagining themselves all the while to be leaders—or unworthy young foggies—yet still of reputable character——

TICKLER.

Yawp for the loaves and fishes.

SHEPHERD.

And what say ye o' the respectable Radicals?

NORTH.

Of the eight hundred, they may have composed about two; and though I do not well know what they would be at, I do know that, if they speak the truth, they now think very little of Lord Grey.

TICKLER.

I think, North, you may, in round numbers, say a thousand. For half-a-dozen from this place—and half-a-score from that—and so on in proportion to the size of the clachan—having no political principles at all—but entertaining a certain vague admiration of what are called liberal opinions—and admirers in a small, but not insincere way, of something they choose to call consistency—and having been assured by the wise men of the village, well read in Annual Registers, that Lord Grey carried into effect the same plan of reform in 1831 that he had advocated in 1792—at great inconvenience, considerable expense, and some danger, came on outside places by heavy coaches to the great Grey dinner, and astonished their families on their return with descriptions of the Immense Wooden Erection, and the great lustre from the Theatre-Royal, dependent from the centre of the roof, and lighted with gas by pipes laid on purpose in cuts from the main conduit—a Fairy Palace!

NORTH.

My friend Hamilton is a man of skill, taste, and genius; and I am told the Pavilion was beautiful.

SHEPHERD.

Was the denner really in great part devoor'd afore Yearl Grey took his seat by the side o' your worthy freend, the Lord Provost?

TICKLER.

Not in great part devoured, James. The enemies of the Church began collecting their tithes. Perhaps a dozen tongues, as many how-towdies, half-a-score hams, two or three pigeon and some fifty mutton-pies were gobbled up without grace—and I believe a few buttocks of beef met with the same premature fate; but there was nothing like a general attack—and I wish that to be known in England, for the credit of my countrymen.

SHEPHERD.

Abstinence under sic circumstances did them immortal honour—for imitation and sympathy are twa o' the strangest active principles in human natur; and the wonder is, that in ten minutes they did no soop the board. Cry "Fire" in a crooded kirk, and the congregation treads and chokes it-self to death in makin' for the doors. Cry "Fa' to" in a crooded Pavilion, and at the first clatter o' knife and tork on a trencher, what cou'd hae been expectet but that twa thoosand five hunder Reformers would hae been ruggin' awa at fish, flesh, and fule af're they discovered that it was a false alarm?

TICKLER.

The justification is complete.

SHEPHERD.

Besides, them that did fasten on the vittals—by your account few in nummer—perhaps no abune a hunder or twa—havin' been in the open air a' day, assistin' at the Procession, maun hae been desperate hungry—and few temptations are waur to resist than a sappy ham. Whigs, too, are great gluttons—

NORTH.

We Tories again are epicures.

SHEPHERD.

As may be seen at a Noctes, where we eat little, but very fine. •

NORTH.

I cannot charge my memory with a case of ante-benediction gluttony at a great public Conservative dinner. Can you, James?

SHEPHERD.

I never hear the grace at a great public denner—though I sometimes see an auld body at a distance haudin' up his haun—but I certainly canna charge my memory wi' ony instance o' ony pairt o' ony Christian company consumin' tongues, how-towdies, hams, pigeon and mutton-pies, and buttocks o' beef, afore the arrival o' the guest in whase honour, and in whase presence, it was intended the denner should be devoor'd—to say naething o' his participation. Sic behaviour is in fact mair like beasts than men—and I dinna believe ony thing like it ever took place even in a doug-kennel. Jowlers are vorawcious brutes, but they sit on their hurdies wi' waterin' chaps, till the whupper-in or the huntsman gies the signal—or cries, Soss! Soss! and then with one accord the canine crunch their cracklins.

NORTH.

Lord Grey spoke well—his demeanour was dignified—and he was listened to and looked at—as he deserved by his friends—with respect and admiration.

SHEPHERD.

By you?

NORTH.

My dear Shepherd, I was not there—but I had an account of the evening from a Whig friend, on whose face I never can look without believing that he is a Tory. To my mind, Lord Grey disgraced himself by his vile misrepresentation of the sentiments that had been lately expressed by many distinguished Irish Protestants, lay and clerical, respecting the state of the Church and its affairs—and they are closely interwoven with the vital interests of the whole community—sentiments honourable to their

character as men, and perfectly consistent with all Christian charities—but the expression of which had been grossly falsified by base reporters, who had been exposed by the calumniated to universal scorn. In this Lord Grey showed obstinate ignorance, at once contemptible and hateful; and, on reading it, I covered my face with my hands to hide the burning blushes of shame that tingled there for sake of Lord Brougham, who chimed in with the peevish and malignant reproach—while he had the brazen assurance to declare, that he had heard then for the first time of the shocking outrage, by fierce Protestant bigotry, on the meek Popish spirit of love—for that he, forsooth, had not read the sevenpenny newspapers for some time back—an absurd and indeed incredible inconsistency in the grim genitor of the *Twa-Bawbee Magazine*.

SHEPHERD.

Me and Hairy Brumm's great freens, and batin' yoursell, sir, he's the grand-est companion I ken, either in a mixed company o' ordinar dimensions, or at a twa-haun' crack. He seems to hae made a kind o' triumphal progress or procession through Scotland in a post-chaise, and nae doot occasionally fowre horses; and I was glad to see, for my ain sake, that the Lord Chancellor received the freedom o' the same brughs that, twenty years sin' syne, had conferred that honour on me for the Queen's Wake.

TICKLER.

Scotland has reason to be proud of your friend, James; for with her he passed his brilliant youth, and within the walls of our own old College, and of our own old Parliament House, was first seen fitfully shining that mental fire which ere long burst into so bold and bright a blaze, and illumined his high career in the English Courts of Law, and the greatest Legislative Assembly in the world.

SHEPHERD.

He was a real orator.

TICKLER.

He led the Commons—and had no equal but Canning.

NORTH.

He never led the Commons, and he was no match for Canning.

SHEPHERD.

What ails the Times at Hairy Brumm?

NORTH.

Hang me if I know.

SHEPHERD.

They'll no be able to rin him doon, sir.

NORTH.

The Times hits hard—fights at points—is good with both hands—up to all the manœuvres of the London Ring—always in tip-top condition—and in a close seldom fails in getting the fall either by back-lock or cross-buttock. He can lick all the London dailies—though some of them are strong wiry chaps—and very ugly customers—all but the Standard—and the fine science and great strength of the Standard have given him the championship of the Press.

SHEPHERD.

They say the Times fechts booty?

NORTH.

They who said so lied—he is above a bribe—and by his own power purchases his own gold. But there are other passions besides the “auri sacra fames”—other devils besides Mammon.

SHEPHERD.

I weel ken that. There's Belial—and there's Beelzebub—and there's Lucifer—and there's—

NORTH.

These three are sufficient—you need not mention any more—and they are all gentlemen of the press.

SHEPHERD.

And a' against Hairy Brumm?

NORTH.

Certainly not—unless they have lost all regard for consistency of character. Lucifer and he are friends for life.

SHEPHERD.

I smell brimstone.

TICKLER.

Merely candle-snuff. One cannot choose but smile, to hear the Times telling how he patronised Brougham, and made him Lord Chancellor of England. Yet the boast is not without truth. The Press was a powerful auxiliary to his own great power—and in his favour the Times for years led the Press. It cut down his foes—it cleared his way—it cheered him on—it “bound his brows with victorious wreaths;” and now that “the winter of its discontent” hath come—the question is, will it have the force of frost or blight to wither them?

SHEPHERD.

Na.

NORTH.

But it is base in Brougham to abuse the Press, merely because it now abuses him; for, during all the many long years it bore him up on its strong wings,—yet he of himself could fly and soar,—the Press, he well knew, was systematically maligning better men, his rivals in the race, and never one word did he utter in its dispraise, till he had laid his own hand on the goal—and then, on an unwonted and unwelcome clamour assailing his ears,—loud, indeed, but less truculent than had, to his great satisfaction, tormented superior spirits,—superior inasmuch as Wisdom is a nobler gift than Wit, and TALENT but the servant of Virtue,—then he turned round, with “visage all inflamed,”—

SHEPHERD.

“Sawtan dilated stood,”—

NORTH.

—and told the people of England, that he regarded the Press with contempt and scorn!

SHEPHERD.

Hairy shou’d na’ hae said that—for o’ a’ the steam-engines that ever clattered, the maist like a leevin’ giant is the Printin’ Machine.

NORTH.

With all his sins, Lord Brougham is worth a coal-waggon-train-full of Durhams. It is too ludicrous for laughing to see Lambton pitting himself against such a man. True, he confesses his inferiority in powers of speech; but in the very confession his poor pride is apparent; for by that candour he thinks he proves his claim to superior worth. Now the truth is, that the Coalmaster approaches nearer to the Chancellor in eloquence than in any other natural or acquired gift; for it is wonderful how well he speaks, and he possesses no despicable power of jaw. He is a third-rate radical rhetorician, and has a command of loose, lumbering language, very unpleasant to listen to, which he can atrabilariously keep delivering for a trying extent of time. But in powers of thought, he is a mere man of the multitude; in his harangues nobody looks for ideas; and his very admirers direct you, for proofs of his abilities, to his forehead and his face. Both are indeed beautiful—but “fronti nulla fides” is an old saw and a wise one—and he would soon become indeed a jaundiced observer, who appealed to the colour of his cheeks. Brougham is no beauty; but his mug is a book, in which men may read strange matters—and take him as he stands, face and figure, and you feel that there is a man of great energy—and commanding intellect. His brain swarms with ideas—of which some have been almost magnificent—and his heart has been often visited by high and generous emotions, which but for a restless temper might have found there an abiding place; and but that conscience has too often been overcome by ambition, might have made him morally as well as intellectually great, and one of the most illustrious worthies of England.

SHEPHERD.

Was na’t Lord Durham that flew intil sic a fury again’ the newspapers

for sayin' something aboot the flag o' his pleesur yatt—and was for finin' and imprisonin' folk for some folly o' theirs aboot some folly o' his, somehow or ither connectit wi' the threecolore, and the Cherburgh rods, and the Tyne Louisa, and the Newcastle colliers, and some nonsense aboot depopulation o' a village, and breakin' doon some rails in the Isle o' Wight, and compromiseen some act, by payin' the law expenses, and makin' affidavits aboot falsehoods, and——

NORTH.

It was—and I am only astonished, James, at your retainin' so distinct a recollection of so many pitiable exposures made of himself by the *Champion* and *Guardian of the Liberty of the Press*.

SHEPHERD.

Whether, sir, did you admire maist the Grey Festival here in Embro, or the Durham Demonstration yonner in Glasgow?

NORTH.

Ask Tickler.

TICKLER.

For your opinion? Hem. Pray, Kit, what was demonstrated by the Durham Demonstration?

NORTH.

That the stomachs of the Glasgow radicals revolt from wine.

SHEPHERD.

Was that a'?

NORTH,

Not all—but the most important point, established by the plainest proofs.

SHEPHERD.

I could hae telt that before-haun'; for wine's waur nor wersh in the mooth to workmen, either in toon or kintra;—and forbye bein' waur nor wersh in the mooth, it's sickening to the stammach, and it's irritatin' to the temper, and gars folk throw up ither things in folk's faces than mere indigested political maitters. I've seen that happen even among Taries in the Forest, and we never thocht o' ca'in't by ony ither than the ordinar' idiomatic name; but noo we shall adopt that grand-soundin' descriptive phraseology—Durham Demonstration.

TICKLER.

Your justification of the Glasgow Radicals is as complete, James, as your justification of the Edinburgh Whigs.

SHEPHERD.

It's founded, sir, on the same constitutional principles—and in baith cases the chief blame lies at the door o' the fresh air. Fifteen hunder men o' the hunder and fify thoosan'—I like roun' nummers—to whose care and custody Lord Durham said he was willing to intrust his property and his life, (I wunner how many years' purchase they wou'd in that case be worth,) comin' frae the caller air o' the open Green intill the foul air o' the closebox o' the Pavilion, and sookin' port, cou'd na be expeckit to get wi' impunity to the dregs at the bottom o' the bottle. But the Men o' the West are a strang generation, and no sune cowpit—sae they kept their seats in spite o' the soomin' roun' o' the wa's—and a' attempts o' the seats theirsells to steal a march oot frae beneath them—and opened their mouths for—a public Durham Demonstration on a great scale. They made, in fact, a virtue o' necessity; and as it is wrang to hide your talent under a napkin, they exhibited the fruits o' theirs on the table.

TICKLER.

By way of dessert.

SHEPHERD.

They were determined, sirs, that every thing should be aboon board—and disdainin' to keep down their risin' emotions, to mak a clean briest. In this way, it may be said, by a metonymy——

TICKLER.

A metonymy!

SHEPHERD.

—that they discharged their consciences, and were entitled, with as good a grace as Lord Brougham, to haul them up and exclaim, "These hands are clean."

NORTH.

It must have been a proud sight for the wives and daughters of the Demonstrators, and that anonymous class of ladies whom the Gander alluded to, as dearer even than wives and daughters—

SHEPHERD.

Wha are they ?

NORTH.

He best knows. I should have felt for Lord Durham at the shockingly insulting stop put to his return of thanks on an occasion on which I verily believe no man was ever so interrupted before—not even at a supper after the Beggars' Opera in Poossie Nancy's—had he not had the ineffable baseness to exclaim, "That comes from a Tory—there's an enemy in the camp." It required no readiness to improvise such a foolish falsehood—and he must have been ashamed of himself for venting it, when, sick of the scene, he retired from the Pavilion, in vain attempting to pick his steps among the *dissecta membra* of the Durham Demonstration, that had for hours been oozing through the joints of the deal-tables, till they adorned the floor.

SHEPHERD.

"O laith ! laith ! was the Durham Lord,
To wat his high-heeled shoon."

NORTH.

Lord Grey exultingly asked the wise men of the East, if any symptoms of reaction were visible in that magnificent show ; Lord Brougham told them, that he had been all over the North, and could assure them that there were none visible to the naked eye, on hill or dale ; and to crown all, Lord Durham—with the most extraordinary symptoms of reaction before him ever disclosed to the human senses—declared there was none in the West ; and yet these three very Lords were all the while at loggerheads and daggers-drawing, about men and measures—and two of them—the learned Lord and the unlearned Lord—objects of mutual hatred—that feeling in the one being mitigated by contempt, and in the other exasperated by envy.

TICKLER.

Brougham insidiously ousts Grey, and Grey indignantly cuts Brougham.

NORTH.

Brougham sneeringly glances at Durham, and Durham savagely growls at Brougham.

TICKLER.

Brougham accuses Durham of clipping and paring the Bill of Reform.

NORTH.

And Durham—had his father-in-law not told him that only bad boys broke oaths and told lies—would have accused Brougham of proposing to castrate it.

TICKLER.

And after all this vulgar bickering, at once anile and childish, we are told the nation is unanimous.

NORTH.

And a Whig-Rad government the object of its holy reverence and undying love !

SHEPHERD.

What wou'd the warld say if we three cast oot in that gate ?

NORTH.

Easier far for a new set of men to carry on the government than the Noctes Ambrosianæ.

SHEPHERD.

That's just what the world wou'd say gin it heard on the same day that the Whig government and the Tory magazine had been baith dissolved.

Mr AMBROSE (*entering in full tail, and looking into his hat in hand*).

I have this moment, sir, received—by express—a single copy of the Sun newspaper—and I have—the honour and happiness—of being the first to announce—to Mr North—that the Melbourne ministry is dissolved—and that—his Majesty—has—been—— that—his Majesty—has—been—graciously pleased—to intrust—his Grace the Duke of Wellington—with the formation of a Conservative Government.

[*Exeunt AMBROSE and Tail, with a bow and a wag.*
SHEPHERD.

That's a curious coincidence.

TICKLER.

What is ?

SHEPHERD.

I was just opening my mouth to predict the doonfa' o' the Whiggamores, when in cam the express !

TICKLER.

A prophet should never sit with his mouth open, for more than five minutes at a time, on the eve of an intended prediction ; for "when great events are on the gale," one of them may fly, as it did now, into the aperture, to the discredit of the craft.

SHEPHERD.

Did na I see the conflagration o' baith Houses o' Parliament foretoked in the ribs at Tibbie's ?

TICKLER.

You certainly did, James.

SHEPHERD.

A King's messenger came for me frae Lunnon to tak me up for examination before the Preevy Council ; but I kent better than to gang ; for the black ggem were packin', and by firin' out o' the study-wundow, I cou'd murder a dizzen at ae discharge.

TICKLER.

O, thou Murderer and Incendiary !

SHEPHERD.

Sae I enticed the Cockney to tak a look at the grey-mare's tail, on our way to Moffat for the mail-cotch, and while he was glowerin' at the water preevilege—as the Americans ca't—I slippet intil yon cozey cave, kent but to the Covenanters o' auld, and noo but to the shepperds—and left him sair perplexed to think that he had been apprehending a speerit.

TICKLER.

I trust, James, you had no hand in the fire ?

SHEPHERD.

I shanna say. It seems rather tyrannical in a Whig Preevy Council to send doon an offisher a' the way to the Forest to apprehend the Shep-perd, for hain' the Second Sicht. But they hae met wi' their punishment. They're oot.

TICKLER.

Such events are seldom attributed at the time to the true causes—and ages may elapse before another D'Israeli, in the course of his indefatigable researches, discover that it was the Etterick Shepherd who overthrew this brazen-faced Dagon with leathern body and feet of clay.

SHEPHERD.

Unless Girney let the cat oot o' the bag.

SMALL THIN VOICE.

Hip—hip—hip—hurra ! hurra ! hurra !

SHEPHERD.

Only look, Mr Tickler, at North ! lyin' back on his chair—wi' shut een—that thoughtfu' face o' his calm as a cloud—wi' his hauns faulded on his briest—pressed palm to palm—the fingers pintin' towards ye like the tips o' arrows—and the thoombs like javelins ! Wheesh ! he's gaun till utter.

NORTH.

There will be much brutal abuse of the King. The Whigs hated George the Good, and they had not hearts capable of disinheriting the Son, of the curses with which they clothed the Sire. That hatred was first transferred to George the Graceful; and then it hovered like a hornet round the head of William the Brave. Lured by the scent of prey, it flew off for a while—but now it will return, hot as hell, and settle, if it be not scared away, on the royal brow. Nay, the filthy fly will attempt the temples of the Queen, and its venomous sting will threaten veins translucent with purest and hallowed blood.

SHEPHERD.

Damn them—I beg my pardon—that was wrang—will they blackguard Queen Adelaide?

NORTH.

What they did they will do again.

SHEPHERD.

The dowgs will return to their vomit.

NORTH.

The lowest of the Radicals will join in that charge—nor will the highest gainsay the ribaldry of the rabble—but like philosophers, as they all pretend to be, let human nature take its course. But the PEOPLE OF BRITAIN will not suffer the slander—and high up above the reach of foulest vapours, before their eyes will our Queen be seen shining like a star.

SHEPHERD.

God bless the people o' Britain! W! a' their fawtes—and they are great and mony—shaw me sic anither people on the face o' the yearth.

NORTH.

As for his Most Gracious Majesty he has been in fire before now—and our King, who never turned his head aside for hissing balls and bullets, will hold it erect on the Throne of the Three Kingdoms, as he did on the quarterdeck of a man-of-war, nor heed, if he hear, the vain hurtling of windy words.

TICKLER.

There is little loyalty in the land now, North.

NORTH.

Little—compared with that elevating virtue as it breathed in many million bosoms some twenty or thirty years ago—but more than lives in the heart of any other people towards their chief magistrate—for that now—though a somewhat cold—is the correct and accredited word. In other, and perhaps in nobler times, there was much in common between loyalty to a king, patriotism to a country, and the zeal of the martyrs of religion.

SHEPHERD.

I ca' that a true Holy Alliance.

NORTH.

But we must make the best of our own times; and every man do his utmost to uphold the powers and principles that constitute the strength of our national character.

SHEPHERD.

Enumerate, sir.

NORTH.

Not now. Our ideas and feelings of loyalty, however, we must not adopt from them who were last week his Majesty's ministers, nor from the double-faced, double-tongued crew that will be seizing on their dismissal as an occasion for venting their rage against him whom, for four years, they have been hypocritically worshipping for their own base purposes, and incensing with perfumery that must have long stunk in the royal nostrils.

TICKLER.

The Modern Alfred! Alfred the Second!

NORTH.

Faugh! let us speak as we feel of our king, in a spirit of truth. True loyalty scorns the hyperbole, and is sparing of figures of speech. To the

patriot statesman, whom true loyalty inspires, history is no old almanack; for an old almanack is the deadest of all dead things—and more useless than dust. To him history is a record ever new—all its pages are instinct with life—and its examples show the road to honour on earth, and happiness in heaven. Let us not fear to compare our King with his Peers. The place assigned him by posterity will be a high one; and among his many noble qualities will be reckoned scorn of sycophancy, and intolerance of falsehood. As long as his servants served him according to their oath—in its spirit as well as its letter—he was willing to make sacrifice of some thoughts and feelings that to him were sacred, of some opinions so deeply rooted he could not change, though he could give them up—but as soon as he saw and knew that he must not only sacrifice feelings, and relinquish opinions, but violate his conscience, he exerted *his* prerogative—a prerogative bestowed by God—and called on that MAN, who had been the Saviour of his country, again to rescue her from danger—by the weight of his wisdom, and the grandeur of his name, to bear down her internal enemies, as, by his valour and his genius, he had crushed or scattered all foreign foes—so that the land, by a succession of bloodless, and, therefore, still more glorious victories, might again enjoy that liberty which consists in order and peace.

SHEPHERD.

You dinna fear, sir, I howp, that there will be ony very serious disturbances in the kintra, on account o' the change o' Ministry?

NORTH.

I think there will be a great deal of very ludicrous disturbances in the country, on account of the change of Ministry, and that the People will find it so difficult to assume a serious countenance, on the kicking out of the Whigs—if a kicking out it has been—that they will almost immediately give over trying it, and join in a good-humoured, yet perhaps a rather malicious peal of hearty laughter.

SHEPHERD.

That's a great relief to my mind. But are ye sure, sir, o' the Political Unions?

NORTH.

Quite sure. It is not improbable they may be revived in a small sort of way, but half-a-million of men will not march up to London from Birmingham, as about half-a-dozen men talked of their intending to do in the delirium of the Bill fever.

SHEPHERD.

It maun be a populous place that Brummagem, as the Bagmen ca't.

NORTH.

Very. For my own part, I rather liked the Whig government.

SHEPHERD.

Whatttt?

NORTH.

For it is an amiable weakness of mine to feel kindness towards any man or body of men whom I see the object of very general contempt or anger. No Ministry in my time was ever so unpopular—to use the gentlest term—as the one t'other day turned to the right about—and as for my Lord Melbourne, though you, James, say you never heard of him—I know him to be one of the most amiable and accomplished men—and that is saying much—in the Peerage. So that I am sorry that any Ministry, of which he was the head, should have been so universally despised when living, and so universally ridiculed when dead.

SHEPHERD.

That seems to me a new view o' the soobject.

NORTH.

However, it is the true one. I am disposed to think they were not kicked out—but that they backed out, in a state of such weakness, that had there been any rubbish in the way, they would have fallen over it, and injured their organs of philoprogenitiveness and Number One. All the world has known for some time, that they intended to resign on the meet-

ing of Parliament—for they had got quarrelsome in their helplessness—as teething childhood, or toothless age.

TICKLER.

I wish your friend Brougham, James, would publish his epistolary correspondence with the King during his Lordship's late visit to Scotland.

SHEPHERD.

But wou'd na that be exposing family—that is, Cabinet secrets? And Hairy wou'd never do that, after the dressin' he is thocht to hae gi'en Durham on that pint. Besides, it wou'd be awfu' to publish the King's letters to him without his Majesty's consent!

TICKLER.

I think I can promise him his Majesty's permission to publish all the letters the Lord Chancellor ever received in Scotland from his most Gracious Master.

NORTH.

Umph. The vol. would sell—title, “Letters from the Mountains.”

SHEPHERD.

Na—that wou'd be stealin' the title o' a delichtfu' wark o' my auld freen' Mrs Grant's.

NORTH.

I think I can promise him Mrs Grant's permission to publish under the title of what you justly call, James, her very delightful work, all the letters the Lord Chancellor ever wrote to his Most Gracious Majesty from Inverness, Elgin, Dundee, Edinburgh, or Hawick.

SHEPHERD.

A' impediments in the way o' publication being thus removed, I shall write this verra nicht—sae that my letter may leave the post-office by to-morrow's post—to Lord Brumm to send down the MSS.—and they maun be a' holographs in the parties' ain haun-writing—to Messrs A. and R. Blackwood—and I shall stay a month in Embro, that I may correct the press mysell—in which case I houp there may be a black frost, that at leisure hours we may hae some curlin'.

NORTH.

The Grey Ministry, in its best days, was never, somehow o' other, inordinately admired by the universal British nation.

TICKLER.

That was odd. For the nation, I have heard it said, was for Reform to a man.

NORTH.

All but some dozen millions or thereabouts—but people are never so prone to discontent as when they have had every thing their own way—especially when, as it happened in this case, not one in a thousand knows either what he had been wanting, or what he has got, or what else he would wish to have, if at his bidding or beck the sky were willing that moment to rain it down among his feet.

TICKLER.

They surely were the most foolish financiers that ever tried taxation.

NORTH.

Of not one of them could it be sung,

“That even the story ran that he could gauge.”

They were soon seen to be equally ignorant and incapable on almost all other subjects; nor—except with Brougham—was there a gleam of genius—nor a trait of talent beyond mediocrity—to make occasional amends for their deplorable deficiencies as men of no-business habits, and of non-acquaintance equally with principles and with details.

TICKLER.

Hollo! we are forgetting Stanley and Graham.

NORTH.

So we are, I declare—but I hope they will forgive us—since they too often, or rather too long, forgot themselves—and I should be happy to see them—whether Ins or Outs—at a Noctes. Their secession left the

Reform Ministry in a state of destitution more pitiable than that of any pauper-family under the operation of the new Poor Law.

TICKLER.

Strange how it contrived to stand for the last six months—yet all of us must have many a time seen a tree, Kit, lopped, barked, grubbed—remaining pretty perpendicular during a season of calm weather—by means of some ligature so slight as to be invisible—till a brisk breeze smites the skeleton, and down he goes—whether with or against his own inclination you can hardly say—so resignedly among the brushwood doth he lay his shorn and shaven head.

SHEPHERD.

Haw—Haw—Haw! But it's no lauchin' maitter. I'm glad, after a', sir, that at this creesis you're no Prime Minister. The Duke 'll hae aneuch to do to get a' richt—and to keep a' richt—and I only wuss Sir Robert were hame again frae Tureen.

NORTH.

So do I. A Conservative Ministry can now be formed, stronger in talent, knowledge, eloquence, integrity, power, and patriotism, than any Ministry the country has had within the memory of man.

SHEPHERD.

Then whare's the difficulty wi' the Duke?

NORTH.

I will tell you, James, some night soon. The difficulties are strong and formidable—and there must be a dissolution.

TICKLER.

The Ex-Chancellor has assured us that the Press has lost all its power—so the elections will not be disturbed by that engine. The Whigs disdain to use bribery and corruption—and the Rads, for sufficient reasons, seldom commit such sins. No Reformer would condescend to receive a consideration from a Tory. A fair field, therefore, lies open to all parties—and, though not of a sanguine but melancholious temperament, I will bet a barrel of oysters with any man that the new House of Commons will back the Duke.

NORTH.

He will carry, by large majorities, all his measures of Conservative Reform in Church and State. He did so before the Bill was the law of the land—and he will do so now that it is the law of the land—but, to speak plainly, gentlemen, I am getting confounded sleepy; and I feel as if I were speaking in a night-cap.

SHEPHERD.

And I as if there were saun in ma een—sae gie's your airm, sir, and I sall be the chawmermaid that lichts you till your bed. Its wice in you to lodge in the Road sic a nicht.—Do ye hear him—"tirlin' the kirks?" Be a good boy, and never forget to say your prayers.

[*Exeunt the Tres.*]

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